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FOR

## JANUARY AND APRIL, 1866.

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THE

# EDINBURGH REVIEW.

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JANUARY, 1866.

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ART. I.—1. *Contributions to the Literature of the Fine Arts.* By CHARLES LOCK EASTLAKE, R.A. London: 1848.
2. *Neue Essays über Kunst und Literatur.* VON HERMAN GRIMM. Berlin: 1865.
3. *Reports of the Commissioners on the Fine Arts.* 1841—1862.
4. *Original Treatises dating from the Twelfth to the Eighteenth Centuries, on Painting, &c.* Translated by Mrs. MERRIFIELD. London: 1849.
5. *Manual of Fresco and Encaustic Painting.* By W. B. TAYLOR. London: 1843.
6. *The Art of Fresco Painting.* By Mrs. MERRIFIELD. London: 1846.

NOTHING is more remarkable than the zeal with which old wall-paintings are sought after by those who would not go a mile out of their way to see a modern fresco. But the reason of this may be given in a few words. Till Mr. Herbert's 'Moses' was shown to the public, there was no instance in this country of a wall-painting in fresco, water-glass, or encaustic, equal to the easel pictures produced by the same artists, or even by men of less reputation. Whether it was that English painters would not master the difficulties of the fresco process, or that their skill in oils interfered with a new and different method; that the subjects assigned them were foreign to their genius, or the payment offered was too small; it is certain that men whose oil-paintings were generally admired, met with polite indifference at the best when they turned to fresco. This was not the case in the Italy of early painters. Many of them attained their greatest celebrity, many of them have perpetuated their names, by fresco, and fresco only. Michael Angelo considered oils unworthy of the efforts of a man. The painters who preceded him seem to have toyed with the easier vehicle, and put forth their real strength on the wall. And even such men as Correggio and Parmigiano, whom we generally associate with a softer and less masculine school of painting, cast off these especial attributes when they decorated the churches of Parma. The result is that we scarcely ever find a fresco by an early painter below the level of his easel pictures, while we find many easel pictures of the early painters below the level of their frescoes. Modern times have exactly reversed this sentence.

If such be the case, it will strike many who are warm admirers of the early schools, that the attempted revival has proved a failure. So far as fresco is concerned, we fear the verdict cannot be questioned. The great argument in favour of fresco has always been its durability. Its advocates were anxious to impress upon us that the climate of England was no worse than that of Germany, and that the smoke of London would not be more prejudicial to frescoes than the incense and candles of Italian churches. But as a matter of fact the frescoes which have been painted within the last twenty years have already faded and want restoration. Some of the witnesses before the Select Committee on the Fine Arts in 1841, stated that the frescoes painted in the open air at Munich 'seemed perfectly to have resisted the action of the atmosphere.' Twenty years later Mr. Maclise said, in his report on water-glass, that the surface of the fresco painted on the Isar Thor was crumbling away. In the Poets' Hall of the Houses of Parliament the paint comes off in flakes. Mr. Dyce's frescoes in All Saints Church, Margaret Street, have been restored. Parts of his fresco of the 'Vision of Sir Galahad' flaked off the wall, leaving bright white specks of uncovered plaster in the upper part before the lower part was finished. If we contrast this condition of our modern

frescoes with that of the earliest examples of the art, we find additional cause for wonder. It is true that many of the old frescoes have decayed, but none with such rapidity. Sir C. Eastlake stated in his evidence before the Committee on Fine Arts, that Leonardo's 'Last Supper,' which was painted in oil, was scarcely visible sixty years after it was painted, and an old Belgian painter quoted by Mrs. Merrifield, tells us that fresco lasts nine or ten times longer than any other kind of painting, 'the more it is exposed to the rain the better it lasts.'* If it is surprising that an oil-painting upon the wall should have faded so much in sixty years as to be almost invisible, what is to be said of frescoes flaking off bodily in less than half that time? We fear that even rain would not have preserved them.

Had the early frescoes faded at this rate there is little doubt that the art itself would have perished. Living three hundred and fifty years after Raphael, what inducement should we have had to master such a difficult process which had not left us any traces of superior advantage? We should have known as much of the early frescoes as we know of the paintings of the Greeks, whom some enthusiasts consider the greatest of all painters simply because we know so little about them. But there is enough left of the very earliest frescoes to tempt us by their example. Even those which are most decayed have done their work, and have lasted for centuries. Vasari tells us of a St. Christopher by Lorenzo di Ricci painted on an outer wall and exposed for many years to the north without losing any of the brilliancy of its colours, or being damaged in any way. In the cases where the early frescoes have not lasted so well there is almost always some reason for the decay. Mr. Wilson, director of the Government school of design at Somerset House, attributes the bad state of Correggio's frescoes in the Duomo at Parma to the painter's use of a rich *intonaco*, that is, a preponderance of lime to sand. In most of the Italian churches, and particularly in the Sistine, the constant fumes of candles and incense are enough to ruin any picture, and the carelessness of Italian church officials is proverbial.

The most careful inquiry has not succeeded in explaining the decay of our modern frescoes. A commission which was appointed in 1862 examined the plaster on which the frescoes in the Houses of Parliament are painted, and found that it consisted of the proportions of lime and sand adopted in Italy and Germany, and recommended by the modern fresco-painters of the latter country. The artists did not complain of the quality of this composition. No internal dampness in the walls, if any existed, could have reduced the frescoes to their present condition. A series of experiments by Dr. Hofmann proved that gas had nothing to do with the matter. The artists who were examined could give no real explanation. Mr. Maclise said, 'As far as his observation went, he should attribute the apparent decay to the rubbing of the shoulders of the passers-by;' and in proof of this he pointed to the excellent condition of the upper part of his frescoes. But this does not explain the decay of the upper part of Mr. Dyce's 'Vision of Sir Galahad.' Mr. Herbert 'thought the principal cause was the employment of terra-verte'—the modern terra-verte being in his opinion different from that of the ancients. But it happens that this is one of the colours recommended for frescoes by Hess, the painter of the Basilica at Munich.

It is certainly not the want of advice that has led to this unfortunate result. We did not engage rashly in fresco-painting, or without sitting down to count the cost. The blue books which deal with the Fine Arts and the Palace at Westminster contain an ample justification of our attempt, as well as a history of our failure. If we begin with the Select Committee which sat in 1841 to receive the evidence of the friends and enemies of fresco, and follow the successive reports of the Commissioners on the Fine Arts, we shall find a most valuable mass of matter of all kinds, artistic, historical, controversial, scientific; much of it contradictory, much of it undigested; but still indispensable for our present purpose. Some of the works we have placed at the head of this article are entirely the products of these reports and of that evidence. The German Essays we have selected as a check rather than a complement; as a means of reducing some of the exaggerated statements we have met with in English pleaders to their real proportions.

The Select Committee on Fine Arts recommended the employment of artists in decorating the new Houses of Parliament, the appointment of a Commission, and experiments in fresco, as English artists had not sufficiently studied the subject. Much of the evidence led necessarily to this conclusion. Sir Charles Barry strongly recommended the employment of fresco, partly on the ground that the greatest painters and sculptors had always lived in those times

* 'Hess said if frescoes were painted in the open air in London, the rain would be the best picture-cleaner.' (*First Report of the Commissioners on the Fine Arts*, 1842.)

when the arts of painting and sculpture were directed to the adornment of great public buildings. At the same time he admitted that the corridors were not the most favourable part of the building for the experiment on account of their limited width and their mode of lighting. The next witness was the then President of the Royal Academy, Sir Martin Archer Shee, and his evidence was decidedly unfavourable to the adoption of fresco. He said the great object in the public promotion of art was employment, but employment was not sufficient without encouragement; for they were not convertible terms. On the subject of fresco he said:—

'I have not experience enough in the nature of fresco-painting to state precisely what I should conceive would be the effect of that style; but so far as my knowledge goes, and as far as I can collect from what I have seen of the description of painting which approaches in some degree to the nature of fresco, *such as scene painting*, and the mode in which the cartoons of Raphael have been executed, I should say that fresco would not be a style to be adopted in this country, either as peculiarly suited to our climate or consistent with the taste of this country.'

He recommended painting on canvas, considering that oil was 'much more durable than fresco, particularly in our climate.' He was opposed to a choice of artists by competition, as he despaired of finding a competent tribunal. He thought there was a want of encouragement for high art in England, as Hilton from devoting himself to that style did not get a single commission during the last three years of his life, and Bell, after trying to introduce fresco as an internal decoration, found he had no chance in competition with the upholsterer. Mr. Dyce said that the works in the Hofgarten at Munich seemed perfectly to have resisted the action of the atmosphere, and from the climate of Munich there was every reason to believe that what succeeded there would succeed in England, if not in London, where the smoke was a further objection. There could be no doubt that fresco was more durable than oil, as lime was more durable than canvas. He thought it would only require a certain degree of study and practice for those who had been accustomed to paint historical pictures in oil to transfer them to fresco. High art had greatly improved in Germany since the introduction of fresco, and though no modern frescoes were as harmonious in colour as oil-paintings, that was not attributable to the method itself, but to the faulty taste of the Germans. Frescoes were suited to all situations and all kinds of light; they might be cleaned with bread and water, and it was less hazardous to clean a fresco than an oil-painting.* Mr. Vivian thought the climate of London very bad for frescoes; in Venice the salt of the atmosphere had proved destructive to them†; and oil-paintings were more easily restored. The third opponent of fresco was Mr. Fradelle, whose evidence was so ludicrously inconsistent as to carry no weight with it. Taking the well-known fact that Leonardo's 'Last Supper,' which is painted in oil and is in the worst state of ruin, is in the same room with a work of Montorfano's, which is painted in fresco and fully preserved, he argues from this against fresco by assuming that the 'Last Supper' was first painted in fresco and then revived in oil. That oil has perished when fresco has survived 'establishes that you cannot rely on fresco; that it depends on the circumstances of the wall, or the preparation of it to receive the painting.' It would be hard to find a sentence with more logical blunders in it; and the evidence before the Committee shows that the best friends of fresco were those who came out to combat its adoption. They made such strange assertions, contradicted each other and themselves with such pertinacity, that the failure of their assault was certain, and yet their failure seemed to prove that the position of fresco was unassailable.

Unfortunately the advocates of fresco have met with a similar contradiction at the hands of experience. Not only have their anticipations of the durability of fresco proved unfounded, but the paintings themselves have not impressed the public. It was too easily taken for granted that a revival of the old Italian method which had once produced such an effect would always produce it. The Germans who saw that Michael Angelo and Raphael had painted fresco and been the foremost of their time, thought that Cornelius and Overbeck had only to use the same implements to ensure the same recognition. And the advocates of fresco before the Select Committee laid the greatest stress on this presumed success of the Germans, which has turned out after all to be a failure. The revival of art has no doubt been productive of good, as it has stimulated men's minds and broken up a dead tradition. When the 'Nazarenes,' as they were called, grew up and looked about them, they saw a state of

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* Mr. Thomas Barker of Bath cleaned a fresco with water and a soft sponge. In Genoa frescoes have been cleaned with vinegar. Carlo Maratti used wine in washing the Vatican frescoes.

† But in Genoa, where the influence of the sea air is more immediate, and the effect of storms more severely felt, frescoes have lasted on the external walls of houses for some centuries.

things which urgently needed remedy. We can fully enter into the zeal with which they strove for the recognition of truth in art, for the conquest of deep-seated error, and for a return to the time when art was the universal language of men and nations. What we regret is that while they were so fitted to preach, they were so unfitted to practise. Pedants in grain, they imagined that they were fighting against pedantry. Unskilled to portray beauty, they substituted severe ugliness for the meretricious trick of their opponents. We give them full credit for sincerity. We believe they did not see beyond their own works; that they always judged their own works as they were in idea, and in the completeness of the idea forgot the defective execution. But if we are to judge their paintings by any artistic standard, we must look at the representation of the thought and not the depth of it, the picture instead of its philosophy. A French art critic who visited Munich and recorded his impressions in an able volume, says that Cornelius may be a great philosopher and a profound thinker, but he is neither a good painter nor a good draughtsman. The meaning and symbolism of his frescoes may be perfect, 'mais tout cela est fort mal dessiné et encore plus mal peint.'

The origin of the German school of fresco is stated by Mr. Dyce in his evidence before the Select Committee :—

'The German artists when they began to paint in fresco knew nothing of the process. A Prussian gentleman, Mr. Bartholdy, wanted to have his house done in fresco in the old manner*, and he offered to pay the expenses of a few artists then in Rome if they would undertake to make experiments on the walls of his house, or rather the villa in which he lived at Rome. That was the beginning of the German fresco-painting. The King of Bavaria seeing this gave encouragement to the artists, and the chief of them were employed on great works, and he offered the arcade of the Hofgarten to the inferior artists as a place to try their skill upon.'

We have incidental glimpses of the activity of the young artists at this time in various works. Perhaps the best is the one furnished by the Swedish poet Atterbom, whose letters from Germany and Italy in the years 1817 and 1819 were lately published. He describes an artists' festival of the period, at which the Crown Prince of Bavaria, afterwards King Louis, was present. The room was decorated with emblematic and satirical transparencies by Cornelius, Veit, and Overbeck, the satirical pictures representing the Victory of Samson over the Philistines, the Fall of Jericho, Hercules cleansing the Augean stables. The Philistines of course were pedants, and a label of 'Bonne ville de Jerichow' showed by what nation the modern Jericho was inhabited. The Crown Prince, 'whose chief passion is for the beautiful, both in art and the living form,' was dressed in the national costume of ancient Germany, a dress which was then forbidden in Munich by royal decree. He danced with all the young German ladies, and with the artists' wives, who were all Italian and were generally young and pretty. At the sight of one young lady especially, 'a most gracious fire burnt in his eyes.' Festivals such as these were the relaxations in the artists' life of effort. Besides painting scriptural scenes in the Casa Bartholdi, they illustrated the Italian poets in the Villa Massimo. The works of Cornelius in the former house are 'Joseph making himself known to his Brethren,' and 'Joseph interpreting Pharaoh's Dream.' But the most pleasing of these frescoes is Veit's 'Seven Years of Plenty;' a young mother sitting under a palm tree with her children playing around her. One of the children kicks over a basket of fruit, another sits on high-piled sheaves and dangles a bunch of grapes before an infant.

Strictly speaking, the first of the revivalists was neither Cornelius nor Overbeck, but Asmus Carstens. Yet his merit was not at all recognised at the time, and his fame has now been obscured by those who followed in his track. Count Raczynski admits that the execution of his works is so imperfect as to entitle them to no higher name than that of sketches, though had he lived later he would undoubtedly have been a great fresco-painter. Goethe himself was unjust to Carstens, and Schiller's periodical, the 'Horen,' contains a severe attack upon him by Maler Müller. When once the Nazarenes became a school, and went over to the Church of Rome in a body, the world began to do them more justice. Even then there was much affectation about them. The conversion of one of the number, which was attributed to a miracle by the Roman Catholics, led Protestants to suspect a trick. But it was when the school had made its first great step, and was employed on public works in Munich, that youthful zeal gave place to cliquism and pedantry. Gervinus in his 'Venetian Letters on new German

* In Raczynski's History it is said that Bartholdy wanted to have one of his rooms painted with arabesques, and that Cornelius exerted all his eloquence to induce him to substitute historical pictures in fresco. Cornelius and his companions were to receive nothing for their work but the cost of the colours and of their maintenance.

and old Italian Painting,' speaks with much severity of the system pursued by King Louis and his favourite artists. He begins by protesting against the indiscriminate puffery which welcomes every new project of the King and every new work of the painters. 'Count Raczynski writes a history of modern German art. History is generally written when things are completed.' He reminds his countrymen that the reason given by Vasari for the excellence of Florentine training is that nothing mediocre had any chance of pleasing in Florence, because no one had any respect of persons. This is not the case in Munich. No one dares to criticise freely, and the artists cannot bear criticism. Gervinus refuses to join in the general hallelujahs in praise of the royal Mæcenas of Bavaria. He thinks the most magnificent opportunity in the world was thrown away by overhaste, the desire of filling a certain number of walls, and giving glory to the patron, not to the artists.

'The results are manufactures instead of masterpieces, mannerisms instead of style, arabesques instead of historical pictures, wall-paintings instead of art. . . . . An artist is wanted for a subject, intrigues instead of careful selection guide the choice of the patron. When he has found the man he tells him what he has to do instead of leaving it to his genius. Hess had to give his wall-paintings in the Court Chapel the air of old mosaics whether he would or no. . . . Kaulbach is left unemployed, and perhaps that is the best thing that could happen to him. On the other hand Schwanthaler is worked to death.'

The prophecy was fulfilled; Schwanthaler was worked to death. Yet we find in Mr. Bellenden Ker's evidence before the Select Committee, that Klenze said of King Louis, 'He has one merit which kings in general have not; that is he is not in a hurry, he gives you time, which is essential to the execution of great works.'

Another thing which Gervinus censures is the mannerism of the German painters:—

'When once a German artist has a mannerism he is content, and he makes no further efforts. Veit has gone backwards instead of forwards in his Frankfort frescoes; Cornelius is the same in his last works as he was more than twenty years ago. Nor is there any change of manner with change of subject. Schnorr is just the same in the Niebelungen and in Ariosto, though the subjects are a world apart from each other.'

These strictures are severe, but it is something to find a man who can speak his mind. As a general rule, Germans lose themselves in doubtful objection or more doubtful praise. Herr Springer, the historian of modern German art, says hesitatingly that Steinle's frescoes in the castle of Rheineck and in the choir of the Cathedral of Cologne 'do not give a just idea of the excellence of the master.' He is bolder in discussing Führich and Götzenberger. The frescoes of the first at Vienna and Prague are 'simply tedious.' Those of the latter at Bonn are 'the reverse of an ornament to the Hall of the University.' But when we come to Cornelius we find more reserve. His works are intended only for the aristocracy of culture. All who demand that painting should satisfy the eye will not understand the great fame of the master. Much is to be desired in his execution. He cannot paint in oil, and he always leaves the execution of his frescoes to other hands, for good reasons. We may parallel these doubtful expressions among the works of Cornelius's great admirers. Count Raczynski, whose judgment is that 'il n'y a pas de hauteur dans les arts (si grande qu'elle puisse être), à laquelle Cornelius ne veuille ou ne puisse atteindre,' says of the Last Judgment in the Ludwig's Kirche at Munich:—

'My first view of this great composition did not answer my expectations. The groups seemed disposed in a manner little favourable to the general effect; the proportions of the figures did not always seem to agree together; I looked in vain for one great thought, one source of admiration. I do not reproach Cornelius, but accuse myself of failing to understand him.'

And Herman Grimm, the author of the newest work on Michael Angelo, a writer whose life has been a perpetual crusade in favor of Cornelius, declares that he is not competent to judge the Munich Last Judgment:—

'I admire it, but it does not warm me. This upward soar of the blessed in the dress of their time, wonderful as may be the groups they form, this tearing down of the damned, does not move me. The devil with the fat sinners around him is indifferent to me, and the feeling which proceeds from the whole work is one of repugnance.'

If the chief admirer of Cornelius can speak thus of one of the chief works of Cornelius, the opinions we have expressed are not too daring. Still we would not be thought incapable of appreciating the real merits of the German masters. There are often ideas of much grandeur in Cornelius's designs, in details as well as in the whole conception. In the cartoon of the 'Four Riders,' the figure of Famine, with outstretched finger as if counting, is very fine, though it reminds us too much of one of the Huns in Kaulbach's 'Battle of the Huns';

but the rider in the centre with the sword and the mother who flings herself down before the feet of the horses are nearly as fine without being open to that objection. The group in the foreground of the 'Last Judgment' in Berlin—a mother holding up her infant for its father's kiss—is very touching. But the painter who excels in feeling, and who contrasts most strongly with Cornelius, is Heinrich Hess, the author of many of the frescoes in the Basilica of St. Boniface, and of those in the Chapel of All Saints, at Munich. Cornelius voluntarily confines himself to subjects requiring power; but he is sometimes betrayed into gentler feelings, and acquits himself well. Hess is almost perfect in tenderness and beauty, but has no strength. We see this most clearly in his fresco of the 'Angel wrestling with Jacob'; the figure of the Angel is lovely, that of Jacob is coarse and rough. When Hess has to paint the Virgin, the Angels by the altar with the sacrament, or the Magdalen in a Noli Me Tangere, no modern German approaches him. The other frescoes in Munich which demand our attention are those of Schnorr in the Palace. But of these we cannot speak with much praise. Schnorr seems to us to unite many of the faulty characteristics of Cornelius and Kaulbach. He joins something of the exaggerated and ungainly action of the one to the crowding and extreme symbolism of the other. Gervinus states that while Schnorr's frescoes from Ariosto show poetic feeling, and are the most pleasing works in the Villa Massimo, they have had a fatal effect on German painters by inspiring an undue love of ornament.

Our reason for dwelling thus on the weakness of the modern German masters is that they are more intimately connected with our English frescoes than would at first be supposed. A strong attempt was made to entrust the work of decorating the Houses of Parliament to Cornelius and his scholars. Mr. W. J. Bankes, in his evidence before the Select Committee, said that he was very anxious to see fresco introduced in England, and had invited Cornelius over. He thought the King's palace at Munich would immortalise his reign; that a German artist could identify himself with the English character of the historical compositions required for Westminster Palace; that German artists entertained a high idea of the picturesque qualities of many of the events in English history; and that there would be no danger of English subjects being treated with German faces. Fortunately for England this advice was not followed. We cannot conceive anything that would have been more fatal both to English art and historical art than the employment of that school on our public buildings. The result of their frescoes in Germany has been anything but satisfactory, in spite of all the wrought-up enthusiasm of their supporters. Mr. Wyse stated in his evidence that he had seen peasants from the mountains holding up their children before the frescoes in the Hofgarten and explaining to them the scenes of Bavarian history; but since then the public neglect of these works has more than once been shown by their defacement. Cornelius told Mr. Wyse that it was difficult to impress a general love of art on the mind of a nation at large unless you were to use as an instrument painting on a large scale, and that fresco was peculiarly suited to that purpose. But the result of modern frescoes has been exactly the contrary of this. Herr Grimm has long complained that the cartoons supplied by Cornelius for Berlin are left rolled up in a dusty corner, and that the public is entirely indifferent to his greatest works. It will be instructive to compare this neglect of Cornelius with the general appreciation of Mr. Herbert.

However, the Select Committee was aware of the danger of entrusting the works in the Houses of Parliament to a foreign school. In the course of the inquiry we find one of the members asking Mr. Eastlake if he thought 'the frescoes which would be executed by our present artists would partake of the peculiar style of the revival of art among the modern Germans.' Mr. Eastlake replied in the negative. He did not *apprehend* that there was much disposition in this country generally to follow the German style. As far as technical merit in fresco went he would be very glad to see the art in such perfection here as in the paintings of the Glyptothek; but he thought it would be better for English artists to look at the highest models; and the frescoes of Raphael in the Vatican were very superior to anything that had been done at Munich even in the technical process. He admitted that it was impossible to see the frescoes at Munich without knowing that they were the works of a German, and that this character was remarkable even in Cornelius's subjects from Homer. The first quality in the Germans which invited our imitation was their patriotism:

'It may or may not follow that the mode of encouraging native art which is now attracting attention at Munich is to be adopted here. We have seen that a considerable degree of imitation of early precedents is mixed up with the German efforts; this of itself is hardly to be defended, but the imitation of that imitation

without sharing its inspiring feeling would be utterly useless as well as humiliating.'

In one point, indeed, the Germans were well able to guide and assist us, and they did not grudge us their advice. They had mastered the technical process with much difficulty, and they let us profit by their experience. Their friends' attempt to have our public works given into their hands never made them selfish towards their English rivals. So far from this, Cornelius welcomed warmly the idea of forming an English school of fresco-painting, and said he could not conceive a more admirable opportunity for it than the building of the new Houses of Parliament. He inspected the plans for the houses and the site, thought the situation unobjectionable, and that the damp of the river could have no effect on frescoes in rooms raised so high above the actual level of the water. He said that the only works in Munich which had faded were those painted in the open air without due regard to the materials, and that the damp really prejudicial to frescoes was that caused by the use of unsound materials. That the true way of preserving frescoes was careful preparation for them was assumed by all modern authorities; and the process was fully described for the benefit of the beginners. The description of the process may be divided into three heads; the cartoon; the preparation of the wall; and the work of painting.

The cartoon is generally enlarged from drawings of the whole composition, and careful studies are made for the separate parts. The mode adopted by Cornelius for preparing and fixing his cartoons is described in the following words. A strong cloth is stretched on a frame as if it was to be prepared for painting, and paper is firmly glued upon it. When the first layer of paper is dry, a second layer is glued over it in the same manner; the edges of the separate sheets being scraped where they overlap so as to preserve an even surface. The surface is then prepared for drawing with size and alum. The drawing is made with charcoal, and when finished is *fixed* by wetting the cloth at the back with cold water, and then steaming the drawing in front. The effect of this last operation is to melt the size a little and fix the charcoal. A finished drawing of the full size being thus ready, the outline is traced from it on oiled paper; if the finished drawing is half size it is enlarged by squares to the full dimensions. The paper on which it is copied must be moderately thin, and is called the working outline. As much of it as can be finished in one painting is nailed to the wet wall, and the forms are traced with a sharp point which makes an indented outline through the paper on the soft plaster. In this operation the 'working drawing' is generally destroyed. Many celebrated Italian frescoes are said to show the effects of it even now; in some the indented outline is still apparent; and the outlines of Raphael's cartoons are covered with pinholes. But, as Mr. George Butler says in his Oxford Essay on Raphael, it is believed that Michael Angelo dispensed with its aid in painting the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel.

The second step is to prepare the wall, and this is most elaborately described. A brick ground is recommended by Hess and the professors of Munich; bricks well dried and of equal hardness. But Mr. Dyce, in his observations on fresco, appended to the sixth report of the Commissioners, remarks:

'It seems to be clearly ascertained that although a surface of brick is best adapted to the process of fresco-painting, the chances of durability are greater when lathing is employed. I am inclined to think that in this country, unless special precautions have been taken, it will always be advisable to resort to the use of battens and lathing. The danger to be apprehended from a surface of brick is not so much the transmission of damp from the soil or from the roof, as the exudation of the salts with which London bricks are highly charged, especially such as are employed in the construction of interior walls. However dry a wall of this kind may appear to be, or be in reality, every fresh wetting of the surface will, for a period of indefinite length, cause the bricks to throw out certain salts in solution which effloresce on the surface of the plaster laid on them. This saline matter penetrates even through cements.'

If the wall is covered with old mortar, the ingredients of which are unknown, this coat should be entirely removed till the solid materials are laid bare, and a new coat of river sand and lime should be applied. Another defence against damp which has been tried in Munich, is to cover the horizontal surface of the wall at the third course of bricks above the ground with a thin sheet of lead protected by a coat of pitch on each side. But, of course, this is only possible in new walls. In old ones the rough coating is indispensable. The Italians put two parts of sand, and the Germans three of sand, to one of lime. An old Belgian MS., quoted by Mrs. Merrifield, says you must apply three coats of sand and old lime—the older the better—if the wall has not been plastered. And an English MS., by John Martin, 1699, gives the following directions:—

'In painting on walls to make it endure the weather you must grind your colours with lime

water, milk, or whey mixed in size colour pots. Then paste or plaister must be made of well-washed lime mixt with powder of old rubbish stones; the lime must be often washed till fine all its salt is abstracted; and all your work must be done in clear and dry weather. To make the work endure strike into the wall stumps of headed nails about five or six inches asunder, and by this means you may preserve the plaister from peeling. Then with the paste plaister the wall a pretty thickness, letting it dry (but scratch the first coat with the point of your trowell) longways and crossways as soon as you have done laying on what plaister or paste you think fit, that the next plaistering you lay upon it may take good key and not come off, nor part from the first coate or plaistering, and when the first coate is dry plaister it over again with the thickness of half a barleycorn very fine and smooth, then your colours being already prepared work this last plaistering over with the said colours in what draught you please, so will your painting write and joyn fast to the plaister and dry together as a perfect compost. Note, your first coate of plaister or paste must be very hair'd with oxhair in it, or else your work will crack quite through the second coate of plaistering.'

This quaint old advice departs in some respects from the more modern prescriptions. But all agree that the 'plaister' must be laid on with care and pains. Cornelius lays the greatest stress on the necessity of using lime that has been long kept, since it comes in immediate contact with the colours, and is itself a colour.* He prepared the lime for the Ludwigs Kirche eight years before he used it. If a rough coat is applied to a wall, he says, it is not enough to let it harden perfectly; if the lime used was fresh, two or three years should elapse before any further operations are undertaken. Other German and Italian painters, we are told, do not keep the lime more than ten or twelve months. In Munich a pit is filled with clean burnt limestones; on being slaked they are stirred continually till reduced to an impalpable consistence. The surface having settled to a level, clean river sand is spread over it to the depth of a foot or more, so as to exclude the air, and lastly the whole is covered with earth. A report of Faraday's on some lime that had been kept two years approves the practice of keeping it that time. He says the lime is very soft and smooth, and has gradually acquired a very fine texture, which eminently fits it for painting. Clean, sharp sand must be taken for mixing with the lime, and must not be too dark; the presence of any earthy particles in the plaster would entirely ruin the fresco. Hess says that the sand should be carefully washed to cleanse it from clayey or saline particles, and then dried in the open air. Mr. Cope made an experiment with some dark-grey river-sand from the bed of the Lune in Yorkshire, but both Dr. Hofmann and Sir Roderick Murchison pronounced against it. Dr. Hofmann reported that the dark colour which Mr. Cope found encouraging in its results was attributable to the presence of iron pyrites, and this was likely to crumble much sooner than an *intonaco* * in which sand free from iron pyrites was employed. Sir Roderick Murchison's words are:—

'Few or no river sands can answer as good material for the intonaco of fresco. Such deposits contain impurities and oxidisable substances which would be sure to affect the intonaco. The analysis of the old Paduan frescoes shows that there was scarcely a trace of iron in the Italian mixture, which was, I dare say, made up of the purest silicious sand which could be procured with one of the crystalline limestones or pure marbles of the country, nearly all of which contain some magnesia. The sculptors may aid the painters, and the "rejectamenta" of the former may prove the best possible material for mixing with the pure white sand, for it is highly charged with carbonic acid. Besides by this process one half of the material would be Italian, and possibly, if not probably, the very lime used by Giotto.'

The analysis of the Paduan frescoes to which Sir Roderick alludes was made by Dr. Hofmann on a small specimen of the intonaco fallen from one of Giotto's paintings. The characteristic constituents of the intonaco were declared to be silica, lime, and magnesia. From the considerable quantity of the latter it was evident to Dr. Hofmann that a magnesian limestone mixed with sand in the proportion of 39·4 to 32·5, had been used in preparing the intonaco. The quantity of carbonic acid was unusually large; there was very little of it in the lime examined by Faraday. Vasari recommended that the lime should be made from the Travertine stone, with blocks of which the Colosseum, St. Peter's, and many other ancient and modern buildings at Rome have been reared. The lime used at Munich is remarkable for its whiteness, and is made from pebbles washed by the torrents of the Isar from the marble mountains of the Tyrol. The Durdham Down limestone is equal or superior to the Travertine.

These are the preliminary steps. The work itself comes next. The surface of the wall is wetted again and again till it ceases to absorb. You cannot wet it too much, says Cennino Cennini; but others say that Michael Angelo did wet one of his walls

* 'Lime is the white pigment.' (*First Report Appendix.*)

* *Intonaco* signifies the last coat of lime laid on walls previous to painting on them in fresco.

too much. It is to be noticed that throughout the process of fresco no water must be used, except rain water, or boiled or distilled water. This rule reminds us of the cook who excluded water from his operations, and substituted a lump of ice, which was to be melted whenever water was needed. A thin coat of plaster is next spread over that portion of the wall which is to be painted; the surface of this coat should be moderately rough. As soon as it begins to set (in ten minutes or so, according to the season), a second thin coat is laid on, one somewhat fatter, that is, with more lime and less sand. The outline is now traced with a sharp point on the plaster, and the painter begins to work when the surface is in such a state that it will barely receive the impression of the finger. If it is so wet as to be stirred up by the brush, the brush will get full of sand. If it begins to dry, and will not take the colour well, the painter must take a mouthful of water and sprinkle it over the surface. The tints first applied sink in and look faint, and it is necessary to go over them repeatedly before the full effect appears. But after some time, especially if the surface is not occasionly moistened, the superadded colour will not mix with what is underneath. It is usual to try the tints on a brick or tile that absorbs moisture, in order to know the change to which they will be exposed in passing from wet to dry. The greatest care is needed in preparing them on the palette, as otherwise when the fresco is dry it will appear quite streaky, though nothing of the kind is perceptible while it is moist. Mr. Taylor and an American artist painted two heads without properly mixing their tints, and the result was, in the words of the American, that the heads looked 'for all the world like the tulip-streaked countenances of rum-drinking Carolina slave-breeders.'

Simple earths are the colours chiefly used, and even among those mentioned by Hess are many that oppose great difficulties to the fresco-painter.* Mr. Dyce states that the use of ultra-marine in a nearly pure state has hitherto been the *crux* of fresco-painters, and Cennini says, in opposition to Hess, that cinnabar cannot be used in fresco. An old MS. in the Marciana Library at Venice tells you to distemper blue with the milk of goats or any other animal, if you do not wish it to turn black. A Paduan MS. recommends the same for all colours, 'especially the smalti and smaltini.' The author of the 'Jesuit's Perspective' gives a recipe for making vermilion durable in fresco by washing powdered vermilion several times with clear lime-water. It has been found that in pure ultramarine, vermilion, sulphuret of cadmium, black both of Cologne earth and burnt peachstones, and to a certain extent in burnt vitriol, two or three layers must be put on to cover the intonaco, yet in nine cases out of ten the first layer adheres perfectly, the second partially and in streaks, and the third not at all. Mr. Dyce made use of a solution of starch or the caseous element of milk, and found the results most satisfactory. A Scotch gentleman who tried caseine thought that it might obviate the necessity of preparing the intonaco day by day, and that if some expedient were adopted for keeping it damp, large pictures might be executed with very few joinings in the plaster. The solution of starch must be so weak that when cold it shall scarcely assume the form of a jelly. It must be used the day it is prepared, and the pigments must contain a small portion of lime:—

'In preparing a tint of ultramarine (says Mr. Dyce) I make it up with the least possible quantity of water, it is then diluted with the solution of starch to the proper consistency, and a small portion of lime added to it. The addition of the lime curdles or imperfectly solidifies the mixture, to remove which it must be triturated in a mortar, worked with the palette knife on a slab, or (what is generally sufficient) stirred with a stiff brush till it attains the consistency of cream.'

The brushes prescribed are hog's hair, with small pencils of otter hair in quills. No other hair resists the action of lime. They are to be rather longer in the hair than those used for oil-painting. At the end of each day's work, all the plaster that extends beyond the finished part must be removed. In cutting it away, care must be taken never

* The colours enumerated by Hess for fresco-painting are:—'White; lime which has either been kept long, or is rendered less caustic by repeated manipulations and drying. Yellow; all kinds of ochres, terra di Siena. Red; all kinds of burnt ochres, burnt terra di Siena (the brightest particles selected at different stages of the process of burning furnish, according to Director Cornelius, very brilliant reds), oxides of iron, and lake-coloured burnt vitriol. Brown; umber raw and burnt, and burnt terra-vert. Black; burnt Cologne earth, which, when thus freed from its vegetable ingredients, affords a pure black. Purple; burnt vitriol, cobalt blue, and lake-coloured burnt vitriol. Green; Verona green (terra-vert), cobalt green, and chrome green. Blue; ultramarine, cobalt, and the imitation of ultramarine; the last is most safely used for flat tints, but does not always mix well with other colours. These colours have been well tested, and for the most part admit of being mixed in any way. Other more brilliant colours, such as chrome, yellow, vermilion, &c., have been tried in various ways, but have not yet in every case been found to stand. Colours prepared from animal and vegetable substances cannot be used at all, as the lime destroys them.'

to make a division in the middle of a mass of flesh or of an unbroken light, but always where drapery or some object forms a boundary. If this be not attended to, when the work is continued next day, it is almost impossible to match the tints so that the junction may be imperceptible. The angles round the edge of the finished portion must be carefully wetted on recommencing, and this must be done delicately with a brush to secure the sufficient moistening of every corner, and at the same to avoid wetting or soiling the surface of the part already finished. For the same reason it is well to begin with the upper part, for if the lower part was finished first, the water from above would be constantly running over the fresh painting. When any defect cannot otherwise be repaired, the part which contains it must be carefully cut out, and the process renewed for that portion. These junctions are valuable as enabling us to trace the speed and method of the workmanship of the old masters. In a report by Mr. C. H. Wilson, we have some dotted outlines showing the exact points where the painters left off for the day. In painting heads flying tresses were painted one day, and the head itself put in the next. By dint of fresco-painting Correggio gained such facility that he finished the figure of St. Jerome in two days. The first day he painted the head and half the body, passing from the top of the shoulder to the wrist with one stroke of the brush. The next day he began at the hips, and finished at the toes with one stroke of the brush. Raphael's 'Incendio del Borgo' was painted in about forty days; the group of the young man carrying his father in three days. His group of the 'Graces,' in the Farnesina Palace, occupied him five days, and the 'Galatea' eleven or twelve days. It is interesting to contrast with these facts what Mr. Dyce said of the rate of Professor Schnorr's workmanship:—'When I was at Munich, he had, I think, six pictures on hand, generally about twenty feet long, and those were all to be executed during the three or four months when it is possible to paint in fresco.' Mr. Taylor censures the Venetian practice of plastering as clumsy in the extreme. The frescoes of both Titian and Pordenone show the rudest workmanship, the surface being very uneven, and the joinings which mark the work of different days very careless. The Florentine practice is better.

In the finished fresco the depth of shadows is often increased, parts are rounded, subdued, and softened, by hatching in lines of the colour required with a brush not too wet, and with vinegar and white of egg for the medium. These retouches are useless in the open air, as the rain washes them away. Those in Schnorr's frescoes in the Villa Massimo have all become visible, and appear as dark spots. It is a moot point how far retouching in secco is allowable. Vasari calls it 'cosa vilissima.' But Cennini says, 'Remember everything you paint in fresco must be finished and retouched in secco with tempera;' and there are very few frescoes by the best masters, those of Vasari himself not excepted, which have not been retouched in secco. Fresco-secco was introduced at Munich by Klenze, and Overbeck painted in it at Assisi. But Mr. Wilson, while admitting that work done in this way will bear to be washed as well as real fresco, and is as durable, declares that it is an inferior art in every important respect.

All these provisions, however, have not guarded against one fatal blemish which naturally occurs to us while reading the enumeration of colours, among the reds and yellows. When Douglas Jerrold was told that a young painter was mediocre, he said that was the worst ochre a man could paint with. We regret to say that this worst ochre has been largely employed in all modern frescoes. Our opinion of those in Germany has been recorded already, and it would be an invidious task to particularise all others for the sake of censuring them. Even a painter like Mr. Watts has failed in his 'School of Legislation,' though perhaps his failure may be accounted for by the impatience of the Benchers of Lincoln's Inn, who, it is said, threatened to whitewash the wall over if the painting was not instantly completed. Other frescoes, which are not so conspicuous in the wrong way, are not conspicuous in the right way. None of those in the Houses of Parliament can be pronounced a success—not even those of Mr. Dyce, which are the most important.* The best wall-paintings in Paris are, we believe, in oil, such as Delaroche's 'Hemicycle,' and many of Hippolyte Flandrin's works. We have judged modern German frescoes chiefly by the school of Cornelius, which is generally accepted as the most prominent, and which its admirers say is best represented in Munich.† The frescoes of Bendemann, in the palace at Dresden, which more impartial judges consider superior to the works of

* There is a full and exact account of Mr. Dyce's Arthurian cycle of frescoes in the 'Athenæum' for August 12th and 19th, 1865, to which we refer our readers, if they wish to have this opinion substantiated.

† 'In the matter of frescoes,' says Count Raczynski, 'Munich has no rival.' And again: 'The school of Munich is only another name for the school of Cornelius.'

the older school, we have not been able to see. Those in the National Museum at Munich, by pupils of Piloty, are not yet shown to the public. But there are works of considerable promise in the railway station at Munich, and outside the old house of the Fuggers at Augsburg, by men of the younger schools, which ought not to be omitted.

Those in the Munich railway station are by a pupil of Kaulbach's, the one to whom many of Kaulbach's Berlin paintings have been entrusted. But though Kaulbach himself was the chief pupil of Cornelius, and owed his employment on public works to a summons from Cornelius, he has so completely divorced himself from all affinity with his master that we need not apologise for treating his school separately. There is another reason for doing so. Kaulbach's chief public works have inaugurated a new process. He has turned from pure fresco, where he did nothing remarkable, to water-glass, in which his most successful works are executed. Much as may be said against Kaulbach's last pictures, it is certain that they are astonishing efforts of a great mind, while his earlier frescoes are passed over in silence, *senza infamia e senza lodo*. It would, no doubt, have been better for his fame and for German painting in general if Kaulbach had confined himself to the style in which he could be perfect, instead of aiming at daring imperfections and silencing criticism by making it hold its breath. We cannot sufficiently wonder at Cornelius, who had his attention turned to Kaulbach's Hogarthian works, and brought him to Munich to paint Apollo and the Muses. But we find some justification in the fact that a great painter in England would have employed Leech in high art, and sacrificed the best pictorial comedy for doubtful attempts at ideal grandeur.

The large works which Kaulbach has painted in the New Museum at Berlin are the 'Dispersion of the Nations,' 'Homer and the Greeks,' the 'Fall of Jerusalem,' the 'Crusaders in sight of Jerusalem,' the 'Battle of the Huns,' and the 'Period of the Reformation.'* Between these pictures are single figures, Isis and Moses, Venus and Solon, History and Tradition; and a frieze runs round the whole, showing the development of civilisation under the form of child's play. The infant Prometheus steals fire from heaven, the first children break the shell, Romulus and Remus build their little Rome, and Nimrod hunts. In Greece we see the Zeuxis child with a dog licking the colours off his palette, the Orpheus child crowned with thistles by a donkey, the Plato child and Aristotle child disputing. The symbolism of the frieze is playful rather than earnest, and we are more tolerant towards it than towards that of the larger pictures. In these the painter has let his imagination run riot, and the incongruities in which he indulges take away all serious meaning. 'The Crusaders before Jerusalem' might be a scene from one of Meyerbeer's operas. There is no thought of unity or simplicity; every person is looking to effect. Even the figures surrounding the Saviour in the clouds are glancing and beckoning instead of wearing the majestic calm assigned them by all other painters. 'In Homer and the Greeks' we have all periods of Greek history and tradition confused together. Homer in vigorous manhood lands from a bark which is steered by the Cumæan sibyl, and meets on the shore the old Hesiod, Æschylus, Sophocles and Euripides, Aristophanes and Pindar, Pericles and Alcibiades, Solon and Phidias. Above, the gods themselves come floating in the clouds; Thetis rises from the sea, and Leda shrinks from the swan; Apollo leads the Muses, and the warriors dance round the flaming altar. Ths 'Period of the Reformation' of course limited the painter in his range over time, but he has ransacked all countries. Columbus and Bacon, Paracelsus and Harvey, Petrarch and Shakspeare, Cervantes and Hans Sachs, Queen Elizabeth and Gustavus Adolphus, Huss and Savonarola, Gutenberg and Galileo, all meet in a Gothic hall, and measure the globe, dig manuscripts out of an old sarcophagus, scan verses on their fingers, or clutch their swords, while Calvin administers the sacrament, and a choir in the organ-loft sings out of the hymn-book.

It may be a question how far these pictures are worthy of being preserved by the water-glass process. What will future ages think of the views of history depicted in the middle of the nineteenth century? Unluckily, too, the power of drawing shown in Kaulbach's cartoons forsakes him when he begins to paint. But there is no reason to doubt the durability of the water-glass after the experiment tried on one of these pictures. It was suspended for twelve months

* The 'Dispersion of the Nations' and the 'Fall of Jerusalem' are, we believe, the only works painted by Kaulbach himself; the others are done by his pupils. In like manner the only fresco painted by Cornelius himself is the 'Last Judgment,' in the Ludwigs Kirche at Munich; and a German description of Munich while the works were going on, speaks of 'the master Cornelius with his blouse on, and his palette in his hand; a small man sitting before an enormous wall and painting upon it; a mason with apron and trowel behind.'

in the open air under the principal chimney of the New Museum, exposed to sunshine, mist, snow and rain, and yet it retained its full brilliancy of colour. Pictures in water-glass have all the brilliancy and vigour of oil-paintings, without the dazzling surface which is the great objection to oil, and which fresco was supposed to obviate. The example set by Berlin was therefore eagerly watched by those who recognised the failure of fresco, and the technical success of Kaulbach's paintings led to a speedy examination of his method.

In the eleventh report of the Commissioners it was stated that Mr. Maclise was to paint one of the subjects in the Royal Gallery in fresco. But by the next year Mr. Maclise had found that his picture, the subject of which was to be the meeting of Wellington and Blucher after the Battle of Waterloo, depended on the verisimilitude of so many minute details, buckles, buttons and tassels, that innumerable cuttings and joinings of the plaster would be required, as a very small portion of these details could be painted on the fresh-laid plaster every day.' This made the process of fresco unsuitable for the work he was to execute, and he was disheartened at the difficulties of fresco which 'confined the artist within the limits of the applicability of very scant materials, and made him doubtful of their effect while working with them.' He felt his aspiration subdued by the conviction that his art was the slave of his means, since whatever was the style of subject to be treated in fresco, and however simple in its design it might appear, the obstacles to be overcome were still in such obstructive force as to be positively repellent to the artist. While these thoughts were weighing on him, Mr. Maclise took up Fuchs's pamphlet on stereochrome, which had been translated and issued for private circulation by direction of the Prince Consort. A former report had also contained the substance of a lecture on silica and its application to painting by the Rev. J. Barlow, Vice-President of the Royal Institution of Great Britain, and in this Dr. Fuchs's method had been detailed. But, being no chemist, Mr. Maclise acknowledges that the pamphlet conveyed little meaning to him. 'A flint in fluid form was to me a mystery,' he says, forgetting the passage in the Psalms which exactly applies, 'Who turneth the hard rock into a standing water, and *the flint stone into a springing well.*' It was evident from the first that concentrated water-glass could not be used as a vehicle for painting in the manner of varnish or oil, as it stiffened the brush and petrified the contents of the palette before the most rapid execution could accomplish the painting. The only thing to be done was to take a trip to Berlin, and examine the process on its own ground.

To this journey we owe Mr. Maclise's report on the stereochromic process, and the adoption of that process by himself and subsequently by Mr. Herbert. The process is far simpler than that of fresco, and can be described in a much smaller space. Silica, when combined with an alkaline base, forms a soluble glass, the degree of solubility depending on the proportion which the silicious acid bears to the alkaline base. A silicated alkali soluble in boiling water may be produced by mixing fifteen parts of fine sand with eight parts of carbonate of soda, or with ten parts of carbonate of potass and one part of charcoal fused in a furnace. Brought in contact with a lime salt, or under the action of the carbonic acid of the atmosphere, this water-glass forms an insoluble cement, and it is on this principle that Fuchs based his invention of stereochromic painting. A ground of Portland cement and sand is generally taken for the wall on which the picture is to be painted. Dr. Pettenkofer, whose method of regnerating pictures has lately made his name illustrious, gives the following account of the preparation of a wall for stereochrome :—

'Spread on a wall of brick or on a plate of burnt clay, a mortar composed of three parts of coarse sand and one part of Portland cement with the necessary quantity of water. This surface (not above half an inch thick) when still fresh, is covered with a thin coating of fine mortar, which is called the sweating-mortar, and consists of three parts of fine sand—sand composed of carbonate of lime is best—and one part of Portland cement (or if you wish the ground to be more absorbent, Roman cement) and one of water. The sand and cement for the sweating-mortar must be rubbed through the same sieve. The fineness of the sieve must be regulated according to the requisite quality of the surface of the wall on which you wish to paint. The sweating-mortar need not be thicker than between one and two twelfths of an inch. As soon as the upper layer has sufficiently sucked it should be made even with the proper instrument, and when this is done throw on with the trowel some of the same sand which has been used for the sweating-mortar, as much as will stick to the wet wall. The sand must be as dry as possible so that it may easily suck up the moisture from the wall. After a quarter of an hour take off the sand with a sharp-edged iron ruler, and shave off at the same time as much of the sweating-mortar as to leave the surface rough to the finger, so that a drop of water cannot rest upon it but is quickly absorbed. After that throw dry sand again on the wall, as much as will stick, and let it dry out. When the wall is well dried and

the cement hardened, sweep away the remaining sand with a not too stiff hair broom; then wet the prepared surface with a saturated solution of carbonate of ammonia in water, either by wiping it over with a large brush or sprinkling it for larger surfaces. The wall is now prepared for painting.'

Mr. Maclise found that the German painters insisted on an excessively rough surface which he thought produced an unsightly effect of colour. Kaulbach said the wall ought to feel to the touch like a coarse rasp in order to ensure the absorption of the water-glass. But the artists best conversant with stereochromy declared that this was unnecessary. The Munich director Zimmermann, Professors Pettenkofer and Buchner, said it was not necessary for any stereochromic reason. Dielitz of the Berlin Museum, said, 'the degree of smoothness in the cement depends entirely on the taste of the painter. If you prefer a smooth ground for your work you have only to use a finer sand. If you like a rough ground, use a coarser sand.' In like manner Fuchs prescribes that the wall should be moistened with water-glass before painting; but the Berlin artists 'stated, in plain disagreement with the recommendation of the discoverer of the new process, that it was on no account necessary to saturate the plaster strata with that fluid in order to fix the painting; and that this object was sufficiently attainable by using the water-glass with judgment over the completed picture.' In another place Mr. Maclise says: 'The necessity for saturating the wall with water-glass, I was assured, was never felt. The plaster-strata (consisting of pure quartz sand and lime in union), such as are chosen for forming the groundwork for an ordinary fresco, are considered to be sound enough in themselves for the stereochromate painting. On this kind of ground I saw the artists at Berlin at work; they painted with colours mixed in distilled water as a vehicle.' The pigments proper for stereochromic painting, he adds, are of the same number and kind as those found admissible for fresco. But they must consist, says Herr Schasler, in his pamphlet on Kaulbach's paintings, of such substances as have no chemical affinity with silicious acid.

When the painting is finished, the water-glass is applied by means of a sprinkler. Much caution is required lest the force of the jet wash away any of the colours. Mr. Herbert recommends the newly-invented scent-blower instead of the rather cumbrous syringe with which paintings have been fixed hitherto. Mr. Maclise greatly admired the effect produced by the sprinkler in shedding a spray of coloured water over any portion of the wall where it might be considered necessary. Water-glass if sprinkled profusely and frequently on a picture will make it shine and give depth and lustre to the colours. 'So general is the taste for the glossy surface,' Mr. Maclise remarks, 'that such quality alone will ensure admiration, and gain for a picture the praise of fine colour, while the contemplation of works embrowned by repeated varnishings has in a certain degree vitiated public taste. I notice that one of my early experiments in stereochromy, which shines under too lavish a layer of water-glass, is always selected for praise in preference to another painted in the same hues but of flatter surface.'

Mr. Maclise has produced in seven years the two greatest monumental pictures of which this country can boast, but he is unfortunate in the arrangement and lighting of the Royal Gallery, in which they are painted; and we have reason to know that this defect was foreseen by the Prince Consort, who suggested an ingenious mode of remedying it. The windows are placed exactly over the pictures. As the spectator looks up, the glare of the sun through coloured glass strikes directly upon him. From the length and narrowness of the gallery, he cannot withdraw sufficiently to command the whole picture; the foreground is almost certain to monopolise his attention unduly, and the centre is thrown into the background. At the moment of our writing the 'Death of Nelson' is not shown to the public, as the scaffolding in front of it has not been removed. Two doors have been made in the back of this scaffolding, and a strip of green baize has been hung over the opening. If the spectator puts his head outside these doors, the light strikes on him as painfully as on all who look up from the floor, though being on a level with the picture he can see it to better advantage. But if he draws back his head and places the green baize between himself and the windows, the effect is marvellous. The picture takes an entirely different tone. All the glare which offended his eyes, and which came from the windows, not from the painting, disappears. Some renovating process seems to have passed over the picture in that moment of time. It is most unjust to the painter, most unfair to the public, that these works should be seen under such disadvantages. We trust that all possible means—such as the removal of the stained glass from the windows, and some other expedients—will immediately be adopted to give these noble works as much light and space as the building admits of.

In these two companion paintings which treat the two most famous victories of England, the artist has wisely chosen the one moment of highest interest in each of them. There is some such supreme moment in every battle, and no battle-painting is complete without a reference to it. The idea that a painter is bound to give a general view of the combat is too idle to be discussed. It would either lead him to the minute accuracy of a chart, or plunge him in the insignificant details alike common to all battles. Wellington's meeting with Blücher did not take place till after the battle of Waterloo had been decided, and Nelson's death did not take place on the quarter-deck of the 'Victory.' But the meeting of the English and Prussian Generals when the fight was won, and the death-wound of the Admiral in the very hour of victory, are dramatic incidents that rise in the memory at the mention of Waterloo and Trafalgar.* The animation which Mr. Maclise has shed over the meeting of the victors contrasts finely with the weight of horror that deadens the whole crew of the 'Victory' at the news of Nelson's fall. But in each work the central interest is well preserved. The noisy exultation of Blücher chimes in with the *insouciance* with which the Prussian trumpets bray out 'God Save the King' over the bodies of dead and wounded. But the English salute in silence, and there is a tearful earnestness in Wellington's face which exalts the man over the conqueror. The details in the foreground are rather crowded, and with all their spirit, there is some difficulty in following them. On the right hand of the spectator, we have the handsome, almost girlish face, of Byron's 'young gallant Howard,' as he sleeps the painless sleep of death.. Nearer to us are holes in the ground with shot buried in them, a drum with a black-edged rent in the head where it was pierced by a ball, horseshoes, cannon-wheels with men's heads resting on them, and cannon with bodies flung over them, a tall French cuirassier with long jackboots and gaudy uniform, and a Highland piper with his bagpipes. The heads of the horses are as spirited as in antique sculpture. The white horse which snuffs the face of a dead Frenchman—those in the background dragging off the French artillery, and attacked by English cavalry, are particularly open to this remark.

In the 'Death of Nelson' there is less variety, a more subdued tone, but a greater depth of feeling. Though the work goes on without interruption, and few turn to look at that group of two or three figures supporting the stricken chief, every one feels that the death-wound has been given, and every one is stimulated to greater exertions. One points out to a midshipman the top whence the shot proceeded, and the midshipman holds up his hand to show that he has marked his victim. There is a grand earnest figure of a seaman kneeling with his eyes intent on Nelson, and a noble fellow at a gun with the handspike in his left hand. Good use again has been made of a yard and sail of the 'Rédoubtable' which has fallen on board the 'Victory.' But one of the chief things to note, both in this picture and in the 'Belle Alliance,' is the unwearied accuracy with which Mr. Maclise has gone into details. We should not do justice to his painstaking industry if this fact was not recorded. Wellington's sword, Blücher's travelling cap, Nelson's coat, the numbers representing the famous signal on the signal slate of H. M. S. Victory, the costume of the captains of guns and their pigtails, the old flint lock, have all been copied from life, and give the pictures a wonderful authenticity. Mr. Maclise had at first invested the English cuirassiers be-

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* Our readers are aware that considerable doubt has been thrown upon the time and place at which the meeting of the Duke of Wellington and Marshal Blücher took place after the battle, more especially by the erroneous declaration of the Duke himself that *it occurred at Genappe*, which, as we have shown in this Journal (Ed. Rev. vol. cxix. p. 168) was impossible, as Genappe was in the possession of the French till near midnight. We have, however, now before us some additional evidence on this interesting topic, which shows that Mr. Maclise's picture does not depart more widely from the truth of history than the license of art may fairly admit of. A formal declaration, which we have seen, has been drawn up by General Count Nostitz, who was personal aide-de-camp to Blücher in 1815, in which he states *most positively* that the meeting of Blücher and Wellington did take place at La Belle Alliance — that the two generals congratulated each other *there* on their victory, and concerted measures for the pursuit of the enemy during the night.

On the other hand, Sir William Gomm states that the meeting certainly did *not* take place at La Belle Alliance, but at a place so near it that the Prussians were justified in slightly extending the application of so appropriate a name. 'The point of meeting,' says Sir William, 'was at or near to a small farmhouse or cabaret called "Maison Rouge," on the roadside between "La Belle Alliance" and Rossomme, a more considerable farmhouse and the furthest point on the road to which the Duke advanced. *He was returning from it when the meeting took place.*' Lastly, the Duke himself said to Mr. Rogers (Rogers' Recollections, p. 212), 'When all was over, Blücher and I met at "La Maison Rouge."' The evidence is therefore decisive (as we had previously remarked) that La Maison Rouge was the real place of meeting, but the distance from La Maison Rouge to La Belle Alliance is inconsiderable, and the Duke was returning towards La Belle Alliance when he met Blücher on the road.

hind Wellington with cuirasses, as a means of strengthening the effect of the picture by a mass of armour. But he found to his regret that just in the year of the battle of Waterloo cuirasses were not worn by the English, and the effect had to be sacrificed. Another time he found the popular tradition supported by actual testimony. He had painted Nelson in his coat with the four stars of which the hero is reported to have said, 'In honour I gained them, and in honour I will die with them.' The apparent ostentation of this speech has offended many. Dr. Arnold, in his 'Lectures on Modern History,' denies the truth of the story. Others jealous of the fame of Nelson, remonstrated with Mr. Maclise. The painter, however, could reply by pointing to the very coat worn by Nelson at the battle of Trafalgar with the four stars embroidered on it, as they were embroidered on all his coats, and the stains inside it from the heart's blood of the hero.

We do not wish to institute a comparison between these two pictures of Mr. Maclise and the 'Moses descending from Mount Sinai' of Mr. Herbert. Yet we have no hesitation in saying that if the revival of high art in England and its employment on public works had produced nothing but Mr. Herbert's picture, we should not regret the efforts of our artists or the money spent by the nation. Mr. Herbert has taken away the reproach which Giusti levelled against our nation :—

'L'Inglese
Che i dipinti negati al suo paese
Pel suolo ausonio
Raggranellando va di porta in porta.'

His picture represents Moses coming down from his second sojourn on Mount Sinai. The whole of Israel has come out from its tents to see him bring down the Tables of the Law; and the chief men are waiting to receive him on a mountain plateau, while the people are kept off by guards posted around. In the valleys at the foot of the mountains we see the tents, their inmates thronging forth eagerly and breaking the line of the guards. The clefts of the mountains are filled with soft purple shadows, and through a powerful glass every detail of the ribs of the hills, each of the scanty shrubs on the path of Moses, and all the figures of the multitudinous host of Israel are plainly visible. To the whole composition, Mr. Herbert has imparted a luminous quality which we have never seen in any other wall-painting, even by the old masters, and the scene is flooded with the lustre of Arabian day. The chiefs and great men who are clustered on the platform look earnestly at the coming form of Moses. He has bound the ends of his girdle round the rough stone Tables, and bends beneath their weight. Aaron in a Levite dress and bearing the rod of inheritance stands first among those who are waiting for the Lawgiver; near to him is Joshua in the dress of a soldier; the sons of Aaron stand a little back; and beyond Joshua we have the variegated dress of a Prince of Judah and a woman carrying her child in a cradle like that in which Moses himself was exposed. On the left of Moses is a group with a woman giving drink to a thirsty child, and Miriam hiding her face in her arms. In front of him there is a young mother with a child teasing a lizard, a shepherd, and a Levite. One casts himself down at the feet of Moses as if in adoration, another lifts his hand to shade off the full stream of light that proceeds from the shining face and horns of the prophet. There is a hush and stillness of expectation shed over the whole group. Each bends forward curiously to look, but each is restrained by awe. And in the midst of them is Moses himself, walking as in a trance, unconscious of their presence, almost unconscious of himself.

We are aware that our description of this magnificent picture can convey little idea of it to those who have not seen it, and will seem still more inadequate to those who have. But while a picture can only be described by dwelling on details, and while the multiplicity of details in such a composition would seem to court a lengthened description, the strength of the work lies wholly in the general effect it produces. It has been objected to Mr. Herbert that his Moses is not at all grand, that the very ladies prattle before the picture without a sense of shame, and that the Lawgiver shuffles. His face, it is said, is that of a highly-nerved, somewhat physically irritable and intelligent person of the nineteenth century. The awful burden he bore, and the awfulness of his task, have not sufficed to open that countenance with glory. Possibly this will be the first thought of those who are nothing if not critical, and who never look at a picture without asking what they can find against it. But a little reflection shows us that Mr. Herbert's view of Moses is right as well as original. The general representation has that amount of conventional grandeur which pleases at the first view, and leaves the mind unsatisfied. Kaulbach's Moses is a good instance of this; it is a fine model, reminding you partly of Michael Angelo, partly of 'When Pan to Moses lent

his Pagan horn.' We naturally suppose that the man who led his people out of Egypt, who subdued Pharaoh, made the Red Sea divide, and smote the rock, must have had a grand presence and majestic features. Yet if we remember the true effect of such a mission as that of Moses, and the character of Moses himself as we find it in the Bible, we shall be more apt to side with Mr. Herbert. An old man who had fasted forty days and forty nights, who had been in the presence of the terrible God of the Hebrews, interceding for a stiff-necked people, and remembering what had been done when he was absent before, might well be bowed down beneath his awful burden. We have many proofs of the diffidence of the character of Moses, his reluctance to be sent to Pharaoh, his 'Who am I that I should bring forth the children of Israel out of Egypt?' He declared that the children of Israel would not believe him when he said that he had seen God. Pharaoh would not listen to him, for he was of uncircumcised lips. He could not expect to convince either Israelites or Egyptians, for he was slow of speech and of a slow tongue. Lest it should be thought that all this was changed by his Divine legation, he says, 'I am not eloquent, neither heretofore, *nor since thou hast spoken unto thy servant.*' Mr. Herbert is, we think, the first painter who has divested the sacred legislator of adventitious solemnity and conventional marks of power, and substituted for them the worn countenance and wasted frame of a chief who leads an army through the desert, and confers upon them laws destined to maintain a moral dominion over all the generations of mankind.

One reason why Mr. Herbert's picture is so worthy of its fame is, that the painter never grudged labour or loss upon it. In 1850 he was commissioned to paint nine frescoes in the Peers' Robing Room at the price of 9,000*l.* For several years before he had been earning nearly 2,000*l.* a-year, yet he was willing to give up nine years to work for about half the sum. When he found that the fresco process was imperfect, he unhesitatingly obliterated his work, and began it anew in the water-glass method. He was to have received 2,000*l.* for the 'Moses,' but the commission appointed in 1864 recommended that the price should be raised to 5,000*l.* The same sum is to be paid to Mr. Maclise for the 'Death of Nelson,' and, of course, for the 'Meeting at La Belle Alliance.' It is plain that when the thought of decorating the Houses of Parliament with frescoes was first entertained, no great expense was anticipated. Mr. Dyce said he understood that in Munich Professor Schnorr was paid at the rate of 500*l.* a-year, which would be equal to 700*l.* in this country, and had to pay his assistants. For this sum Mr. Dyce thought the services of the chief English artists might be commanded, 'those at least who are engaged in subjects of fancy. The services of those who paint portraits would not be obtained at that sum, but I believe it is taking a high average to state the income of the more respectable artists of this country at 500*l.* a-year.' Accordingly the first frescoes in the House of Lords were ordered at the rate of 400*l.* for the cartoon, and 400*l.* for the fresco. Mr. Dyce was to paint the 'Legend of King Arthur' in the Queen's Robing Room, and to receive 800*l.* a-year for six years. The eight compartments in the Peers' and Commons' corridors were to have been painted in oil, and 500*l.* was to have been paid for the first picture, and 450*l.* for each of the remainder. But when frescoes were substituted the remuneration for each was raised to 600*l.* The truth is, that the artists to whom we are indebted for these works have made immense sacrifices of time and of money to the public, and, what is more, they have not scrupled, in seeking to extend and improve their powers in art, to risk the reputation they had previously acquired in it. They are entitled not only to an ample remuneration which Parliament will not grudge to any great and successful work; and they are entitled to adequate payment and respectful consideration, even when they have been less completely successful. For whatever the result may be, these eminent men have willingly devoted the best years of their lives to the work, which was pressed upon them by the late Prince Consort and the Government in the name of the nation. We should be glad to think that these just principles have never been lost sight of.

The prices paid are not extravagant, though of course somewhat higher than those paid in Germany. It is well known that King Louis always bought in the cheapest market. Count Raczynski states that Hess received 3,700*l.* for his frescoes in the Chapel of All Saints, and 5,000*l.* for those in the Basilica of St. Boniface. For the Nibelungen halls in the palace, Schnorr, according to the same authority, was paid 2,600*l.* For his frescoes from Walther von der Vogelweide in the queen's first antechamber, Gassen received 360*l.*; Folz for the Bürger room, 460*l.*; Kaulbach for the throne-room, 300*l.*, and for the sleeping-chamber, 666*l.*; Hess for the Theocritus room, 600*l.*; and Moriz von Schwind for

the Tieck room, 240*l.* Contrast with these figures the price paid to Kaulbach for his paintings in the New Museum at Berlin—37,500*l.*, with an allowance of 3,750*l.* for materials.

We are not among those who think that a nation cannot afford to pay as high prices as individuals, or that a nation cannot encourage art. The English nation can afford the very highest prices for works that are worthy of them. The truest and noblest art is that produced by popular encouragement, and not that countenanced by princely patrons. So long as royalty is content to be one of the first supporters of art, to pay liberally and to patronise tastefully, it may help, or it may lead, the general endeavour. But if royalty is to be all in all, if there is to be no appeal from the Mæcenas, if all artists are to please him or starve, the results will be such as we have seen in Munich. One patron cannot always employ a school of painters, and if national taste be left dormant while the patron's works are being executed, his painters will find themselves empty-handed when they have done all that he required. If men would read history rightly, they would always look for popular encouragement as the first essential. They would not look back to Leo X. associating with Raphael, Julius II. inspecting the ceiling of Michael Angelo, Charles V. picking up the mahl-stick of Titian, Francis I. supporting the dying Leonardo. These honours were graceful to both parties, but they were merely the expression of something far deeper. The pontiff or the monarch made himself the mouthpiece of that national admiration which had given the painters their supremacy. If modern painters would look first to the effect on the people instead of intriguing for royal favour, they would find themselves recipients of a truer homage.

Too close an imitation of one part of artistic tradition has, we believe, exercised an injurious effect on modern German painters. They have looked first to royalty and to distinguished patronage. In painting scenes from the history of art in the Loggie of the Pinacothek at Munich, Cornelius has chosen incidents that reflect credit on patrons as characteristic of painters. But in England we have suffered more by a too strict adherence to another part of tradition. Our painters have thrown away much labour on the fresco of the Italians, which has not proved suitable to our tastes or our climate. We have shown in the course of these remarks that tradition was chiefly appealed to in proof of the excellence of fresco, and that the success of the early painters weighed with us against constant discouragement and failure. We believe that the adoption of the water-glass process will silence that argument. It is true that Mr. Barlow pronounces water-glass to be essentially the process of fresco-secco, and that good authorities consider fresco-secco inferior to buon-fresco. But the question is not if one art is inferior to another, but if it will last better than another. If water-glass is easier, more pleasing, and more durable than buon-fresco, we cannot detect its inferiority. We should rather think an easier method a gain than a loss, as it leaves the painter free to devote all his energies to his subject, instead of hampering him with his materials.

Mr. Herbert's success is to our minds the most hopeful feature of our great national undertaking. That one man has conquered the former indifference of the public leads us to a good assurance that others will follow, and when Mr. Maclise's two noble pictures are equally well known to the public, we are convinced that they will be appreciated as they well deserve to be. We do not wish other painters to imitate Mr. Herbert, to affect his deep religious feeling, or ape his peculiar execution. But we hope to see his followers undertake their subjects in the same spirit as he devoted himself to his. We hope to see them earnest and thoughtful, full of their art and not mastered by half considerations of it, patient without being sluggish. That the last few years have worked many improvements in the spirit of English art will, we think, be generally admitted. But it depends on the next few years whether these improvements will continue growing, or yield to a reaction, whether the stride we have made in advance will be followed by total exhaustion, or the words of Cornelius be fulfilled that 'there could not be a more admirable opportunity than the building of the new Houses of Parliament, not merely for illustrating English history and poetry, but for founding a school of fresco-painting (though it be in the new method), which would emulate, if not surpass, that of any other in Europe.' *

* We cannot close this article without observing that an English amateur, Mr. Gambier Parry, of Highnam Court, near Gloucester, has published a plan for painting on walls in our climate, which he contends possesses the luminousness of fresco and the strength of oil, whilst it differs from the former by its durability even in our climate, and from the latter by the absence of that gloss which is so offensive in wall-painting, and by not being liable to darken. The composition which he employs is a mixture of wax, Elemic resin, oil of spike-lavender, and the best copal.

Mr. Leighton, we believe, has executed a large painting in this mixture at the new church at Lynd-

ART. II.—*La Jeunesse de Mazarin.* Par M. VICTOR COUSIN. Paris: 1865.

THIS book contains some novel and interesting details of the youth of Cardinal Mazarin, and an elaborate account of his first essay and triumph in diplomacy. Few of our readers are acquainted with this part of the life of that eminent personage. They are familiar with his successful manhood, when, pursuing the system of Richelieu, he secured the ascendency of France in Europe, and inaugurated the despotism of Louis XIV.; and notwithstanding De Retz and Brienne, they can appreciate the subtle craft of the statesman who baffled the deadly plots of the Importans, and reduced the anarchy of the Fronde to order. But it is not likely that they have followed carefully the long game of arms and diplomacy played in the affair of the Mantuan succession—a prelude to the terrible contest between France and the House of Austria which marked the course of the seventeenth century; or that they have formed a sufficient estimate of the ability shown by Mazarin at this juncture, when as a subordinate envoy of the Pope he secured peace for a time to Italy, and, though but a youth, won the respect of the foremost generals and politicians of Europe. M. Cousin, in the volume before us, has related and elucidated this episode in the career of the Cardinal; and we need not say that his work forms a valuable contribution to historical biography. He has woven into the body of his narrative a large mass of original documents, supplied either from the French Archives or the muniments of the Barberini family, which add much to our knowledge on the subject; and his style and language are always flowing, agreeable, and dignified. In one particular, however, we object to the cast of thought displayed in this volume. In his admiration of Richelieu and Mazarin, M. Cousin, like too many of his countrymen, loses sight of the evil side of their policy, and of its ulterior consequences. Yet may not many of the wars and calamities which for two centuries have afflicted France and Europe be laid to the charge of these statesmen, who, if they enlarged the bounds of the kingdom, and raised the monarchy to its highest splendour, were the first to reduce to a definite system the perilous doctrine of natural limits, and, even more than the rule of the first Napoleon, destroyed the elements of national liberty for the sake of a brilliant but transient despotism?

Giulio Mazarini (to give him for once his Italian patronymic) was born in 1602, his father being of humble origin—a retainer of the great house of Colonna, his mother a person of noble birth, of rare beauty, and of fine accomplishments. During the first years of his life he was brought up with the family of Philippo Colonna, grand constable of the kingdom of Naples, who treated him with peculiar regard, had sense enough to appreciate his talents, and introduced him at an early age to the best circles of Rome and Naples. The child gave promise of remarkable talents; and under the care of the Jesuits at Rome made rapid progress in the education of the day, being especially skilled in rhetoric and mathematics, and with an extraordinary turn for acting. His genius did not escape the notice of his observant and experienced teachers, who wished to enlist him as a recruit in their Order; but Mazarin declined a vocation in some respects not unsuited to him, though beneath a manly and lofty ambition. At the age of twenty the beauty of his person, the charm of his graceful and insinuating manners, and his reputation for talent and address had already begun to attract attention, and though still only a dependent of the Colonnas he enjoyed a ready welcome in the best society of Rome and Naples. Like Richelieu, at this period of his life Mazarin became an ardent gamester; and some, who afterwards beheld his composure during many a trying crisis of his career, remembered with what equanimity he had borne in youth a long run of ill-fortune at the gaming-table. He was wont to say 'che ad uomo splendido il cielo è tesoriero,' and he certainly sometimes drew largely on this balance. Having, on one occasion, lost everything he possessed except a pair of silk stockings, he pawned them to raise a few pieces in order to try his luck again. His confidence was rewarded and he soon won back the rest of his wardrobe.

Shortly after this time the youth became the companion of one of the Constable's sons on a visit to the court of Madrid, which was still the centre of European politics. It is probable that the remarkable spectacle of

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hurst in Hampshire; and certainly the exquisite decoration of the nave of Highnam Church is calculated to impress every one with a very high sense of the value of the material, and a still stronger feeling of Mr. Gambier Parry's powers as an artist. We know few things finer than the way in which the two spandrils of the nave-arch are filled by the groups of angels sweeping down on either side from the throne of the Saviour as He sits in judgment, and the beauty of the heads and figures is exceedingly striking. The work has all the qualities of luminousness, breadth, flatness, and architectural symmetry which are required by its position and character.

Mr. Gambier Parry's work at Ely Cathedral we have not seen. It is, we believe, executed in oil, and we have not a doubt that it is worthy of the great building which it serves to complete.

imposing grandeur and gradual decay which the Escurial even then presented, did not escape his penetrating eye; and to this visit we may ascribe his knowledge of Spanish character and habits, and his familiarity with the Spanish language. A love affair of a singular kind was the cause of his return to Rome; but he nevertheless applied himself to the careful study of the Civil Law, an acquisition which stood him in valuable stead in many a keen diplomatic contest. At twenty-two he was employed as a captain of horse in the Papal service; and though Mazarin, in after life, never laid claim to military accomplishments, it is certain that this apprenticeship proved of real and lasting advantage to him. It gave him, as in the case of Richelieu and of several other contemporary statesmen, a practical acquaintance with a soldier's calling—experience useful to a French minister; and it may have improved the strategic talent which, as M. Cousin observes with truth, was undoubtedly one of the gifts of the Cardinal.

This education of life and books, of much experience and of varied culture, was not unfitted to form the peculiar genius of the young Italian adventurer. His first appearance in public affairs was in 1624, when the jealousy of Austria, France, and Spain respecting the occupation of the Valteline had induced these Powers to come to an arrangement by which, pending future negotiations, the Pope was to hold this territory in deposit. On this occasion Mazarin accompanied his regiment to the neighbourhood of Milan, and saw encamped on the Lombard plains the armies of the three great monarchies with whose destinies his own fortune was to be strangely and grandly associated. With M. Cousin we may imagine how he appreciated the characteristics of the foreign hosts—the compact order of the Spanish veterans, the martial pride of the German horse, and the gallant bearing of the chivalrous gentlemen who gathered around the tent of D'Estrées. An accident brought the young subaltern under the notice of one of the High Commissioners who then accompanied the Papal armies and in part directed their general movements. This functionary, who was named Sacchetti, entrusted Mazarin with some minor employment, and was so pleased with his zeal and intelligence that he assured him of his support and patronage. It is not perhaps from mere flattery that a biographer of the great Cardinal informs us that when engaged in this duty 'he was a very Proteus of energy and adroitness, and seemed endowed with perpetual motion.' For Mazarin's genius was of that kind that despises no task, however humble,—is equal to any opportunity for action, and thoroughly and zealously does its work whatever may be its character or quality. It is certain, whatever the employment was, that from thenceforth he stood high in the esteem of the Papal Commissioner; soon afterwards we find him spoken of as a rising man among the coteries of Rome; and as early as 1625 the eminent Bentivoglio commended him to a brother cardinal as 'a young man who was fit without exception for everything.'

The events, narrated at length in this volume, which launched Mazarin on his brilliant career, commenced in 1628. Vincent II., Duke of Mantua and Montferrat, one of those petty princes whose complicated territorial rights have so often proved the occasion or the excuse of disastrous wars in Europe, having died in the course of the previous year, a contest arose about his succession of evil omen to the repose of Italy. The claim of Charles of Gonzaga, Duke of Nevers, to the Duchies was supported by Richelieu, who, already bent on his great design of weakening the power of Spain and Austria, sought an opportunity of establishing in the Peninsula a dependent ally of the House of Bourbon. Spain and Austria, on the other hand, ever covetous of aggrandisement in Italy, wished to assign Mantua to the Duke of Guastalla, a mere creature of Ferdinand II., and to divide the territory of Montferrat between Philip IV. and the Duke of Savoy, who, as holding the keys of the Alps against France, was an ally of no inconsiderable importance. It soon appeared that the rival Powers, whose interests or pretensions, ever clashing, were continually threatening Europe with war, would appeal to the sword to settle this question. The Emperor having formally refused to acknowledge the right of the Duke of Nevers, a Spanish and Piedmontese army entered Montferrat, in February 1628, and with the exception of Casale, which was invested by a descendant and namesake of the great Captain Gonsalvo de Cordova, soon reduced the whole of the province. Meantime France was collecting her armies, although her strength was as yet divided by the Huguenot revolt and the siege of Rochelle; and Richelieu was making energetic preparations to pour an imposing force into Piedmont. The clouds of war which, though long menacing, had not burst on Italy for many years, now gathered ominously over her northern provinces; and it seemed probable that the struggle for empire between Austria, France, and Spain, foreseen and dreaded by many a statesman, would break out at once in the

plains of Lombardy. These incidents cannot be related without suggesting a comparison between them and the events which our own time has witnessed: and in these pages we are continually reminded of that secular policy of France in Italy which has been handed down from one dynasty to another.

The reigning pontiff, Urban VIII., beheld the gathering storm with alarm and made a patriotic effort to avert it. For more than a century the general policy of the Popes, as heads of the Catholic Church, had been to mediate in the repeated contests between France and the House of Austria; and, as temporal princes, they had usually endeavoured to keep Italy free from the Transalpine armies. Urban VIII. accordingly, resolved to despatch a nuncio extraordinary to Milan, with a view to negotiations for peace; and, his choice having fallen on Sacchetti, that minister selected as his private secretary the promising young man of whose abilities he had already conceived a high opinion. On account of the frequent absence of his chief, Mazarin was obliged to undertake the principal duties of the embassy; and these he performed with such success that he was marked out for promotion at the Vatican. At this juncture he had an opportunity of displaying his diplomatic talents in a long and remarkable correspondence, in which the arguments in favour of peace are stated with great skill and clearness; and his despatches, thoughtful, full, and masterly, are said to have won especial praise from the Pope and his secretary Cardinal Barberini. The sword, however, had more to do with the brief truce which ensued at this time than the pen or the tongue of the young diplomatist. A French army having crossed the Alps with a celerity unexampled in that age, the Duke of Savoy recoiled with alarm at the prospect of the invasion of Piedmont; and, the German forces being still in the Tyrol, and Casale holding out against the Spaniards, the warlike league that had been so menacing to Italy was dissolved. By the treaty of Susa an alliance with France, of an onerous and humiliating kind, was imposed upon the Duke of Savoy: that Prince and Philip IV. engaged to recognise the claims of Charles of Gonzaga; and it was stipulated that the Emperor should be requested to confer on him the investiture of the Duchies. Within a month the French army, marched back from Piedmont, was reducing the Huguenots in the valleys of Languedoc and Guienne; and Italy was relieved for a time from the terrors of foreign invasion and conflict.

It soon, however, appeared that this respite would be only for a brief period. Ferdinand II., now at the summit of his power, triumphant upon the Rhine and the Oder, and bent upon reviving the sovereignty of the German Cæsars in the North of Italy, was indignant at the terms of a negotiation in which he was not a contracting party and which seemed to dictate or usurp his duties; he therefore refused peremptorily to admit the title of Charles of Gonzaga to the disputed Duchies. The Duke of Savoy, chafing at the results of a treaty which was galling to his pride and made him almost a vassal of France, was eager to join his former allies; and Olivarès, intent on finding an indemnity for the United Provinces, now nearly free from the Spanish yoke, was willing to recommence an intrigue to increase the power of Spain in Italy. The Confederates had made a new alliance at the beginning of 1629; and it was resolved once more to invade Montferrat, and in spite of any opposition from France to make the settlement and partition of the Duchies which had been determined by the previous arrangements. Preparations were made on a great scale to bring this policy to a successful issue. An army, drawn from all parts of the Empire, advanced to the northern frontier of Italy, and, under the command of the famous Wallenstein, was destined for the conquest of Mantua. The Spanish forces in the Milanese were recruited and placed on a war footing; and the government of the province was committed to Ambrose Spinola, after Parma, perhaps the most illustrious of the generals who served Spain in her age of glory. Meanwhile the Duke of Savoy prepared to take the field at the head of his troops; and the Alpine passes were secretly fortified, in the hope of preventing or retarding the advance of the French in the probable event of their re-appearing to avenge their ally.

At this juncture the Pope resolved to renew the efforts to prevent a rupture which, the year before, had been partly successful. Antonio Barberini, his minister's brother, accompanied by another nuncio—Sacchetti having retired from office—was placed at the head of a numerous embassy, and charged with messages of peace from the Vatican. Mazarin attended the august mission, composed of men long trained in the service and policy of the Holy See, in the capacity of Secretary of Legation, his assiduous zeal and eminent talents having already attracted considerable attention. In the delicate and complicated negotiations that ensued, his genius gave him the real control and management of the Papal counsels; and it is not too much to say that within a year he

attained the highest reputation as a diplomatist, and that the success of the Papal mediation was due in the main to his abilities. Indeed, the events of these few months had a prominent influence on his career, and brought out his powers with conspicuous clearness. They brought under his penetrating eye the strength and weakness, the ambition and the designs, the avowed policy and the secret aims, of the great rival monarchies of the Continent, whose fortunes still bear the mark of his genius. They gained him the acquaintance and respect of the foremost generals and statesmen of the day—of Spinola in his declining years, a fitting type of the grandeur of Spain then verging to its melancholy decay; of Richelieu in his vigorous administration, his rapacity, and his organising skill, an impersonation of French statesmanship; of Créqui, Schomberg, D'Effiat, and Collalto, men all celebrated in that generation; and they placed Mazarin himself, with his splendid aspirations and his unsatisfied ambition, in the circle of the Powers which then directed the destinies of Europe. At the same time they put to the proof, and displayed on a brilliant, if narrow stage, the peculiar powers of the future statesman—his fine and delicate perception of character, one main source of his remarkable influence; his tenacity of purpose gracefully hidden under a pliable and conciliating demeanour; the subtle craft with which he pursued his object through every change of circumstance, and removed difficulties that appeared insurmountable; his inexhaustible fertility of expedients, ever accommodating events to promote his aims; and his somewhat passive, but steady courage, not bold and downright, like that of Richelieu, but calm and calculating in perilous conjunctures and fitted to cope with any emergency.

We can only glance at the intricate drama of military and diplomatic action in which Mazarin became so conspicuous. The Papal Embassy having halted near Bologna, in order to watch the course of events, the young secretary proceeded to Milan, the scene of his duties the year before, where his presence was again required. In this centre of the Confederate League, he quickly acquired intelligence of their affairs and made himself master of the situation. At first a rupture appeared inevitable, the Spanish, Austrian, and Savoyard armies being in motion and acting in concert, and France and Venice having entered into an alliance to maintain the title of Charles of Gonzaga. Mazarin, however, was able to ascertain that jealousy had already arisen between Spinola and Raimbauld Collalto, the temporary commander of the Austrian army, and that neither of these officers was satisfied with the conduct of the Duke of Savoy; and in this dissension a faint chance of negotiation appeared to open. In a short time the subtle Italian had made his way to Spinola's confidence, and by that winning and insinuating address, which contemporaries called 'his golden eloquence,' he had persuaded the aged and illustrious commander that a faithful Catholic should fulfil the wishes of the Head of the Church, that the highest glory of a great Italian should be to secure the repose of Italy, that one born in Genoa the Proud should not further the ends of the House of Savoy. Spinola, touched in his piety and patriotism, assured Mazarin that he disliked this war, and made a proposition to the young secretary which he hoped would lead to a pacific issue. If Charles of Gonzaga would consent to refer his claims to the arbitration of the Emperor, and, in the meantime, would allow the Duchies, Casale and Mantua being excepted, to be occupied by the German forces, as a pledge of fealty to his liege lord, the pride of Austria might be satisfied, and, in that event, negotiations might commence, and the Papal Embassy might accomplish its mission.

As M. Cousin truly remarks, the acceptance of this overture threw a great responsibility on Mazarin. It offered no guarantee for peace, might perhaps only precipitate hostilities, and, if unsuccessful in its avowed object, it would bring discredit upon the secretary. But Mazarin was one of those men who, without regard to personal consequences, pursue resolutely the line of conduct which on reflection appears the best; and as he thought that the proposition afforded an opportunity to negotiate, he did not hesitate in embracing it. Within twenty-four hours he was on his way to seek an interview with Charles of Gonzaga, who, relying on the support of his allies, was preparing boldly to resist the invasion. The Duke, however, as has often happened with petty princes in his position, was little inclined to accept a compromise which galled his pride and placed his heritage in the hands of Ferdinand without a blow, and he eluded Mazarin's arguments by referring him to the King of France and the Republic of Venice. Nothing disconcerted, Mazarin applied to the ambassador of the latter Power, and, pointing out the paramount interest which the Republic had in maintaining peace, he claimed his co-operation in a settlement which would liberate Italy from foreign invaders. At this juncture, such a policy, however, did not find favour with a selfish

aristocracy, who, dreading and hating the House of Austria, and clinging to their traditional alliance, were desirous of French intervention in Italy, and thought the present a good opportunity to strike a blow at their ancient enemies. The Venetian Ambassador declined to enter into negotiations in the absence of France; and Mazarin was compelled to return to Milan without having accomplished his object, and with a conviction that the attainment of peace was not only exceedingly difficult, but depended chiefly on the ambitious minister, who, devoted solely to French interests, directed the counsels of Louis XIII.

On reaching Milan the secretary found despatches from his chiefs at Bologna, which, after approving what he had done, enjoined him to visit the Duke of Savoy, who professed a devotion to Italian interests. Having apprised Spinola that time was required for a message to Paris to secure peace, and having obtained the consent of that general to a brief suspension of hostilities, Mazarin set off at once for Turin in compliance with Barberini's orders. Within a short time his delicate tact, his gracious address, and his fine intelligence had gained the friendly notice of the Duke, who, himself endowed with no mean abilities, perceived and appreciated Mazarin's gifts, and thought that they might be useful to him in the policy which he was now pursuing. This remarkable man, who, though painted by M. Cousin in too dark colours, had few scruples, an aspiring ambition, and a capacity of no common order, had spent a life of war and intrigue in endeavouring to secure and advance the fortunes of the House of Savoy in the long rivalry of France and Austria. His position and his abilities enabled him to hold the balance between these Powers, and to incline it as it suited his interests, and though he had of late, not unjustly, felt alarm at the policy of Richelieu as fatal to the independence of his House*, he had, hitherto, with considerable success trimmed pretty evenly between his neighbours. At the present juncture he resented bitterly the provisions of the treaty of Susa, and was willing to risk a war to annul it; but, as he knew that the first brunt of an attack from France would fall upon Savoy, he was desirous of securing the presence of a Spanish and German force in his territories before the actual outbreak of hostilities. He was, moreover, at this moment intriguing with Charles of Lorraine and the Duke of Orleans to hurl the dreaded Cardinal from power; and he was trying to induce Ferdinand to make a diversion in favour of his allies by invading France on her German frontier. As time was needed to mature these schemes, the cool-headed and able politician wished for the present to make a peace; and for this reason he had declared himself in favour of the Papal mediation. In Mazarin he conceived he had found an instrument fit to negotiate and temporise, who besides could be at pleasure disavowed as not accredited by the Court of Savoy.

As war had not yet been declared, and Richelieu was not fully apprised of the part the Duke of Savoy was taking, the ambassador of France was still at Turin, and with him was Marshal Créqui, the commander of the French force in Italy, who had been charged to see to the execution of the provisions of the treaty of Susa. The Duke of Savoy introduced Mazarin to these personages as an envoy of the Pope, and he professed the greatest zeal and readiness to co-operate in his pious mission. He had previously indicated the line of conduct which he thought Mazarin should pursue, and to this the secretary had assented as calculated to effect his purpose. The Papal negotiator was to suggest that peace depended on the will of France, and that Spinola's project afforded an opportunity for an amicable arrangement; and he was to propose that the points in dispute should be referred to the decision of a Congress, under the presidency of the Cardinal Barberini, to which the Powers should send their representatives. And, as delay was to be deprecated, and the Austrian and Spanish generals had received full powers to treat from their respective governments, the King of France was to be requested to make Créqui his plenipotentiary, and enable the Congress at once to assemble. By putting forward propositions like these, the Duke was certain, in any event, of gaining his principal object, time; and if Richelieu could be induced to entrust Créqui with full powers, the cunning Savoyard felt convinced that he could outwit that gallant but impetuous soldier, and that, with the aid of the other plenipotentiaries, he might be able to secure at the Congress some modifications of the treaty of Susa. In any case the project, therefore, fell in with the policy of the Duke; and it is a proof of his high opinion of Mazarin that he should have employed

* The Cardinal had proposed that the Duke should cede Savoy to France, and, in return, should obtain Lombardy as a compensation. Charles Emmanuel, however, unlike his descendant, had declined an offer which, however tempting, would he thought place him in subjection to France, and involve him in constant wars with Austria. It will be for future history to determine which choice was best for the House of Savoy.

in such a service a young, unknown, and untried stranger.

Whether Mazarin had penetrated or not the real purpose of the Duke of Savoy, he addressed himself with zeal to a negotiation which obviously promoted his own object. He was so successful with Créqui and Marini, the French ambassador at Turin, that he induced these personages to report in favour of his propositions to Richelieu; and the Cardinal was persuaded to give his consent to the principle of a Congress, and actually permitted Louis XIII. to constitute Créqui as his plenipotentiary. The young diplomatist, justly exulting at the prospect of this remarkable success due in the main to his great ability, believed that peace was now assured, and wrote joyfully to Barberini congratulating him on his approaching presidency. Events, however, soon took a turn of evil omen to the cause of peace, which protracted and changed the course of the negotiations, and gave Mazarin new opportunities for a display of his subtle and versatile genius.

Collalto, eager to win distinction while in command of the Austrian army, and thinking the Emperor in no sense bound by an overture made without his sanction, had, while Mazarin was in Piedmont, invaded Mantua in considerable force and overrun a great part of the province. Spinola's disposition for peace having met with little favour at the Escurial, he had been directed to enter Montferrat, and he had advanced near the fortress of Casale, then garrisoned by a French contingent under the command of the valiant Count Toiras, in virtue of the treaty of Susa. Aggressions like these provoked the alarm of the representatives of France at Turin; and Créqui, though possessing full powers, declined to treat in the proposed Congress, and informed Richelieu that in his judgment the negotiations were merely a feint, and that war in Italy was inevitable. The Cardinal, on receipt of this intelligence, incensed at having been overreached, resolved that France should intervene in force, and cut this knot of intrigue with the sword; and, having assured his allies of support, he arrived within a short time at Lyons, and, at the head of a formidable army, prepared to cross the Alps into Piedmont. At the close of 1629 the prospect of peace which had seemed so fair was overclouded on all sides; and Mazarin's earnest and admirable efforts had failed upon the eve of success.

In this emergency the Papal Embassy, at the instance of the Duke of Savoy, who, on the approach of the French army beheld the discomfiture of his schemes, resolved to despatch an envoy to Richelieu and try the effect of fresh negotiation. Barberini nominated the nuncio as the person best fitted for such an important charge, but the Duke persuaded him to commit it to the young subordinate of whose abilities he had justly formed a high opinion. Accordingly, Mazarin crossed the Alps, and met Richelieu for the first time in January 1630.

M. Cousin describes minutely, in the following passage, the interview which on this occasion took place between these remarkable men, who, differing in genius, character, and feelings, played similar parts on the stage of history.

'Mazarin now had a brief opportunity of seeing the illustrious assemblage of statesmen and warriors who had met at Lyons under the French standards. But it was on their chief that the eyes and thoughts of the young diplomatist were mainly directed. He was, for the first time, in the presence of Richelieu. For the first time he encountered the glance of that eagle eye which seemed to penetrate the minds of all on whom it was fixed; and he heard those clear and powerful accents that combined the highest dignity and affability. He beheld a statesman, who, aged before his time, worn out by fatigues, and struggling for life, was continually the prey of some terrible malady, and maintained existence by the physician's art, yet who showed the world, in Bossuet's language, that in the strife of politics as in that of war an heroic spirit can conquer nature. And who was the future heir of the Cardinal? Who was destined to share in his perils and success, to promote at first, then to continue and achieve, his great designs abroad and at home; to crush the last fierce revolt of feudalism; to emancipate the Monarchy; to add provinces to France; and, like Richelieu, to finish his career by accumulating all kinds of honours on himself, and mingling his blood with that of princes? It was a young Italian, without birth or wealth, the son of a retainer of the Colonnas, as yet half a soldier and half a diplomatist, in the service of the Pope but not an ecclesiastic, without any settled official position, compelled to bow and pay court to everyone, and with no hopes of preferment in future except from a weak and vacillating Court and dull chiefs who could ill appreciate him!'

Though the game between them was not equal, the subtlety of Mazarin proved able to contend against the energy of Richelieu, and some concessions were gained from the Cardinal which promised to be of considerable value. At first Richelieu refused peremptorily to suspend the march of his troops for an instant or to entertain any overture of peace; and he declared that he would not leave Italy until France had obtained guarantees, of a durable and unequivocal kind, to assure her own and her allies' interests. The investiture of the Duchies

should be conferred on Charles of Gonzaga without delay; his title should be placed under the protection of a League of the principal states of Italy; he should be at liberty to recruit his forces by levies drawn from France and elsewhere, and for this purpose France should possess the right to send troops across Piedmont; the treaty of Susa should be confirmed; and the armies of Austria and Spain should return to their quarters in the Tyrol and the Milanese. The Cardinal declared that he would not treat on any conditions besides these, which were not only extremely severe, but clearly indicated a settled purpose of establishing French ascendency in Italy.

It obviously was exceedingly difficult to deal with propositions like these in the actual state of Italian affairs, and to promote the object of the Papal Embassy without involving it in the most dangerous pledges. But the mind of Mazarin was so constituted as usually to hit on the wisest course in any conjuncture, however critical, and the more arduous the conjuncture, the greater was his skill in dealing with it. He felt that it would be useless to combat Richelieu's fixed resolve; and, accordingly, he acquiesced in the justice of the claims of the Cardinal, and even hinted that they would obtain the probable support of the Holy See. But though a French army crossed the Alps, and its general made very high demands, it did not therefore necessarily follow that the prospect of peace became hopeless if room for negotiation were afforded, and the voice of reason could obtain a hearing. Mazarin replied to Richelieu's terms by a proposal which, as affairs then stood, was probably the best that could be devised to prolong the chances of a pacific issue. The French troops should advance into Italy; their eminent commander should not abate an iota of his legitimate claims, or delay his march for a single day; but would he not consent that the plenipotentiaries already designated should assemble, and, subject to a reference to him, should be informed of his demands, and be in a position to discuss them? Such a step could not embarrass the operations if the sword unhappily were drawn at last; it might, perhaps, secure by negotiation what was sought to be effected by force; and in any event, it would be a proof that if France was strong she was not precipitate. After some hesitation Richelieu assented to a proposition which he could hardly reject without incurring the gravest responsibility, yet which, at present, was the best expedient to save Italy from war and bloodshed. Mazarin accepted the compromise with delight, and in a short time had so won over Richelieu that the great Cardinal permitted him to bear his terms directly to Spinola and Collalto and to act virtually as a French envoy—a mark of confidence really astonishing.

In the numerous conferences which ensued after this interview, Mazarin put forth his whole powers to persuade the representatives of the allies to entertain the propositions of Richelieu. The Duke of Savoy, terrified at the prospect of the French army on the verge of Piedmont, and dissatisfied in some respects with the attitude of the Empire and Spain, declared his readiness to accept them, resolved to repudiate an unequal contract should a favourable opportunity offer. The Cabinets of Vienna and the Escurial, suspecting or knowing the conduct of the Duke, and, at the last moment, unwilling to plunge the Continent in a general war, were not disinclined to make concessions, but they rejected some of the Cardinal's terms as incompatible with their rights, and dignity. After long, tedious, and complicated negotiations, in which Mazarin, sometimes alone and sometimes with the Papal Nuncio, took a prominent part in the interests of peace, Spinola and Collalto agreed to admit the principle of conferring the Duchies on the nominee of France, but they would not assent to the immediate investiture, and they objected altogether to the projects of a guarantee by the Italian States, of allowing Charles of Gonzaga to recruit his troops from any country he chose, and of opening Piedmont to the French armies; insisting justly that these schemes were merely designs of French ambition. As agreement upon these points seemed hopeless, the Papal Nuncio, accompanied by Mazarin, was obliged to seek an interview with Richelieu, and the only reply of the imperious Cardinal was to press his demands even more urgently and to threaten the immediate commencement of hostilities. Compliance being now impossible, the French army, which for some time had been held in readiness to march, advanced rapidly across the Alps, and at the close of March 1630, it had taken possession of Pignerol, and established itself in the heart of Piedmont. Meanwhile an imposing French force was moved to the frontier of Germany; and the operations of the invading army were supported by powerful reserves in Dauphiny. France seemed at last to have thrown down the gauntlet to the House of Austria, and to have selected Italy as the place of encounter.

At this crisis the Papal Embassy could hardly hope to succeed in its mission. On being apprised of the fall of Pignerol, Spi-

nola and Collalto had marched in force into the territory of Piedmont in order to aid the Duke of Savoy, and it seemed as if the valley of the Po would witness the shock of the foreign armies. But the suspicious attitude of the Duke, who had provoked the distrust of the allied generals by a series of secret overtures to Richelieu, and the jealousies and clashing interests of a coalition, prevented such an irreparable misfortune; and after an idle parade of strength, Spinola withdrew to lay siege to Casale, while Collalto directed his attention to completing the Austrian conquest of Mantua. A breathing time being thus afforded, a faint hope of negotiation remained, and Mazarin, with the nuncio and Barberini, once more sought the presence of Richelieu. On this occasion the Cardinal referred the deputation to Louis XIII., who had reached Chambery to be near the scene of operations of such vast importance; and it is said that the King was struck and pleased at the ability shown by the young diplomatist, the future prop of the Bourbon monarchy. The result of the negotiations was to open to Mazarin a new field for the display of his skill in diplomacy, although that field was very unpromising. The Cardinal, who appreciated his talents and was aware of his earnest wish for peace, requested him to communicate to the allies a fresh set of terms of arrangement not less exacting than before, based on the recent success of the French, and to insist upon their immediate acceptance. Thus Mazarin once more was made the envoy of France in an arduous mission by the most clear-sighted statesman of the age, who had known him only a few months; and such was Richelieu's confidence in him that he was entrusted with the power of modifying the intended settlement in some particulars.

It is difficult to believe that Mazarin could expect to succeed in this negotiation. The conditions of peace he was to offer being nearly the same, or even more stringent than those which had been lately rejected, was it probable that the allies would accept them? Nevertheless, he undertook the task, unwilling perhaps to irritate Richelieu, perhaps confident in his own powers, perhaps imagining that the recent success of the French in Piedmont had changed the situation. The state of affairs, however, at this moment was such as to render failure inevitable, though the young envoy exerted himself with his usual skill to promote his object. The Duke of Savoy, whom he first addressed, indignant at the invasion of his States, exasperated at the excesses of the French, and hoping to baffle the Cardinal by intrigue, now showed little inclination for peace, and referred him to the allied commanders. Spinola, who was besieging Casale, and whose military pride and reputation were engaged, declared that his colleague must be consulted, and repudiated several of the terms of the arrangement. Collalto returned a similar answer, apparently from the same motives, having routed Charles of Gonzaga in the field, and sate down to reduce Mantua with good hopes of a successful issue. After several weeks of fruitless negotiation, the young envoy retraced his steps to give an account to Richelieu of his mission. He felt all the bitterness of a failure, not only of evil omen to Italy, but perhaps ruinous to his own prospects, and the spectacle of Piedmont, trodden under foot by the French army, and given up to rapine, seemed a presage of the fate of his country. Yet even at this crisis his buoyant spirit rose equal to the difficult situation. Ever keeping his paramount object in view, he was devising new expedients to reach it, and he wrote cheerfully to the Papal Embassy, that all indeed depended on Richelieu, but that with prudence, firmness, and skill, the cause of Italy was not yet desperate.

The siege of Casale, which, by diverting Spinola from his pacific tendencies, had become an event of the highest importance in the drama which was being developed, was not the least interesting scene of the kind in an age famous for remarkable sieges. M. Cousin describes it eloquently and fully, but we have only room for a few words:—

'The successful rival of William of Nassau, the most illustrious adept in the art of fortification and making sieges who appeared during the first half of the century, was now employed in his proper field, surrounded by engineers whose repute was higher than those of any in Europe, and at the head of a veteran soldiery. Opposed to him was the general whose defence of the island of Rhé at the siege of Rochelle had justly deserved his country's admiration. France and Spain encountered on this spot, and displayed their respective characteristics, the one a gallantry that approached rashness, the other a caution that verged on inertness. . . . The attack of Casale had been conducted upon each of the faces of that fortress. The besiegers were formed into four camps, German, Spanish, Neapolitan, and Lombard, and Spinola had distributed among them his most skilful and trusted engineers. Mazarin noticed what we should term a first essay at light artillery, an invention usually ascribed to Gustavus. "The engineer Targoni," he wrote, "had constructed a number of small pieces which turn in their carriages and are drawn by horses. They are six-pounders, and are discharged together in a line on which they are ranged with their carriages; the gunners are protected by slides of planks that are capable of being raised;

and so infantry in the open field can resist cavalry and musketry with success." '

The report of Mazarin had at first caused the Cardinal to suspect his envoy, and to utter threats of fresh hostilities. His anger, however, soon passed away, and his warlike impulses yielded to the events that now followed in rapid succession. The French in Piedmont were decimated by disease; the intrigues of the Dukes of Lorraine and Orleans had prevailed at the Court of Vienna; and France was menaced on her Rhenish frontier. The Cardinal, not yet absolutely dominant, feared the irresolution of Louis XIII., and the unceasing plots of the Duke of Orleans; and in the actual state of affairs consented to resume the negotiation. At the instance of Mazarin, Richelieu agreed to forego his most offensive demands,—the guarantee by the States of Italy, the licence to Charles of Gonzaga to recruit, and the right of the French to pass across Piedmont, with some provisions of minor importance. It is no slight proof of Mazarin's talents that he should have obtained such great concessions, and not less so that, after his failure, he should have been sent again to the allies. On his return to Italy, however, he found that during his absence affairs had so changed that even Richelieu's new propositions were hardly likely to meet acceptance, and that the prospect was doubtful as ever. The Duke of Savoy, indeed, was willing to treat on a basis which relieved his States from the intruders' presence, and though boasting of his resources, appeared to favour the French overtures. But Mantua having fallen in the interval, the siege of Casale having advanced, and the Duchies being almost reduced, while aid from France appeared improbable, the Austrian and Spanish commanders declared that Richelieu's terms were inadmissible, and refused to negotiate within their limits.

We may well conceive what, at this intelligence, must have been the alarm and grief of Mazarin. He did not, however, give up his efforts, and endeavoured to turn Spinola from his purpose. But, after the exploit of his rival and colleague, to whom Mantua had just fallen, that general was resolved to take Casale; and Mazarin soon saw that further negotiation must be made compatible with that object. Spinola at last proposed conditions on which, though different from those of Richelieu, he insisted positively as his ultimatum. He would agree to an armistice of twenty days, during which period the antagonist Powers might treat for peace through the plenipotentiaries who had been originally named for this purpose; and if an arrangement were not then made, Casale should be delivered to the Spaniards within twenty days after the renewal of hostilities, unless relieved by the French in the interval. He added that upon these terms he would throw his weight into the scale of peace, that, doubtless, the allies would concur, and that probably Casale would revert to the Duke of Mantua at the end of the war, whoever were its temporary occupants.

Once more baffled amidst these currents of ever-changing interests and designs, Mazarin was compelled to return to Richelieu. He had not only been unsuccessful, but he was the bearer of a fresh series of propositions, of a somewhat peremptory and offensive kind, and apparently adverse to French interests. The indignation of the Cardinal was extreme and led to a characteristic scene, not unlike that between Napoleon and Metternich during the negotiations at Dresden in 1813:—

'Mazarin kept respectfully silent for a time, and then said something in self-justification. Without listening to him, Richelieu exclaimed that his treachery or his folly deserved punishment, and that if the Pope declined to do so, the King of France knew how to take vengeance. At this language, Mazarin interposed, and in a firm and resolute tone, told the Cardinal that he had submitted to such usage not from fear, but respect of the great sovereign whose minister was now before him; that he would not tolerate any longer this want of courtesy to a servant of the Pope; that he considered himself accountable to his Holiness; that it was from him he expected reward or punishment; and that he had no apprehension of threats or insults. He pronounced these words with so bold a look, that Richelieu, pretending that royalty was insulted, broke out into a violent passion, upset the chair in which he had been sitting, threw his red hat upon the ground, and walked up and down the room to give vent to his anger.'

The exigencies of the situation, however, soon brought Richelieu to a calmer temper. The French army had been terribly reduced, and time was required to fill its ranks and fit it again for active service. Louis XIII., too, had fallen dangerously ill; the threatened attack on the German frontier demanded the attention of the Cardinal; and his power, nay his existence, was imperilled by the conspiracies gathering around him. Richelieu, therefore, was not averse to an armistice; and Mazarin, seeing the opportunity, presented the overtures of Spinola in the most favourable and attractive report. Were the plenipotentiaries permitted to assemble, the French probably would obtain the recognition of Charles of Gonzaga, and, in the actual position of af-

fairs, would it not be advisable to try to attain their avowed object by means of an armistice? And, if hostilities were renewed, would not the French have gained by a delay that would have enabled them to recruit their armies, and probably to relieve Casale? Another argument, too, of great weight, was urged by the clear-sighted Italian. The Duke of Savoy had just died, and his son Victor Amadeus had succeeded. This prince, brother-in-law of Louis XIII., though professing to keep to his father's policy, had not been able to conceal from Mazarin that he inclined to peace and the French alliance. Was it not, therefore, in the interest of France, by suspending the horrors of war in Piedmont, to endeavour to gain the friendship of the Duke; to detach him from a hostile coalition, and thus to promote French objects in Italy? These various considerations gradually overcame the pride of the great Cardinal; and, after having assured Mazarin that his confidence in him had not diminished, he despatched him again to the allies' camp, having given his assent, with a few modifications, to the propositions of the Spanish general.

The young diplomatist had thus won, from the ablest and keenest statesman of the age, concessions of an important kind; had, in spite of numerous changing obstacles, once more approached the great object which he had pursued with such resolution and skill; and, notwithstanding occasional failures, had deserved and obtained the esteem and respect of the most exacting judges of conduct. Mazarin now had good reason to hope that peace would follow his present mission. Yet unexpected difficulties arose that tried his presence of mind to the utmost, and again nearly unsettled everything. Casale was now so hardly pressed, that Spinola, feeling convinced that its fall would be an affair of a few days, wished to recede from his former propositions. At last he intimated that negotiations on the basis suggested were not possible, that he had no longer full powers to treat, and that in consequence of his efforts for peace he had lost the confidence of his sovereign and the allies. Even in this painful and extraordinary situation, Mazarin did not give up the game; and, having received Spinola's assurance that he was still able to conclude an armistice, he endeavoured to persuade the belligerents to concur at least in this expedient. His ingenious arguments fortunately prevailed; the Spanish and Austrian commanders feeling that their honour was pledged to make the concession, the Duke of Savoy being willing to obtain for Piedmont a temporary respite, the Cardinal being fully convinced that France would gain by a pause in the hostilities. On the 4th of September, 1630, an armistice was formally signed; and Mazarin had the extreme gratification of seeing a step to peace assured through his persevering and able efforts. By this arrangement—in many particulars unlike the original project of Spinola—hostilities were suspended until the 15th of October; the unfortified suburbs of Casale were to be delivered to the Spanish troops, the French retaining possession of the citadel; and the representatives of the different Powers assembled at the Diet of Ratisbon were, if possible, to settle the questions at issue. Should war recommence, the whole of Casale was to be placed in the hands of the French, if relieved before the 1st of November; if not, Spinola was to enter the town, nevertheless under a regular engagement that preserved the rights of Charles of Gonzaga.

The weeks of the armistice passed between preparations for war and negotiations at Ratisbon. The French army, powerfully reinforced, was placed under the command of Schomberg, one of the great Huguenot soldiers of the monarchy, and was concentrated in the valley of the Po, in readiness to march to the relief of Casale. Death having removed Spinola from the scene—the late public slight of the Spanish minister had hastened the end of that haughty spirit—the Marquis of Santa Croce was appointed commander-in-chief of the Spanish forces, while Collalto, still at the head of the Austrians, prepared to co-operate with his colleague. During the interval Mazarin exerted himself in smoothing away the obstacles to peace, and in urging the obvious policy of settling the Italian question separately at Ratisbon. By the 1st of October it had become evident that this latter object would not be attained; and Schomberg notified that if peace were not concluded by the 15th, he would march to the relief of Casale, according to the stipulations of the armistice. He had arrived almost within sight of the fortress at the head of a large and formidable army, when on the 20th, he received a copy of a treaty signed at Ratisbon on the 13th, which provided for the pacification of Italy. This arrangement, which, though afterwards disavowed in some essential points by Richelieu, assuredly was for the present binding, secured the Duchies to Charles of Gonzaga, restored Piedmont to the Duke of Savoy, and guaranteed the complete evacuation of the Peninsula by the French and Austrians. On one point of supposed importance to military honour, it was indeterminate. It seemed to imply that the

citadel of Casale should in any event be surrendered by the French, for it declared that the Spanish army should take possession of the entire of the town, and should hand it over to Charles of Gonzaga, within fifteen days from the grant of investiture.

This last provision touched to the quick the pride of Schomberg and the French army. Was the great fortress which, so to speak, had been the centre and prize of the war, to be given up by its gallant garrison to the enemies who had failed to take it, under the eyes of comrades advanced to the rescue? And was it certain this grand object of Spanish ambition would be ever let go by them who were to become its occupants? Schomberg declared the terms of the armistice not inconsistent with those of the treaty—that, being on the spot, he would relieve Casale, and that he would even risk a battle for a point of national honour and interest. He would desist, however, if Charles of Gonzaga were given immediate possession of Casale, the French and Spanish troops together abandoning the ground they respectively occupied. Collalto and Santa Croce insisted that these propositions were inadmissible, and contrary to the letter of the treaty; and, hastening to the head of their forces, prepared at once for a general engagement. Notwithstanding all that had taken place, it appeared that the plains around Casale would be the theatre of a terrible battle which, involving military and national faith, would make a European war inevitable, and plunge Italy in ruin and bloodshed.

Most fortunately, however, this consummation was averted by the young diplomatist who had toiled with such perseverance and skill in the sacred cause of the peace of his country. As the hostile armies drew towards each other, Mazarin hastened to Casale at once, and flew from camp to camp to endeavour to make the voice of reason heard amidst the din of arms and passion. After efforts which conspicuously displayed his admirable tact and fertility of expedients, and appeals, in which his persuasive eloquence rose often, it is said, to fine pathos, he succeeded in obtaining the assent of the rival commanders to a compromise which satisfied their punctilious jealousies and fell in with their supposed duties. In compliance with the demands of Schomberg, the French were neither to surrender Casale, nor the Spanish to enter into occupation of it; both armies were to evacuate the town, and Charles of Gonzaga to take possession. To gratify, however, the pride of the allies, and to preserve the shadow of the Imperial title, an Austrian High Commissioner was to share some functions of sovereignty with that Prince until the regular grant of investiture. Meantime all hostilities were to cease; the armies of the different Powers were to be separated by a prescribed distance; and all further questions in dispute were to await the decision of the plenipotentiaries.

This arrangement, due to Mazarin wholly, which put a stop to a terrible conflict, and for a time secured to Italy the repose of which she was so much in need, was not effected until the rival armies were about to close in the shock of battle. We quote M. Cousin's felicitous description:—

'The battle had already almost commenced. Toiras had marched out of the citadel with two or three hundred horse and as many foot soldiers to see what service he could render. The Spanish and Imperial army was marshalled in formidable lines that showed like fortresses. Within was seen the Marquis of Santa Croce with the artillery, in the midst of his staff; Galas was at the head of his veteran infantry, and Piccolomini of the German cavalry, on whom had devolved the first onset. Schomberg was in the French centre; on the right wing was Marshal de la Force, on the left Marshal de Marillac. All three were in motion on the front of the army. When within range the soldiers knelt down; prayers were said, and afterwards a few words were addressed to them to arouse their courage. "Never," wrote Richelieu, "was there a finer day. It was as if the sun had multiplied his light to illustrate with peculiar distinctness every feature of such an important action." It was now about four in the afternoon. The cavalry rode, sword and pistol in hand, the infantry marched with an even step, and with a resolute and cheerful countenance. The Spanish cannon had opened its fire, and was making ravages in our ranks, but without shaking them or causing disquiet. The sentiment of the approach of great danger produced on all sides a solemn silence. Piccolomini, who had moved from his station, to reconnoitre and ascertain if the moment to charge had come, had had a horse shot under him. The forlorn hope and the volunteers who had been told off for the first attack had reached the foot of the Spanish intrenchments. On a sudden a cavalier was seen to ride from those entrenchments at a gallop, to make his way through the volleying shot, and with his cap in one hand and a crucifix in the other, to cry out with a loud voice, "Peace! Peace!" It was Mazarin, who, approaching Schomberg, informed that General that he had been sent by Santa Croce to assent to the proposition on which that morning they had made an agreement. The French astounded had come to a halt, when two discharges of cannon exasperated our soldiers, and they rushed forward to engage the enemy. Mazarin set off to the Spanish camp, put an end to the firing, and hastening back, implored the generals, in

his alarm lest some new accident might occur, to hold a conference upon that instant. They agreed; Santa Croce, with his principal officers, Don Philip Spinola, the Count Serbellone, the Duke of Lerma, the Duke of Nocera and some others, left the Spanish camp; Galas, Piccolomini, and the Imperial commander proceeded from their own lines; and the French marshals having done the same, the conference took place on the field of battle.'

From this time the reputation of Mazarin was established in the councils of Europe. In looking back at the complicated drama in which he played so eminent a part, we agree with M. Cousin that he displayed the very highest diplomatic ability. Some circumstances, indeed, were much in his favour—the reverence which, even in that age, was felt for an envoy of the Pope by the representatives of the Catholic monarchies, the jealousies and weaknesses of a coalition which paralysed the arm of Spain and Austria, and the series of accidents which prevented Richelieu from carrying out his warlike policy. For these sufficient allowance, perhaps, has not been made in the present volume. Yet Mazarin's splendid and hard-won success was caused in the main by his own genius; by his singular power of influencing men; by his exquisite tact, urbanity, and persuasiveness; by his clear perception in forming his designs, and his admirable energy and skill in pursuing them. It is astonishing that a youthful subordinate, hiterto unknown in the political sphere, should in a few months have gained the respect and confidence of so many great men; should have acted with such acuteness and wisdom, such firmness of purpose, such wonderful ingenuity, in a situation of so difficult a kind; should, in spite of continual obstacles and mischances, have conducted to a triumphant issue negotiations so intricate and arduous. Were this episode all that history could record of the character of Mazarin, it would show that his was one of those minds that are formed to direct the councils of kings, and to leave their traces on the fate of empires. Yet, as we have said, we do not think that Mazarin as a statesman deserves the unqualified and extreme praise which M. Cousin is inclined to give him. If he added noble provinces to France, and crowned the work of his great predecessor, he developed those schemes of French aggression which have hitherto always ended in disaster; and, in aggrandising the monarchy, he stifled some germs of national liberty. Even in the actual condition of France—when the foreign policy of Richelieu and Mazarin is perhaps covertly revived, when the annexation of Savoy and Nice has rewarded the services of France to Italy, and when the Empire, without the dignity, aspires to the position of the Bourbon Monarchy in the days of its supremacy in Europe—a writer of M. Cousin's powers may remember that territorial extension costs an enormous price; that the splendour and the glory of a government are no true test of a people's greatness; and that the acquisition of territory and influence abroad does not, in reality; lighten the burden of internal despotism. We do not question M. Cousin's sincere adherence to those liberal principles, both in France and in Italy, which are not less honourable to him than his philosophy and his eloquence; and we trust that no one will attempt to draw from his pages an apology for foreign aggressions or wars adverse to the cause of national independence and public freedom.

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Art. III.—*Irresponsible Boards.* A Speech delivered by Lord Henry Gordon Lennox, M.P., in the House of Commons, on Tuesday, 18th March, 1862. Chichester and London: 1862.

It was not until some time after the passing of the Reform Bill that the nation began to interest itself actively in demanding public institutions for promoting science, art, and education. The contrast between the positive apathy on these subjects which existed half a century ago and the feeling which is now shown both in and out of Parliament will appear very striking when we recall a few of the circumstances of the last fifty years. At the beginning of that period the sole public repository which existed for preserving objects of art and science, the property of the nation and supported by Parliament, was the British Museum. It is only about thirty years since the late Mr. John Wilson Croker and others, when the British Museum was discussed in Parliament, used to jeer at Bloomsbury as a *terra incognita*, and Charles Buller's wit sparkled in an article describing a voyage to those parts and the manners and customs of the natives. About a hundred visitors a day on an average, in parties of five persons only, were admitted to gape at the unlabelled 'rarities and curiosities' deposited in Montague House. A very small public, indeed, studied or even regarded them as illustrations of the fine arts, or of science and of human culture and intelligence. The state of things

outside the British Museum was analogous. Westminster Abbey was closed except for divine service and to show a closet of wax-work. Admittance to the public monuments in St. Paul's and other churches was irksome to obtain and costly; even the Tower of London could not be seen for less than six shillings. The private picture-galleries were most difficult of access, and, for those not belonging to the upper ten thousand, it might be a work of years to get a sight of the Grosvenor or Stafford Collections. No National Gallery existed, and Lord Liverpool's Government refused to accept the pictures offered by Sir Francis Bourgeois, now at Dulwich, even on the condition of merely housing them. The National Portrait Gallery, the South Kensington Museum, and the Geological Museum were not even conceived. Kew Gardens were shabby and neglected, and possessed no Museum. Hampton Court Palace was shown, by a fee to the housekeeper, one day in the week. No public Schools of Art or Science existed in the metropolis or the seats of manufacture. The Royal Academy had its annual exhibition of modern art on the first and second floors of Somerset House, in rooms now used by the Registrar-General, whose functions had then no existence. It was only at the British Institution, or at Christie's auction rooms, that a youthful artist like Mulready could chance to see the work of an old master, as he has often told us. Dr. Birkbeck had not founded the present Mechanics' Institute in Southampton Buildings, and the first stone of the London University in Gower-Street was not laid. Not a penny of the public taxes was devoted to national education, which was only a bone of contention between churchmen and dissenters. Architecture, the mother of the arts, had not raised itself from the bald meanness of Baker Street even to the stucco conceits of Regent Street; and the inspiration of architectural genius had only arrived at the invention of transferring the portico of a Greek temple from a hill like the Acropolis, indiscriminately to adorn a St. Pancras Church or a Unitarian Chapel, a General Post Office or a British Museum. Mr. Savage's new Chelsea Church, the first of the revivals of Gothic art, was not erected till 1820. Very few were the facilities of locomotion to induce the public to visit the exhibitions of art which existed. Cabs and omnibuses had not been invented to compete with the lumbering two-horse hackney coaches and chariots. No steamer had ascended the Thames even so far as the rapids of old London Bridge. Gas had not penetrated St. James's Park, and did not reach Grosvenor Square till 1842. The average postage of a letter was sevenpence, and penny postage was not even a theory. It was 'life' in London as represented by 'Toms' and 'Jerries,' to floor 'old Charlies,' whom Peel's Police had not yet superseded. Hard drinking was as much a qualification for membership of the Dilettanti Society as the nominal one of a tour in Italy. Men's minds were more anxiously engaged with Bread-riots and Corn-laws, Thistlewood's Conspiracy and Peterloo Massacres, Catholic Emancipation and Rotten Boroughs, than with the arts and sciences, for the advancement of which, in truth, there was hardly any public liking, thought, or opportunity.

But an immense change has taken place within a recent time. No topics excite such warm and animated debates in Parliament as the purchase and preservation of pictures and sites of museums, and the public give manifestations of their wishes throughout the country which are apparently in advance of the temper of Parliament. Above thirty members of Parliament introduced by a future Chancellor of the Exchequer, last year appealed to the Lord President of the Council for greatly increased public expenditure in aid of local efforts to promote Art. The exhibitions of works of art of spontaneous growth over the whole kingdom, during the past year, have been numerous, and many provincial towns have desired to seek aid from the possessions of the Crown, or the national collections in the metropolis.

There has been an International Exhibition of Works of Fine Art and Industry at Dublin, which obtained some of its resources from the munificence of the Queen, from the National Gallery and the South Kensington Museum. Other exhibitions of a like sort, to which have been added specimens especially of art by working-men, have lately taken place, at Lambeth, Islington, Bow, the Tower Hamlets, and Greenwich, in the metropolis; at Alton Towers, Birmingham, Bristol, Dorchester, Nottingham, Reading, Wakefield, Tonbridge Wells, &c. None of these obtained any superfluous objects from the British Museum or National Gallery; but Alton Towers, Dorchester, Nottingham, and Reading procured some additions from South Kensington. This movement, so spontaneous and widely spread over the whole of the United Kingdom, will undoubtedly increase, and it betokens that at some period our principal cities and towns will have their local museums and galleries, as in France and Germany, in friendly connexion with the national institutions as the parent establishments. Before such an union can be effected, great changes must take

place in the constitutional government of the principal institutions, which is altogether behind the requirements of the times. The several national institutions, although necessarily planted in the metropolis, ought to be so organized as to help local museums throughout the United Kingdom, and be the culmination of a whole system. Fine works of art and science are limited in number, and are not to be created like food and raiment according to the ordinary principles of supply and demand. The British Museum, the National Gallery, the Kew Museum and Gardens, the South Kensington Museum, the Geological Museum, the Patent Museum, the National Portrait Gallery, and others which may be established, should each be centres for rendering assistance to local museums of a like nature.

In briefly noticing the history of each of these institutions *seriatim* we shall purposely abstain from minute comment on their numerous abuses and defects: our object is to establish the proposition that these abuses and defects are in every case traceable to one fruitful source of mismanagement, viz., the want of Parliamentary and individual responsibility in their executive administration.

How the British Museum originated, we venture to think is now little known, and it will surprise many, even perhaps Dr. Longley, Lord Cranworth, and even Mr. Denison themselves, to be told that their predecessors, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Lord Chancellor, and the Speaker of the House of Commons, were appointed trustees of a *Public Lottery* for raising the necessary funds to start the British Museum, in the year 1753, when it was deemed expedient to nominate the highest dignitaries in the kingdom as the chosen instruments for accomplishing what would now be regarded as illegal and immoral. Although Parliament of late years, with doubtful policy, has sanctioned Art Union lotteries for circulating works of art, public feeling now would never entertain the idea of founding a National Museum of Science and Art with the profits of a lottery, and certainly no Archbishop, or Lord Chancellor, or Speaker, would be invited to superintend the management of it.

In the year above-mentioned, Sir Hans Sloane, Bart. was a very old physician, who lived in the Manor House near to old Chelsea Church, where his monument—an urn embraced by serpents—erected to his memory by his daughters, may still be seen. He was the President of the College of Physicians, and founder of the Apothecaries' Gardens, where the cedars make so fine a feature in the landscape at Chelsea Reach, and he gave his names to 'Sloane Street' and the adjacent little square called 'Hans Place.' Sir Hans Sloane bought this house from Lord Cheyne, and it was bequeathed by him to Lord Cadogan, who married his daughter, and in this house, to employ the words of the black letter Act of Parliament (26 George II. cap. 22)—the same which legalized the lottery—he had 'through the course of many years, with great labour and expence, gathered together whatever could be procured, either in our own or foreign countries, that was rare and curious,' at a cost, it is said, of 50,000*l*. In 1749 he had made a codicil to his will, in which he expressed a desire that his collection, in all its branches, 'might be, if it were possible, kept and *preserved together whole and entire in his Manor House* in the parish of Chelsea,' i.e., half a mile further west from Charing Cross than the site where it has been proposed to locate his Natural History Collections! The Collection, or 'Museum,' as it is called, consisted of 'his library of books, drawings, manuscripts, prints, medals and coins, ancient and modern antiquities, seals, cameos and intaglios, precious stones, agates, jaspers, vessels of agate and jasper, chrystals, mathematical instruments, drawings and pictures, more particularly described and numbered, with short histories or accounts of them, with proper references in certain catalogues by him made, containing thirty-eight volumes in folio and eight volumes in quarto.' We beg our readers to note the precise method of cataloguing, which, as will appear hereafter, has been altogether superseded by the trustees. He appointed trustees to sell his collection for 20,000*l*.—also 'to obtain a sufficient fund or provision for maintaining and taking care of his said collection and premises, and for repairing and supporting his said Manor House waterworks coming from Kensington and premises.' His trustees were in the first instance to apply to Parliament, and, if Parliament declined the offer, they were to sell it, for the use of certain foreign academies, which were named; and in case the said offer should not be accepted by either of the said foreign academies, his executors were at liberty to sell it 'with all convenient speedy and advantageous manner.' The Act of Parliament which was passed to sanction the purchase of this collection for the nation is still the basis of the constitution of the British Museum. The trustees of that institution then first received their powers and title from Parliament. The office of 'Principal Librarian' was then created with the powers and the salary of

1,000*l.* a year which he retains to this day. The Archbishop of Canterbury, the Lord Chancellor, and the Speaker were invested with the patronage and control of this establishment; and for 113 years this strange constitution has not undergone any material alteration or improvement. The first act of the trustees appears to have been to waive the condition of the site and to consent to the removal of the Museum from the Manor House at Chelsea to any proper place, 'so as the said Collection be preserved *entire without the least diminution or separation*, and be kept for the use and benefit of the publick, with free access to view and peruse the same at all stated and convenient seasons.' For the Act provided that the collections should only remain there until a general repository should be provided for the same, after which the Manor House of Chelsea was to follow the general disposition of Sir Hans Sloane's landed estate. The preamble of this statute ran in the following terms:—'Whereas the said Museum or Collection of Sir Hans Sloane is of much greater intrinsick value than the sum of twenty thousand pounds: and whereas all arts and sciences have a connection with each other, and discoveries in natural philosophy and other branches of speculative knowledge for the advancement and improvement whereof the said Museum or Collection was intended, do and may in many instances give help and success to the most useful experiments and inventions: Therefore, to the end that the said Museum or Collection may be preserved and maintained, not only for the inspection and entertainment of the *learned and curious*, but for the general use and benefit of the publick,' Parliament covenanted to pay for it the sum of 20,000*l.* to his trustees, and the Act we have already described became the law of the land.

But this Act did much more. Powers were obtained to remove to a general repository the Cotton MSS. still remaining 'at Cotton House in Westminster in a narrow little room, damp and improper for preserving the books and papers in danger of perishing, and not made sufficiently useful to British subjects and all learned foreigners;' also to purchase the Harleian Collection of MSS. for 10,000*l.*, to be placed in the same repository with the Cottonian Library. The Act created about forty trustees for these several collections, and incorporated them by the name of 'the Trustees of the British Museum,' and gave powers to provide a general repository, in which 'the said Museum or Collection of Sir Hans Sloane, in all its branches, shall be kept and preserved together in the said General Repository, *whole and entire*, and with proper marks of distinction, and to which free access to the said General Repository and to the Collections therein contained shall be given to all studious and curious persons at such times and in such manner as the trustees shall appoint.' The Act also legalised the lottery to raise 300,000*l.* for these purposes. There were to be 100,000 tickets of 3*l.* each, of which 4,159 were to be 'fortunate tickets,' giving prizes as follows:—1 of 10,000*l.*, 1 of 5,000*l.*, 2 of 2,000*l.*, 10 of 1,000*l.*, 15 of 500*l.*, 130 of 100*l.*, 1,000 of 20*l.*, and 3,000 of 10*l.*, or a total of 99,000*l.* The Archbishop, the Lord Chancellor, and the Speaker were appointed the managers to see fair play, and the lottery was drawn in Guildhall on the 26th November, 1753, wagers on the chances of the drawing of tickets being specially prohibited.

Thus things 'rare and curious' constituted Sloane's Museum, for the use of 'studious and curious persons.' The objects enumerated are as miscellaneous in character as the contents of the old curiosity shop of some small provincial town. Is there to be found at this time one and the same collector hungry for 'chrystals, mathematical instruments, drawings, and pictures'? This original vagueness and multiplicity still haunt the British Museum. Whilst commerce has found it convenient and useful to separate the dealers in books from those in prints, and keep medallists and picture-dealers, and mathematical instrument makers apart, the British Museum Trustees look with horror on any one that shall divide their heterogeneous collections, although they themselves have violated all the conditions of Sir Hans Sloane's will, and separated his 'mathematical instruments from chrystals, drawings, and pictures'! In a volume in the Sloane MSS. several versions of a plan or proposal for managing the collection are given in detail. It was to be divided into '1° books, prints, drawings, pictures, medals, and the most valuable of the jewels; 2° MSS.; 3° natural and artificial curiosities,' which were assigned to different rooms in old Montague House. 'Thus the whole collection will be kept together without the other collections interfering.' Does Lord Derby, who is one of the Sloane Trustees, know that the whole collection, in spite of Act of Parliament, codicil, and trust deeds, is all dispersed? Not even the thirty-seven catalogues are kept together! Or have the trustees given due effect to the following injunction of the testator 'to prevent as much as possible persons of mean and low degree and rude or

ill-behaviour from intruding on such who were designed to have free access to the repositories for the sake of learning or curiosity, tending to the advancement and improvement of natural philosophy and other branches of speculative knowledge'?

Pursuing the history of the British Museum, we find that in the year following the passing of this Act, it was proved to be difficult, if not impossible, to get the Archbishop, the Lord Chancellor, and Speaker to meet, and so Parliament passed one of its curious hotch-pot Acts, 'for punishing persons destroying turnpike locks;' and 'making Acts for erecting courts of conscience publick Acts,' and 'preventing persons driving certain carriages from riding on such carriages,' and in it gave powers to render the presence of two of these high functionaries as valid as three, and made seven of the trustees as good as forty!

For fifty years the Museum slumbered on, spending about 2,500*l.* a year on management, and a few hundreds a year on purchases, chiefly books and antiquities; but in 1805, an Act (45 George III. cap. 127) was passed to purchase the Towneley Collection of ancient marbles for the sum of 20,000*l.*, to be 'open to the inspection of artists and the curious in the fine arts,' on condition that the whole of the said collection should be kept together, and Edward Towneley Standish, of whom the purchase was made, or of his heir or nominees, was made a trustee of the property sold.

In 1816 another great acquisition was made. The invaluable Elgin Collection of marbles and sculptures was purchased by a vote of 35,000*l.*, and here again the vendors, Lord Elgin and his successors, were added to the trustees, again increasing the number. This appears to be the last purchase which was accompanied by the creation of a trustee to protect the property he had sold. From the foundation of the British Museum to this period, about 120,000*l.* had been expended on purchases, chiefly consisting of books, MSS., and antiquities. Natural history was hardly recognised by the trustees, for only about 2,590*l.* had been spent upon it. Nothing had been expended for minerals and fossils, or zoology, or botany, or prints and drawings. After that year, some slight purchases were made for objects in these classes, but it was not until after Mr. Hawes' Committees of the House of Commons, in 1835–6, that funds have been systematically devoted to procuring objects of science.

At this time, Parliament having been reformed, public interest began to manifest itself, through Parliament, in the management of the British Museum, which has gone on increasing to the present time. In 1835 and the following year an inquiry was made into the state of the British Museum which presented ponderous blue-books to the House. The effect of these reports was to cause a largely increased expenditure, both for salaries and purchases, in the several neglected departments, but these committees did not give greater distinctness to the object of the Institution than Sir Hans Sloane's of 'rare and curious,' and they failed to point out that the origin of all defects in the institution was to be found in its irresponsible management by numerous trustees.

A second Select Committee sat, and in 1847 a royal commission of inquiry was appointed, and a supplementary commission 'for considering various and grave subjects' was added in 1848.

'Evidence,' says Lord Henry Lennox, 'was taken with praiseworthy patience, and in 1850 the result was communicated to both Houses in the shape of a very able and strongly-worded report, and the 900 pages of evidence on the strength of which that report was founded. It was signed by all the Commissioners excepting one—the late Lord Langdale, who entered a protest against the strong report for *not being strong enough*.'

In 1859 Mr. Gregory obtained another Committee, which directed its inquiries into the state of the British Museum as being in 'hopeless confusion, valuable collections wholly hidden from the public, and great portions of others in danger of being destroyed by damp and neglect,' a state which Mr. Gregory assured the House, in 1865, had not been remedied.

From these facts it appears that all that can be done by mere inquiry has already been accomplished; but the result is *nothing*. The trustees retain their unmolested powers, and have effectually set at nought, by disregarding them, the proposals made for the reform of the great establishment entrusted to their care; indeed one of their arguments is that they have no power to reform it.

According to the last published Parliamentary returns, in 1860, the expenditure, from 1753 to 1847, and from that year to 1860, on the different classes of objects was reported to have been as follows, under the following heads:—

| | In 94 Years up to 1847. £ | 14 Years, from 1847 to 1860. £ |
|---|---|---|
| Sir Hans Sloane's Collection . | 20,000 | 20,000 |
| MSS., including the Harleian, &c. | 40,850 | 78,113 |
| Printed Books, Maps, and Music. | 92,447 | 169,853 |
| Natural History . . . | 10,405 | 10,405 |
| Minerals and Fossils . . . | 17,238 | 31,703 |
| Zoology . . . . . | 12,751 | 30,290 |

| | In 94 Years up to 1847. £ | 14 Years, from 1847 to 1860. £ |
|---|---|---|
| Botany . . . . . | 1,204 | 2,280 |
| Antiquities—including the Towneley and Elgin Collections— Coins and Medals . . . . | 122,115 | 173,820 |
| Prints and Drawings, including the Lawrence and Sheepshanks Collections . . . . . | 28,109 | 52,254 |
| | £345,119 | £569,261 |

The maintenance of the establishment has cost 1,382,733*l.*, and the buildings about 1,000,000*l.*, making a total of about 3,000,000*l.* in round numbers. Since 1860, about 300,000*l.* more have been expended.

For several years past the government of the Museum has been practically in the hands of the Principal Librarian, and what the effect of that government has been, the expenditure will best show. Between 1847 and 1860 the proportion of the expenditure of the several departments was as follows:—

| | |
|---|---|
| MSS. . . . . | 37. |
| Printed Books . . . . | 77. |
| Minerals . . . . . | 14. |
| Zoology . . . . . | 17. |
| Botany . . . . . | 1.6 |
| Antiquities . . . . | 51. |
| Prints and drawings . . | 24. |

This period has been essentially the reign of Mr. Panizzi. His dominant will and ability, and great social influence, have overcome the obstructions imposed by his forty-seven masters, all more or less differing with one another, and all irresponsible; and by his mesmeric finger he has tamed them into a happy family, whilst he has also repressed the internal anarchy of the establishment. He has virtually created the noble department of printed books, and placed the library, now the first and best managed in Europe, on foundations which will not be easily shaken for generations to come. He perceived that those ponderous walls and dark ill-ventilated chambers were not calculated for exhibiting objects of taste or curiosity, but would make repositories for books, and he wisely acted accordingly. He has made some necessary concessions to art and antiquities, but very properly checked the expenditure on scientific objects, which could only be hidden in cellars or consigned to moths. He will leave the Museum in triumph for his own sound views, with a well-earned pension, but his departure and the state of the institution cause a crisis which renders more than ever imperative a reorganisation of the administration of the whole establisment. Although Mr. Panizzi placed his resignation in the hands of the trustees some months ago, on the score of fatigue and declining health, we believe that he has consented, at the earnest request of the Government, to perform the duties of his office until the month of March. In this interval Parliament will meet, and we trust that one of the first measures to be announced by Mr. Gladstone to the new House of Commons, will be a Bill to place the whole administration of the Museum on a proper footing, and to raise its chief officer, both in rank and authority, to the position which ought to be given to the head of one of the most important institutions in Europe. No one is more highly qualified than Mr. Gladstone to deal with the subject, and we shall be grievously disappointed if he neglects or delays to take it in hand.

A decisive definition must be made of the scope and objects of the Museum. The old loose tradition of 'rare and curious,' and 'rarities and curiosities,' can no longer be accepted as the vague object of the principal repository of our national collections. The very idea of such a centralisation as now exists is adverse to all progress. The Royal Society and the Society of Arts were very good and sufficient institutions a century ago; but these societies no longer monopolise all the subdivisions of human intelligence in science and art, and they have given birth to a numerous progeny of other societies. Nor can the British Museum do so, without falling altogether behind the times. As well might the human race have been confined to the Garden of Eden, as well might England forbid emigration to the colonies, as that all that is 'rare and curious'—which is now interpreted to mean all objects illustrating all the arts and sciences—should be confined within the narrow walls of Bloomsbury or any single spot.* Since the period when the 'few rare and curious things' were first assembled in old Montague House, the Zoological Gar-

* But Sir Roderick Murchison looks on the British Museum as a 'consulting dictionary'—a 'perfect encyclopædia of literature, science, and art'—'great, unique, and glorious monument'—'a great national establishment, in which the public may see all the striking objects and great groups of Nature;' 'putting some limit upon the excavation of ancient towns, and the bringing of the debris of large ancient cities into the centre of London.' He says: 'I have a colossal vase of Siberian aventurine (in which the union of Natural History and Art is admirably illustrated), which the Emperor of Russia gave me in recognition of my labours in developing the geological structure of Russia, which is the admiration of many people. I should like to bequeath that vase, and will bequeath it, to the British Museum; but if the British Museum is to be broken up, I fairly say that I would alter my will.' This feeling for the vase contrasts with Mr. Sheepshanks' gift of sixty thousand pounds' worth of pictures, given on condition that trustees did *not* manage them, and that they were not placed in London.

dens and Kew Gardens have been made the living representatives of zoology and botany. The Geological Museum has taken charge of geology if not of mineralogy. The Museum of the Commissioners of Patents and the Institute of Civil Engineers have appropriated objects of mechanical science and Sir Hans Sloane's 'mathematical instruments.' The South Kensington Museum is devoted to illustrate the application of the fine arts to works of industry. The Ethnological Society and the Crystal Palace have assumed the charge of showing the history of mankind. A National Gallery for pictures and a National Portrait Gallery have been created. The India Office has founded a museum for works of Eastern origin. The Institute of British Architects the Architectural Museum, and other architectural societies have their collections of objects of architectural art. In fact every class of objects which the British Museum has collected as 'rare and curious,' is now studied from a distinct and scientific point of view by numerous independent associations which had no existence when the Museum was founded. No conceivable extent of space would enable the British Museum adequately to house and represent all desirable objects of science and art for all time. As science and art extend, so is the tendency to subdivide, classify, and rearrange their boundaries, and it is adverse to all scientific development to insist upon principles of concentration and limitation accidental in their origin and antagonistic to all progression. If the nation desires to have collections worthy of it, the present collections of the British Museum should be forthwith divided into the following distinct branches, each sufficiently enlarged:—

1. Books and MSS.
2. Pictures and Drawings.
3. Antiquities; including Vases and Coins.
4. Zoology, and perhaps Mineralogy together.
5. Botany.
6. Ethnology.
7. Mechanical Science, with Mathematical Instruments, and the like.

Not only would the development of each division be promoted by separation under a proper executive management, but the utility of the collections would be greatly increased. They would be vastly more useful even to the few chosen scientific persons that use them, and a hundred times more used by the public at large. The connexion of the objects with the library, always put forward as necessary, cannot be logically maintained, and is only a pretence.

Moreover there is a metropolitan view of the local position of such collections which must not be overlooked. Although the collections are national, being made for the use of the nation at large and not for the metropolis only, still the metropolis, with its three millions of population, being a seventh of the whole country, has peculiar claims to have its convenience consulted. However theoretically central the British Museum may appear on the map, it is gradually ceasing to be convenient of access to the greatest numbers. It matters little to those who seriously study the collections where they are placed*, but to the public at large it is important that the respective collections should be distributed in different sections of the metropolitan district where they can be seen most conveniently by the greatest numbers, and opportunity will be afforded to these greatest numbers by the railways which will encircle London in two years. Places on these lines will be within reach by trains starting every five minutes, and there is no doubt that if the Natural History Collection were transferred to the Regent's Park, the Ethnographical Collection to the Victoria Park, the Portraits sent to the National Portrait Gallery in the South of London, and the Mediæval Antiquities to South Kensington, these objects would afford instruction and pleasure to thousands rather than to hundreds only in Bloomsbury. The drawings of the old masters should be transferred to the National Gallery when we have one worthy of the name. The library and the sculpture galleries, with the vases, coins, and other antiquities, would then appropriately occupy and fill the present edifice, with one of the noblest collections in the world.

Year after year in Parliament Mr. Gregory, like a Jeremiah, lifts up his voice at the present state of the arrangements and neglect in the British Museum, so that we need not draw up, as might be done, a long indictment against the trustees for their miserable treatment of the noble collections confided to their charge. The state of the collections is a national disgrace. An overcrowded building, most unsuitable for exhibition, most unhealthy to visitors, and destructive to many objects from insufficient ventilation; ill-cared for and ill-lighted; specimens of sculpture disfigured with dirt; specimens of natural history crowded in

* When the School of Design was at Somerset House, which is a perfectly central situation, the fees paid by the students averaged only 300*l.* a year; now, at South Kensington, apparently a less eligible site, they produce 2,000*l.*; but the schools have been immensely improved in every respect.

cases which are not dust-tight and sluttishly neglected; labels wanting—there is throughout an air of sleepy slatternly shabbiness, except in the libraries and a very few other portions, which renders it imperative that Parliament should transfer the annual vote of 100,000*l.* from the hands of the trustees to a more competent and sensible management. So long as Parliament continues the folly of entrusting forty-eight trustees with this immense annual expenditure, so long as this *fons malorum* remains untouched, it is useless to preach other reforms.

When, a century ago, there was no Parliament or public to care for national collections, it may be admitted that trustees of science and art were useful; but the circumstances are now wholly changed. There is a large and increasing public deeply interested, forming itself into scientific and artistic societies, spontaneously creating museums and galleries, which, perhaps, it may be said, are a-head both in feeling and intelligence of Parliament and the Government, and almost supersede the necessity for trustees. But trustees may still be useful and honorary, if they have only the limited functions of counsellors. As administrators of Parliamentary funds they have become positive obstructives. In the Record Commission, in the Excise and Stamp departments, in the Ecclesiastical Commission, in the School of Design, the sham of management by numbers has been long exploded, and so it must be with the British Museum. It is unnecessary to dwell on this topic, which both theoretically and by practical illustration has been exhausted by Lord Henry Lennox in his very able speech on Irresponsible Boards, which, although praised by Mr. Disraeli, uncontroverted by Mr. Gladstone, and applauded by the House of Commons, has been for four years only a *vox et præterea nihil.*

In justice to the trustees it may be conceded that they have of late made several important purchases, with courage, liberality, and judgment, acting, as we believe, on the advice of Mr. Charles Newton, the present able keeper of the Department of Antiquities. Thus the fine series of the Halicarnassian marbles, the Farnese marbles, the purchases from the Pourtalès Collection, and the exquisite bronzes recently obtained from Signor Castellani, are magnificent additions to the national collections. But, having made the necessary effort to secure these precious objects, the trustees appear to be utterly indifferent to the proper display of them. Thus the Budroun and Branchidæ marbles have literally been deposited for *seven years* in glazed sheds, which deface the portico of the Museum, scarcely afford common protection from rain and fire, and are not open to the public. The trustees have destroyed the arrangement of the hall, originally occupied by the Elgin marbles (for which, indeed, it was constructed), by separating the groups from the friezes: they have thus *two* halls, imperfectly occupied by ill-arranged sculpture, in place of one magnificent assemblage, and this at the time when they complain of want of space to exhibit their more recent acquisitions. The largest halls in the sculpture galleries have a bare and poverty-stricken aspect, at the very time when we are told that there is not room to show the grand Lion from Cnidus, which is believed to commemorate the victory of Conon—the Apollo from Cyrene—the Demeter and other statues from the *temenos* of the infernal deities of Cnidus, which are of the school of Praxiteles—or the statue and chariot-horses of Mausolus. One of the pretexts assigned for this strange result is said to be a pedantic objection on the part of some of the trustees to what they call 'mixing' the styles of Greek art, by placing different schools in contiguous apartments. But, as if in flagrant defiance of their own principle, they have allowed *a plaster cast of our own statue* of Mausolus to be placed in the centre of the room surrounded by the frieze of the Parthenon. It is impossible to visit the Museum without a feeling of profound regret at the singular want of taste and skill evinced by the arrangement of its collections; and we are satisfied that this merited stricture falls entirely on the trustees, and not on the officers of the department, who are continually struggling against their unfortunate influence.

The opinions we express are those of Lord Ellesmere's Commission of 1859, and may be usefully repeated here:—

'Such a board of trustees, to any one who considers the individuals who compose it, with reference to their rank, intelligence, and ability, would give assurance rather than promise of the most unexceptionable, and, indeed, wisest administration in every department. High attainments in literature and in science, great knowledge and experience of the world and its affairs, and practical habits of business, distinguish many of them in an eminent degree; and it would be unjust either to deny the interest which all of them feel in the prosperity of the institution, or refrain from acknowledging the devoted services which some of them have rendered in its administration. But, on the other hand, absorbing public cares, professional avocations, and the pursuits of private life must, in many instances, prevent those individuals whose assistance might have been best relied on from giving anything like continued attention to the affairs of the institution; and, what is per-

haps of more importance, the large number of the board, by dividing, or rather extinguishing individual duty or responsibility, has, in a great measure, interfered with the superintendence and control which might have been exercised by any small or selected number specially charged with the duty. The inconvenience likely to result from the affairs of the Museum being devolved upon so large a board, appears to have been felt at a very early period.'

Again—

'It is not surprising that, in such circumstances, the standing committee should have been confounded with the general board, without any practical distinction between their functions, and that the actual management of the Museum should have devolved upon a fluctuating board, having no special charge, nor direct personal responsibility; and all this in constant disregard of that precaution which the trustees very wisely established against themselves, by throwing the ordinary business of the Museum upon a portion of their number, specially appointed and accepting.'

'To return to the standing committee, or to the board of trustees—for these may be spoken of together—the course of conducting business is unfortunately calculated not to correct, but to aggravate, the inconvenience.'

'On the whole, the conclusion *has been forced upon us, that the mode in which the trustees have exercised their functions of government in the Museum has not been satisfactory;* and that the inconveniences arising from so great a number of trustees, and from the fluctuating nature of the board, have been increased by the neglect of such precautions as, with reference to the accustomed modes of transacting business, we should expect to find strictly in observance. However admirably qualified the trustees may be individually for the transaction of business, it is impossible to expect satisfaction in the conduct of their affairs where they act, not by a select number, but at meetings—which they are left to attend as they please, and as leisure and inclination serve—to which they are called by summons announcing the time of meeting merely, but giving no notice of the business—at which business of great importance to departments is conducted without direct and personal intercourse with the officers at the heads of the departments, and in a manner so cumbrous and fatiguing as to be hostile alike to good decision and despatch.'

And the Commissioners proposed this remedy:—

'With respect to the executive management, your Commissioners are *unanimously of opinion that a change should be adopted, involving the abolition of the offices of Principal Librarian and of Secretary, as they now exist, and the establishment of a responsible executive council.*'

But Lord Langdale, who well knew that an executive council was a practical absurdity, refused to sign the report, and entered a protest as follows:—

'Many and considerable inconveniences have crept into the management of the Museum. The remedy must, as it seems, be sought for,—

'1st. In the establishment of, or revival of, an executive government, vested in one person, solely responsible for the due execution of his duty, but assisted by a council, to whom he might readily and on all occasions resort for advice and assistance.

'2nd. In the establishment of a committee of trustees, a standing committee, elected, and undertaking personally to perform all those duties of superintendence, investigation, and control, which seem to be the proper and peculiar duties of the trustees, *as distinguished from* the duties of *practical management and executive government*, which seem to be the proper and peculiar duties of a GOVERNOR OR DIRECTOR.'

All that is now required is to act upon this last judicious recommendation, which subsequent experience has amply confirmed since it was made; and we acknowledge that our hope of a radical improvement in the administration of the Museum rests entirely on the appointment of a competent and responsible officer invested by Parliament with the necessary powers to effect it, under the control of the Government. Is there any instance in England of so large an expenditure of the public money by men over whom Parliament has no effective control whatever?

Between the founding of the British Museum and the National Gallery there is a long space of seventy years, much spent in foreign wars. On the 10th May 1824, the National Gallery was opened to the public in the house of Mr. Angerstein, the banker, No. 100 Pall Mall, which stood on the site of the present Carlton Club. Before that time George IV., the first monarch since Charles I. who had cared to collect works of art, had brought together collections of Dutch pictures, Sèvres china, *Goutière* and Florentine cabinets of the finest quality, and he made some atonement for a sensual and selfish life by presenting to the British Museum his father's library. He also laid the foundation for a National Gallery of pictures, by inducing his Ministers, according to the authority of Sir Charles Long, to propose to Parliament the purchase of Mr. Angerstein's collection of pictures for the sum of 57,000*l.*

Following the fashion of the times, the management of the new Gallery was placed under a board of trustees, having no distinct parliamentary responsibility. The natural results have ensued. Almost from its very birth to the present time there have been chronic complaints connected with the management of this collection, which have provoked heated controversy in and out of Parliament. The genuineness of the pur-

chases; a reverential affection for the dirt and discolouration which London smoke confers on pictures, that 'tone' which is so dear to your connoisseur and so very unlike nature except in a fog; the prejudice in favour of certain schools of painting; the want of space; the disgusting and pernicious ventilation, and the injury done by it to pictures*; the suitability and unsuitability of the present site; the quarrels about the merits of ten other sites, which began in Mr. Hume's time; the promiscuous admission of the public; the wasteful dispersion of pictures by public sale, are some of the topics which have occupied committee and commission, and commission and committee, and provoked annual discussions in Parliament which, as they do not fall within the special department of any one Minister of the Crown to guide, have only resulted in confusion worse confounded.

The site of the National Gallery, after sixteen years of controversy, may perhaps be considered as settled, unless Parliament should again change its mind, as it has already done, on the point. But what is to be the size and character of the structure? It is at present in the hands of the First Commissioner of Works, who is at issue with every member of the House of Commons, Lord Elcho, Sir John Pakington, Sir G. Bowyer, Mr. Tite, Mr. Gregory, Mr. Henley, Mr. Henry Seymour, and all who usually express views on the subject. During the last session of Parliament he stood unsupported by a single member in his wish to patch up the present building, instead of erecting a new one, as good as the age could erect, in which all the experiences of all the necessities of picture-galleries which the last ten years have made manifest should be attended to. Meanwhile these precious works of art—precious by their cost and money-value, but far more precious from their beauty and importance in art—are stored in a building wholly deficient in ordinary securities against fire, and exposed to the most disastrous accidents. Lord Elcho properly asks, how the plan of the New Gallery is to be obtained? By a public competition, limited or otherwise? But there is no answer. The trustees, who, if worth anything, ought to express an opinion, stand mute. It is not settled to this very day what are the scope and limits of a National Gallery Is the public to house in one central spot every picture, good, bad, and indifferent, which the trustees accept? Is room to be found for Leslie's 'Uncle Toby,' given by Mr. Vernon, and a *replica* of the same given by Mr. Jacob Bell—the public already possessing a better version than either in the Sheepshanks Collection? Ought any one of these pictures to be in a National Gallery, if we understand a National Gallery to consist only of the finest works of the greatest artists of all times? What is best to be done with superfluities which, if not provided for, smother the collection and lower it to mediocrity? Is it best to throw them away at sales, or give them to local institutions, which are too happy to have them? Ought not the trustees by this time to have laid down some defined principles of action? Ought it still to be an unsettled point whether or not a representation of the British school of painting is to be a distinct exhibition apart from the National Gallery, where it would seem that British pictures should only occupy relatively a very small place? Is there to be a Louvre and a Luxembourg, as at Paris? Are modern French, Belgian, German, and other foreign pictures to be represented anywhere? Is it to contain apartments for the exhibition of prints and drawings? Before Mr. Cowper undertakes to alter the present building or to erect a new one, some individual authority responsible to Parliament should settle these questions, and they can only be properly considered and settled, and defended when settled, by a Minister of the Crown, who is charged with the special duty. No further inquiries by commissioners or committees are needed, but the want is action.

Since the appointment of Sir Charles Eastlake as director, purchases have been made according to some system, and for the most part very judiciously. He wisely and successfully has devoted himself to the acquisition of the finest Italian works—unquestionably the most useful in the science and art of painting. In 1853, the Prince Consort caused a remarkable paper on the subject to be prepared of how and what pictures should be acquired for the National Gallery, and the effect of this paper is witnessed in the present satisfactory state of the Italian collections so far as they have proceeded. But such a result has only been obtained by conferring sufficient powers on Sir C. Eastlake, and not allowing the trus

* The report of Mr. Faraday, Professor Tyndall, and Dr. Hofmann demonstrated that out of fifteen sites where pigments had been exposed, for nearly two years, for experiment, 'the most injured are from the National Gallery, Charing Cross, and the next from a country privy; the third, much less changed, from the House of Commons; the fourth, from the Barber-Surgeons' Hall; the fifth, from the Bridgewater Gallery; the sixth, from the Royal Society's Rooms, Burlington House; and the seventh from the British Museum.' (July, 1859.)

tees to meddle with his judgment—reducing them in fact to nonentities.

We wish that it were possible, before we quit this part of the subject, to include in it some mention of the Royal Academy, as a national school of art and a national exhibition of the works of living artists. But in the present constitution of the Royal Academy all the vices and evils of irresponsible management by a close self-elected body have reached the highest pitch, insomuch that it appears to us to have forfeited altogether (if indeed it ever possessed) the right to be regarded as a public institution. The Academy is rich. The Academy may flourish as an opulent private corporation with which the public has no more to do than it has with one of the city companies —the Goldsmiths' or the Fishmongers'. But as the Academy persists in rejecting the proposals made to it for the purpose of placing it, as a public body, at the head of the arts in this country, we can only conclude that its present anomalous character must be terminated by the Government. It has accordingly received notice to quit the public building it has long occupied, and we question whether the House of Commons will be disposed to place another site at its disposal at the public expense, unless the Academy accepts a radical change in its constitution. The only method by which the Royal Academy can consistently retain its present system of management is by divesting itself entirely of its public character, and by erecting at its own cost, as the great city companie have done, a suitable building for its schools, its meetings, and its exhibitions.

The Geological Museum was founded in the year 1835, by Sir Henry de la Beche, at the same time with the establishment of the Geological Survey. The collections were first placed in a house in Craig's Court, but they are now arranged in a suitable building in Jermyn Street. The Museum here was opened in 1852. It has always had the great advantage of having a parliamentary chief and a director, with a single aim, and therefore has not been one of Mr. Lowe's 'toads always under a harrow.' The School of Mines is conducted in the same building, where its wants have greatly outgrown the premises.

Kew Gardens before 1840 were the private gardens of the sovereign; but in that year, after the report of a committee, drawn up by Dr. Lindley, the Queen gave them to the public, and Sir William Hooker was brought from Glasgow to be the director. To use his own words :—

'A national garden ought to be the centre round which all minor establishments of the same nature should be arranged: they should be all under the control of the chief of that garden, acting in concert with him, and through him with one another, reporting constantly their proceedings, explaining their wants, receiving their supplies, and aiding the mother-country in everything that is useful in the vegetable kingdom. Medicine, commerce, agriculture, horticulture, and many valuable branches of manufacture would derive much benefit from the adoption of such a system. From a garden of this kind Government would be able to obtain authentic and official information on points connected with the founding of new colonies; it would afford the plants there required, without its being necessary, as now, to apply to the officers of private establishments for advice and assistance.'

Acting upon these enlightened principles, he raised the gardens from a neglected state into admirable order and completeness, which we have no doubt his son and successor will maintain and increase. The number of visitors in 1841 was 9,174. In 1864 they were reported to have been 473,307, of whom 218,308, or nearly half, came on Sundays. It was Sir William Molesworth, who, in 1853, first gave the labouring classes the opportunity of visiting the gardens on Sundays—an example that has been successfully followed by Glasnevin Gardens at Dublin, but not as yet by the Botanic Gardens at Edinburgh. A well-arranged Museum was added to the Gardens in 1847, which exhibits specimens of fruits, seeds, gums, resins, dye-stuffs, sections of woods, and all vegetable products useful to mankind in the arts, in medicine, and in domestic economy, substances which neither the living plants nor the *hortus siccus* can exhibit. Thus at Kew the nation possesses a most successful exhibition of the products of the vegetable world worthy of the country. The limitation of purpose and the completeness with which it is realised contrast strongly with the diffuseness, chaos, and confusion at the British Museum. But then at Kew we have parliamentary control and unity of responsible management, with the competent direction of a responsible chief.

Next in chronological order of formation comes the South Kensington Museum, which, so far as concerns the fine arts, was founded with the precise object of illustrating their application to industry. These art collections were first opened to the public in November 1852, and were arranged on the second floor of Marlborough House, lent by Her Majesty through the influence of the Prince Consort. They consisted of purchases made in the Exhibition of 1851, and

a very remarkable display of the Sèvres china, which George IV.'s French cook had collected after the French Revolution, when Paris expelled in disgust the choicest works of the eighteenth century. By Her Majesty's permission this collection of porcelain, probably the most extensive and finest in Europe, was gathered together from the several palaces, and when exhibited created a considerable sensation. Additions to this nucleus flowed in rapidly by the purchase of Dr. Bandinell's small collection of pottery*; the Gherardini Collection of Italian models secured by Mr. Gladstone; extensive selections from the Bernal Collection, promoted by the Prince Consort†; the acquisition of the Soulages Collection‡, followed by large purchases of Italian art, made in Italy by Mr. Cole, Mr. Redgrave, and Mr. Robinson; Dr. Bock's collection of mediæval woven fabrics, with additions obtained at the sales of Prince Soltikoff and the Comte de Pourtalès.§ The rapidity and economy with which these collections have been made has been a matter of general surprise and approval, and is simply to be attributed, first, to that promptitude of action which can only be realised through individual responsibility; secondly, to a clear perception of the precise object for making the collection, viz., the promotion of industrial fine art. It may be affirmed with the greatest confidence, that if instead of a single responsible Minister of the Crown, this work had been undertaken by a numerous corporation of illustrious dilettanti, it would never have been accomplished. Indeed, it may be said to have been commenced in 1840, by the twenty-five managers of the School of Design, but was soon stopped by their want of unanimity.

The Kensington Museum has been valiantly fought over in Parliament, year after year, and the battles have been won in triumph by the parliamentary generals who led them; and the country owes especial gratitude to Mr. Adderley, Mr. Cowper, Mr. Lowe, and Mr. Bruce, for their services to industrial art in the House of Commons. Whilst, during the last few years, with the single exception of the library and antiquities, every department of the British Museum has been more or less paralysed in its development, and nothing done to relieve the general plethora; whilst the National Gallery has been driven to all kinds of shifts for accommodation, and nothing settled; and the National Portrait Collection has remained concealed from the public in private lodgings in Great George Street,—the South Kensington Museum has not only formed its collection, but has built a great part of a most appropriate edifice for exhibiting works of art; the best lighted and best ventilated by day, and the only one lighted by night among all similar structures in Europe.*

When the art collections were removed to Kensington, the Commissioners for the Exhibition of 1851 presented to the science and art department various collections of objects which had been exhibited in that Exhibition. These have been arranged in several divisions illustrating diagrams and apparatus necessary for primary education; the uses of animal products; the chemistry of food; mechanical science and building materials. There is also at South Kensington a collection under charge of the Commissioners of Patents, which consisting of such objects as the first locomotive, the first steam engine that moved a boat, Arkwright's loom, &c., possesses the most valuable materials for a museum of mechanical science which would soon rival the Conservatoire des Arts et Metiers at Paris. It is hardly necessary to say that this collection, being under the management of a Board and having no parliamentary responsible chief, makes no progress, but is a source of constant squabbling.

Within the last year a collection of models of naval architecture of high national and popular interest, illustrating the progress of the British navy, has been placed in charge of the South Kensington Museum. The ship-building trade of the country largely contributes models of its naval architecture and marine engineering, and in a few years this collection is likely to become the largest and most complete in Europe, and especially appropriate to the country the navy and mercantile marine of which stand first in the world. This collection should obviously be a subdivision of a great museum of mechanical science. Until the Duke of Somerset had the wisdom to remove the collection of naval models from the custody of the *Board*, consisting of the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, it used to be secreted in Somerset House; sometimes in garrets, at other times in vaults, and once

* Mr. Henley, President of Board of Trade.

† Lord Stanley of Alderley, President of Board of Trade.

‡ Marquess of Salisbury, Lord President of the Council.

§ Earl Granville, Lord President.

* As this passes through the press we hear of the death of the architect, Captain Fowke, R.E., at the early age of forty-two. It is to be hoped that his plans for this Museum, as well as his Prize plans for the Natural History Museum, the Patent Museum, &c., will survive him.

at least was very nearly being dispersed altogether. And the old admirals prevented the access of the public to it, lest the secrets of naval construction should be betrayed to the enemies of the British flag. Another notable instance of the administrative ability of a Board.

The catalogue issued by the trustees of the National Portrait Gallery gives no history of that institution; but this gallery was founded by virtue of a resolution moved by the present Earl Stanhope in 1857. Its management was properly enough kept distinct from the administration of the National Gallery, with which it has no logical connexion, and is placed in charge of fifteen trustees, of whom the Lord President of the Council for the time being is one. Two years appear to have elapsed before the Gallery was opened at 29 Great George Street, and excluding the Exhibition year of 1862, an annual average of nearly 10,000 persons, or at the daily rate of under 100 persons, has visited it. Lord Henry Lennox estimated the cost of each visitor at the time of his strictures between 16 and 18 shillings; that sum must now be reduced; still there is no doubt that it is, proportionately to its number of visitors, the most costly of all our public galleries. According to the last report, 133 portraits have been purchased, and 58 presented; making a total of only 191 portraits acquired by the trustees in six years. A very drastic commentary on this kind of management is afforded by the proposal of Lord Derby for forming a series of national portrait exhibitions at the South Kensington Museum. This board of trustees, expressly created to look after national portraits, is passed by altogether by a late Prime Minister, who sends his suggestion to the Lord President of the Council at South Kensington. What Lord Derby now proposes to do ought to have been done six years ago, and would certainly have been done but for the impediment of a *board of trustees!*

The foregoing rapid survey proves conclusively that those institutions for which there is a Minister of the Crown responsible in Parliament, and where individual direction exists for the management, as at the Kew Botanic Gardens and Museum, the South Kensington Museum, and the Geological Museum in Jermyn Street, are flourishing and progressive, whilst in those where there is no direct parliamentary responsibility, and the management is in the hands of a board, as at the British Museum, the National Gallery, the National Portrait Gallery, and 'Patent' Museum, confusion, discord, languor, incompetency, and extravagance are found.

It is idle to discuss such questions of details as separation, space, site, buildings, and internal management, until the one cardinal basis has been established of a clear direct parliamentary responsibility. Parliament should peremptorily refuse to consider any of these questions until it has a Minister who can stand up and say, 'I, on behalf of the Government, am responsible for the recommendations I make, and the estimates I submit, and if you don't accept them, find a substitute for me.' The failures of board management for the last fifty years are all concisely summarised in Lord Henry Lennox's speech in 1862; and it is puerile in those who advocate reform in these institutions not to have got rid of the multifarious boards as they now exist.

We are by no means advocates for the absolute abolition of trustees, as some have proposed. Such a proceeding would seem to be as ungracious as impolitic—unwise as well as unnecessary. All might be retained, and the numbers even increased by the names of the highest representatives of science, literature, and the arts, so as to consolidate the representatives of the several institutions into a council for science and art. Put at their head the Lord President of the Council, who would summon them to meet either in general assembly or in select committees to advise on special subjects as consultative bodies only, when their services would be truly valuable. It should, however, be made quite clear that they have no voice whatever in the management of the expenditure of any institution, which would rest sole and undivided in the charge of a responsible member of the Government.*

The Archbishop of Canterbury, the Lord Chancellor, and the Speaker of the House of Commons will probably acknowledge that it is impossible they can efficiently administer the expenditure of 100,000*l.* a year in Bloomsbury, and that they are not aided in the work by the presence of any

* Whilst Sir Roderick Murchison has full experience of the success of the Geological Museum under his own direction, his vision seems to be so dimmed as a trustee of the British Museum that he advocates the management of the Natural History there by a 'sub-committee,' who would suggest to the 'standing committee,' who would report to the general body of trustees! '*If* Sir Philip Egerton,' he says, 'would attend, and *if* we could get the assistance of Sir Benjamin Brodie and the President of the College of Physicians, as well as of Lord Cawdor, we should work well, and do the business effectively.' Would Sir Roderick substitute a similar committee at Jermyn Street for himself?

standing committee, still less by the whole body of trustees. Surely these high officers are indifferent to the patronage of appointing some few worn-out butlers to the post of attendants, which would be much better filled by policemen. At the time when the Legislature created the British Museum by lottery and trustees out of the vendors of the property purchased, the management and purchases for many years, exclusive of the cost of buildings, did not exceed the income which the endowment from the lottery (30,000*l.*) and Major Edwards' bequest (about 20,000*l.*) provided. But whilst the Parliamentary votes have gradually crept up to 100,000*l.* a year, the old vicious mode of board administration has not only remained unchanged, but become rather worse as an executive, by additions to the numbers of the trustees. No one will venture to contend that it is beyond the competency of Parliament or would be the slightest breach of faith with the family trustees or the elected trustees, to relieve them from the business of expending the annual vote of 100,000*l.* They were never made trustees for the work which by imperceptible degrees has passed into their hands. Take away this money and the Sloane, Harley, Towneley, Elgin, and Payne Knight trustees will still remain fully possessed of their original powers and duties.

Judging from the past, we have little hope that any Government will take up this most necessary administrative reform of its own motion. It cannot become a party question, and seems to be crossed by all sorts of personal influences. But the work might be done at once if those members of Parliament who complain annually at the present most unsatisfactory state of things—if Lord Elcho, or Lord Henry Lennox, or Mr. Gregory, or Mr. John Stuart Mill, a man who thoroughly understands the evils of Board Management, would only follow the example of Mr. Hume, who in 1840 organised an association of members of Parliament and others to promote the opening of national monuments to the public, which succeeded, and do the like for abolishing the executive management of public collections through boards of trustees. Another *fulcrum* to act on both Government and Parliament might be found in an association of the local museums and institutions throughout the country to participate in the use of the superfluous objects and pictures at present an incumbrance to the central institutions themselves. But such a circulation of superfluous objects is just one of those measures altogether dependent on the administrative reform of the parent institutions, and cannot be dealt with separately. If local institutions will persuade their county and borough members to take an interest in it, the Government may be emboldened to grapple with the anomalous constitutions which at present retard the progress and sound organisation of our institutions of science and art, and to substitute the Parliamentary responsibility of a Minister for the ineffective administration of irresponsible boards.*

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ART. IV.—*Traictie de la première invention des Monnaies de* NICOLE ORESME; *Textes Français et Latin d'après les Manuscrits de la Bibliothèque Impériale; et Traité de la Monnoie de* COPERNIC, *Texte Latin et traduction Française.* Publiés et annotés par M. L. WOLOWSKI, Membre de l'Institut. Paris. 8vo. 1864.

THE first of these Treatises on Money is the work of a schoolman and a bishop, who was buried about five hundred years ago in the choir of his own cathedral at Lisieux, and who had well-nigh passed away from the memory of men, when a lucky accident drew the attention of a German professor of our own day to this remarkable prelate, and the zealous researches of M. Wolowski have since restored him to his proper position as one of the Fathers of economical science. The second Treatise on the same subject, which is included in this volume, is from the pen of Copernicus, who seems to have applied to the relations of society the same searching intellect and sound reasoning which arrested the sun in its course and restored the true economy of the heavens. We are extremely indebted to M. Wolowski for the care he has bestowed on this curious publication. He has collected the manuscripts, revised the texts, translated a portion of the original Latin essay, and thrown a flood of light on the personal history of Nicole Oresme, their forgotten author. But it is not merely a love of antiquity that has directed his labours. The most curious part of the discovery is that this treatise, written in France about the year 1373, at one of the darkest and most turbulent periods of

* As we close this page the melancholy intelligence of the death of Sir Charles Eastlake reaches us. His manifold services to the arts in this country were not more remarkable than his blameless character and his high attainments; and he leaves a blank in our society which it will indeed be most difficult to fill by another.

the history of that kingdom, a few years after the battle of Poictiers, and in the earlier years of the reign of Charles le Sage, is an exposition of the theory of money, so clear that it might have proceeded from the pen of Adam Smith, and so correct that it would not be disowned by any member of the Political Economy Club. When it is remembered how long and how generally the grossest fallacies prevailed on this subject—if, indeed, they are even now dissipated; when we call to mind the volumes which have been written to reduce the definitions of *value* and of *price* to the simplicity of truth; when we are reminded of the gross and scandalous abuses by which the princes of the Middle Ages were continually endeavouring to eke out their resources by tampering with the currency, and that these practices have not entirely ceased in some parts of the world, even amidst the lights of our own age; it is nothing short of marvellous that a churchman of the fourteenth century should have left behind him a succinct treatise, in which the principles that govern the great questions of the currency, of coin, and of exchange are stated with equal force and precision.

It has hitherto been acknowledged that the true theory of money was first explained with admirable clearness and force of reasoning by Locke, in his 'Considerations of the lowering of Interest and raising the Value of Money;' and no doubt it was on this solid basis that Montague and Somers rested their vigorous measures for the restoration of the British currency to its true intrinsic value in 1695. But there is scarcely a point in Locke's Treatise which Nicole Oresme had not some glimpse of. In more recent times the late Mr. Senior wrote a very able paper on Money, which is justly considered to be one of the most lucid and demonstrative of his economical writings; but as the true principles of the science are few in number and uniform in their application, when once ascertained, we are not sure that he added anything essential to the doctrine of Nicolas Oresme, of whom, in all probability, he had never heard. We shall shortly lay before our readers the leading propositions of this remarkable Essay, but we must first inform them by what means it was brought to light, and then give them some account of its author.

The discovery, for such it may be called, of this work is due to M. Wilhelm Roscher, a distinguished Professor of Political Economy in the University of Leipsig, whose curiosity was excited by the casual mention, in some forgotten author, of a treatise by Nicolas Oresme 'De Origine et Jure necnon et de Mutationibus Monetarum.' This Essay had been reprinted in 1589 in the 'Sacra Bibliotheca sanctorum Patrum' of Margarinus de la Bigne, from the first edition, printed by Thomas Keet in the earlier part of the sixteenth century. Of this edition one copy exists in the Imperial Library at Paris. In that magnificent collection is also to be found a printed copy (without date) of the contemporary French translation. But the manuscript which has been collated and used by M. Wolowski in the present edition dates from the fifteenth century. It belonged to an ecclesiastical library at Paris down to the Revolution, and is still in its original binding, stamped with the arms of the first owner. Two Latin MSS. of the Essay also exist, one in the library at Poictiers, and another in the Burgundian Library at Brussels.

Having procured a copy of one of the earlier editions of the work, M. Roscher proceeded to examine it, 'when,' he exclaims, 'what was my surprise to find in my hands a theory of Money, elaborated in the fourteenth century, but still perfectly correct and consistent with the doctrines of the nineteenth century, and expressed with a terseness, precision, lucidity, and simplicity of language, which attest the superior genius of the author. The whole work is so remote from the notion commonly entertained of the barbarism of the Middle Ages, that one might have suspected some trick, if there had been any ground for such a suspicion, and if the appearance of such a work had not been just as improbable at the commencement of the sixteenth as in the fourteenth century.' Having satisfied himself of the high merit of the treatise, M. Roscher addressed to that branch of the Institute of France of which he is a corresponding member, a notice of its scientific excellence, and this appears to have been the first acknowledgment of its real importance in the history of political economy. It is, however, just to remark that the existence of the treatise had been adverted to in 1846 by M. Lecointre-Dupont, in his Letters on the Monetary History of Normandy and La Perche, and it had been more fully described by M. Francis Meunier in an Essay on the life and writings of Nicolas Oresme, published in 1857. The volume now before us comprises, in the most complete form, the Latin and French texts of the Essay, and M. Wolowski has added to the researches of his predecessors a good deal of interesting matter; so that we are now probably in possession of all that can be known of the author and of his book.

Nicole or Nicholas Oresme appears to

have been born either at Caen or at Bayeux in the early part of the fourteenth century, and in 1355 he attained the dignity of Grand Master of the College of Navarre, in which he had been brought up. The biographers all relate that he was chosen in 1360 by King John to be the *preceptor* of his son, who afterwards ascended the throne, and who not only bore, but deserved, the name of Charles le Sage. But this must be a mistake, for Charles was in that year twenty-three years old, and had assumed the supreme power as Regent of the kingdom immediately after the Battle of Poictiers in 1356. There is, however, great reason to believe that Nicole Oresme, though not his preceptor, was one of his wisest counsellors, and in 1377 Charles raised him to the see of Lisieux. The prelate had previously held the deanery of Rouen. Like many of the most enlightened men of that remarkable age, Oresme did not escape the charge of heresy; for in 1363, being called upon to preach at Avignon in presence of Urban V. and all the Papal Court, he had delivered a severe reproof of the enormities of the princes of the Church. We have searched with some curiosity to discover traces of any intercourse between Oresme and Petrarch at that time. They must in all probability have been acquainted with one another, and when Petrarch presented to the King of France a copy of his Treatise 'De Remediis utriusque Fortunæ,' it is said that Charles ordered Oresme to translate it; though even this statement is controverted. A still more important work which is attributed to him is a translation of the Vulgate into the French tongue, undertaken by order of the King, who wished to fight the Waldenses with their own weapons.* His original works are chiefly theological treatises, after the manner of the schoolmen, and an attack on judicial astrology, which was cited and praised by Pico della Mirandola. Amongst these works the Treatise on Money was found.

Nor is this a solitary instance of an application of scholastic acuteness in the Middle Ages to questions of economical science. It has been justly remarked by Professor Roscher, that the schoolmen, and especially John Scotus Erigena, paid more attention to these subjects than is commonly supposed; but they arrived at the discussion of them by a strange path of reasoning. The consideration of the sacrament of Repentance naturally led them to weigh those offences or supposed offences against the laws of morality which also violated the rules of public economy, and to examine the evils resulting from them; and they were thus led to examine the grounds on which these obligations rest. The condemnation of usury by the Church as mortal sin led to interminable discussions of this nature; and it is one proof of our Bishop's enlarged and reasonable mind that he condemns the depreciation of the currency as a far greater crime than that of usury, because, he says, 'the usurer lends his money to a man who voluntarily borrows it, and who uses it to the relief of his own necessities, upon terms which are the result of a contract entered into to their mutual satisfaction; but the depreciation of the currency is an undue and arbitrary act, by which the Prince takes the money of his subjects from them without their consent, since he commands them to take bad money for good.' (Cap. 17.)

But this truth was so little recognised as a moral and political obligation during the Middle Ages, and indeed for many centuries later, that the depreciation of the currency was the continual expedient of bad governments, as, indeed, it has been in some parts of Germany even in our own time. Philip le Bel lowered the standard of the livr ournois twenty-two times in the last nineteen years of his reign. In England, under Edward I., Edward II., and Edward III., the same abuses took place; and in 1381 the Commons represented to Richard II. that the depreciation of the current coin of the realm was one of the grievances that had ruined the kingdom. In fact it was not until the close of the seventeenth century that the evil was corrected even in this country*, and in France it subsisted

* But of this translation no copy is known to exist, and the Bible had been translated into French nearly a century before, in 1294, by Guyart des Moulins, a canon of Aix. During the captivity of King John at the Savoy in the Strand, it appears from the Duke d'Aumale's catalogue of his privy expenses, that he had with him a French bible; for thirty-two pence were paid to 'Margaret the bindress' for covering afresh a French bible and putting four clasps to it. M. Michelet asserts that Charles V. caused the Bible to be translated for him by his Attorney-General, Raoul de Presles, whilst a worthy Prior wrote for his Majesty a treatise on the Laws of War, and the Bishop of Lisieux translated Aristotle. But he does not furnish us with the evidence of these statements.

* The denominations, weight, and fineness of English silver coins were fixed by the 43rd Elizabeth (1601), and have since remained unchanged, except by the introduction of the florin and the four-penny piece. But the silver coin of England was subject to perpetual variation by the offence of clipping down to the end of the seventeenth century. The reader will readily call to mind the inimitable description of the measures taken to secure the uniformity of the British currency, which is to be found in Lord Macaulay's 'History of England,' cap. xxi.

till the Revolution of 1789. But no sovereign had carried to so extravagant an excess the supposed royal right of fixing the value of the coin of the realm as the rash and luckless King John of France. Between 1351 and 1360 the livre tournois changed its value seventy-one times, and in the years 1359 and 1360 alone these changes amounted to sixteen and seventeen times respectively in each year. The marc of silver was fixed at five livres five sols, but such was the debasement of the coin that it rose in 1359 to 200 livres, an anticipation of the assignats of 1794 by supreme order of the King of France. For the Crown asserted that 'to itself alone belonged the right of making whatever money it thought fit for the whole kingdom, and of giving currency thereunto;' and an absurd attempt was made to restrain the officers of the Royal Mint from disclosing the real value of the coin they issued.*

When this doctrine of the arbitrary power of the Crown over the representative of value was proclaimed by King John, the times were evil and the condition of France most miserable. Never had a single generation of men in any civilised country borne a greater accumulation of misfortunes than those which fell upon the French in the middle of the fourteenth century. 'All authority,' says the Duke d'Aumale, in his interesting introduction to the Notes and Documents relating to the reign of John, published by his Royal Highness in the Miscellany of the Philobiblon Society, 'All authority, royal and feudal, seemed annihilated. The Regency had devolved upon a pale and puny prince, who was hereafter to acquire in that hard school the qualities of a great king, but who had at that time no influence, no real power. The bravest of the nobles were captive or slain, for the two great battles of Crécy and Poictiers, lost within two years, had carried off the flower of the aristocracy. The castles, scattered about provinces which the enemy had laid waste, contained little more than women or old men, children or men who had lost their honour. The peasantry, irritated by the excess of misery, rose, and whilst the Jacquerie was devastating the country, the citizens of the towns, headed by a daring innovator, Etienne Marcel, usurped the place of the crown and the defeated nobles, and attempted at once to repel the foreign invader, to change the system of government, perhaps even to place a new dynasty on the throne.' The King's ransom to the English had been fixed by Edward III. at the Treaty of Bretigny at 600,000 golden crowns, or three millions of crowns, equal to 1,500,000 English nobles, or half a million of our money, if, indeed, it must not be computed at a higher rate of exchange. To raise a portion of this enormous sum the King was compelled to sell his own daughter, the Princess Isabella of France, in marriage to John Galeas Visconti, the son of the Duke of Milan; and it was not till 1400 that the whole ransom was paid. Meanwhile the Black Death had swept over Europe and depopulated nations. Famine and war followed in its track. The Papacy was sunk in the debasing exile of Avignon; and the age which gave to the world the sublime genius of Dante, the grace and learning of Petrarch, and the humour of Boccaccio, was marked in history by the darkest brand of misfortune.

'All at once,' says M. Wolowski, 'amidst those glittering arms which crushed their warriors, and when all the prowess of the chivalry of France had sunk in a shameful defeat, appeared a figure, slight and puny of stature, with a hand unequal to draw a sword and a body incapable of the fatigues of war. But in that feeble frame dwelt a manly soul and a clear judgment, as if God had set him there to manifest the sovereign power of thought in an age which had learned to look to force alone. Charles V., surnamed the Wise, soon reduced this chaos to the forms of constitutional government; prosperity and mutual confidence revived; the industry of the people recommenced as soon as the law protected their dealings and their persons. The armed bands which had laid waste the land became the instruments of victory. A strict economy of the public resources replenished the treasury. The army once more defended the dignity of France, whilst agriculture, trade, and industry opened the true sources of plenty and of wealth. Nothing was left to chance; everything was provided for; an active, enlightened, and persevering will had succeeded to the direction of affairs, with results which, in the judgment of that age, might well be deemed supernatural by those who saw the men of law, the men of science, the men of art, the philosophers, and the astrologers, who encompassed the king and promoted his designs.' (P. xiv.)

Amongst these sage advisers of the Crown Nicolas Oresme undoubtedly held an important place. Charles V. was the first King of France who seems to have discovered that the art of government does not consist in hard fighting, but in clear think-

* 'Si aucun demande à combien les blancs sont de loy, feignez qu'ils sont à six deniers.' The debased coin was to be struck with the same dies 'afin que les marchands ne puissent apercevoir l'abaissement, à peine d'être déclarés traitres.' (*Michelet, Hist. de Fr.*, vol. iv. p. 262: ed. Bruxelles.)

ing—not in lavish display on favourites and arms, and hawks and hounds, but in an enlightened regard for the public welfare. Nothing can at this distance of time more effectually demonstrate the wisdom of his government, than the existence of the treatise before us, and the fact that its author was confidentially consulted and employed by the King. For the worthy Bishop was not only a sound economist; he was also, as we shall presently see, a Whig in his politics; and he laid down with great distinctness those principles of limited monarchy and constitutional government which seem to have been better understood in France under Charles V. than they have been for five hundred years afterwards. The two main conditions exacted by the Commons in 1357, and acceded to by the Dauphin in the great Ordinance of Reform of that year, were, that the subsidies granted to the Crown should not be expended by the King's people, but by wise, loyal, and solvent men, to be ordered by the three estates, who should make oath that they would spend the money for the use of the army, and not otherwise; and, secondly, that new coin was to be struck but according to the patterns deposited with the Provost of the Trades of Paris, and no change in the currency to be introduced without the consent of the States. These conditions were not inflexibly observed, but with reference to the second point especially, Charles V. did abandon the practices of his predecessors, and for a time the currency of the kingdom was upheld at its true standard.

And here it may be observed that at the very outset of his Treatise Nicolas Oresme pointed out, no doubt from reason and experience, a truth which was not understood and accepted for centuries afterwards—a principle which is, indeed, commonly ascribed to Sir Thomas Gresham, and supposed to have been added by him to political science, namely, that the inevitable result of a depreciation of the currency is to drive good money out of the country. 'Homines enim conantur suam monetam portare ad loca, ubi eam credunt magis valere,' says the Bishop in his schoolman's Latin, and that short proposition, simple as it is, includes the whole doctrine on the subject. In his time he observed that from the discord and dissimilarity of the reputed and real value of money, traders had more trouble in adjusting the value of the coin they were to receive than in fixing the price of the goods they were to sell. Whilst the tendency of this confusion is to send good money out of the kingdom to countries where it commands a higher price, and to bring debased money into the kingdom where it passes for good.*

When the growth of human industry and human wants had led men to exchange the commodities they respectively produced and required, it was soon found that in this permutation of natural wealth difficulties arose. Hence, says the Bishop, 'Subtilisati sunt homines usum invenire monetæ, quæ essent instrumentum permutandi ad invicem naturales divitias, quibus de per se subvenitur naturaliter humanæ necessitati. Nam ipsæ pecuniæ dicuntur artificiales divitiæ, quoniam per pecuniam non immediatè succurritur indigentiæ vitæ, sed est instrumentum artificialiter ad inventum pro naturalibus divitiis levius permutandis.' There is a remarkable conformity even in form between these elementary propositions of Oresme and the celebrated 4th chapter of the 'Wealth of Nations,' on the origin and use of money. The distinctions here drawn between natural and artificial riches is virtually the same as the distinction drawn by modern economists between value in use and value in exchange.

Lord Macaulay relates an amusing story of a sermon preached at York Castle by George Halley to some clippers of coin who were to be hanged the next day. 'What,' said the divine to those impenitent culprits, 'what if the same questions were to be put in this age as of old, "Whose is this image and superscription?" We could not answer the whole. We may guess at the image, but we cannot tell whose it is by the superscription, for that is all gone.' The fact is that the incident of the Tribute-money related in the New Testament, and the divine admonition, 'Render to Cæsar that which is Cæsar's,' had been used for centuries by the Church to perplex men's minds with a false conception of the relation of money to the sovereign. The image and superscription were supposed to mark the coin as something belonging to the king. The piece of silver bearing Cæsar's head did in some measure appertain to Cæsar; and Cæsar was very apt to exercise rights of property over it. Nicolas Oresme was perhaps the first churchman who ever exposed so convenient a fallacy. 'It is not,' said he, 'the coin which is Cæsar's, but the tribute represented by the coin.' The tribute is his, and we are bound to pay it;

* Lord Macaulay remarks that Aristophanes was the first writer who noticed the fact that when good money and bad money are thrown together into circulation, the bad money drives out the good, and he quotes the passage in his History (vol. iv. p. 621). But Aristophanes noticed the effect without touching the cause.

but the coin is ours, and the image and superscription are not to be regarded as marks of property in it, but they are a stamp imposed by the Crown to attest the value of the article; and the honour of the Crown as well as the order of public dealings require that this stamp should be a mark of inviolable good faith and honesty.

As the purposes for which money is needed can only be attained by the use of portions or pieces of coin, of a fixed substance, unadulterated, and a determined weight, it was provided that a known and public stamp, denoting the quality of the metal and the exact weight and value of the pieces, should be impressed upon them. The right of affixing this stamp to the coin appertains to the sovereign, and it is a capital offence for any other man to coin money in the realm or to circulate counterfeit pieces; indeed, adds Oresme, the privilege is such that it cannot and ought not to be conceded to any vassal, and would be a good cause of war against such as may usurp it.

As the current coin of the realm belongs to the community and not to the king, so it ought to be minted and coined at the public charge (7th chapter); and in such wise that the cost of the coinage be paid out of it, but care must be had that this royalty be extremely small, lest it be prejudicial to the community at large. He then discusses the various mutations to which the coin of the realm may be subjected, premising, in the words of Aristotle, that 'certainly the thing which ought most firmly to remain as it is should be money;' and he sums up this part of the subject in the following terms:—

'I am aware that the principal and final cause for which the sovereign claims the right of changing the coin is nothing else than to turn it to his own gain and emolument. Otherwise it would be of no avail that he should multiply these changes. I will then more plainly show, on this head, that such gain is unjust and wicked. For *first*, every mutation of money (save in those rare cases which I have previously discussed) contains in itself so much deception and falsehood, that the Prince can have no right to do it—for when a Prince usurps a right of acting unjustly, the profit he derives from it cannot be just or honest, since the nation suffers by it. "Whatever," says Aristotle, "a Prince does to the prejudice or damage of the community is injustice, tyranny, and not royal;" and if he were to say (for tyrants are wont to lie) that he would turn that gain to the public advantage, his word is not to be believed; for by the like reasoning he might strip me of my garment or of anything else for the public advantage. But, as the Apostle saith, it is not lawful to do evil that good may come.' (P. xlvi. cap. 15.)

And in the same spirit he adds:—

'The difference between the good government of the kingdom and a tyrannical rule is this, that the tyrant loves and seeks his own profit more than the common good of his subjects, and therefore aims to hold his people in serfdom and subjection. The good king and prince, on the contrary, places the common good before his private or personal ends; and beyond all things else, save only God and his own soul, he loves the welfare and public liberty of his people. "Disciplina imperandi," says Cassiodorus, "est amare quod multis expedit!" But if the kingdom should turn to a tyrannical government, it cannot long be guarded and defended, but shall fall away into decline and perdition, especially in a land where men have the manners of a frank and free people, not of serfs, and who by long use are not accustomed to be arbitrarily governed; for as servitude would be to them inexpedient, involuntary, and oppressive, so it must be violent, and therefore not durable.

'"Few things," says Aristotle, "are to be left to the arbitrament of the judge or of the Prince;" and he quotes that example of Theopompus, King of Lacedæmon, who, having come to the supreme power, abandoned and released to his subjects several of the imposts and exactions which his predecessors had laid upon them. Whereat his wife wept sore, and reproached him that it was a shameful and pusillanimous thing for a son to succeed to the kingdom of his father with less of emolument and profit than his father had derived from it. To whom the good King, in two words, replied, "Trado diuturnius!—I prolong its duration." Oh! divine oracle! oh! weighty words, and worthy to be painted in kings' chambers in letters of fine gold! "Trado diuturnius"—in other words, I have increased my kingdom by the duration of time more than I have diminished it by the moderation of authority.' (P. lxxxi.)

'Lastly, then, as I suppose it is now sufficiently proved, to seek or take the profit or wealth of the crown by mutations of the coin of the realm is an act of injustice and tyranny, not to be endured or continued in any kingdom which is not tyrannically governed. Great evils and inconveniences arise from these mutations, as has been said; but other evils must precede those which come after, since such frauds and robberies can only be committed by men already corrupt in thought and intent—men ready to abet all frauds and tyrannical perversities to which they may see the Prince bend and incline, as indeed we have ourselves recently witnessed. I say this, in fine, that whatever tends to the perdition of the kingdom is vile and injurious to the King, his heirs, and successors; and one of those things is to govern tyrannically and to take the substance of the lieges by mutations of money or otherwise. Therefore all such mutations and exactions are against the honour of the whole royal poster-

ity, and highly injurious: which is herein proved.' (P. lxxxv.)

There is a freshness and vigour in the language and the sentiments of this old Prelate—a tone of freedom and a sense of justice which do him immortal honour; and when we read these things in the sturdy eloquence of the fourteenth century, we marvel at the centuries of arbitrary power and triumphant wrong, which have seemed, at times, to crush the love of justice and liberty out of the hearts of the French nation. Even now they may be reminded by these pages that 'Trado diuturnius' is not the motto of power violently assumed or arbitrarily used; and that the principles which ought to regulate the sound administration of finance cannot be transgressed in vain.

The treatise entitled 'Monetæ cudendæ ratio,' by Copernicus, which is also included in this volume, is not less remarkable than that of his French prototype. Indeed it is of a more practical character, for it enters with precision into the means to be taken to restore the debased currency of the province of Prussia to its true value. Copernicus was born in 1473, so that this essay may be fairly ascribed to the earlier years of the sixteenth century, and it establishes the claim of the Polish philosopher to be regarded as the precursor of Serra, Davanzati, and the other Italian economists, who are commonly described as the first correct authorities on the subject.*

On two points especially Copernicus deserves the credit of pointing out the principles which have been applied in far more recent times. He advocates the suppression of those numerous local mints which had powerfully contributed to confuse and perplex the monetary systems of Europe in the Middle Ages; and he recommends the limitation of the right of striking money to one establishment under the control of the royal authority.

In the second place, he proceeds to show that to strike good money is not enough to regulate the currency, unless the bad money be absolutely withdrawn from circulation. 'Melius semper erit veterem monetam in reparatione recentis penitus abolere. Oportebit enim tantillum damnum simul equanimiter pati, si modo damnum dici possit unde uberior fructus et utilitas magis constans nascitur ac respublica incrementum sumit' (p. 70). This was substantially the plan devised by Montague in 1695 to carry into effect the recommendations of Sir Dudley North, and of Locke, and to recoin the currency of England. The measure was a bold one even in that day, although the English Minister had contrived that the loss on the debased coin should be borne, not by the holders of it, but by the State. Copernicus appears to have thought, as may be inferred from the foregoing sentence, that the loss to private persons was more than compensated by the advantage to the generality.

It is curious to remark that although the evils of debased money were universally felt and acknowledged, and the remedy for these evils had been pointed out at so early a period, yet centuries elapsed before these remedies were applied. The reason is that corrupt and absolute governments conceived themselves to have an interest in maintaining their imaginary control over the value of money, and they therefore kept alive those delusions which obscured the true theory of the science. How often, and how long, have similar delusions retarded the application of the most obvious principles of political economy! and how slow has been the progress of mankind in the comprehension of laws immediately affecting their nearest interests!

* Some account of their writings will be found in Dr. Travers Twiss' 'View of the Progress of Political Economy in Europe,' delivered before the University of Oxford in 1846 and 1847.

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ART. V.—1. *Sur la Formation des Troupes pour le Combat.* Par le Général JOMINI. Brussels: 1856.

2. *Modern Armies.* Translated from the French of Marshal MARMONT by Captain LENDY. London: 1865.

3. *Études Tactiques.* Par le Général Baron AMBERT. 1re Série (Zorndorf et Austerlitz). Paris: 1865.

4. *Tactics of the Three Arms.* By Colonel LIPPITT. New York: 1865.

5. *Modern Warfare and Modern Artillery.* By Colonel MACDOUGALL. London: 1865.

6. *The Manœuvres of Cavalry and Horse Artillery.* By General M. SMITH, C.B. London: 1865.

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8. *Military Operations Explained and Illustrated.* By Colonel HAMLEY, R.A. London: 1866.

IN tracing the main currents of thought which influence our time, and their effects upon public policy, a strange disagreement

is at first apparent between the desire for peace professed on all sides by publicists and statesmen, and the activity of every great Power in the improvement of the means of war. Very different are these days, it would seem, from those of the preceding generation, when a millennium of trade, unbroken by the clang of arms, was held by many earnest politicians to be the future condition of the civilised world,—when even in the military profession men of high education and intelligence were not slow to declare that Europe would never again hear the tread of great armies in the field, and that the British soldier need henceforth prepare to meet no more disciplined enemy than the Maori or the Sikh. Then all was stagnation within our fleet and army, as all was neglect without. India was looked on as the only field where military ability could be the stepping stone to fame. Reduction and retrenchment were the order of the day; and faithfully reflecting the national feeling in the national service, the officer regarded the few among his fellows who gave their spare hours to the study of their profession as mere eccentrics, led by some strange aberration of intellect into a pursuit tedious in itself and tending to no practical result.

Great is now the change in all these respects. Instead of a government commending itself to the country's approval on the score of a blind undistinguishing economy, we have heard a statesman, the most experienced and renowned of our age in foreign and domestic policy, not only avowing that the enlightened attention of the Ministry he directed had been systematically given to the care of our national armaments, but claiming their improvement and development as special grounds of public confidence. 'The present time,' said Lord Palmerston in his last manifesto to the Tiverton electors, 'is remarkable for the progressive application of the results of science to the operations of war, both by sea and by land; and this country has not in such matters lagged behind the other great Powers of the world.' Even his opponents gave the late Premier credit for knowing accurately how the national pulse beats, and for being well acquainted with what our neighbours are doing. And his assertions are borne out to the full by our increased expenditure for defences and by the formation of our self-created Volunteer army, as well as by the large share allotted to topics of military interest in the journals of the day, and by the attention paid to the progress of science in this particular direction by thoughtful men, both in and out of the service.

The art of war—to use the recognised term—is one of those sciences which time has seen by turns improve, stand still, retrograde, and again take a sudden advance side by side with the general civilisation to which its condition seems bound. The most recent events in the history of the world give us no hope of the speedy realisation of that Utopia, not long since dreamed of, where its use shall be unknown. And if it be acknowledged as a necessity of the existing state of things, its progress must follow closely that of other great branches of knowledge which affect the general good. For, viewed in its highest aspect, it is but the application of a nation's strength to the protection of the commerce, freedom, and order of its citizens; and the abuse of warlike power for the mere purpose of aggression is but a proof that to be independent it is necessary to avoid that decay of military resources which may invite attack. Happily, such pages of our history as the Indian Mutiny show that the advance of British wealth and science has by no means diminished that spirit of personal sacrifice, without which the warrior, though engaged in the fairest cause, would find but little honour paid to his profession. Steam, rifled arms, and railroads have not slain knighthood, nor taught us to undervalue the true soldier and his deeds.

But courage and patriotism are but of little avail when ill-directed and untrained, or destitute of the needful appliances from which they should receive support. The case of Denmark has shown too painfully how brave men are sometimes sacrificed for lack of warlike material and of the strategy which might supply its place. The successes of the Federal generals, in the West especially, have drawn attention to the advantage in war of a ready use of every improvement in mechanical art. And more striking still as an example, the brief campaign of 1859 showed the astonished world the practical results of the diligent improvement by France of her Algerian and Crimean experience. Austria found her utmost efforts unequal to those of her better prepared foe, and succumbed in the struggle, before unready Prussia dared resolve to throw her half-drilled forces into the scale for German honour*, or the Bund could gather its unwieldy legions on the Rhine.

* Those who were present at the assembling of the Prussian and Bavarian *corps d'armée* on the Rhine in June 1859, and at their disbandment on the astounding news of the Villafranca treaty, saw that the regiments of the landwehr were not in any fit state to take the field, being scarcely more mobile than our battalions of county militia.

Such lessons as these should not wholly be neglected by any nation possessing a permanent land force—least of all by one which holds a vast and distant empire mainly by the power of the sword. It is our purpose, therefore, to review the existing state of military science as a whole, with special reference to the modifications which the modern conditions of warfare in the field have lately undergone. An article in these pages* was lately devoted to the special question of rifled guns, and drew attention to the striking difference of the principles on which our own artillerists and those of our great neighbour have been at work. But the tactics of different nations have diverged more widely still. Nor is the contrast more startling between the Armstrong gun in broadside and the 450-pounder smooth-bore in its turret, to which our American rivals pin their faith, than between the agile scramble of the Zouaves up the Alma heights and the long-drawn movements of the army of the Potomac through the woods before Richmond. And great as is the difference between these operations of the same period, still wider differences may be traced between the tactics of modern armies at different eras. A brave man is now, indeed, according to the lament of Bayard, 'exposed to die by a miserable pop-gun, from the effect of which he cannot defend himself;' yet the levelling of all engaged in action to one common risk has not only tended to exalt true valour, but has exercised ingenuity in a hundred ways in the endeavour to spare the lives of combatants, and to meet increasing peril by increased lightness and dexterity. In these efforts for economising the numbers employed until the supreme moment of conflict be reached, lies the key to most of the past and coming changes of modern tactics.

Although the grand principles of strategical combination are, as we are constantly told by military writers, the same in all ages; although now, as in the days of Cæsar, it is of the first importance for a general to keep his forces united or ready to unite; to leave as few points vulnerable as possible; to maintain free lines of supply for his own army, and to harass or break those of the enemy; above all, to bring an overwhelming mass to the striking-point when the attack is made: yet the means for doing these things are so greatly enlarged by the improved communications prepared in time of peace and by the superior wealth of town and country, giving facilities, hitherto unknown, for the feeding and moving of great hosts, that in Europe, at all events, there is an inevitable tendency to accelerate events in time of war. Such campaigns as those of Marlborough and Saxe in the Low Countries can no more be repeated on the same soil than the battles of Chancellorsville and the Wilderness could have been fought as they were, had the wooded swamps of Virginia been changed beforehand into well-drained fields. The single invention of railroads would have modified, it is not to be doubted, the strategy of Napoleon himself. It is very possible that its general application would have greatly lessened the superiority of quickness in combination which he enjoyed even to the moment of that last essay of invasion which ended at Waterloo. But, on the other hand, had his tremendous assault on the Russian Empire been aided by the resources of supply which even one well-guarded railroad would have offered, it is certain that the enterprise would not have broken down from the cause which was immediately fatal to it. And the great modern conqueror was the last person in the world, his whole life assures us, to have slighted the aid offered to his designs by the progress of mechanical art.

Since the conditions of warfare are thus liable to change with the changes of time, it is surprising, at first sight, to meet with such periods of stagnation in military science as mark certain epochs of history. This stagnation has especially been felt in England, a country where the soldier's profession is often unpopular, and the expense of a standing army distasteful to the people. The wondrous successes gained by Marlborough's great genius for war for a time overbore this national prejudice, and lent a charm to the history of our campaigns in Flanders, which we see reflected in the pictures of Corporal Trim and Uncle Toby, honoured relics of an illustrious time. But after the Peace of Utrecht our continental operations had little to flatter the popular fancy. Blundering King George just saved from ruinous disgrace by the hard fighting of his troops at Dettingen; his soldier son leading our troops in the true spirit of military pedantry to certain defeat at Fontenoy, and in later days, with strategy no better than his tactics, yielding Hanover, almost without a blow, to be plundered by Richelieu's greedy army; the noble charge which shattered the French centre at Minden*, forgotten in

* Edinburgh Review, April 1864.

* In the monument erected on the field in 1859, the centenary of this great battle, the Germans have omitted all notice of the contingent of six battalions of British infantry, whose valour decided the day.

the shameful immobility of Sackville's cavalry: these were not pleasant memories of our chief campaigns; and with these in view, redeemed only by the one ever-glorious leap of Wolfe to Abraham's Heights, our military reputation waned and sank into oblivion.

Then came the American war, with its sad tissue of blunders by land and sea, in council and in field; the hired troops; the divided commands; the reckless disregard of all strategical rule; the incompetent commanders—men who might well make even the overbold Minister tremble who allowed them to go forth in the name of England. The failure of our attempts to reconquer our colonies matched well with the policy which had made them our enemies, and left upon the public mind at home a deep-rooted dislike to those enterprises of our troops which had served but to lower our prestige and to enlarge our debt. To the navy, as the arm to which belonged chiefly such credit as was won in these wars of the last century, flowed the tide of popular confidence, and the sister service came to be regarded merely as a necessary evil, part of the trappings of the king rather than of the protection of the subject. Nor were matters better managed across the Channel, where the once formidable army of Turenne and Saxe had become a mere booty for the crowd of spendthrift noblesse; where, as in the other armies of the Continent, all discipline and training had sunk into a mere dull imitation of the stiff precision of Frederick's later days, and Potsdam, rather than Rosbach or Leuthen, had become the one model after which the marshal's baton and corporal's stick drove and trained the rigid lines.

From the thraldom of such a system as this the Great Revolution came to deliver first the land where so many other abuses were to be swept away. France rushed under arms to defend her new-won liberties against the pipe-clayed soldiers of Germany, and the stagnation which had oppressed all military thought—offspring of a misdirected worship of one great military reputation—vanished at the shock of a truly national soldiery. For such were eminently the volunteers of 1792 and 1793. Condemn the Convention and its decrees. Execrate with just severity the tyrannous rule of the bad men who seized the reins of power amid the terror of the community, yet the fact remains, that the original movement which successfully opposed activity to discipline, and the bold dash of courage to the long training of the serf, was as genuine and patriotic as it was fervent and sudden.

Then sprang to light a new method of war, the foundation of a long series of victories. The enthusiasm of the volunteer—the swift road opened to the soldier's chief prize, military rank—the intelligence of a high class of recruit (of such Moreau was an instance), embracing arms under the pressure of a time ruinous to other professions—these, and supplies of men ever pouring from the crowded depôts, atoned for defaults of drill, and lack of *matériel*. Scarce enough were cavalry and artillery in these early armies of the Revolution, for the Convention found it easier to call for than to create the necessary horses to equip them. But a swifter impulse given to the masses of foot than any army had hitherto known, supplied every need. These half-drilled volunteers, in their columns, moved as much more rapidly than the German lines, as those dull copies of the battalions of Frederick outran the unwieldy order of battle which his tactics superseded. In vain did their printed instructions (quoted in the recent treatise of the veteran writer Jomini) provide that 'the deployed order should be the only one used in battle, columns being reserved for partial combats, such as the attack of isolated posts, villages, &c.'; the Republican generals soon found that their troops, little practised on parade, could only be moved to assault by a general use of the system of columns. And since the latter were too conspicuous as marks to be thrust unaided within the enemy's reach, the addition of numerous skirmishers thrown out along the front to force back the hostile lines by a biting fire from every available cover was made at the same time, being in fact a direct copy, as far as circumstances allowed, of that harassing system of the American riflemen which their best officers had seen employed with such success in the campaigns of Washington and Lafayette. Thus were born the new Tactics, soon brought to perfection by wars carried on upon the broken ground which forms much of the frontier of France, and found upon trial to be everywhere the most formidable means of attack. Add to them the high average intelligence of the French soldier, and the instrument was prepared wherewith Napoleon was destined to overthrow successive combinations of the most formidable armies of Europe.

Let those who have watched the care and training which are required in order to perfect the deployed movements of a single regiment, to enable it whilst thus extended to take a new position, or even to change its front, conceive such manœuvring applied to forty or fifty battalions at a time. Not

under the most favourable circumstances could the machine move otherwise than with laborious slowness; and to attempt the outflanking of an enemy, or the occupation of a new position by surprise, must have been a task beyond the powers of any but a Frederick matched against Frederick's slow opponents. Yet this was the system by which the Republican armies were to be vanquished and the Republic subdued! Against it dashed the new audacious tacticians, moving their forces in a somewhat disjointed manner indeed, but with a rapidity hitherto wholly unknown; turning, dividing, distracting their enemies, and appearing at such wholly unexpected points, to renew their often baffled assaults, that their repulse appeared but as a feint to the slow defenders of the position they attacked. In perfectly open and level ground the enemy's infantry would have been their match and his cavalry their destruction; but such parade warfare seldom occurs even in Europe, and the allied generals felt their own manœuvring (which assumed the foe to be always exactly in their front) to be quite inadequate to the new occasions which arose.

Not that the Republican levies met with much striking success in their earliest campaigns. On the contrary, their ill-discipline exposed them to some very severe checks. In the face of cavalry, especially, these improvised soldiers behaved at first with such disorder as has been only repeated since in the defeats of the Federal volunteers at the commencement of the late American war. The teachings of necessity and a certain natural quickness soon overcame this defect, by instructing them in the art of using the advantages of cover more than had ever been done before. Placed behind ravines, hedges, or the long rows of trees which so often take the place of enclosures in continental countries, they soon found themselves more than a match for the well-trained squadrons led against them; whilst their first panics gave them a strange advantage by inducing a carelessness* on the part of the enemy's horse which often did away with his original superiority. The commanders of the allied infantry were, in general, even less fortunate. Envious of the increased rapidity shown by their foe, they introduced a system of movement by detached columns—not masses like those of the French, but mere fractions of their old battle order, marching at open distance as though ready to deploy at the word, and disconnected with one another. This innovation broke up the solidity of the old German line without giving any compensation for its loss. The battles of the early years of the Revolution were fought in a fragmentary way, the contending forces being thrown over an extent of ground totally disproportioned to that they were competent to hold; and every action was reduced to a series of partial combats carried on without regard to unity or general plan, with results beyond the control or even the immediate knowledge of the commander-in-chief. Of this we have a very striking instance in the victory of the French in the year 1794 at Fleurus, where the Allies retired on the news of the fall of Charleroi. Vainly for three days they had approached the place with straggling columns directed on so many different points of a vast semicircular front, as to make no general progress in spite of partial successes at each extremity. The change wrought by the improved tactics which were to be hereafter learnt by the Germans in bitter lessons, was finely illustrated on this very ground twenty years later, when Blucher drew up on a front of three miles, for his battle at Ligny, a force scarcely less than that which Coburg had dispersed over thirteen!

Then came a new era in warfare. The world was to be made acquainted with such a change in Strategy, the art which rules the greater combinations of war, as should for a time throw altogether into the shade the study of mere tactics. The genius of the young prince Charles, improved by observation in the field, and by a year's devotion to study in retirement*, wrought in Germany in 1796 wonders such as were only eclipsed by the still greater exploits of Napoleon, who at that very time began his career of conquest by overrunning the fair plains of Italy. Neither the discipline nor the spirit of the Austrian troops can claim the merit due to the Archduke's campaign in the former theatre, for they failed to hold the ground for an hour against his brilliant rival on the other side of the Alps. Yet was Charles's triumph over the then famous generals of the Directory, Moreau and Jourdan, hardly less remarkable than that of Bonaparte over the feeble veterans whom

* The Archduke Charles, in his History of the Campaign of 1796, complains bitterly of the error of the Austrian cavalry in repeatedly following the enemy's skirmishers into broken ground, thus throwing away all the advantages of speed; and he attributes this vice to their former easy successes.

* During the year 1795 the Archduke was kept from the armies by illness contracted in the field; and it is recorded that he gave his leisure solely to the study of theory. The early age (eighteen) at which he had taken up arms had hitherto deprived him of the opportunity.

he overthrew in Lombardy and Venetia. The servile manner in which our military historians follow those of the Imperial school makes the story of Bonaparte's victories of 1796 familiar enough. Yet had it not been for the sudden inspiration of the French army of Italy, caught from their new chief, the year would have been gloomy enough in the annals of the Republic, whose best-equipped and greatest armies were successively out-manœuvred and driven from Germany by the mere youth who, for a brief space untrammeled, wielded with a giant's strength the slow resources of the old Austrian *régime*. Let us inquire what was this sudden development of the soldier's art which changed on either side the whole features of a hitherto tedious and uncertain warfare. Was it something that Gustavus, Marlborough, and Frederick had missed; or the mere revival of a part of military science known to these great men but disused in an age of dull mediocrity?

'Strategy,' says Marshal Marmont, (whose *chef d'œuvre*, L'Esprit des Institutions Militaires, Captain Lendy has rendered good service by translating), 'has a twofold purpose:—

'1st. To reunite all our troops, or the greatest possible number, on the spot where the battle is to be fought, when the enemy can only muster a portion of his; in other words, to secure a numerical superiority of numbers for the day of battle.

'2nd. To cover and secure our own communications, while we threaten those of the enemy.'

Definitions similar to these in substance may be found in the works of other writers mentioned at the head of this article; but none has pointed out so plainly as the Marshal the vast differences between warfare in its modern aspect and as known to the ancients. And even he, though taking much pains in his Introduction to show how wide these differences are, and how the changed mechanism of warfare has transformed the art once practised by Alexander, Hannibal, and Cæsar, yet does not give himself sufficient space in any part of his handbook to trace the gradual development of the highest of its branches, that of the combination of the general movements. Though not always a blind admirer of his imperial master, he follows in his brief chapter on Strategy the general view of those worshippers of Napoleon, who ascribe to the example of his peculiar genius whatever other modern strategists have done successfully in the way of concentrating great armies for decisive operations. But this theory, so flattering to French pride, and so generally (as we fear) accepted, falls to the ground at once when we peruse the account by the Archduke Charles of his own actions in 1796—much recommended by Marmont as a study, and as, in his own phrase, 'a picture of high military art'—and discover that his combinations were as far-reaching as those of Napoleon, whose lessons the world had yet to learn. Without going into particulars, it may just be stated that the theatre of operations in Germany was more extensive than that of Northern Italy, the marches in it as severe, and the success of the Archduke (excluding the advantages gained by Bonaparte's bold diplomacy) not inferior to that of his rival. The year 1796 was, as before said, a true era in war; and something more than the genius of a single man must be found to account fully for the change.

The fact is that the application to actual warfare of those principles which in the Marshal's words above cited appear so simple—a difficult practical problem at any time—has been vastly complicated by the increased civilisation of the age. Certain elements to be considered—as the moral power of the general, the discipline of the troops, the knowledge of the enemy's weak points—affect its solution now as much as in the days of Cæsar. But when these are fully grasped, the movements of the strategist for the double purpose of fighting to advantage, or of securing in any event the superiority of communications, depend upon his choice of the lines of operation, and of the value he may attach to certain decisive points to be gained and held; whilst the variety of these, with the innumerable combinations which are presented in a highly civilised country, is so great, that neither closet study nor practice in the field can alone suffice to ensure a successful end. The wider the extent of territory in the operations to be embraced, and the more varied the means of transit, the greater the difficulty of selecting that course which is the best for the ends in view.

Given a country of semi-barbarous nature, where the hand of man feeds him but from day to day and does nothing for laying open the resources which the eye of the cultivator cannot reach, strategy would have little to take into consideration but the natural features of the ground. The course of the rivers, with the character of the hills or mountains which determine their flow, and the extent of forest and marsh, would fix the decisive points to be won, few comparatively in number. But traffic, with its needful communications, multiplies these infinitely, and with them the doubts and the opportunities of the defender or invader. Genius here displays itself by its full and

certain grasp of the obstacles or facilities which a large tract of such country contains, by its power to overcome the one and to use the other for those rapid concentrations which are alone possible where supplies are abundant and communications good. And so great are the impediments to the full execution of any such plan on a grand scale, that no thought or care can supply the place of that gift in which lies the sublimer part of the science of war. Over-confidence in his own powers hurries a second-rate general to ruin—witness the fatal advance of Hood into Tennessee: the self-doubt, more common to such commanders, brings hesitation, leading no less to disaster—witness the vacillation of Giulay at the opening of the war in 1859. Nay, he who is successful to the full on a moderate *terrain*, as Grant at Vicksburg, may be unequal to a combined operation on a larger, as was the same general in Virginia last year. Supreme genius itself may fail to solve every problem, as Napoleon's unsuccessful strategy in 1812 and 1813 plainly shows to the unprejudiced observer. In short, it may be held as certain, that with advancing civilisation, increased wealth, more rapid and certain communication, strategy will enlarge its sphere and become bolder and more decisive, as it will also make larger demands upon the intellect of the chief. Steam, railroads, and commerce increase the advantage which superiority of conception always claimed; just as the growth of Europe in agricultural wealth and the improvement of her highways enabled Napoleon and his contemporaries to use a strategy which to Frederick and Marlborough seemed too bold, or was only applied by them in countries perfectly friendly, open, and well tilled beyond the custom of their time.

Nor let us doubt that mankind will greatly be the gainers by the change. Whatever increases the rapidity with which the great machines called armies are worked, and causes the fate of a war sooner to be declared, will diminish the suffering caused by the struggle to the population. The more perfect the system of supply and conveyance, the more striking the strategy, by so much the less will it be worth the while of generals to prolong their operations for the purpose of subsistence, and of governments to hold out for unreasonable terms in the hope of wearying out the foe. Schleswig might have been as many months a field for contending forces as she was days, had not their railroad system enabled the Germans to concentrate an irresistible force before the Dannewerk at the very outbreak of the war, and to terminate a delusive contest by driving the Danes at once to their intrenchments, limiting the campaign thence forth to the dimensions of a siege. The South would not have been enduring the misery which at present overwhelms her had the Federals been in readiness to bring to the defence of the Union the gigantic odds which we now know them to have commanded. From the prolonged horrors of a Thirty Years', even of a Seven Years' War, the world is delivered by the changes which have made it possible to decide the fate of nations, as in the campaigns of Hohenlinden, Jena, Waterloo, Novara, in the first few days of conflict. He who visited in the autumn of 1859 the highly cultivated plain of Northern Italy, on which the fate of the Peninsula had so recently been decided by two great battles, could not but be amazed at the slight and transitory vestiges of so great a conflict. The tendency of strategy being evidently in this direction, as may be seen from the preceding considerations, and its theory unchanging, while in practice it becomes bolder with increased means, it remains to trace the development of the tactical part of warfare under the most modern conditions—in other words, to see what improvements have been made during the past sixty years in the use of the various arms in face of the enemy.

If it be true, as we believe all history shows, that the power of strategical combination, and of mastering thoroughly the proportionate difficulties of each part of a large theatre of war, are the gift of a far-seeing genius alone, it is no less certain that a high order of ability is requisite for what some writers have not scrupled to treat as a merely mechanical part of warfare, the successful handling of a large body of troops in actual conflict. But between these two accomplishments there appears to be one essential difference. Practice can form or improve vastly a tactician, whilst it can do but little to supply the natural want of strategical power. Assuming from the general verdict of military writers that in Napoleon is to be found the highest example of this latter gift, we have only to compare carefully his campaigns, the objects achieved, and the resources with which he set out, to discover that no part of his career is so brilliant as that early one already referred to, when he entered Italy an almost unknown general of the Directory. Not only did he fail to improve in his later years, but (in the words of Marmont) at the period of the Russian invasion 'he had commenced to exhibit a marked preference for direct attacks, for the employment of sheer strength, and a certain contempt for

the assistance of art and combinations requiring mental effort. He gained the victory, but at the cost of immense losses and with insignificant advantage.' In the following year (1813), his operations in Germany have been criticised with just severity by other writers, as well as by his ex-Marshal—notably by Sir G. Cathcart in his invaluable Commentary: whilst the brilliant display of resistance to the invasion of France in 1814, a period much gilded by the efforts of the Imperialist school of historians, was marked by three bloody defeats and one indecisive engagement, of which actions Marmont, with cooler judgment than many of his countrymen can bring to the subject, says, 'These battles (of Brienne, Craonne, Laon, and Arcis) could not be of any advantage, in consequence either of the concentration of the forces, or of the direction of the attacks.' In short, we may read in the story of the greatest modern conqueror, that practice on the grandest scale never enabled him to improve on the prodigies of his youth, when the activity of his soldiers, and the means afforded by a rich and highly populous country, were so fully understood and so instantly applied to the right ends, that his first opportunity became the swift high road to fame, fortune, and power. Had he died when the treaty of Campo Formio closed his first campaign, he would yet have left behind him an unsurpassed reputation as a strategist; for with an army notorious for its unfurnished commissariat and irregular discipline, he overthrew, by pure generalship, a succession of hosts equal or superior to his own in all material respects, the one secret of his success being (as it has been happily summarised) to turn every position, and beat the enemy in detail, before they were able to unite their forces.

But all this was done before he had had time to attempt, in any way, to improve the tactics of his troops, which, though quick as compared to those of the Germans, were of a rough uncertain sort; and, as we have seen, the French armies in Germany, at this very epoch, were meeting at the Archduke Charles's hands continued disaster and defeat. The course of events then hurried him to Egypt; and when he next stepped as First Consul upon the theatre of European conflict, to redeem the flag of France from the repeated disgraces it had suffered in his absence, his means were still small, and his troops ill-trained and half-equipped. But his task was immensely aided by the folly of the Austrian General Mélas, who, confident in the superior numbers and *morale* of his troops, flushed with their recent successes, dispersed them over the whole of North Italy from Mantua to Tuscany and Nice. Napoleon solved the problem before him, and illustrated once more the surprising resources which strategy gives to an active commander, by throwing his army so suddenly over the Swiss Alps through Milan to the Po as to sever his enemies at once from their base and from two important divisions of their command, whilst retaining for himself free communication with France. The Austrians turned with their main body, and fought fiercely at Marengo, where a happy charge of Kellerman's and the personal judgment and activity of Desaix saved the First Consul from the defeat which he—as he admitted in his Memoirs—had invited by rashly detaching two-thirds of his force, and left him that superiority of position which enabled him, the battle once gained, to dictate terms to the foe. The most striking victory won soon after by Moreau at Hohenlinden gave a triumphant peace to France, and allowed her ruler to apply himself to the double task of ridding his path of domestic opponents, and of preparing the force of the Empire for such a career of foreign aggression as the modern world had not yet dreamed of.

We have been thus particular in tracing the rise of Napoleon, because in its successes may be plainly traced the distinctive character of the two branches of the military art which are here to be considered. Strategy had suddenly—partly, but as has been shown, not entirely, owing to the genius of the great Corsican—advanced by so rapid a stride as to assume its proper prominence as the first gift of a general, and to place it in harmony with the increased powers of the age; nor do we trace the slightest further change in the application of its principles for the fifty years which followed the march to Marengo. The same use of them which gave Napoleon his triumph in this and in his not less memorable campaigns of Ulm and Jena, enabled the veteran Radetski—himself a learner in the bitter school of Austrian experience in the wars of the Empire—to crush the nascent hopes of young Italy in the three days' conflict of 1849. Those principles applied by the young French general with an army used to most imperfect tactics, which circumstances forbade his attempting to improve, had made him at one stroke the foremost commander of the age, and at the next seated him firmly on his consular chair; while in the glow of his brilliant fame men lost sight of the deeds of his young Austrian rival, superseded altogether in 1799

for his expressions of independence as he had been left to languish in inaction after his victories of 1796.*

And now four years of continental peace ensued, giving ample time for a mind less active than that of the First Consul to modify and improve all that needed reform within the army of France, and to bring that great force up to the standard of perfection formed in the ideas of the ruler. Thus we find the campaign of Ulm and Austerlitz wrought with a complete machine, long prepared to strike home with deadly effect. It was the army carefully trained on the heights of Boulogne for the invasion of England, which suddenly turned with irresistible force in 1805 upon the German Powers. But no great practical improvement recognised by French or other authorities was introduced into the imperial armies in the ten succeeding years. On the contrary, Napoleon's own well-known declaration after his fall, 'that a general should change his tactics every ten years,' seems to admit that no striking alteration was made in his own after this first period of undisturbed possession of the war bureau of Paris. Our inquiry, therefore, is here brought into a narrow compass, for we have only to trace out the main features of the tactics developed in the wars of 1805–6, in order to see what were the advantages in organisation of the French generals over their immediate opponents, which gave them such constant superiority at that time—a superiority which slipped from them afterwards when the stern lessons of experience had taught their foes how to imitate or excel them.

The first grand object which Napoleon held in view was to impress upon an army of 100,000 or 150,000 men the same certainty and swiftness in strategic movement or in actual conflict, which his energetic personal control had hitherto ensured with 20,000 or 40,000. This problem could only be solved by greatly increasing the mobility of such a host from former precedent without destroying its unity, and to this end we find him directly applying himself to the perfecting the new constitution of his *corps d'armée*. The distribution of a great force into these subdivisions, the main principle of the system being the completeness of each fraction in itself, so that, applied with his own staff, hospital, and commissariat, it might be treated as a separate army for the purposes of movement and supply, and at need united with the rest of the command for the shock of battle, is too often ascribed by popular writers entirely to Napoleon. In plain fact, however, he but borrowed it from Moreau, whose experience led him to enter into the spring campaign of 1800 with his army divided in this new fashion.* The new system was but a corollary of the improvement effected in the rapidity of the movements on the field of battle by the adoption of the revolutionary column for the old 'Order-' formation. Suppose the field expanded into the whole theatre of war; the change of front became a change of the army's position for some hundreds of miles; the time extended from hours to weeks; the opposed forces equal in total, but the one moving as a huge mass, the other as an aggregate of handy units, each occupying but a moderate length on a single road, and using a dozen of the latter for the march to some converging point, how apparent is the superiority of the latter for the purpose of winning the great game by the cheap process of outmanœuvring the enemy! Just by this very superiority did Napoleon master the communications of the Austrians, Prussians, and Russians in his successive campaigns of 1805, 6, and 7, when the conceptions of his strategy were carried out by an army handled as easily as a division had hitherto been. And when the key was discovered and practically used against the conqueror himself by the Archduke Charles in Austria's gallant struggle of 1809, the French still retained a fatal advantage of quickness by reason of the peculiar mode of supply which their constant wars in the enemy's territory had led them to adopt.

Much has been said in a vague way by historians of the French 'system of requisitions.' Yet by none of the writers on modern warfare, whose works we have under notice, nor by any other with whom we are acquainted, is the subject practically treated, or the details made known by which masses of 20,000 to 30,000 subsisted on some of the most extraordinary marches on record.

* The Archduke Charles, as soon as he had driven Jourdan and Moreau successively over the Rhine, proposed to transfer his victorious army direct across the Alps into Napoleon's rear in Lombardy, leaving his beaten enemies to be watched by a mere cordon of posts. There has been no bolder device in strategy at any time, and its audacity probably caused its rejection at Vienna, for the Emperor had not yet been taught to be jealous of his brother's fame. But history might have had to write the events that followed with another pen had this design been carried out with as much spirit as the German campaign.

* It may be alleged that Moreau was then a mere subordinate of the First Consul; but a comparison of Napoleon's own instructions (in the volume of his Correspondence for that year) and the distribution chosen by Moreau shows the perfect independence and originality with which the general of the Army of the Rhine acted.

From pamphlets and memoirs of the time the following sketch of Napoleon's method is gleaned. The army being first divided into corps, each of these divisions was placed under a practical soldier, a marshal or general promoted specially to the charge, known to be versed in the requirements of a great body of men employed in active service. The lieutenant whom Napoleon sought for such a post might be of indifferent character as to honesty, a poor correspondent, a man incapable of comprehending the larger details of the campaign; but he must be what his Emperor termed *un homme de guerre*—a phrase implying in Napoleon's mind not merely the courage necessary to lead others under fire, and the head which could direct rightly ten or twenty thousand men in the heat of action; but the power of knowing what his troops were capable of doing and enduring, of recognising their wants, and making the best provision for these which circumstances allowed. To live among the soldiery, and to show personal sympathy with their condition as it varied from day to day, with the circumstances of the bivouac or march, to communicate to his whole staff and each arm composing his command the singleness of action essential to the new system,—these were the first requisites for the ideal lieutenant whom their great chief selected for command. To Berthier's minute care was left the regulation of the orders and returns daily interchanged. Napoleon sought his information mostly by oral means, as we shall presently see; and but little credit was given to the completeness of documents, frequency in their transmission and intelligence in the bearers being held the more valuable conditions. Thus organised, the army, which, if attempting to keep to one main road and its branches, would have dragged out an unwieldy length of several days' march * from van to rear, might be pushed rapidly from its base to the required striking point by simultaneous movements over as many routes as converged in the neighbourhood of the latter, and the soldiers of a corps or two could subsist on the way, where the whole mass would have starved, or been stayed until supplies were brought up.

To gather these from the territory passed through, without absolutely maltreating or frightening away the population, was the art in which Napoleon's lieutenants excelled all other generals. Their system, as improved from the blundering robbery of the ragged troops of the Convention and Directory, was nearly as follows. Each corps, when marching beyond the enemy's reach, was divided as far as the bye-roads allowed on the day's march to the designated point, and on the bivouac scattered about in as many villages as lay near its destination. Halted for the night and the guards told off, a party from each troop or company was detached to forage for the meals, and the remainder, excepting the camp guard, were employed in preparing rough shelter for their comrades, with the needful firewood. The foraging party went straight to their work, yet in a good-humoured way withal; and the invariable argument, 'Find us food to-day, that we may march on and leave you to-morrow,' usually saved the labour of search, and opened the stores concealed in anticipation of these dreaded visitors. Meat in some form must be found, and was found; for if the stall or fold refused to yield it, the hen-roosts of the peasant and baron were stripped. To this were generally added bread and wine, and the soldiers made the most of these, sparing for real exigency the small store of biscuit and brandy with which the foresight of Napoleon had usually furnished their havresacks on starting from the stores collected at the base of operations. The remains of the supper formed a breakfast, cooked and eaten deliberately before the next day's march began; and the evening saw the detachment some fifteen miles further on its way in a new bivouac, where the scene was to be repeated. Such a system answered the purpose of the modern Cæsar fully for a time; but that it should be worked without great loss and suffering implied several conditions as essential. A fertile, populous country, a patient race of peasants, constant movement of the troops, even fine weather, were things absolutely necessary. The least falling off from these favourable conditions and the hospitals had at once to be formed on the way-side, and were no sooner formed than filled. A halt, when anticipated, was provided for by the action of the Commissariat. Their duties were suspended whilst the corps was on its movement; but they hurried up to organise their magazines and fill them with supplies by the more regular process of levying fixed requisitions in kind, or (if cities were within reach) in money to be exchanged presently for the needful food and forage. But an unexpected detention could not thus be met, and by the want of subsistence—as was once the case when the army was stopped by heavy rain on the march against Ulm—Napoleon's great movements

* It has been shown by calculation that the army with which Napoleon advanced on Waterloo in 1815, 124,000 strong, would have occupied more than forty miles in column of march on a single *chaussée!*

were liable to be interrupted and his plans endangered. Nevertheless, this new method of war afforded the means of moving an arms of 100,000 men under favourable conditions without magazines, and yet without positive exhaustion to the country it traverses. *Mobility*, one of the great requisites for Napoleon's strategic conceptions, was thus secured.

But *Mobility*, without *Unity*, would have led rather to ruin than success. Numerous invasions of her neighbours had already been attempted by France with co-operating armies, or with armies moving in separate columns, as wings and centre. In fact, the tendency of Carnot's later operations had been to extend by dividing the strategic front of the forces he controlled, so as to turn the enemy's flanks; and great disasters had followed the pursuance of this system in 1795–6 by the hitherto victorious hosts of the Republic. To 'spread to subsist' would, as none knew better than Napoleon's self, be but a dangerous maxim without its complement 'unite to fight.' To secure the necessary order the practice was therefore introduced of a daily detailed report from the commander of each corps stating his movements, their results, and the condition of his men. A duplicate was always to be sent, and in case of possible interception, a third and fourth copy. The orderly officer was to be sufficiently well informed to give by word of mouth all such additional information as it might concern Napoleon or his major-general to know; and, their questioning over, he awaited the return order, which prescribed with the utmost minuteness what the next day's proceedings were to be. Fully worked out, this method kept the whole army, however apparently scattered, obedient to the slightest impulse. Divested of the care of the internal details of organisation, which were entrusted to his chiefs of corps, Napoleon was able to turn the whole powers of his great intellect to the general plan of his campaign, and to direct the army, which knew no volition but that of this master will, swiftly and certainly to the decisive points of the whole theatre of war. Thus was introduced a system of combined strategy and tactics, which he himself, in words often quoted, has thus described in commenting on the great victory which crowned his first bold advance into Austria at the head of the army trained for conquest at Boulogne—a system in which the successful action was but the crowning point of a series of long marches and able manœuvres:—'La bataille d'Austerlitz elle-même n'est que le résultat du plan de campagne de la Moravie. Dans un art aussi difficile que celui de la guerre, c'est souvent dans le système de campagne qu'on conçoit le système d'une bataille.'

With natural pride the conqueror himself regarded this as his greatest victory. With natural enthusiasm do French historians spend their best pains in recounting the stirring tale. With natural instinct has Baron Ambert, the newest, but by no means the least important of the military writers of his nation, devoted the greater part of the first section of his work to the examination and illustration of its details. Where, if not in this the first, and yet confessedly the masterpiece of Napoleon's battles under the new organisation, shall we find the key to the train of successes which followed? 'Here,' declares the Baron in his preface, 'the tactics were perfect;' and he gives himself to their exposition with all the ardour and completeness to be expected from a trained soldier and skilled writer selected by the Minister of War for the work, aided in it by all the resources of government, and devoted to the dynasty whose empire is based on the memories of the great victory of the 2nd December.

It has been commonly asserted that from his early use of two great secrets, *the use of artillery in masses* and *the increased employment of reserves*, Napoleon's successes in battle followed as matter of course. Baron Ambert is of a very different opinion, and holds that much was due to the special tactical instruction imparted by him and his immediate subordinates to those below them down to the grade of colonel. And this thesis forms part of the groundwork of his treatment of the subject of Austerlitz, when the new mode of fighting was destined to come into open trial against the old. The victory there won was so remarkable that it may well demand an explanation more complete than that afforded by a loose statement of Napoleon's usual mode of fighting. And without following Baron Ambert in his minute elaboration of the details, or agreeing with him in all his deductions, we would give full credit to the consummate care with which his labour has been performed. A better account of a great battle, considered as a military study, cannot possibly be expected; and to such students as would fully comprehend the essential differences between the improved tactics and those derived from the school of Frederick, this book may be thoroughly commended.

The army of France, under the new imperial system, proved itself as fit for combined and ready action in the shock of battle as for the rapid march and quick concentration which had already placed Napoleon's

enemies at such disadvantage in the general campaign. Henceforth the tactics of the soldiers of Austerlitz became the chief model after which all great armies for more than half a century strove. Differences there were in detail according to national custom and habit. The Prussians refused to abandon the method which had first given their nation renown, until the system of Frederick met its final end on the heights of Jena and Auerstadt in the following year. The Russian generals have ever seemed to incline to a closer formation of their divisions than any other nation has adopted. The genius of Wellington developed an order of defensive battle (according to his own admission to Jomini) suited especially for the mixed armies he led, and founded on that marvellous solidity of the English battalions forgotten by Europe till their ancient fame revived at his touch. But an organisation by corps—columns moving independently with connecting detachments between them, changed where convenient into lines, and covered with skirmishers to shake the enemy's order and keep him out of range—cavalry less exposed than of old, yet partly used to connect the movements of the infantry divisions and guard their flanks—reserves increased to a large proportion of the whole force, and strengthened by a powerful artillery—the latter arm greatly augmented, and placed more in mass—a careful occupation of natural obstacles in front by detachments, whilst the bulk of the divisions are sheltered where possible from the enemy's guns—such are the normal rules on which orders of battle were formed down to the time of the Third Napoleon.

Yet the influence of rifled small arms in the Crimean war must not be forgotten. Their murderous effect, as shown at Alma and Inkerman, caused the veteran writer Jomini to re-open the tactical questions which from the era of Austerlitz and Wagram had lain unvexed. His pamphlet appearing soon after the siege of Sebastopol, is prefaced with a theory on that great conflict, since strangely contradicted by American experience:—

'Cette lutte gigantesque entre deux vastes camps retranchés, occupés par des armées entières, et munis de deux mille pièces de canon du plus gros calibre, restera un événement sans précédent dans les siècles passés, comme sans égal aussi dans les siècles à venir, car *les circonstances qui l'ont produit ne sauraient plus se representer.*' (These italics are ours.)

The striking similitude of late events before Richmond to those which he described as 'never to be repeated' does not affect the truth of his subsequent assertion that such contests of 'cannon against ramparts' have no analogy to battles fought in regular order in the heart of a continent. Indeed a fair appeal to officers who have served in open field, as well as in these weary leaguers with their changeless months of skirmish and never-ending trenchwork, would bring strong evidence to show that soldiers long employed in such sieges lose much of the quality of courage which makes them formidable in battle.

Having thus laid down his opinion that such warfare as that of the Crimea should not be looked upon as the rule, Jomini (himself, be it remembered, a soldier of vast practical experience) proceeds to put the question, so vital to the infantry soldier—'Will a whole army henceforward be dispersed as skirmishers?' Doubtless he had here in mind the prophecy of Bülow, whose erratic yet far-seeing genius declared at the very beginning of this century, that the introduction of riflemen in large numbers into the line of battle would cause the latter to be broken up into a mass of tirailleurs and change the whole form of tactics. But Bülow had been a looker-on at the War of Independence in America. He had seen the fatal effect on highly disciplined troops of the fire of rifles from behind cover; and probably making but little allowance for the differences inevitable between conflicts in the tangled woods beyond the Atlantic, and battles on open or highly cultivated plains, sprang hastily to a too general conclusion in his remarkable previsions. Jomini, with fifty years' later information, and a long life devoted to the subject, delivers his conclusions thus (we omit some superfluous remarks):—

1st. 'Que le perfectionnement des armes à feu ne saurait produire un changement notable dans la manière de mener les troupes au combat, *mais qu'il serait utile d'avoir de bons et nombreux tirailleurs, et de bien exercer les troupes au tir.*'

2nd. 'Que, malgré le perfectionnement des armes à feu, deux armées se recontrant et voulant se livrer bataille ne sauraient se fusiller de loin toute une journée; il faudra toujours que l'une des deux se porte en avant pour attaquer l'autre.'

3rd. 'Que dès lors le succès dépendra comme jadis, de la manœuvre la plus habile, selon les principes de la grande tactique, qui consistent *à savoir lancer la masse de ses troupes, au moment opportun, sur le point du champ de bataille qui peut décider de la victoire en y faisant concourir les trois armes simultanément.*

These convictions were given to the world long before the late American war. It is surprising to see how closely they are borne out by those of Colonel Lippitt, whose little work is understood to convey the pith of

the lessons gained by the experience of the Union armies in three years' constant service. So far from countenancing the idea that the superior accuracy and range of the rifle will destroy the value of Napoleon's repeated advice to his marshals, 'Carry your troops well on, and attack the enemy vigorously,' this new authority declares (p. 7)—

'One cause of the *indecisiveness of the results* obtained in many of the battles of the late war, as compared with the great loss of life on both sides, has been, that the opposing battalions were too often kept firing at each other at a distance, both sustaining nearly equal loss, until the ranks were so weakened as to disable either party from making a vigorous and decisive charge.'

And again at p. 12 :—

'The recent improvements in fire-arms must render the fire on a close column of infantry, both by artillery and sharpshooters, still more destructive than it was before. But this sacrifice of life can be prevented to a great extent, by using the columns at a proper time and in a proper manner.'

Finally, in a section on bayonet charges, he commences with the two propositions following :—

(1.) 'When made resolutely, and *without slackening the gait*, bayonet charges have succeeded in nine cases out of ten.

(2.) 'The bayonet is usually more effective than *grape*, *canister*, or *bullets*;'

and adduces four distinct instances from American experience to confirm their truth.

It is not, therefore, it appears, to America that we are to look for battle decided wholly by skirmishers. Although the ill-drilled lines of her volunteer battalions were often so broken from want of cohesion as almost to lose the semblance of their proper formation*, although her forests were, as shown before, the birthplace of that tirailleur practice now grafted on to all systems of tactics —yet the attempt to act entirely in this loose order, without regular supports, resulted only in vast and bloody skirmishes, such as the well-known commander, General Rosecrans, termed 'bushwacking on a great scale.' Certain transatlantic writers are indeed advocates of the introduction into the national militia of some method of training in loose order; but this is on the ground of the peculiarity of their *terrain*. They admit—to use the words of one of these reformers—that 'Europe cannot do this, because the face of the old world, cleared and often unimpeded, demands the retention of old forms, consistent with its features.'

It is to Europe, therefore—to the war which in 1859 gave birth to a new Italy—that we must turn to seek for the highest development which the modern principle of advancing in skirmish order has received. We approach this part of our subject with caution, knowing that upon the use by Louis Napoleon in his campaign of the rifle, of long-range guns, of railroads, of guerilla auxiliaries, theories have been built by sanguine or partially-informed writers such as the facts by no means sustain. Two of the three chief engagements which occurred in 1859 may be, for our purpose, at once put out of sight. For at Magenta the tangled nature of the ground which the Austrians held, the uncertainty as to their position, and the division of the French columns in their passage of the Ticino, prevented any combined attack by Napoleon, and reduced his chief force for great part of the day to a simple defensive; whilst at Montebello, Forey was compelled to act largely on that principle, being very much outnumbered. It is Solferino, therefore, that, regarded in this special view, alone claims attention.

No fairer field could have been offered to the nephew of Napoleon the Great for measuring the strength of the army so long trained in Algeria, than that which the sudden onset of the Austrians here afforded on the very ground made famous by the victories of '96. All round the base of the hill on which stands the historic tower, the Spy of Italy—with its distant views of Castiglione, Lonato, Rivoli, stirring names to a Bonaparte—the slopes, though open, are rough and broken by grassy hillocks. Partly their southward face sinks—almost out of fire—into the famous cavalry parade ground of Medola; partly it is lost in the small field-orchards—Italy's regular cultivation—which stud the fertile plain, stretching far away to Mantua and its lakes. As the heat of the day wore on and the efforts of the defenders of the hill grew slack, it is well known that the skirmishers of Bazaine's division and of Macmahon's whole corps pressed forward in a sweeping semi-circle round the southern slopes; took dexterous advantage of every object that could cover

* To show this to be no vague assertion, the following paragraph is quoted from a recent number of the principal military periodical of the United States, the 'Army and Navy Journal' :—

'An officer of experience, who was in the face of the enemy from the commencement of McClellan's Peninsular Campaign—or Peninsular failure—to the end of the operations before Petersburgh—or our final success—remarks that, in actual conflict, unless our lines formed behind a barricade or protective work of some kind, they very soon resembled, as to relative formation, a "Virginia rail-fence," or a skirmish-line where squads or fours, distinct and irregularly placed, kept up relatively the direction or emplacement of a line.'

a stooping figure; poured in the biting fire of trained marksmen at every defender exposed above terrace or slope; and being steadily fed from their reserves behind wherever any gap appeared, gradually crowned the crest, leapt over the low stone walls which were their mark, and turned the retreat of the Austrian artillerymen into panic flight by shooting down the horses of their batteries. That this movement co-operated powerfully with the more direct attack on the cemetery, and the consequent seizure of the key to the enemy's position, is not to be denied. And it certainly seems fitting that the nation who first had the dexterity to seize from America the idea of the skirmisher, should likewise be the first to bring his use to such perfection.

The capture of the hill of Solferino was the fruit of long light infantry training, improved by experience in rough Algerian skirmish, and stimulated to the utmost quickness consistent with order by the example of the dashing Zouave—the pattern of such soldiers—and by the natural intelligence of the French recruit. A debt of gratitude is due to Colonel Macdougall for that portion of his work (chap. xiii.) in which he so strongly urges that a greater rapidity of movement should be imparted to the infantry of our army, and that their drill should be modified to bring it into general harmony with that extended order which must be more and more used as fire-arms grow deadlier in their effect. That continued firing can take the place of the bayonet we have shown to be very contrary to the belief of those who have seen the latest use of both weapons in America. We may add that Baron Ambert (in the latter and theoretical part of his work) is quite as emphatic on this subject as our transatlantic authorities, or as Jomini himself. More individuality, more of tirailleur fire, more manœuvring, and that of a quicker sort, he does recommend; but he adds, that one consequence of the necessity of remaining the least possible time under the enemy's fire, and of rapid manœuvring, will be to force the two opposing parties to have recourse within a very short time to the use of the bayonet. In short, the training of infantry, it may be safely asserted, must be conformed to a lighter and quicker system of drill, though the general principles in action will remain unaltered.

Colonel Macdougall has devoted a part of his thirteenth chapter to some practical considerations connected with the proposed improvement. The subject was often in the mind of Sir William Napier, himself a distinguished leader of light infantry; and it is a fitting one for the pen of his son-in-law, who dwells much on the practice of his beloved authority in the Peninsula, and the instructions for our volunteers, which may be termed, in a public sense, the last words of the great historian. This portion of Colonel Macdougall's book may be well commended to all who desire to study the subject, and especially to those who would learn how our new legions of self-made riflemen may best be trained for service. Much there is also of value in other portions of the work, but its general design, which is to furnish a complete supplement to the author's well-known 'Theory of War,' lies beyond the scope of our inquiry. His profession, already indebted to Colonel Macdougall for his contributions to military literature, is the more so for this new series of essays, in which may be found an able defence of those military reforms which are admitted to have raised the general character of the service, though the details raise criticism from opposing interests. It is to be regretted that the work has not escaped the defect so common in its class of literature, of following too closely the authorities of the French school of M. Thiers. Exception must also be made to it as regards the promise of its title; for to the subject of Modern Artillery Colonel Macdougall has devoted but very few pages indeed of a substantial octavo. Yet the effect of rifled guns in the field is at this time a matter of as great interest to the soldier as any that can be considered within the range of his professional study.

With regard to new infantry weapons Magenta is admitted to have been no test, though the winning of Solferino has been claimed for the improved arm; and so is it with the rifled gun, which, as is well known, made its first appearance in the field as part of the artillery equipment of the Italian campaign. True it is that, although in the thick orchards round Magenta the new guns proved of small avail, and the trifling losses* reported among the French gunners showed that the French Emperor owed his first victory to other means; yet in Solferino's open ground the rifled cannon answered their projector's expectation. It is distinctly recorded that the Austrian horse-artillery had two batteries dismounted successively in a very brief space by the fire of the new pieces at a range (over 1,600 yards) hitherto quite unused in battle, and so great as to preclude a smooth-bore's reply. It is also certain that the shells which flew over the heights about Solferino

* Only twenty-two artillerymen were killed and wounded in the Imperial Guard, the infantry of which had much fighting.

and San Cassiano reached reserves of the enemy at distances hitherto deemed safe, and shook their confidence before they could come into action. But it is no less so that the cemetery wall was not battered down, but carried by direct infantry attacks, without even using the heavier guns in reserve. And even were this not so certain, the winning of the battle by this particular arm would yet have to be proved.

The question, in fact, is not whether the rifle skirmisher and the long-range gun did good service at Solferino. It is this rather. Did either of these new inventions change or decidedly influence the fortunes of the day? And if this were to be answered by the verdict of the vanquished, it will be found that no intelligent Austrian officer—though admitting the value of these improved weapons—will allow any such deduction. In plain truth, the army of Francis Joseph was so miserably organised, so chance-led as to its general plan, that defeat was inevitable as soon as the battle was well joined with the enemy whom it purposed to surprise. The young Emperor, as is well known, assumed personal control, collected his huge staff to a certain point to give them orders, and then came not to meet them. It is also generally believed, and with truth, that the original disposition of his force into two armies under Schlick and Wimpffen was vicious in itself and directly conducive to disaster. But in Austria there are other strange details to be gathered. It is there stated openly, that in the Emperor's absence, his chief of staff, Hess, took upon himself to attempt a general control, and issued orders in contradiction to those of the two subordinate commanders. Finally—to make confusion worse confounded—the good old Marshal Nugent, present as a volunteer only, forgot in his excitement his true position, and commenced also to give instructions (hardly from his standing and reputation to be disregarded) to the generals of corps. These unhappy men were therefore subjected to command from no less than five different individuals; and every ill that vacillation and doubt could produce followed as of course. The divisions moved with uncertainty, or stood irresolute till too late for their services to avail; whilst the enemy, propelled with the unity of a single will, gathered on and carried the centre of their line. Had the Austrians been armed with the Minié, had their guns been all or partly rifled, had Lauingen not carried his squadrons from the field, the result could have been no other than it was. Napoleon had concentrated three fresh brigades of the Imperial Guard opposite to Solferino at the time that it fell, for whose services he had no need to call, so completely were the defenders of the hill already over-matched. From this battle there is little to be drawn which can support the vision some writers have entertained of an army converted into a vast group of artillery, with a few supports of the other arms to guard their waggons. The authority of Baron Ambert—as we shall presently see—decisively condemns any such conclusion from the experience of the French. And so disappointing has been the experience of rifled guns in the closer fields of America, that General Grant, in very recently laying down the future organisation of the United States artillery, has directed one half of his batteries to retain the simple smooth-bore howitzer known as the Napoleon gun!

In the concluding part of his work, Baron Ambert has very thoroughly laid to rest this vision of an army of artillerymen. He has brought together the opinions of some of the best of Napoleon's generals, to show that the exceeding weight attached to artillery in the last campaigns of the great Conqueror was a sign of decadence rather than improvement—a poor substitute for the juster proportion of arms which he had no time to create anew after the disasters of Russia. Until guns can be served without the accompanying impediments of carriages, limbers, and ammunition waggons—until a battery can be advanced or withdrawn over uncertain ground as easily as the company of foot or troop of horse—artillery, though now raised to the rank of one of the principal arms, can never supersede the others; more especially as it has been shown by trial on such fairly level ground as the plain of Chalons, that the most moderate inequalities are sufficient to shelter infantry from the improved pieces at their distant range.

To post cannon to advantage, with due regard to their defence and the means of withdrawing them, is perhaps the most anxious part of a general's duty in occupying or attacking a position. Its difficulty is ill understood save by artillery officers, or those well trained in tactics. Hence a very frequent source of error as to the strength of positions, and one especially made as regards our late example—Solferino. The hill round the tower has been described as of great strength. It was not really so, since its crest was too narrow for the proper use of the Austrian guns, and the access to it through steep lanes so bad as to make officers unwilling to commit themselves to a defence which they feared would end (as

it partly did in fact), in their finding their retreat intercepted.

Yet the change introduced by the Great Napoleon of massing guns for attack is acknowledged by all to be in the right direction. A concentrated fire is proved not only to do more proportionate damage to the enemy, but to have the effect of protecting the batteries themselves. Colonel Fremantle has taken pains to show that a similar process to the French Emperor's was forced by experience on the artillerists of Lee in the Virginian campaigns. The improved lightness of modern carriages gives marked facilities for such combination, as the superior range now attained permits the front of the army to be swept effectually, and the enemy's columns to be taken in flank—the most formidable direction which can be used—without that subdivision of the batteries heretofore in vogue. This tendency to mass guns for a decisive stroke in battle, with the increased means of transport now available, is a sufficient guarantee that the proportion of artillery in great armies will be fully maintained, though it is not probable that late improvements will cause it to be increased.

It is more difficult to say how far the value of cavalry, as a special arm of the service, may fall as artillery and infantry become more deadly in their action. As of old, so now, the moral influence of a charge of cavalry, fairly made, is very great, on raw troops especially. But both American experience, and that gained at Solferino, point decidedly to the conclusion that the opportunities for such action as this will be very rare in the wars of the future. A body of horse presents an object so much more prominent than the like number of foot, that it must suffer, if exposed, in a largely increased ratio; whilst there is no great advance in speed to be expected, beyond that attained in the early part of this century, to compensate for this fatal defect. Hence it may be asserted that this noble and attractive service must be hereafter modified in its action, remaining more carefully screened from fire than any other part of the force engaged, and acting, on the whole, more specially as a reserve. Ney's fatal error at Waterloo proved for all time the utter uselessness of attempting to crush any part of the line of battle of a firm enemy with cavalry alone. It is not likely that his mistake will be repeated, now that the fire of a square of infantry has become vastly more effective, whilst the charge of the horsemen is in no degree more formidable. The Duke of Cambridge—no mean authority on such a point—has of late expressed publicly the opinion that heavy cavalry may, at no distant date, be found useless in the field. We trust that efforts will not be spared to form our own regiments into a more practically equipped body fit rather for real service than maintained for show. Such measures as these are really needful in the case of the most expensive force a country maintains.

It is a hopeful sign of the activity pervading the whole army that the present time sees published such a work as that of General Smith on the special subject of the use of cavalry and horse artillery. The book itself is so technical in its construction as to forbid its being noticed here at length. Yet its suggestions appear well weighed, and fully worth the consideration of all students belonging to these arms: albeit the most prominent of these, the practical abolition of the second rank, is one of old date, and liable to serious objections. General Smith is naturally anxious to combat the opinions which throw discredit on the future value of our horse; and he does so ably. Let him and other officers who share this feeling take comfort from the last words of Colonel Lippitt's work, which expressly repeat the old maxim that cavalry is necessary 'to complete the victory and secure its fruits.' Whilst a horseman can go faster than a dismounted fugitive, whilst vedette and escort service can be better conducted by light cavalry than any other form of human agency, an army, to be complete, must have its share of this peculiar arm. Deprived of it even for a time, the best general may run blindly on to defeat, as Lee proved to his cost when, all ignorant of his adversary's strength, he drew near the fatal hills of Gettysburg. But General Smith and other distinguished sabreurs should use their personal efforts for the practical reform of our dragoons in equipment and drill. Let them especially get rid of such mistakes as the sham charges on a square—a folly long since condemned by that great practical tactician Marmont, and (without sufficient acknowledgment, we fear) by Macdougall and other writers who adopt the view of the Marshal.

We are brought here naturally to consider the use of one great addition to modern tactics, springing from the American war—the only special creation, as it seems, which American generals have added or rather restored to our stock, viz. bodies of mounted infantry. This arm, the original 'dragoon' of the wars of the 16th and 17th centuries, was designed originally for the purpose of rapidly marching to occupy and defend distant positions, or of outmanœuvring the enemy by moving swiftly to his flank a part

of the troops apparently engaged on his front. In such a mode did Johnston, Bragg, and Sherman chiefly employ their horse. By it also Sheridan (on his final junction with Grant in the spring) bringing up and dismounting suddenly 9,000 additional men on the extreme right of the Petersburg defences, outnumbered the besieged by the free use of this reinforcement, turned the detached work at first stoutly held by the troops of Anderson, won the battle of Five Forks, and finished the siege at a blow.

The restoration of the dragoon proper—a creature long extinct in Europe—is a fitting subject for military administrators to weigh. The practical difficulties which beset the attempt to create and maintain in its integrity such a force, are fully set forth by Marmont, and a perusal of his pithy remarks will at once show why it is so much harder a task among the standing armies of Europe, than with the rough farmer-troopers of Wisconsin and Illinois.

'There is (says the Marshal) a fourth kind of mounted troops, whose institution is of very ancient date, and which has, in some unaccountable manner, undergone a complete perversion: I refer to dragoons. Originally they were nothing but mounted infantry; they ought always to have retained that character. As such, dragoons might render immense service in thousands of circumstances; in detachments, for surprises; in retrograde movements, and especially in pursuits. But in accordance with the object of their institution they should be mounted on horses too small for a formation in line, otherwise the intrigues and pretensions of their colonels will soon convert them into cavalry, and they will become bad infantry and bad cavalry.

. . . . . .

'There is, I repeat, no more useful institution than that of dragoons, but then they must not be diverted from their right use. Their horses should be small, as I have already stated; their harness and the equipment of both men and horses should be solely calculated for the easy and rapid service of real infantry, armed with good muskets and bayonets, and well provided with ammunition. Dragoons, in fact, should be clothed and shod so as to be able to march with facility.'

The increased use of fieldworks visible in the American campaigns is now admitted to be as much the consequence of the peculiarities of the *terrain* and troops engaged on it, as of the increased range of firearms. Nevertheless, the subject should not be omitted in even a summary view of the progress of tactics. A late article in this journal* has explained how the woods of Virginia were utilized by the Union and Confederate armies. Yet this knowledge of the value of breastworks was wanting to Grant himself in his early days, as we see by his surprise at Shiloh, which a few hours' labour with the axe would have prevented. European generals can have but little experience of forest warfare. Yet the mere account of it, now familiar by report, would have sufficed to save even the slow leaders of Austria from their surprise and disgrace among the pine woods of Hohenlinden.

How easily these ready protections of an army can be improved by modern appliances and engineering skill so as to take the character of fortresses, has been remarkably illustrated by the successive sieges of Sebastopol, Düppel, and Petersburg. The Professional Papers of the Royal Engineers contain the first detailed notice of the works of the latter place that has been anywhere published. This monograph, by Lieutenant Featherstonehaugh, deserves our notice for its valuable account of that system of rifle-pits, which is destined henceforward to play an important part not only in regular sieges, but wherever an intrenched position is taken up. Judging by its contents, it would seem that the younger members of the scientific corps do not intend to let its old reputation decay, or their observation lag behind the age.

In passing from the consideration of tactics and the changes that art is undergoing, it seems necessary to refute but one more popular error which has been countenanced by names lent to it with perhaps injudicious haste. It has been said that the rapid multiplying of railways and their depôts must tend to modify the conditions under which troops are brought into action. In so far as this relates to their actual collision, this is plainly an error. Cuttings, embankments, crossings, bridges, are none of them new creations. The defence of a railroad station is that merely of a building of certain size, and involves no new principles. Had the increasing wealth of civilised countries not spent itself in this way, it would have found—as it still finds—other outlets in favour of planting, building, draining, which would change particular fields of combat, but in no way affect a certain system already adapted for seizing or for maintaining a given position, or show that it could be, as a whole, altered for the better. The idea, baseless when viewed in this light, has been supported by the alleged winning of the battle of Montebello by the French as a consequence of their actual use of a railway to bring up reinforcements; and the employment of trains

* Edinburgh Review, January 1865.

during a single action has been mixed up with the general notion of the value of railroads for battle purposes. Space does not allow us to follow out the details of the affair where Forey won his reputation. It is enough to say that Rüstow (an able writer and, as between Emperor and Kaiser, thoroughly impartial) denies in his work this pretended cause of the defeat of the Austrians, and ascribes it simply to the well-known want of resource and self-possession which has for the last eighty years constantly marked their general officers when detached. It may be added that the long annals of the American war give no reason to believe that we are near the day when commanders will arrange their order of battle with a view to bring their troops under fire by train.

Far otherwise is it as regards the greater combinations of war. The wondrous facilities which steam conveyance and the electric telegraph afford for transporting and collecting troops and supplies seem to promise almost as great a revolution in strategy, as gunpowder is admitted to have made in tactics. If (as has been shown in the earlier portion of this paper) it was mainly the change for the better in land-carriage and cultivation which enabled two minds of a different order of genius to reap suddenly, in 1796, the full advantages which a century's progress had wrought—if it was indeed the result of increasing civilization that Napoleon's strategy ranks so far above that of Frederick, and the Archduke Charles's above that of Charles of Lorraine—what may be expected when the full powers lately developed in the growth of wealth, the freedom of communication, the rapid transmission of intelligence, are wielded by high ability in the interests of war? What, in short, may be read in the history of the close of the American struggle—in the utter crushing of the splendid resistance offered by the South — more striking than the lesson that the advantage of superiority in population, in manufacturing power, and material wealth is increased beyond all former belief by the new resources of the railroad and steam fleet? See, for an example, how the well-maintained lines of the Federals turned the whole tide of the western campaigns by the reinforcements brought up after the defeat of Chickamauga. On the other hand, view the impotent state of the Confederate armies for any joint operation—as for the relief of Vicksburg—when the waste of war and the strict blockade caused their roads to fall bit by bit out of repair.

The least observation of these phases of that gigantic contest, added to what we have lately seen in Italy and Denmark, is sufficient to show a great change to come in future European wars. Old lines of defence must vanish, bases formerly distant be brought near, concentration of great masses be the rule rather than the exception, months of preparation and of movement be contracted into days. As regards the strategy of purely inland campaigns, railroads and telegraphs, it may be freely assumed, will be soon so multiplied that their effect will be felt in this way wherever civilisation extends. This will be generally admitted. But it is not so apparent at first that a similar change may be expected wherever the theatre of war is open to approach by navigation. In spite of Crimean experience, and of the marvels worked by Grant when he had once felt his way to the true use of his steam transports, few are aware how immensely the naval Powers of the world have augmented the striking force of their armies by the improvements in their fleets. France has been long the most formidable of neighbours: but it is not too much to say that her present policy of amity with England, and the undisputed rank of her navy as the second in Europe, has doubled at the very least her warlike means against all the other Continental Powers.

Attractive as the subject of strategy is to many intellects, it is to be regretted that its study has been so limited among ourselves that its first principles have to be forced upon the public at every separate occasion. Partly this has been due to the very strict attention of the best of our officers to the details of their own branches of the service — branches from which they rarely, in the scientific corps never, are removed. In the old United States army this was better managed: officers were trained more completely for the different arms; and the highest parts of a soldier's profession were not altogether overlooked at Westpoint as they still are at Woolwich. And as cabinets, however able, must generally, when entering on war, be dependent for their greater combinations on the private or official opinion of professional soldiers, it is not surprising that the views which have guided our own on certain recent emergencies have too often seemed narrow and ill-chosen. Federal generals failed at the first from want of proper material wherewith to execute their designs. Yet the early reports of M'Clellan, Halleck, and Sherman were as broad and luminous as the proceedings of the British Government at the opening of the Crimean war were meagre and uncertain.

In our own errors we may be in some sort comforted by observing how utterly unable certain other Powers are to understand the present realities of war. The existing occupation of the Quadrilateral by Austria is simply as monstrous an error—if it really be a defensive measure—as was ever perpetrated by Mack or Weyrother. With the Adriatic open behind to a French fleet, with the neutrality of England secured, the value of the once potent line of Mantua and Verona is gone. The garrisons which would be turned by an army thrown by steam into Venetia would only be lost to the Austrian Empire. *As a base for the offensive against Italy*, the Quadrilateral is, on the other hand (as Radetski proved), simply invaluable. This is the menace against which Italy maintains her monstrous army: for this all Europe is kept in uneasiness and suspense. But the true line of defence for Austria Proper is now that of her mountains. In keeping it advanced to the Po she either has secretly in view an aggressive and dangerous policy, or she is still the most shortsighted and blundering strategist of the age.

The complaint often made by English officers of the want of a comprehensive and accessible guide to the study of the higher branches of their profession has hitherto been just. The elaborate works of Napoleon, the Archduke Charles, Clausewitz, and Jomini on strategy, of Bülow, Hardegg, Decker, De Ternay, and Lallemand on tactics, would fill a library; so copious are their contents, and so laden with historical and critical dissertations. To condense their spirit and modify their precepts to suit the requirements of a progressive age, has been nowhere attempted in our language, if we except Macdougall's 'Theory of War,' a work too slight, incomplete, and unfinished—as we judge by his new publication—to satisfy the author, and yet too abstract in its method of treatment for the practical soldier. The want will be in great part supplied by the forthcoming 'Military Operations' of Colonel Hamley, who has used his rare opportunities well, if we may judge by that first portion of his book which we have been enabled to peruse. Though intended for the professional student, to whom its publication will be a real boon, this volume is so stripped of dry technicality, and made so luminous by the author's brilliancy of style, that all general readers who would raise their knowledge of modern warfare above that dead level implied by a trust in the gorgeous but inaccurate history of Alison would do well to see for themselves in its pages how armies are really subsisted, moved, and fought.

Englishmen, let us add in conclusion, need not be ashamed to interest themselves in the improvement of their military force. The existence of standing armies is a fact statesmen cannot afford to overlook; and our countrymen should take care that their own is neither petted into indolence, nor suffered to decay from neglect. The spirit of progress is thoroughly awakened in our soldiers. Let it be permitted to work out its honest fruits without discouragement, that the nation, grown more liberal in their treatment, may find a due reward in troops excelling all others in skill and readiness as well as in courage and devotion. Let it be remembered that much lost ground had to be recovered in our army, due partly to a spirit of false economy, and partly to what we must hold to be the mistaken views of Wellington in his old age. During the latter years of his military rule, it is too apparent (despite of Mr. Gleig's able defence of his hero), that the dead weight of a mighty name opposed to all reform or change crushed out the active life of every portion of the service.

Even the mild and colourless *régime* of Lord Hardinge revived the military spirit in some degree. Then came our bitter lessons in the field, Varna's pestilential marshes, Balaclava's freezing heights. The nation was fairly awakened to a sense of what was due to the military service; and the work of reform began. Whether under a succession of good but worn-out warriors of the Peninsula we should have been able to show the proofs of progress which every arm now bears, is a question we will not attempt to determine here. In looking back on the late history of our Horse Guards it is plain that too many of those honoured veterans came of a school in which reform was held in odium and improvement deemed impossible. While such men held office or advised Ministers, the army fell behind the rest of the nation, and the safety of England's future was allowed to rest on the glories of the past.

Such is not the spirit that at present rules the British Army. It is not our purpose to eulogise the Prince who holds the highest commission in the service, or to pretend that his administration is faultless. But, on the whole, it is progressive, just, and active; and its care is felt to extend from the education of the staff officer to the teaching of the soldier's child. Under it the service is advancing to its proper place in the State, improving in the day of rest, and preparing to answer the call for action without un-

readiness or mistakes. Long may it so advance, that the soldier may find his profession honoured by his countrymen in time of peace, and that in war the national courage which bore the Six Hundred to their death at Balaclava may be guided by the science from which their chiefs might have learnt how brave men's lives should be used!

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ART. VI.—*Transylvania; its Products and its People.* By CHARLES BONER. London: 1865.

A DISTANT little commonwealth readily kindles the sympathy of the English public. Its historical traditions, its struggles for independence against foreign invaders, and for civil liberty against its own sovereigns, ensure it a place in the hearts of free nations. But this, which is true of most countries in the position of Transylvania, is peculiarly true of Transylvania itself. This petty state, now an outlying principality of the Austrian Empire, has been rarely visited and is very imperfectly known. Most travellers fancy it merely a continuation of Hungary; and they think they have seen enough of Christian Europe in the East when they have gone from Vienna to Pesth. Transylvania has been shut out from the rest of Europe by nature, as well as by adventitious circumstances. It lies almost as much isolated from Hungary as Hungary is said to be isolated from the rest of Europe. Shut in on nearly all sides by the Carpathians, flanked by Wallachia on the south and by Moldavia on the east, it might be supposed to be nearly out of reach of the influences of Western civilisation. In point of fact, however, it has contributed many events to universal history: it has shared in resisting Turkish domination and invasion, and has aided in the decision of several contests between Austria and Hungary. These Transylvanians, a community of little more than two millions, consist of at least three distinct nationalities, of which the Wallachs or Roumains are the most numerous, while the Magyars and the Germans are foremost in position and intelligence. The sharp contrasts and jealousies that subsist between them do not prevent them from constituting a single people. The distinctions of race and manners continue, but the political unity remains indestructible.

Mr. Boner has written a work upon this country, which is entitled to attention as a laborious and apparently faithful description of it. He spares no pains to arrive at the truth. He does not profess to know everything that concerns his subject, and freely acknowledges where he is in doubt. He seems to have mingled with all classes and with each nation, though more especially with the Saxons. He went to Transylvania chiefly for its sports; but he does not seek to fill us with admiration for his exploits; nor does he return to his own country laden in triumph with the skins of bears that others may have shot.

We commend, therefore, this book to the public on the ground that the author shows himself so singularly devoid of the ordinary characteristics of a traveller. But of the composition of the book itself it is impossible to speak in terms of praise. What is told to us might have been told in half the number of pages. The style is equally feeble and verbose; observations and reflections are continually reproduced; and there is a great want of method and arrangement throughout those chapters which treat of the condition of the people. But it is hard to quarrel with a chamois-hunter from the Bavarian Alps. Good writers are less scarce among our own countrymen than good Alpine hunters; and Mr. Boner's work at any rate deserves notice for the information it contains.

At the present moment, Transylvania holds a prominent place in the constitutional question that is impending over the Austrian Empire. Her Diet has just been consulted in reference to the hardest of all the problems of domestic statemanship that are now before the world. A composite monarchy, formed of four cardinal varieties of race, with moral antipathies as sharp as the contrast of their physical origin, and with still more numerous distinctions of traditionary government, has just begun anew the task of reconciling prescription with centralisation, local constitutions with a uniform representative system, and the separate rights of each nation and state with the superiority of the German element. Transylvania is to a certain extent a microcosm of the Austrian Empire. It has been seen that she is nearly as much divided in point of race and antipathy as Austria herself; and yet there is no question of a political dissolution in Transylvania, but only a question of further amalgamation with Hungary. Her example is at this moment instructive; and it affords perhaps an encouraging precedent to the advocates of some kind of parliamentary

union for the whole Empire. It may be useful, therefore, to study Transylvania.*

Mr. Boner thus states, on the authority of Bielz, the population of this little country. The whole number is 2,062,000. Of these, 1,227,000, or a majority of the whole, are Roumains. There 536,000 Magyars and Szeklers; 192,000 Germans; 78,000 Gipsies; 15,000 Jews; and a few thousand Armenians and Sclaves. It appears that the Roumains or Wallachs, in spite of their numbers, possess less influence in government than either of the two other civilised nationalities; and that the Germans hold nearly an equal share of authority with the Hungarians, though little more than a third of their number. Meanwhile, they are content to carry on a political co-existence. The parallel between Transylvania and the Austrian Empire may in one sense be more specious than real; for the mutual resentments of the Transylvanians spring from an older date; and time has done much to wear them away. But nevertheless the example of Transylvania ought to save Austrian statesmen from despair.

Mr. Boner fills several of his chapters with a historical view of the migrations which have led to the present collocation of races in the 'land beyond the forest.' It may be worth while to follow him very briefly, in order to show how the present Transylvania has come to exist. He finds the Dacians, the first historical inhabitants, attracting the notice of the Romans by impolitic forays, and at length subdued and converted into a Roman province by the victories of Trajan. A hundred and fifty years of imperial rule, after which the province was flung away, fused this people with the Latins in point of race, language, and institutions. With these Dacians, or Daco-Romans, Sclaves and Germans mingled and intermarried in the ninth and tenth centuries. The present Wallachs of Transylvania appear to represent these successive fusions; and as descendants of the Dacians are to be held representatives of the original inhabitants. The successive invasions of the Goths and the Tartars seem to have left no stamp on the population. But the Huns, who entered in the fourth century, and the Magyars, in the ninth, still remain in the country. The former are apparently the ancestors of the present Szeklers, and the latter retain their name unchanged. Neither race has mixed with the other, nor with the Wallachs; but the Szeklers resemble the Magyars in spirit and character, and combine with them in public affairs, closely enough to be pardonably confused together.

The settlement of Transylvania, in much of its present form of government, dates from the year 1000. A Vayvode, or viceroy, ruled it in the name of the Magyar kings of Hungary. The Saxon immigration then followed. There was a large territory stated to be a desert. The Magyar kings invited foreigners to colonise a region which the Crusaders had made known to Saxon and Flemish adventurers. While Conrad III. and Barbarossa wore the imperial purple, successive bands of colonists came from Germany and the Low Countries. They took the rank of freemen, acquired an exemption from the rule of the Magyar Vayvode, and chose their own judges. Thus it probably arises that the descendants of these colonists of Transylvania still preserve the essential impress of the German character. The seven burghs built by their ancestors for protection, of which Hermannstadt is the chief, are still called the Sieben Bürgen. Mr. Boner here offers a singular evidence of the identity of the race, after seven centuries of isolation. He finds in their vocabulary many German words, now generally obsolete, which are elsewhere in use only among the peasantry on the Lower Rhine. Hence he assumes that the immigrants largely came from that part of Germany. Had he given us a few examples of the coincidence, it would have been more interesting. Parallels, however, to this in-

* The most valuable essay we have seen on this subject, which is the key to Austrian politics, is entitled 'Die Nationalität Frage,' by Baron Joseph Eötvös—the most cultivated and judicious member of the patriotic party in Hungary. The doctrine of nationalities—by which we understand, the right of a majority of persons belonging to a peculiar race and language to be governed by themselves only, and not by any extraneous authority—leads not only to the dissolution of so composite a fabric as the Austrian Empire, but to the dissolution of each separate kingdom in that Empire into separate districts, and of each district into separate villages, so various are the races of men in those regions held together solely by the imperial authority. This extravagant doctrine has found partisans in Hungary; but no argument can be used by the Magyars to justify their severance from the other dominions of the Empire, which may not be urged with equal force by the Wallachs, Sclavons, Szeklers, Saxons, and Croatians against Magyar ascendancy in Hungary and the adjacent principalities. Baron Eötvös has discussed this problem in a rational and comprehensive spirit, and although we have no desire to plunge our readers in the depths of Hungarian constitutional law, we can very confidently recommend those who are interested in the subject to read his pamphlet. At the moment we consign these lines to the press we cordially rejoice to learn that the Emperor-King has once more been received at Pesth with the enthusiastic loyalty of a gallant people, and we trust that he is about to enter upon that system of true constitutional government which can alone permanently attach these provinces to his crown.

stance of lingering identity of language are not wanting in the migrations of other races.

One of the best and clearest chapters of this work is that in which the author traces the gradual reconciliation of the three races that thus divided Transylvania between them in the Middle Ages. He describes the Magyars as the nobles, the chief landowners, and the principal rulers of the country. They, though not the original inhabitants, were the Eupatridæ. The Saxons were divided between yeomen in the country, and burghers in the towns of their own building. The former were animated by feelings of contempt and ambition; the latter by hatred and mistrust. The Wallachs, on the other hand, before they subsided into the recognised relation of serfs to the Magyar and Szekler landowners, were chiefly mountain bandits, living by forays on the lands of the other races.

'In the mountainous district of the Alt (says Mr. Boner), dwelt Wallach hordes, who, when peace reigned, roved down into the vales, settled there, and became serfs on the lands of the Hungarian nobles. They were a wild, uncultivated people, without a sense even of law or property. They drove their herds on the pastures of the Saxons; they pillaged, burnt, and murdered. The Saxons killed them where they could, as they would slay a wolf near a fold. This could not last, and peace was agreed on—the Wallachs promising no longer to commit their depredations, not to carry bow or arrow save in case of necessity, and to harbour no murderer, incendiary, or robber. He who did so was to be burnt with the culprit. . . . . Such severity was the only means of obtaining security; and even now may be seen gallows along the roadside, and all along the hilly banks of the Maros from Toplitza downwards, erected quite recently, on which to hang incendiaries whom lynch-law had condemned.' (P. 100.)

Mr. Boner describes the Wallachs as retaining their idiosyncrasy in this generation:—

'A Wallach peasant of to-day will take all the fruit in your garden or orchard—he having none, and being too indolent to cultivate any; and on remonstrating with him, he will not allow it as a theft; "for what God makes grow must belong to him as much as to you." By the same mode of reasoning he steals now—as he did three hundred years ago—the trees from his neighbour's forest, and drives his herds on their carefully-kept meadow.' (P. 101.)

But while the Wallachs thus gradually became peaceable serfs, and the Magyars remained without progress, though with their former national superiority, the Saxons grew in wealth and freedom. Their rights were formally defined by charter from Andrew II., King of Hungary and Transylvania, in 1224. So considerable was their opulence, that they made public loans, paid large war contributions, and built the cities of Transylvania. Mr. Boner, however, finds trade far less flourishing now than in the Middle Ages, and he ascribes this decline in the prosperity of the Saxons in great measure to the change in the route to the East. That change, no doubt, completed their political and commercial isolation.

These being the relations of the Saxons with the Wallachs, it does not appear that the former were much more friendly with the Magyars, although the civilisation of either race rendered actual hostility only an exceptional condition:—

'We have seen with what determination Hermannstadt opposed the admission of the Hungarians to settle within its walls. At first, this jealousy may seem illiberal, and at the present day it would be so; but in their then position the precaution was a wise one, as the fall of Klausenburg showed. The town was Saxon; but gradually other settlers came, and were admitted. At first being there merely on sufferance, they lived together apart from the rest, as the name Ungar Gasse (Hungarian Street) still shows. But it soon grew otherwise. . . . . At a later period, a great part of the remaining Saxon population voluntarily emigrated when Unitarianism began to spread. The doctrine was so hateful to the Lutherans that they fled before it as they would from a pestilence. This abandonment of their old dwelling-place was the complement; and Klausenburg, from a Saxon, became a Hungarian town.' (P. 106.)

The distinctive character of Transylvania, as a country of itself, appears to date from the battle of Mohacs. Transylvania was then exempted from the fate of Hungary: its government began to assume an independence: and the three nations formed a compact to stand by each other in the face of a general danger. Notwithstanding foreign wars and domestic tyrannies, the fact of a common nationality appears from that time never to have been lost by the three races.

We turn to a lighter theme. Mr. Boner tells us little of the Wallachs, and less of the Magyars. His heart seems to have been among the Saxon peasantry. His panegyric is somewhat magnanimous too; for although he received ready hospitality from the clergy, he was more than once taken for a spy by the farmers. Even one or two of the Lutheran clergy smiled over the simplicity of his assertion that he came to Transylvania merely to shoot their bears and wolves, and to write a book. The contrast in the turn of mind of the Saxon and the Magyar is here pretty clearly defined. The Saxon, he says, is commonly suspicious. He wonders what you are, and doubts

whether it is prudent to be very open with you. The Magyar, on the contrary, even among the class of peasants, carries his confidence and hospitality to an extreme that would surprise more civilised nations. In this primitive country the usage of the whole community is to entertain a stranger; and it is accounted a slur upon all if he goes to an inn. The joint-stock hotel system would certainly not flourish in Transylvania. Mr. Boner, however, thus illustrates the different degrees of hospitality between the two races. The Saxon, reasonably enough, will receive you only when it is convenient to him. But the Magyar peasant, who meets a stranger in his village as he is going to his work with the key of his cottage in his pocket, gives him his key, bids him make the cottage his own while he is away, and promises to return to his unknown guest as soon as his work is done. Mr. Boner seems to have himself accepted with admirable adaptation this embarrassing hospitality. Surely this must be a land on earth where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves neither break through nor steal.

In point of manners a corresponding distinction seems to prevail between the two peoples. The Magyar, even in the humbler classes of life, has much of the easy bearing of a gentleman; while the Saxon peasant is a hospitable boor, and the Saxon burgher a man of plain but not polished manners. Those who know the Magyars of Hungary—and travellers in that country are more numerous than in Transylvania—can readily believe the former assertion. The explanation is probably similar to that which is commonly given of what may be termed the national deportment of the Turk. The sense of superiority is habitual; the fact of it is traditional. The Magyar bears arms by profession; he is noble by origin; and though Turkish law nominally excludes distinctions of rank, the very essence of the Turkish system rests in a national and military nobility, into which, however, it is ready to include the peasants of Christian races. The Turk, indeed, is grave, while the Magyar is often gay; but these two Asiatic races, while they have done less for civilisation and humanity than any European nation, seem among almost all classes to derive a distinguishing manner from a conscious superiority.

Leaving the Magyars with incidental remarks, Mr. Boner turns to the Saxon peasantry and their customs. He fills a curious chapter with an account of the laxity of their marriage-laws. The Lutheran Church is well known to be less strict on this head than either the Roman Catholic or our own. The usages existing in Transylvania, however, far exceed the license permissible in Prussia. Marriage among the Transylvanian Saxons amounts to little more than a consensual contract. Rapid separations are a matter of course; and divorces are afterwards granted on the slightest pretence. There is a ready explanation, however, of this discord in married life. Love-marriages are almost unknown. In spite of the apparent simplicity of the Saxon character, greed is the predominant motive in the choice of a husband. Saxon girls are married almost as early as Circassian victims used to be deported to the seraglio on the Bosporus. To marry her well and be rid of her is a Saxon peasant's supreme notion of his duty to his daughter. Mr. Boner tells the following story:—

'Of the system pursued by the Saxon peasantry in the marriage of their children, I was enabled to judge during a stay in one of their more considerable villages. One evening, on going into the room in which the family were assembled, I found the daughter, a girl of fourteen years and a half crying bitterly. On enquiry, the father related that she that day had had an offer of marriage, and refused to accept it. He was in a great fury, and told the girl that, if in two days she did not change her mind, he would give her a good thrashing. . . . . The wooer, he said, was the very best match in the village—a young fellow, active, and good looking. Who could know if Margaret would ever get such an offer again?' (P. 480.)

This incomparable suitor had shortly before married another girl of sixteen, 'as mild, meek, and gentle as she was pretty;' he had been separated from her just after the honeymoon, and had gained a divorce on the simple ground of the *varium et mutabile*, which does not seem in Transylvania to form any special characteristic of ladies. 'He had known nothing of the girl previously,' says Mr. Boner; 'but among the Saxons this is of no importance.'

'This is an average specimen (he continues) of Saxon wife-choosing and betrothal among the peasantry. The father himself told me, first, that the marriage would hardly prove a happy one, and that he would in such case soon have a separation. A wife or a husband is a thing which, should circumstances incline that way, may for convenience' sake be put aside or changed at pleasure.

'It often astonished me to find those persons with whom I spoke about the frequency of divorce treat the subject as one of far less importance than assuredly it really is. Divorce is a thing of such every-day occurrence, is decided on so lightly, and allowed so easily, that it has become a marked feature—indeed, a

component part—of rural Saxon life. A separation of husband and wife after three, four, or six weeks' marriage, is nothing strange; and the woman divorced will frequently want six or eight months of being sixteen.' (P. 483.)

Mr. Boner mentions another village in which the same practice appeared to have become a system. Here there were sixteen marriages in the course of the year; but at the end of it only six couples were living together. In a third village eleven weddings were fixed for celebration at the same time; and the clergyman, who seems to have taken a misanthropical, though apparently not ill-founded view of Transylvanian humanity, predicted as many separations and divorces in a very short time afterwards. Mr. Layard somewhere tells a story of a Sheikh who lived in a perpetual honeymoon by marrying a fresh wife every fortnight, and throwing off the discarded lady on a courtier. But what in Mesopotamia was merely the luxury of a chief, appears in Transylvania to be a sort of domestic right brought home to every clodhopper's door.

Mr. Boner's chapter on the practice of Transylvanian divorce is as curious as his story of the misadventures of marriage. He says that the one thing is so certain an incident of the other, that divorce is calmly discussed by the young lady's family before the marriage takes place. Instead of being a terrible contingency that every mind on the occasion of a wedding refuses to contemplate, the probability—we should say the moral certainty—of the event is plainly put forward as dissipating all objections to the prudence of the marriage contract. 'Try to like him,' says the father to his daughter of only fourteen, in answer to her objections; 'and if later you find you can't do so, well, I'll have you separated.' It appears that on the basis of this cheerful compromise many repugnances are surmounted. But a short experience is enough. The lady pleads 'insuperable dislike.' In our own country a plea of this sort is held sufficient to break off a courtship; but of this antecedent sentimentality nothing is known in Transylvania; and what is a ground of rupture for a courtship here becomes a ground of separation there. The separation, too, appears to be nearly always followed by a formal divorce, as a logical sequence. Either party then immediately marries again.

The preliminary, however, is a separation; and it is arrived at by any of the following vague and easy pretexts:—

'I have before me a list of separations that took place in twenty villages of one district in 1860, 1861, and 1862; and the cause assigned in each case. The number in each case was 30, 35, and 35 respectively. "Antipathy" is the reason most frequently given. "Compulsion to marry" comes next [this, however, is illusory]; then "drunkenness;" "insuperable disgust;" "ill-treatment;" "staying out at night;" and "groundless complaining" (!) fill up the list of matrimonial grievances. One reason is a very droll one—it is "Augenverdrehen," which means that the party, he or she, rolled about his eyes. Another is "the wife's stubborn ways;" one "the drunkenness of the father-in-law," which was certainly rather hard on the young couple.'

The observation of Mr. Boner's clerical informant serves to afford a tolerably significant explanation of the use that is made of some of these pretexts. 'A clergyman told me he had observed that the mutual complaints were most frequent after the vintage, when there was wine in the cellar.' The discovery may diminish our surprise for 'the rolling eyes' of these hypercritical Transylvanian couples, although it may not account for the clearness of vision on either side that detected the vinous influence on the other.

Graver or more rational grounds of separation are rarely met with. Infidelity appears to be seldom alleged against the husband in rural districts, and never against the wife. Indeed, when we consider the ordinary duration of the marriage contract, it would be monstrous if this were otherwise. But in the towns the same six months' virtue, according to Mr. Boner, does not appear to prevail; and the most practical reason for its observance in country villages appears to be, that there is no help for it. There is, however, one commendable trait to be found among the conjugal relations of the Saxons of Transylvania; and it deserves to be noted in their favour. Having divorced in haste, they occasionally repent at leisure. Failing to find other eyes that do not roll, the divorced parties are now and then married again to each other.

The law which permits of these vagaries would seem inconceivable in any Christian commonwealth. Mr. Boner unfortunately does not state it with any precision. Under the patent of 1786, however, the pastor appears to possess singly the right of decreeing judicial separation. The court of divorce, on the other hand, is composed of a certain number of neighbouring clergymen; and it appears to be armed with widely discretionary powers. For instance, it may make a decree for the restitution of conjugal rights, and put under arrest the recalcitrant husband who refuses to return to his wife. Mr. Boner does not state in what

cases the court or the pastor puts such a decree in force; but if 'rolling eyes' are a good ground for a divorce, he leaves us rather at a loss to conceive the triviality of the pretext which is to be rejected. Again, the ecclesiastical court will intervene to prevent the re-marriage of a 'husband who is of depraved character,' for several years. But, taken as a whole, the patent of 1786 may be regarded as a fair instance of the expedients by which Joseph II. endeavoured to satisfy, by means of social freedoms, the populations whom he deprived of their hereditary rights in government.

The author is by no means disposed to spare the political weaknesses of the Magyars or Hungarians :—

'With the Hungarian (he observes), every question becomes crystallised into one of nationality: this warps his judgment; for he thus regards even those which are most diverging from one sole special point of view. Argument is then at an end, and a rabid state begins.' (P. 551.)

Elsewhere Mr. Boner remarks :—

'The bitter feeling existing among the Hungarians towards the German population is so intense, that, in all concerning the latter, it utterly blinds and deprives them of the capacity to form a reasonable judgment.

'I know nothing like it, except the fanatical antipathy of the Protestants against the Catholics, as it existed in England some years ago, which distorted every circumstance relating to the other creed. [He might have added that the antipathy was reciprocal.] For all the Saxons do, the Hungarians see the worst and most inimical motives: indeed, you will never by any chance hear a Hungarian speak well —he always speaks villanously ill of any political opponent. On every other point he is sensible; but though he decries inconsistency and anything like injustice in others, he is in politics the most unjust and unreasonable being you can find.' (P. 545.)

The Saxons, on the other hand, according to Mr. Boner, evince some generosity in their appreciation of the great qualities of their rivals. Nor is this, after all, very surprising. Where political matters are in question, the social and intellectual superiority of the Hungarian acquires its full play. The Saxon is to the Hungarian very much what the tradesman who enters Parliament in middle life is to the trained party debater. The confession, however, which the Saxon makes of his political inferiority seems to be without any feeling of jealousy. 'The Hungarians,' say the Saxons in Mr. Boner's words, 'are greatly superior to ourselves in political education, they are quicker to perceive the bearing of a great question, and far more dexterous in handling it. As public speakers there is no comparison between them and us. The Hungarian is eloquent, and by his fire and ardour carries his hearers irresistibly along with him.'

This portraiture of the public qualities of the Magyar will be recognised as discerning and just. Had he the suppleness which is requisite in such circumstances to utilise them, the Magyar would be the uncontested leader of the whole community, both in Hungary and Transylvania. The real principle of English Whiggism, in its palmier days at least, that a powerful and intelligent minority should govern, at once in the name of the people and in opposition to the throne, is precisely that which ought to have been grasped by the leading men of a leading nationality. There have been a few leaders, no doubt, simultaneously with our own reforming period, of that type—men such as Szechényi and Wesselényi. The great majority, however, were unyielding oligarchs; and the most liberal of their leaders, Kossuth, must, by the way, have been of Sclavonic race, to judge from the tolerably clear evidence of the Sclavonic etymology of his name.*

The Magyar of Transylvania, however, is not content, it seems, with holding aloof from the Saxon—he hates him into the bargain. Mr. Boner affords the following instance of the haughty reclusiveness of his turn of mind. The Magyar dislikes the Saxon of Hermannstadt much more than the Saxon of Klausenburg or other Transylvanian towns. The reason assigned for these differential hatreds appears to be, that the former in past times accounted himself a patrician, and the Magyar of the present day still resents the assumption. We are slow to believe all this; and Mr. Boner himself is obliged to make some apology for the statement.

The author next quotes the railway question in Transylvania as an evidence of the indisposition of the two races to fuse themselves for political purposes into a single people. Next to union with Hungary, this question seems to represent the *haute politique* of the country. The Magyar insists that the designed railway shall enter Transylvania by way of Klausenburg; the Saxon that it shall take the route of Hermannstadt, each apparently for the sake of his own city. A very little experience of railway committees of the House of Commons would,

* 'Kos,' 'basket,' 'suth,' 'maker,' in Sclavonic—hence 'Kossuth,' 'basketmaker.' Basketmaking, in former times, was a distinct calling of the Sclavonians; and the Magyar held it a degrading occupation, only fit for a serf.

however, have convinced the writer that this kind of rivalry is not necessarily born of distinct races. The world wants no national antipathies to sharpen its sense of personal convenience and pecuniary advantage. A glance at the map will show that either proposal has its own arguments in its favour. The route by Klausenburg would afford the more useful line of communication in Transylvania itself; that by Hermannstadt would promote the connexion between Vienna and Kustendji. It is melancholy to think that this mighty question in Transylvanian politics will probably rest, after all, with some mercenary contractor. He will have to decide whether domestic traffic, or that of a 'through-route,' will afford the safer conditions of a remunerative undertaking.

Mr. Boner's chapter on 'Feræ' shows that he has that subject at heart. Game of all kinds is abundant in Transylvania; but it appears to be very wild and difficult to get at. On the slopes of the Carpathians the sport is not very dissimilar from what many of us are not unfamiliar with in the Pyrenees and the Bavarian Alps. Of the larger head of game, the brown bear of course keeps to the high ground, the wolf is among the coverts in the low land, and the chamois also abounds in the mountains. A *chasse au loup*, which is so inspiriting in the South of France, appears to be rather hopeless work in Transylvania. Probably there is no such thing known as preserving a covert; and the Wallachs are such ardent sportsmen that the ground in the neighbourhood of their habitations is pretty well beaten. A Wallach, standing behind his master, with a second gun, while the beaters are going through the wood, will shoot whatever comes by, across his master's shoulder. The following account of the chances of wolf-hunting, or shooting, is not very encouraging:—

'In the neighbourhood of Temesvar, in the Banat, the wolf-battues generally afford very good sport. There are just the coverts they like, low scrubby bushes and underwood affording good shelter. . . . They are timid brutes, and travel so quickly that it is difficult to get at them. To-night they ravage a flock; but by the morning they are in a thicket miles away; so that when the district, up in arms, proceeds to scour the country in pursuit, not a wolf is to be found. Unless a very extensive tract of country be surrounded at once, there is little chance of meeting them. They are very cautious, too; their sense of smell is admirable; and if the least thing gives rise to suspicion, they skulk away, evading the sportsman, and refusing to touch the bait. . . . . There is nothing that attracts a wolf so irresistibly as the squeaking of a pig; one, therefore, is sometimes put into a sack, and dragged over the smooth snow behind a sledge, through a forest. Should the game lie there, or in the neighbourhood, it soon makes its appearance to look out for the expected booty.' (P. 142.)

Many animals and birds also, of which there is a tradition, and probably written accounts in the country also, appear to have become extinct there. The lynx is rarely if ever met with. Red deer are seldom found. The bison, or ure-ox, which is now to be seen only in the forests of Lithuania, where it is preserved, is gone also; and the ibex, or steinbock, has likewise disappeared. The bustard, though common enough in Transylvania, and rising in flocks, is more difficult to approach than any other bird.

'Not far from Hermannstadt, I have seen large troops of bustards, walking like soldiers on the plain bordering the river; and in the neighbourhood of Thorda, I was out after them day after day, as they stalked over the rape-fields, in vain endeavouring to get a shot.

'The caution of this bird is not to be surpassed, and hardly to be circumvented. On large plains only, where there is no wall or mound which could serve as covert to an enemy, will the bustard alight. As he stands on his long legs, with his head in the air, surveying the ground, the slightest motion or any inequality is at once perceived. They always seem to be on the look-out; and so great is their vigilance, that, worm yourself flat along the ground as you may, they are sure to perceive it. To approach them is more difficult than to get at a chamois.' (P. 145.)

The white spoonbill, the green ibis, and the crane, are occasionally met with; vultures and eagles abound, and capercailzie and blackcock are also to be had. But Mr. Boner's chief interest appears to have been in bear-hunting. He finds the bear as wild as the wolf; but his account of its extreme timidity seems to place it in a different category from the bears of many other parts of Europe.

Mr. Boner recommends us all to try Transylvanian wine. As an evidence that it is little known, he observes that the Drei Mohren, at Augsbourg, has none in its cellars. We shall readily think none the worse of it for that. We have often been inclined to believe that 'all the wines of the world,' which this hotel professes to have, were concocted on the premises, out of Bavarian grapes, and a few other adventitious concomitants.

Hungarian wine is so good that as much may be believed of Transylvania. Mr. Boner remarks that the rivers in the latter country run chiefly east and west; and, as a consequence there is generally a south-

ern slope for the cultivation of the vine. At this rate, the obliging rivers would seem to have been carved out by nature for the sake of wine; somewhat as Raphael is profanely made by Dryden to point out to Adam in the 'Fall of Man,' the grape as designed for the pleasurable purpose of intoxication. But however excellent the wine itself may be, these vinegrowers have not made themselves acquainted with the art of bottling. The jury of the Exhibition at Munich, who gave their large gold medal to some of this wine, found that it was sent to them from Transylvania in medicine bottles and ink bottles.

'No better example (says Mr. Boner) can be given of the state of things in Transylvania than the following incident. A stranger had, like myself, tasted Mediascher (Transylvanian) wine, and was so pleased with it that he sent to order so many dozen bottles. "Bottles!" said the wine-grower, "where am I to get bottles? I've got no bottles; besides, they are so dear. And then corks! What a trouble to get such things!"' (P. 168.)

Between this want and that of railways, it is hard to expect at present any European celebrity for Transylvanian wine. There is, perhaps, too great a disposition among connoisseurs to run on in the old ruts. Wine is a thing about which there is not quite so much independence of judgment as there should be. M. Laffitte and Madame Clicquot continue their reign without any apprehension that the old faith will be shaken by the preaching of these new Transylvanian heresies. There is little belief in wine that does not come from an old source, any more than in old pictures that do not come from an old gallery. Public judgment, however, in these matters is but a new application of the argument of St. Augustin, 'Ego vero Evangelio non crederem, nisi me Ecclesiæ Catholicæ commoveret auctoritas'!

Mr. Boner concludes his work with a deplorable picture of the misgovernment by the Austrian officials. The Transylvanians appear to be taxed to death. The taxation not only cripples the resources of the public for its own development, but in a large proportion of cases the revenue cannot be collected. In 1862, four million florins were levied in direct taxation. Of this, less than three millions could at last be collected; in spite of executions levied against 350,000 inhabitants, and of a distraint of goods against 28,000.

Beet-root sugar factories were some time ago in active operation. But the Government, in its need, suddenly imposed an overwhelming tax upon them. The result is that the factories are now shut up; the tax was so oppressive as to change the factory from a profitable to a losing undertaking. The people in general speak of being ground down by taxation. 'We must bear it as long as we can,' says the Saxon peasantry, who are indisposed to resist authority; 'but it will break us down entirely in course of time.' The Magyar, who is inspired with 'the ignorant impatience of taxation' that Castlereagh denounced in so unfortunate a manner, reaps considerable benefit from his opposition; and there appears to be a differential charge that is uniformly in his favour. Before the revolution of 1848, these oppressive charges did not exist. Both Hungary and Transylvania are now bureaucratical; and the swarms of official locusts which for the last sixteen years have been sent from Vienna, have served for a double cause of disloyalty to Austria. Their presence itself was bad enough without their extortions. Mr. Boner shows himself generally inclined to be an apologist of the Imperial Government; and we may assume his statements to be not overcharged.

There are, however, the elements of a prosperous future in Transylvania. All that it needs is to be better governed. The soil is fertile. Transylvanian corn weighs heavier than Hungarian, and is as full in the ear as any in Europe. The Danube, with the help of tributary railways yet to be made, ought to do nearly as much for its export trade as for that of Roumania. The question of a union with Hungary, which is made the salient interest of the hour, has much less concern with the national prosperity than a revision of the present method of government and taxation; nor does it seem that the two questions are very closely connected. Between the union of Transylvania with Hungary, and the reunion of Hungary with Croatia and Sclavonia, there is a very wide difference. But whether or not Transylvania lose her present political character in a great scheme of centralisation, she will retain her identity for travellers and sportsmen as the Land-beyond-the-Forest.

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Art. VII.—1. *Shakespeare.* Par A. F. Rio. Paris: 1864.

2. *The Rambler.* London: 1854–1858.

3. *On Shakspeare's Knowledge and Use of the Bible.* By Charles Wordsworth, D.C.L., Bishop of St. Andrews. London: 1864.

4. *Every Good Gift from Above. A Sermon preached at Stratford-on-Avon.* By R. C. Trench, D.D., Archbishop of Dublin. April 24, 1864.

'Good Christians, and therefore very vindictive.' Such was the utterance of a cynic as he watched the war of words and the strife of tongues to which religious differences have always and everywhere given rise. Although the sarcasm be pointed with a bitter sting, the controversies we daily see around us might well warrant yet sharper reproof. The sanguine or the simple would suppose that a literature which calls itself *polite* would enjoy a wholesome immunity from the vices of a clique and the passions of a mob. But it will not be long before they find that in this most righteous expectation they are cruelly deceived. If once a question of conflicting faith is launched upon the quiet land-locked bay of literature, the whole aspect of the scene is changed. The pleasure-boats which idly floated on its surface give place to menacing privateers, bristling with a whole artillery of prejudice, and filled with angry crews hoisting the flags of their respective creeds. And if to these elements of discord be added the antagonism of national feeling, it would be difficult to fix any limits beyond which malignity of thought and intemperance of language will not force their way.

These reflections have been suggested to us by the appearance of a book which, in a superlative degree, is full of the bad passions that pass current under the name of religious zeal. The book is entitled 'Shakespeare,' and its object is to show that Shakspeare was a Roman Catholic. Its author is M. A. F. Rio, whose name is well and deservedly known as a distinguished writer on Christian Art. It is divided into five chapters, with the following headings:—I. Education de Shakespeare; II. Shakespeare à Londres; III. Shakespeare dans sa Gloire; IV. Le Drame de Henri VIII.; V. L'Astre à son couchant. Our intention in the present article is to follow him closely through as many of these chapters as the patience of our readers and our own space will allow. It is possible that in the course of our argument we may feel called upon to use occasionally a hard word or two. In doing so we beg to disclaim any intention of speaking with disrespect of M. Rio personally. We look upon him as a by no means uncommon example of a man who has allowed himself to be carried beyond the bounds of truth and soberness in his ardent and honourable desire to add the name of Shakspeare to the long roll of illustrious worthies who have adorned and still adorn the Church of Rome. Some anonymous papers which have appeared in the 'Rambler' on the same subject are attributed by M. Rio to a Mr. Simpson, and as they are written in the same spirit as the volume of the French critic, we shall include them in the following remarks.

The question—what were the religious tenets held by our greatest poet?—is no doubt a question of interest; but it is above all a question of *evidence* and of *fact*—of evidence not easily accessible, of fact most carefully to be weighed—a question in which the outward and public history of England and of Europe has to be estimated in its bearings on the inward and private history of that man of men—a question on which it would be hard to say whether it would be more rash or more silly to dogmatise, because, on the one hand, it is a question not easy to solve, and on the other hand, the solution, be it what it may, is a matter of extremely small importance, apart from the literary curiosity involved in it.

To those difficulties which are of the very essence of an inquiry into the religious opinions of any man, others supervene which are incidental to the times and circumstances in which Shakspeare lived. The Church of England was then the only Church in England. If not a member of *that*, of what church could he be a member; to what church was it given to him to conform? In the present day, the Church of England is, for all *practical* purposes, but one sect among many. Thousands upon thousands neglect its rites and reject its discipline; and this they can do without let or hindrance. But it was not so then—not so at the time when Shakspeare formed his opinions, if indeed he gave them form at all. Out of 9,400 parochial clergy, a small fraction—less than 200—had refused to give in their allegiance to the supremacy of the Queen. To the parochial clergy all, without exception, had resort. By them the various rites which consecrate the leading epochs of life and soothe the bitterness of bereavement, were everywhere and in all cases administered. The straitest Roman Catholic families accepted—could not choose but accept—the baptismal service of the Church of England; nearly a century elapsed before they held it to be invalid and acted accordingly. The Reformation in England, had not as yet lost the character it originally bore in the eyes of the laity, *as a protest on the part of the sovereign of England against the sovereign far more than against the doctrines of Rome.* Old things had not as yet passed away; all

things had not as yet become new. Perhaps there is no book which better than the statute-book gives an idea of the real status of the Church in the time of Shakspeare. No statutes in the reign of Elizabeth recognise the existence of Roman Catholics as bodies of worshippers in England setting up rival altars alongside those of the Church of England. The object of all these statutes, without exception, was to transfer the Church, as it were wholesale, clergy and laity, from the supremacy of the sovereign of Rome to the supremacy of the sovereign of England, and to establish a general uniformity of public worship. A fraction, indeed, of the population held aloof; but these were sheep without shepherds and without a fold—the machinery, the organisation, the place, and the celebrants of divine worship were all of them wanting. Mr. Froude, in his 'History of England' (vol. vii. p. 472) gives a curious illustration of the truth of what we are saying on the authority of the Simancas manuscripts. De Quadra, in the year 1562, wrote to the Spanish Minister at Rome, 'begging him to ask the Pope, in the name of the English Catholics, whether they might be present without sin "at the common prayers." "The case," De Quadra said, "was a new and not an easy one, for the Prayer Book contained neither impiety nor false doctrine. The prayers themselves were those of the Catholic Church, altered only so far as to omit the merits and the intercession of the saints; so that, except for the concealment and the injury which might arise from the example, there would be nothing in the compliance itself positively unlawful."' The suggestion was probably made with a view to lull into security Elizabeth's just dread of Papal pretensions by an apparent acquiescence in the established state of things; but that it should have been made at all is a curious corroboration of what we are endeavouring to establish—viz., that the question, 'Are you a member of the Church of England?' assumes a totally different aspect as we conceive it to be put now, or to be put in the days of Shakspeare. To these considerations, however, we shall hereafter have occasion to revert.

We now proceed to a closer examination of M. Rio's book and of Mr. Simpson's articles in the 'Rambler.' We remark with pleasure that, so far as we know, the bigotry shown in the discussion of this question has been all on their side, so far at least as this country is concerned. Protestantism is not ordinarily chary of fanaticism, but it so happens that in this case nothing has been written to establish the converse of what M. Rio and Mr. Simpson endeavour to prove. With the exception of Mr. Birch's deservedly obscure book on the 'Religion of Shakspeare'—a book which ought to be in no gentleman's library—we know of none on the Protestant side which discusses in set terms Shakspeare's religious, or, as Mr. Birch would say, irreligious tenets. Last year, indeed, Dr. Charles Wordsworth, Bishop of St. Andrews, published a very interesting book, in which he made out beyond all dispute that Shakspeare was thoroughly conversant with that version of the Scriptures which was in use in his time in the English Church*—a point of some importance in the matter at issue between M. Rio and ourselves. But even here the author's main design is not to establish Shakspeare's Anglican views.

It will not be irrelevant if we take note as we go along of the blunders, to use no harsher term, which M. Rio makes even on points which have no direct bearing on the question immediately before us—the Religion of Shakspeare: such blunders gauge the man, and show that for reckless assertion he cannot easily be matched.

We shall not have to follow him far in order to trip him up by the heels on the dry prosaic road of fact. M. Rio's object is to affect the imagination and arouse the sympathies of his readers by drawing a harrowing picture of the sufferings to which Shakspeare's father was subjected in consequence of the intolerance of a Popery-hating government. How must not the iron have entered into the soul of Shakspeare the boy, he seems to say, at witnessing the martyrdoms of his family—'blessée à la fois dans ses intérêts matériels et spirituels.' It is with the latter of these we are more particularly concerned, but it may be well to glance at the former. Some of them are stated in the following words:—

'. . . . Il fallut *subir l'humiliation de demander* une remise de moitié sur sa quote-part d'un impôt extraordinaire pour mettre des troupes sur pied; il fallut aussi se faire exempter de la taxe hebdomadaire des pauvres bien qu'elle ne s'élevât pour lui qu'à la somme très-modique de 4 pence. . . . . Aussi fut-on réduit à prendre à crédit les aliments de première nécessité, même le pain, et il vint *un moment terrible* (1580) où le boulanger Sadler dont les fournitures ne s'élevaient pas à moins de 5 livres sterling, *ménaça de les discontinuer*, si on ne le lui donnait pas une caution sûre, qui garantirait le recouvrement de sa créance.' (P. 6.)

* More than 400 instances of this parallelism between Shakspeare and the Bible are enumerated by Dr. Wordsworth.

The whole evidence for these strange statements rests on the following documents.* First, as regards the 'quote-part,' we read in the Council Book of Stratford on Avon under the date 29th January, 1578:—

'At this hall yt ys agreed that every alderman, except suche underwrytten excepted, shall paye towardes the furniture of thre pikemen, ij. billmen, and one archer, vjs. viij*d.* and every burgese, except such underwrytten excepted, shall pay iijs. iiij*d.*'

Then follow the names of 'Mr. Plumley' and of 'Mr. Shaxpeare,' aldermen, who pay respectively five shillings and three shillings and fourpence for their quota. Not a word do we read about John Shakspeare begging to be let off, &c. In fact, it is expressly stated that he was not present on the occasion. To the name of one of the 'excepted' burgesses, Robert Bratt, is added the note 'nothinge in this place,' as if some previous payment had been reckoned in exemption. If so, why might not Shakspeare's quota have in like manner undergone diminution? So again with regard to the tax for the 'relief of the poore, John Shaxpeare and Robert Bratt,' it is said, 'shall not be taxed to pay anythinge'—not a word more is stated—and here, too, Shakspeare was absent. The cock-and-bull story about the baker can only be matched in pathos by the 'chops and Tomato sauce' of the author of 'Pickwick.' *It has absolutely nothing whatever to rest on* but the following entry in Sadler's will (which is dated 14th November 1578, and which was proved 17th January 1578–9, so that the '*moment terrible*' is mis-dated), among a list of debts due to him:—'Item of Edmund Lambert and Cornishe for the debt of Mr. John Shacksper 5*l.*' There is not one tittle of evidence to show, first, that Sadler supplied Shakspeare's father with bread; secondly, that he threatened to stop the supplies; thirdly, that the 5*l.* was for bread delivered; fourthly, that the John Shakspeare mentioned in this will was not the *other* John Shakspeare the shoemaker. Not one of the points raised by M. Rio is of the smallest importance to his argument, but the passage gives a fair specimen of his critical power, and of what we cannot refrain from calling his prodigious audacity of assertion.

Where M. Rio does not openly assert he quietly assumes: he assumes, for example, that John Shakspeare was a recusant in the sense of his clinging to the old faith. This is a point which bears more directly, though not very materially, on the question at issue, and must therefore be sifted somewhat closely. Was, then, the poet's father a Roman Catholic? On *à priori* grounds, it is unlikely that any given person was a recusant at that period. But so far as the poet himself is concerned, we should not think it at all material to the point at issue whether his father was a Roman Catholic or not. The difficulties already insisted on in answering the same inquiry in the case of William Shakspeare are of course tenfold greater in the case of a yet earlier generation of the family. However, we have not got to do with notions but with evidence, and we think it will be found (but our readers shall judge for themselves) that the evidence seems to point the other way.*

In a document at the State Paper Office we have a return made by Sir Thomas Lucy and other commissioners appointed to inquire into the 'jesuits, seminary priests, fugitives, or recusants' in Warwickshire. This return gives the 'names of all sutch Recusantes as have been hearetofore presented for not comminge monethlie to the churche according to hir Majesties lawes, *and yet* are thoughte to forbeare the churche for debtt and for feare of processe, or for some other worse faultes, or for age, sicknes, and impotencye of bodie.' The words 'and yet' seem to us important: it is as if the commissioners had intended to say: It is true these people do not come monthly to church, yet still we are not disposed to tax them on that account with Popish proclivities. The reason of their absenting themselves is more probably debt and fear of process, &c. Now in the names so classed, and, as it would seem, excepted by the commissioners, we have that of 'Mr. John Shackespere,' one of nine who are thus bracketed in the return. 'It is sayed that these last nine come not to churche for feare of processe for debte.' To our mind this return distinctly and by implication separates John Shakspeare and his eight companions from the general run of recusants of Popish tendencies. To this

* The extracts which follow are taken from Mr. Halliwell's folio volume on the Council Books of the Corporation of Stratford-on-Avon. We may take this opportunity of expressing generally our obligations to him and to other editors and commentators of Shakspeare's plays for the materials we have made use of in the course of this article.

* We decline to dignify with the name of evidence the very absurd 'Confession of Faith' which is known as the will of John Shakspeare, and which is stated to have been found on April 29th, 1757, by Joseph Mosley, a bricklayer, under the tiling of the house at Stratford where John Shakspeare is believed to have lived. It is printed in Drake's 'Shakspeare and his Times,' vol. i. p. 8. We are surprised that Mr. Simpson had not the shrewdness to refrain from damaging his cause by resting it on a document so obviously supposititious. No trace of this document is now to be found.

view two objections have been raised. Mr. Simpson says that the pretext of being afraid of process for debt was the common excuse set up by those who were taxed with recusancy. But to this we reply that here the statement does not appear to have been put forward as from them. It is the opinion of the commissioners—and in point of fact when we turn to the originals of the presentments of the churchwardens in the muniment room at Warwick Castle, on which these returns of the commissioners were founded, the following words are annexed to the same nine names:—'Wee suspecte theese nyne persons next ensuinge absent themselves for feare of prosses.' Not, observe, '*they* would have us think'—but—'*we* suspect.' Mr. Simpson may in some cases be right as to the putting forward of this plea in extenuation, but surely the case before us does not come under that head. Again, Mr. Collier says:—'We are to recollect that process of debt could not be served on Sunday, so that apprehension of that kind need not have kept him away from Church on the Sabbath.'* But what can be more purblind than to make a statement when you have an official document of the period before you which by implication says the direct contrary? If process could not be served on a Sunday, the church-wardens and the commissioners must be held to be arrant blockheads to send in such a return or to record such a plea. Mr. Collier says in a note that 'anterior to the statute 29 Car. II. c. 7, any person arresting another on the Sabbath-day was liable to attachment.' But if he will turn to Gibson's *Codex Jur. Eccl.* (Tit. x. Cap. i.), he will find that the liability was only incurred when the affidavit certified that the arrest might have been made on any other day. We contend, therefore, that the return of the commissioners may be held to prove that John Shakspeare's recusancy cannot be counted unto him for Popery; and if this be admitted, we may venture to assert that, while on the one hand what little evidence we have on the subject goes to show that the poet's father was *not* a Roman Catholic, there is not a particle of it to justify the hypothesis that he was one.

After this survey of all the facts of the case, there is something excessively comical in the following *boutade* of M. Rio. A man who handles evidence in so extraordinary a manner can have no very clear idea of the limits which separate fact from fiction, and history from romance. We shall know in future what M. Rio is content to put up with by way of a *preuve*:—

'Malheur au récusant qui avait à faire valoir contre eux une créance ou un titre de propriété contesté! car il était sûr de succomber dans cette lutte inégale, quelque clair que pût être son droit. C'était un échec de ce genre, joint aux amendes mensuelles pour cause de religion, qui avait réduit Jean Shakespeare et les siens à l'état de misère dont nous avons parlé. La preuve (!!) de l'impression profonde que cette iniquité légale laissa dans l'âme de son fils, se trouve dans deux de ses pièces composées presque au début de sa carrière dramatique.' (P. 16.)

M. Rio then quotes two passages; and from what plays? Why, from *Pericles*, Heaven save the mark, and from the *Second Part* of Henry the Sixth! The passages are quoted below*, and of either of them it is more than probable that Shakspeare did not write a word. But whether he did or not, *risum teneatis* when you find M. Rio speaking of the second of them as a passage 'qui *prouve* (!) qu'après bien des années, la blessure faite à son cœur filial n'était pas encore cicatrisée.'

The difficulty of finding any satisfactory evidence in Shakspeare's plays of his Roman Catholic views seems to induce Messrs. Rio and Simpson to linger as long as possible over the scraps and crumbs of the great dramatist's personal history. Mr. Simpson's performances in this way are something too extraordinary for belief. We have not time, space, or inclination to follow him through one of the most rambling of his sapient lucubrations. Most of our readers have read in history of the persecution of Somerville, Edward Arden's son-in-law, for a plot to murder Queen Elizabeth. Edward Arden was a very distant connexion of John Shakspeare's wife.† Somerville ap-

* This change of nomenclature from Sunday to Sabbath in the same sentence is somewhat embarrassing. We presume Mr. Collier does not mean the Saturday. Has Mr. Collier never heard of the clergyman who, in reply to an inquiry from his diocesan how the Sabbath was kept in his parish, replied 'that it was not kept at all, for there was not a Jew in the place'?

* *Pericles*, II. i. 'Here's a fish hangs in the net like a poor man's right in the law; it will hardly come out.'

*Henry VI.*, II. ii. 4. 'Is not this a lamentable thing, that of the skin of an innocent lamb should be made parchment, and that parchment, being scribbled o'er, should undo a man?'

Nearly the whole of *Pericles* and the greater part of *Henry VI.* were the work of other hands. In any case these passages only denote a repulsion which the most ardent Protestant might feel for the chicanery of the law.

† Assuming the truth of the pedigree compiled by Malone, they had the same *great-great*-grandfather. Their grandfathers were cousins.

pears to have been a crazy fanatic*, and in the present day he would doubtless have got off on the plea of insanity. But few readers have ever found in any history that Shakspeare was a page of Edward Arden's, and (if we do not misunderstand Mr. Simpson) that in this capacity he was the 'boy' who accompanied Somerville to London. Still less will they have learned that Somerville was the prototype of Hamlet. Mr. Simpson says that 'Somerville's madness is no argument of dulness'; but madness and dulness are not incompatible, as may be demonstrated from the productions before us.

Sir Thomas Lucy, as might be expected, comes in for his share of vituperation as one of the Protestant renegades and miscreants who appear to have made it the whole business of their lives to persecute Shakspeare and his family. Among the truculent emissaries of a depraved and heretical government, this Puritan Justice, we are told, held a chief place. We confess to an indefinite amount of scepticism as to the whole of the Lucy legend, as well in the milder form it wears in the general run of Shaksperian biographies, as when it is surrounded with all the adjuncts and embellishments given to it in the pages of Rio and Simpson. The *canting* heraldry of the Lucy family lent itself readily to a pun or an equivoque in the mouth of Slender and of Sir Hugh Evans, of which Shakspeare availed himself without scruple; but to call this an act of vengeance and retaliation for injuries received is an abuse of language. At any rate it was a retaliation which would certainly have been lost on the audience. So again with regard to Shallow's accusing Falstaff of killing his deer, we are far from believing that it is 'impossible to mistake' an allusion to Shakspeare's escapade at Charlcote—the rather as Malone has satisfactorily shown that at Charlcote there was at that time no park to break into and no deer to kill which would have been a punishable offence; a fact which remains, as we think, entirely uncontroverted by the statement that Sir Thomas Lucy's son and successor sent a buck to the Lord Keeper Egerton in 1602. As to the ballad we wot of, no one can doubt that both in whole and in part it is a rank forgery, unworthy of a moment's serious consideration. But it will be said that apart from any deerstealing, a natural antipathy must have existed between Shakspeare the player and the Lucys the Puritans. But this alleged Puritanism of the Charlcote family is a point on which we have heard somewhat too much. We are indebted to Mr. John Bruce, F.S.A., one of the most learned, diligent, and elegant of our historical inquirers, for the knowledge of some documents in the State Paper Office which have an important bearing on this subject. The mayor and magistrates of the town of Banbury, Oxon, write to my lords of the Privy Council, in May 1633, respecting some strolling players—or 'wandering rogues' as they are styled—who appear to have tampered with the patent or license granted to them by the Master of the Revels, so as to give it extension of time—a January made into a June—and who on this ground had been taken into custody at Banbury. Their depositions were taken and sent up to the Privy Council; from these depositions it appeared they had been 'upp and downe the countrey playing of stage playes these two yeares last past,' and among the houses where they had performed during that period we find Sir Thomas Lucy's at Stratford. If Charlcote was a house which tolerated the 'playing of stage plays' it would scarcely have been a nest of fanaticism and bigotry, as we are taught to believe, and its master can scarcely have deserved the name of 'un des plus odieux dépositaires de certaines portions du pouvoir public.'

In order that our readers may form some idea of the latitude which M. Rio allows himself in his way of putting things, we quote a passage in which he professes to sum up the evidence respecting the events which happened to Shakspeare and his family:—

'On n'en finirait pas si on voulait passer en revue tous les genres d'angoisses qui serrèrent et broyèrent en quelque sorte les cœurs catholiques, à Stratford et ailleurs, pendant la période qui correspond à la jeunesse de Shakespeare. Il suffit pour l'objet que nous avons en vue d'avoir mis en doute que les familles convaincues du même crime que la sienne, connurent toutes les tortures morales que la féconde imagination de leurs persécuteurs put inventer. Dire que le jeune poëte n'en ressentit pas le contrecoup dans le développement de ses facultés, ce serait lui décerner le moins enviable des privilèges. Même avec une âme moins sensible, je dirais presque moins prédestinée que la sienne, il eût été difficile de traverser les dix années qui suivirent son enfance, sans que le cœur et le caractère en reçussent des empreintes ineffaçables. Ce n'est pas à l'âge qu'il avait alors qu'on peut faire l'apprentissage de la tolérance envers l'infamie, et l'on n'a pas besoin de document biographique contemporain pour savoir avec exactitude de quel œil il voyait passer autour de lui les pénalités arbitraires, les tortures de l'âme encore pires que celles du corps, les trahisons méditées, ourdies, consom-

* Dodd himself admits that 'it was agreed he was a furious person, and scarce *compos mentis*.' (Vol. ii. p. 55.)

mées, non pas toujours par des ennemis, mais quelquefois par des proches, comme cela était arrivé dans sa propre famille, où il s'était trouvé un Judas nommé Roger Shakespeare qui avait joué le rôle d'espion contre ses coreligionnaires.' (P. 25.)

If M. Rio had taken the trouble to look a little more closely at his authorities he might have ascertained that we have not a shadow of justification for connecting Roger Shakspeare with the family, the county, or the date of the poet! It is obvious that there is only one kind of history which M. Rio is qualified to write—the history of the future. It is the only department where he is sure to escape collision with any of those odious, tiresome things called contemporary documents and well-authenticated facts.

It will be seen that we are anxious to dispose of the external facts in the life of Shakspeare and his family, before we proceed to the plays. One or two of these yet remain to be dealt with. And here we shall allow the writer in the 'Rambler' to speak for himself:—

'Ben Jonson was brought up a Protestant, which in those days meant a libertine. In 1593 he killed Gabriel the actor in a brawl; was clapped up in prison and was near the rope; his fears, and the conversation of some priest who was his fellow-prisoner, induced him to become a Catholic. After finding means to be released from prison, he married a wife, a Catholic like himself, by whom he had two children, to one of whom Shakspeare is said to have been godfather. If this tradition be true, it is decisive about our poet's religion. The Catholic father and mother would not have chosen a Protestant sponsor for their child. The tradition rests on very early and very good authority. It is found in MS. Harl. 6395, a collection of anecdotes compiled by Sir N. Lestrange during the civil wars. The story in question is given on the authority of Mr. Dun—perhaps Donne the poet:—

'"Shakspeare was godfather to one of Ben Jonson's children, and after the christening, being in a deep study, Jonson came to cheer him up, and asked him why he was so melancholy. 'No, faith, Ben,' says he, 'not I; but I have been considering a great while what should be the fittest gift for me to bestow on my godchild, and I have resolved at last.' 'I prithee, what?' says he. 'I' faith, Ben, I'll e'en give him a dozen good Lattin spoons, and thou shalt translate them.'"

'Latten is a kind of metal like brass; Ben the scholar, deep in the mysteries of magic, was to translate or transmute it into gold. The joke is a good one anyhow; but it is much improved if we add the Latin religion of the parties as the reason why the *Latin spoons* should be the fittest gifts Shakspeare could bestow.'

It will not be contested, after reading this passage, that the 'Rambler' was an entertaining periodical. But while we feel the great disadvantage under which we labour in venturing to differ from a writer whose proficiency in reckless assertion can only be equalled by his fine sense of wit, we are bound to tell our readers, that there are again some uncompromising facts which persist in obtruding themselves on our notice, and which do not quite bear out the inferences drawn by Mr. Simpson and endorsed without further examination by M. Rio.

In the first place, we decline altogether to accept the statement that Roman Catholic fathers and mothers could not have chosen a Protestant sponsor. Such a practice is, to our own knowledge, by no means without examples in the present day —*à fortiori* must it have prevailed, and that largely, in the sixteenth century. But we have no desire to lay stress upon this, important though it certainly be: our case is strong enough without it. The encounter between Ben Jonson and Gabriel Spenser, which put the former into prison and the latter into his grave, took place, not in 1593 but in 1598, as we learn partly from a letter of Henslowe's to Alleyn, dated 26th September, 1598, published in Mr. Collier's 'Memoirs of Edward Alleyn,' p. 50, and partly from the Register of St. Leonard's, Shoreditch, which records that in the year 1598 'Gabriell Spencer, being slayne, was buryed the xxiiijth of Septemb.' Accordingly, it was in 1598 that he underwent that imprisonment in the course of which he became, as the story goes, a Papist. Now we learn from 'Ben Jonson's Conversations with William Drummond,' p. 20, that Ben Jonson's eldest son died of the plague in the year 1603, at the age of seven years. His birth must therefore have taken place in the year 1596, two years before the incident which led to his incarceration in fetters both of body and of mind. What becomes then of Mr. Simpson's inferences? His premises vanish at the touch of criticism. If any reliance at all can be placed on the story, of the relations between Ben Jonson and Shakspeare—and it is quite probable that the story of the spoons was trumped up to bring together two eminent contemporaries —there are two decisive facts in evidence which Mr. Simpson has perverted. First, that Ben Jonson was married before he changed his religion. Secondly, that Shakspeare's godson was born two years before that change. Then, again, we might fairly ask where Mr. Simpson found that his wife was a Roman Catholic. Not even her maiden name has come down to us. All that Drummond says of her is, that 'she

was a shrew yet honest'—a character which we presume Mr. Simpson will not be forward to claim as distinctive of his co-religionists.

We pass from the sponsorship of Ben Jonson's children to that of Shakspeare's. Our readers are doubtless aware that Shakspeare had twins who bore the names of Judith and Hamnet respectively. M. Rio has a theory on these names which we find it difficult to discuss seriously. We let him speak for himself:—

'L'Eglise, par l'organe de ses théologiens, officiels venait de déclarer apocryphe le livre de Judith; et l'Etat par le ministère de ses bourreaux et sur la dénonciation de l'évêque de Londres, venait plus récemment de faire torturer puis éventrer un imprimeur nommé Carter, pour avoir mis ce nom séditieux dans un livre de controverse religieuse.' (P. 49.)

M. Rio wishes us to infer that Shakspeare selected the name of Judith in a spirit of defiance to the powers that reigned in Church and State. Now the errors—to use no harsher word—in the above passage are packed as close as sardines. Those who know the position taken up by the English Church respecting the Apocrypha, a position identical with that of St. Jerome, can but smile at the expression 'venait de déclarer,' which is singularly infelicitous, as the 'Bishop's Bible,' then current, placed the books of the Apocrypha under the same general classification as the books of the Hebrew Canon, and removed the wall of partition which in earlier editions had separated the Apocrypha from the Bible. With regard to the language of the VIth of the Thirty-nine Articles, it is almost identical with that used by Cardinal Ximenes in the 'Biblia Complutensia,' and perverted by Sixtus Senensis in the Bibliotheca Sancta.'* A reader of M. Rio would suppose that the Apocrypha—word and thing—was first heard of and invented in the reign of Elizabeth! The statement respecting Carter is equally inaccurate. This fellow had done everything he could to upset the throne and attack the Queen, and Strype attributes his having so long escaped execution to the 'mildness of the Government' ('Annals,' vol. ii. part ii. p. 272). The work 'De Schismate,' which ultimately cost him his life, was only printed, not written, by him, and contained an appeal to the women about the Court to deal with Elizabeth as Judith had dealt with Holofernes. We are then treated to some recondite speculations on the name of the other twin, Hamnet, in which is supposed to lurk a covert allusion to the fate of Somerville, Arden's son-in-law. But we have not the patience to linger any longer on the subject. There can be no reasonable doubt the twins got their names from Hamnet Sadler, a friend of Shakspeare's, and Judith his wife, who were both of them living at Stratford at the time. Hamnet Sadler is mentioned in the poet's will.

If we were disposed to argue in this strain there is an entry in the Stratford Chamberlain's accounts which might serve as a pretext for two or three glowing paragraphs. It runs as follows, and bears date 1614:—

'Item, for on quart of sack and on quart of clarett winne geven to a precher at New Place, xx*d*.'

Mr. Halliwell, indeed, indulges in some speculations on the occasion, and looks on the entry as 'a circumstance which shows at how early a period his family were turning their attention to serious subjects.' It is not perhaps surprising that he should have provoked Mr. Simpson into the retort—'A man does what he can towards making a preacher drunk in 1614; therefore he could not die a Catholic in 1616. Rational and convincing argument!!' We think both these gentlemen are in error. The meaning of the entry is not very clear, and probably depends on some local or muncipal usage of which we are ignorant. One thing, however, it does not mean, namely, that Shakspeare himself supplied the potations in question. It is the Corporation that pays for the sack and claret, and for some reason we cannot explain, Shakspeare's house was used as the scene of the entertainment. Mr. Simpson shows, we think satisfactorily, that the fact of a man being a Roman Catholic would not exempt him from showing hospitality to a minister of the Church of England, and with this admission we leave our readers to draw their own inferences.*

Equally at variance with each other are

* We state this on the authority of a careful and conscientious inquirer, which few will dispute. See Mr. Westcott's valuable little work on the 'Bible in the Church,' *passim*.

* Another interpretation of this passage in the Stratford records has been suggested by Mr. Thomas Kenny, in an able volume on the 'Life and Genius of Shakspeare,' p. 61. 8vo. Longman. 1864. 'The New Place is supposed by the commentators to be Shakspeare's house, and that is, no doubt, the most obvious interpretation of the passage; but at the same time, we think it possible that it relates to the Chapel of the Holy Cross which immediately adjoins the Guildhall, as well as the poet's place of residence. We should not be surprised if the open place in front of these buildings was known by the name of New Place.'

Mr. Halliwell and Mr. Simpson in dealing with the epitaph on Mrs. Hall in its alleged bearing on Shakspeare's religious profession. The epitaph is as follows :—

'Witty above her sexe, but that's not all,
Wise to salvation was good Mistriss Hall;
Something of Shakespeare was in that, but this
Wholy of Him with whom she's now in blisse.'

'Which implies,' says Mr. Halliwell, 'that Shakspeare's life had not been one of piety.' Mr. Halliwell must forgive us for saying that we regard this as a most unwarrantable inference. Mr. Simpson, however, clutches with alacrity at the admission, and says: 'It is evident that the Puritans denied Shakspeare to have been *wise to salvation;* they solemnly judged him to have died reprobate; therefore he died either an infidel or a Papist; and we have the express testimony of a clergyman of the neighbourhood that he died a Papist.' We think our readers must allow that anything more absurd than these inferences from such slender data could not well be conceived. The epitaph, as we read it, is but a very common-place homage to the truth that there is no other name under heaven by which Susanna Hall could hope for salvation but that of Jesus Christ. Not all the wit and wisdom of Shakspeare could avail her in that day when the world shall be judged. The case, however, is materially altered when we look at it from another side, for we then find that this Susanna Hall, whose religious views were admittedly of the Puritan type, was regarded by Shakspeare as his favourite daughter, if we may judge from the provisions of his will. Would a Roman Catholic or a man of any other religious persuasion have been disposed to single out for special benefaction a child whose views were so diametrically opposed to his own? Then again, if any suspicion had existed at Stratford of Shakspeare's having died a Papist—and if he had so died, it is quite incredible the suspicions could have been suppressed *—will Mr. Simpson explain how it was that Shakspeare's remains were interred in the chancel—the place of honour, as it were—of the great church at Stratford? This is a fact which he and M. Rio find it convenient not to mention; but which ought not to be overlooked as a *most important* item in the evidence. M. Rio, indeed, would have us believe that the poet's own epitaph, which is stated by Dowdall, as late as 1693, to have been written by Shakspeare himself 'a little before his death,' had been penned with a presentiment that the bones of a Papist would not remain undisturbed. The argument is in itself, if we may be permitted to say so, childish in the extreme; for the epitaph is but a trite imitation of classical forms of sepulchral inscriptions, and is not borne out by fact, for not long after his decease—certainly before 1623—to the honour of a grave in the chancel was added the erection of a monument in the north wall of the chancel. Against such testimony as this, written and graven in stone, what can avail the casual statement of a Gloucestershire clergyman of the name of Davies, who died as late as 1708*, and who, in his additions to the 'Fulman Collections' at Oxford, states that 'Shakspeare died a Papist,' without a word of comment or of reference to any authority? M. Rio, however, is prepared to affirm, with all the vehemence of what he will find is a slanderous insinuation, that not many years ago still more conclusive evidence was in existence, which has since been destroyed:—

'Dans les recherches que je faisais alors [i. e. before 1839] sur les poëtes catholiques d'Angleterre depuis la Réforme, j'avais pour guide sûr et généreusement impartial le savant et consciencieux Payne Collier, connu même hors de son pays par ses *Annales du Théâtre Anglais.* Ce fut lui qui m'informa le premier du journal manuscrit de Ward conservé dans les archives de la Société Médicale de Londres et destiné, disait-il, à une très-prochaine publication. Il tenait ses renseignements du Dr. Severn, Secrétaire-archiviste, qui, en cette qualité, devait être chargé de cette publication, et d'après les conversations qu'il avait eues avec lui, il se croyait autorisé à m'annoncer comme une découverte très-importante pour ma thèse que Shakespeare était mort Catholique Romain.

'On comprend l'avidité avec laquelle j'ouvris le volume des *Mémoires* de Ward quand il fut imprimé; mais on comprendra mieux encore ce que me fit éprouver l'absence complète de tout renseignement sur la question si intéressante qui me préoccupait depuis si longtemps. Mon premier mouvement fut d'en exprimer ma surprise à mon correspondant, mais rien que ma surprise, de peur de blesser en lui une susceptibilité quelconque. Rien ne saurait être plus loyal ni plus net que sa réponse que j'ai conservée depuis très-précieusement. "Il vous serait impossible," me dit-il, "d'être plus désappointé que je ne le suis du contenu et du non contenu du journal de Ward, et je vous répète positivement que le Dr. Severn m'a déclaré

* In the first volume of that useful publication, 'Notes and Queries,' is recorded a tradition of some lady who was present at a funeral sermon preached on the occasion of Shakspeare's death, and who remembered the wish expressed by the preacher that Shakspeare 'had been a divine.'

* It was in 1688 that Fulman died. Richard Davies did not die till 1708. M. Rio merely gives the former date. The point is only important as showing how readily M. Rio adopts every sort of misrepresentation in support of his argument.

*qu'il contenait un passage décisif pour confirmer le soupçon que Shakespeare était mort dans la religion catholique.*" Je donne ici le texte. "I am quite positive that Dr. Severn told me in answer to a question of mine that I should find matter in it *decidedly to confirm the suspicion* that Shakespeare died a Roman Catholic" (ces paroles sont soulignées par l'auteur lui même). Tout ce que je puis ajouter après la lecture de ce document, c'est qu'il laisse les champs libre à toute espèce de conjectures.' (P. 334 *et seq.*)

The drift of this passage, which on many grounds we have thought it well to quote in its integrity, cannot be mistaken. We have no doubt that most of M. Rio's readers will conclude that a passage in Ward's manuscript has either been suppressed in Dr. Severn's edition, or has been effaced in the original MS. by some person unknown. As we write these lines, we have both the MS. and the printed volume before us, and we are therefore in a condition to affirm that both these hypotheses are entirely without foundation. Mr. Ward was appointed vicar of Stratford-upon-Avon in the year 1662, by King Charles II. His MSS. are comprised in fifteen closely-written duodecimo volumes, two of which are filled with notes, &c. of sermons, and the remaining thirteen with facetiæ and physic. For Mr. Ward's affections were divided between preaching and prescribing, his studies in earlier years having been largely devoted to the theory and the practice of medicine. These notulæ extend from the years 1648 to 1678, but the portions which refer to Shakspeare are contained in a volume which was written between February 1661 and April 1663. We have carefully gone through all these volumes, and have met with nothing which bears out the statement alleged to have been made to Mr. Collier by Dr. Severn. It seems somewhat curious that if Mr. Collier's surprise at the absence in Dr. Severn's printed book of anything to warrant what he had heard from Dr. Severn's lips had been as great as is represented in the passage quoted from Mr. Collier's letter, it should not have found some expression in his 'Life of Shakspeare,' where he refers to Dr. Severn's volume, and quotes the extracts it contains with reference to Shakspeare. This, however, is a point which does not come within our present scope. We have only to remind our readers and to assure M. Rio, that while we should have attached, and do attach, the smallest possible importance to *any* statement respecting Shakspeare which emanated from a man who, like the good vicar, naïvely admits that he has no acquaintance with his works, the particular statement insisted on by M. Rio has not, and never has had, any place in the pages of the MSS. which he somewhat more than insinuates have been dishonestly published and tampered with.

Mr. Ward states elsewhere that Milton was 'a frequenter of a club of Papists.' This will be amply sufficient ground for M. Rio on which to write another volume, on the religion of Milton.

We have thus far confined our observations to those facts or fictions respecting Shakspeare's personal and family history which appear to us to have a direct bearing upon the point at issue—was Shakspeare a Roman Catholic? *We are bold to say that in every case M. Rio has completely broken down.* We now pass on to Shakspeare the dramatist.

M. Rio's difficulties do not diminish as he approaches this portion of his subject. The elaborate exordium with which he ushers it in—an exordium more prodigal of abuse than of argument—seems designed to induce an unwary reader to look on the question through M. Rio's spectacles. To us, indeed, this exordium seems only to prove that M. Rio is capable of subjecting history to a travesty as ludicrous as he had already shown he could inflict on biography. The footlights are lowered, the audience is wrapt in gloom, doleful sounds emanate from the orchestra, every artifice is used to heighten the horror of the spectator as the curtain rises and displays to view the frightful picture of England under Elizabeth. Blood, it seems, flowed like water; the gibbet and the stake were perpetually doing their accursed work. M. Rio, indeed, seems rather at a loss whom to point out as dangling before our eyes in the gibbet's chains, for he has been obliged, *five* times over, to make Campian do duty as a victim. We are under a vague impression that the historiographer of an earlier reign would have had a larger selection of such victims at his disposal.* Meanwhile we cannot help ex-

* It is not very easy to make out the exact number of those who were put to death under Elizabeth. Mr. Hallam, who is inclined to be very severe on that monarch for her severity, admits that 'there is good reason for doubting whether any one who was executed might not have saved his life by explicitly denying the Pope's power to depose the Queen.' (*Const. Hist. of England*, vol. i. p. 164.) He further allows that he is not aware that the assertion made by Lord Burghley and Walsingham respectively that 'no one had been executed for his religion' under Elizabeth's reign, has ever been disproved. Elizabeth reigned forty-five years. The largest number of deaths, or of so-called 'Catholic martyrdoms,' laid to her door is 204. Her sister Mary reigned only five years, and the lowest number given to the Protestant martyrs is 277. This, in round numbers,

claiming *Quorsum hæc omnia?* The execution of Campian and the mutilation of Stubbes, the consequences which the Armada and the intrigues of Mary Queen of Scots entailed upon the Roman Catholics—what, in the name of common sense, has all this to do with Shakspeare's opinions? M. Rio wishes us to draw from it the inference that a Queen who could tolerate such atrocities would be satiated with nothing less than the coarsest theatrical representations. To an ordinary reader the existence of Shakspeare's plays might seem a sufficient refutation of any such inference. But this suggestion would entirely spoil the effect of M. Rio's *coup de théâtre*. If Elizabeth wanted coarse theatricals, she had them to her hand. Her lusts were pampered and excited by a Lylly; her thirst for blood by the 'génie Satanique' of Christopher Marlowe; her low and debauched tastes of every kind by Marlowe's boon companions, a Peele, a Lodge, a Green, a Kyd, and a Whetstone; her hatred of the Pope, of the Roman Catholics, and of Spain, by all alike. Such are but a few of the details in this remarkably faithful picture of England under Queen Elizabeth. We shall presently see, even if our readers have not already guessed, to what all this is intended to be a foil; but we infer that M. Rio's acquaintance with the dramatists whom he so glibly denounces is extremely questionable. Ulrici has pointed out with his usual sagacity the importance of the part which Lylly played in the development of the drama in England, and in the moulding of stage diction to the higher purposes it was destined to serve in abler hands. But to see in the jejune efforts of the author of 'Euphues' the toying of a vile panderer with the depraved tastes of Elizabeth, is even more absurd than it is false. In those little pieces which were acted by the children of St. Paul's before the Queen, it would only excite incredulity and amazement if no flattery were to be found. With regard to Marlowe, 'le plus dépravé de tous comme le plus impie,' we are certainly not prepared to put lance in rest to defend his character or to extol his works, but we once more venture to submit that it might be well to read them before addressing such vehement denunciations to their author. That M. Rio has not found it inconvenient to dispense with this little preliminary we may fairly infer from two circumstances. First, he attributes to the author of 'Tamburlaine' a statement at the end of the First Part that 'still greater murders' will be forthcoming in the Second Part. This statement is a pure invention. Secondly, it is difficult to believe that any man could have had in his hands an edition of Marlowe's works without coming across the well-known '*Note*' by Bame which Ritson threw with such gusto into Warton's teeth as a triumphant proof of the impious nature of Marlowe's opinions. Among these opinions M. Rio will find the following opinion ascribed to this 'impious, depraved, and Satanic' writer (see *Marlowe's Works, Ed. Dyce*, 1858, *Appendix II.* p. 389):—'That yf ther be any God or good religion, then it is in the Papistes because the service of God is performed with more ceremonyes as elevation of the masse, organs, singinge men, shaven crownes, &c. That al Protestantes ar hipocriticall asses.' Mr. Dyce is probably right in considering that this paper is not entitled to much authority; but still the passage makes us hesitate to accept the following statement:—'Que Marlowe ait poursuivi les Catholiques de sa haîne et qu'il ait renforcé de sa voix le cri d'extermination que le fanatisme poussait alors contre eux, ce n'est qu'une conséquence naturelle de son impiété pour ainsi dire organique qui pourtant ne s'attaqua jamais à la religion officielle' (p. 65). We might add as further proof, if further proof were needed, of M. Rio's utter ignorance of Marlowe's works, that he calls Marlowe's play 'The Massacre at Paris,' 'Le Massacre de la Saint-Barthélemy,' as if that had been its actual title. We are here reminded of the fact that at the time of the massacre of St. Bartholomew Shakspeare was old enough to sympathize with the horror which this atrocity excited throughout England, and which more than any other single cause confirmed the whole nation in its hatred of Rome.

It would be easy, if space permitted, to point out errors equally flagrant which M. Rio has committed with regard to the other dramatists we have named. But the samples we have given seem to us sufficient to show that there is *à priori* reason for suspecting that every statement which comes from his pen is not only destitute of evidence, but is in direct opposition to it. A writer who

gives from four to five deaths during each year of Elizabeth's reign, and about 55 for each year of Mary's reign. It should also be borne in mind that the penal measures adopted by Elizabeth were intended, and in many cases we cannot doubt were absolutely essential, to promote the security of government; whereas Mary's victims were the fruit of vindictive bigotry. In the above remarks, and in the numbers given, we have taken the most unfavourable view of Elizabeth's proceedings which we find current in any respectable historian.' It is only fair, however, to add that statements much more favourable are to be found in contemporary writers.

gives rise to such untoward surmises is, to say the least, unfortunate.

Our suspicions receive additional stimulus whenever M. Rio appeals to an 'authentic document.' In M. Rio's vocabulary this word would seem to imply a document all but universally recognised as supposititious. For example, at p. 83, after being told that at the outset of Shakspeare's dramatic career two theatres were summarily closed for having meddled with religious questions—which, by the way, is false, because it was not two theatres that were closed, but two companies (Lord Strange's and the Lord Admiral's) that were reprimanded—we are reminded, on the authority of an 'authentic document,' that the players at Blackfriars Theatre had sent up a memorial to the Privy Council showing how they always kept clear of matters of state and religion, and meant to continue as they had begun. Now, if there be one of the so-called Collier documents which more than any other is tainted with the suspicion of forgery, it is this very memorial. If M. Rio was not aware of the fact, he had no business to appear in print on the subject of Shakspeare. If he was aware of it, we can only say that he is guilty of something much worse than ignorance. Not but what M. Rio has a kind of serviceable shrewdness which enables him to put on one side and tacitly to ignore documents which come from the same source and which are tainted with the same suspicion, so long as they are somewhat inconvenient for his purpose. For example, there is another paper at Bridgewater House which goes to show that Shakspeare was a great favourite of that debauched, tyrannical, and every way detestable bigot, Queen Elizabeth: a statement which somewhat militates against M. Rio's theories. Of this document (and of others which might be named of like inconvenient purport) we hear nothing in M. Rio's pages.

The third chapter is entitled 'Shakespeare dans sa Gloire.' The remarks which we find at the commencement on 'Pericles and Titus Andronicus' are too absurd to detain us or our readers for a moment. We pass on to 'Love's Labour's Lost.' In this play M. Rio discovers a great deal which we apprehend is known only to himself, and which we will not pause to discuss. There is one passage, however, on which we join issue with him. After enumerating sundry features and incidents in the play which seem to countenance his views, he adds:—'Puis il y a un regret enveloppé à dessein dans un vers concis et obscure, sur le malheur des temps témoins de la disjonction du beau et du vrai attendu que la beauté dans les femmes y paraît souvent déparée par l'hérésie.' The passage referred to by M. Rio is in Act iv. sc. i. and runs as follows—the only line which M. Rio quotes is that we have printed in italics. We think our readers will experience some embarrassment in adapting M. Rio's comment to the text. The Princess and the Forester are the speakers, and they deliver themselves of the following conceits:—

'*For.* Hereby, upon the edge of yonder coppice;
A stand where you can make the fairest shoot.
*Prin.* I thank my beauty I am fair that shoot,
And thereupon thou speak'st the fairest shoot.
*For.* Pardon me, madam, for I meant not so.
*Prin.* What, what! first praise me and again say no?
O short-lived pride! Not fair? alack for woe!
*For.* Yes, madam, fair.
*Prin.* Nay, never paint me now:
Where fair is not praise cannot mend the brow.
Here good my glass take this for telling true:
Fair payment for foul words is more than due.
*For.* Nothing but fair is that which you inherit.
*Prin.* See, see, my beauty will be saved by merit.
*O heresy in fair, fit for these days!*
A giving hand, though foul, shall have fair praise.'

The whole passage is, no doubt, as full of conceits as it is empty of meaning; but it becomes contemptible beyond all expression if we endeavour to foist into it the grand ideas about the Beautiful and the True of which M. Rio prates. Nor is this all. It is a passage which we had marked, before we proceeded to review M. Rio's book, as bearing on our side of the subject. Admit with Mr. Collier's 'Corrector' that the true reading in the italicised line is *faith*, not *fair*, and we have not only sense, which we somewhat desiderate in the line as it stands, but also a direct allusion, not of a favourable character, to the exaggerated estimate of Good Works generally attributed to the Church of Rome. Just as in another play ('Twelfth Night,' iii. ii. 74) we read of the 'Christian who means to be saved by believing rightly' without any implied disparagement.

At p. 134 we read as follows:—'Jusqu'alors la compagnie dramatique dont Shakespeare faisait partie, et qui s'appelait la compagnie du Lord Chambellan, n'avait pas été admise, malgré ce puissant patronage, à donner des représentations à la cour.' We are informed in a note that the registers of the Privy Council contain payments to other companies, but none to the Lord

Chamberlain's — whereupon M. Rio remarks, 'A celà on repond que les régistres ont été perdus!'—and we are asked to infer that the cause of the exclusion was Shakspeare's reluctance to flatter the Queen.

To this we reply—1st. By asking M. Rio if he is prepared to assert that any of the companies of players had it in their power to refuse to play before the Court if called upon to do so? If he is not, what becomes of his absurd conjecture? If he is, we beg to refer him to the 'Commissio Specialis pro Edw. Tylney Ar. Magistro Revellorum,' issued by Elizabeth in 1581, which gave the Master of the Revels absolute control over 'all and every plaier or plaiers, with their play-makers, either belonging to any noblemen or otherwise,' for the purpose of Court entertainments. They were as much at his beck as the commonest workmen he employed. (*Shakesp. Soc. Papers*, vol. iii.) 2nd. It is not true that the Lord Chamberlain's servants had not been admitted to act before the Queen before 1594. Payments to them are recorded in the Council Registers at various dates between 7th January, 1575–6, to 19th February, 1581. The books are lost between June 1582 to February 1585, and again between 1593 and 1597. We confess we see nothing extraordinary in being unable to find an entry in books which have ceased to exist. Our readers may judge from the above how far M. Rio is justified in his conjecture that Shakspeare's religious convictions prevented him from acting before the Court.

Act, however, he did, we are told, in 1594, when 'Midsummer Night's Dream' was represented before the Queen. It may be so, but so far as we know there is not a particle of evidence in favour of the statement. In fact, we may take it as a rule that 'évidemment' in M. Rio's pages is invariably the prelude to a statement which is peculiarly destitute of demonstrative evidence. For the sake of argument, however, we will assume that the play was so acted before the Queen. We are then asked to believe that Shakspeare availed himself of this his first appearance by speaking of the Virgin Queen 'dans des termes singulièrement équivoques,' and by introducing an allusion, which M. Rio (following herein Warburton) scarcely considers covert, to the fate of Mary Queen of Scots! We fail to find anything singularly equivocal in the passage to which, as we presume, M. Rio alludes—II. i. 157–164 (Cambridge Ed.):—

'Cupid all arm'd: a certain aim he took
At a fair vestal throned by the west,
And loosed his love-shaft smartly from his bow,
As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts:
But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft
Quench'd in the chaste beams of the watery moon,
And the imperial votaress passed on
In maiden meditation, fancy free.'

Anachronism apart, we are sure that Sir Walter Scott accurately described in the famous river-scene in 'Kenilworth' the impression which such a compliment, as unequivocal as it was delicate, must have made on the mind of the royal lady to whom it was addressed. With regard to her unfortunate rival, we had thought that Steevens, Ritson, Halpin, Gervinus, and others, had long ago disposed of the conjecture of Bishop Warburton. No one, we think, can doubt, on reading the famous passage referred to, viz. II. i. 148, *sqq.*:—'Thou remember'st since once I sat upon a promontory,' that Shakspeare had before his mind the scene described by Gascoigne, Laneham, and Dugdale, and perhaps witnessed by himself, at the revels at Kenilworth in the summer of 1575. The point is not of much importance, but M. Rio's total silence on the existence of another and more generally received interpretation serves to test his candour.

We pass over some minor absurdities, to hasten on to one of M. Rio's grosser perversions of fact in the matter of Shakspeare's play of 'Richard II.':—

'La plus importante des toutes, non seulement à cause des allusions hardies qu'elle contient mais aussi à cause de l'interprétation non équivoque que leur ont donnée les contemporains eux-mêmes. On peut dire que jamais composition dramatique ne joua un rôle si éclatant dans l'histoire politique d'aucun peuple, *si l'on admet* que le drame de Richard II., dont la représentation servait de prélude à l'insurrection d'Essex, était vraiment l'ouvrage de Shakespeare, et non pas une pièce plus ancienne qui lui avait fourni son cadre et peut-être quelques esquisses de caractères.'

We congratulate M. Rio on a discretion which he does not always show. He boldly asserts that Shakspeare's play was the play which is stated to have been used as a stimulus to the rebellion of Essex, and to the deposition of Elizabeth, but he carefully abstains from giving his readers the slightest scent of the existence of any evidence on the subject. His 'non équivoque' in the passage quoted does duty for his 'évidemment' elsewhere. *A priori*, indeed, it would seem in the highest degree improbable that a play which stands alone in Shakspeare's plays—we had almost said in English literature—for its assertion of the Divine right of kings, and which excites in the reader and itself expresses the warmest sympathy and pity

for a monarch, who, we are told, was a counterpart of the hated Elizabeth whose deposition was to be hailed with joy, should have been used to excite the citizens of London to feelings of animosity and acts of disloyalty against the Queen. But it is not with *à priori* evidence we can or need be content. We have abundant and irrefragable proof that Shakspeare was perfectly innocent of any of the intentions ascribed to him. We will endeavour to state this as succinctly as we can. In Mr. Spedding's 'Life of Bacon,' vol. ii. p. 289, we find the following passage in the 'arraignment' of Sir Gillie Merricke, who, it will be remembered, was deeply implicated in the Essex conspiracy:—

'That the afternoon before the Rebellion, Merricke, with a great company of others that afterwards were all in the action, had procured to be played before them the play of deposing King Richard II. Neither was it casual, but a play bespoken by Merricke. And not so only, but when it was told him by one of the players that the play was old and they should have loss in playing it because few would come to it, there were forty shillings extraordinary given to play it, and so thereupon played it was. So earnest he was to satisfy his eyes with the sight of that tragedy, which he thought soon after his Lord should bring from the stage to the state, but that God turned it upon their own heads.'

So that early in the year 1601 'a play of deposing King Richard II.' was called an 'old' play, and objected to by the players accordingly. Camden in his 'Annals,' 1615, p. 246, in speaking of the same accusation of Merricke, calls the play 'exoletam tragediam.' The evidence of 'Augustyne Phillyppes, servant unto the L. Chamberleyne,' is to the same effect, and bears out the statement in the arraignment of the play being 'so old.' A deposition of Merricke himself, which is also preserved in the State Paper Office (where it, like the former, was discovered by Mr. Collier) gives us some more exact particulars as to the title of the play. 'The playe was of King Henry the iiijth and of the kylling of Kyng Richard the Second, played by the Lord Chamberlen's players.' This title of Henry IV. which is here implied agrees with what we read in the State Trials, i. 1445, 43 Eliz. 'They must needs have the play of Henry the Fourth.' It has been conjectured by Mr. Collier that a 'Richard II.' described by Dr. Simon Forman as having been seen by him at the Globe Theatre in 1611, and which assuredly from the description so given was not Shakspeare's play, might have been the play referred to in the indictment of Sir G. Merricke. But, in the first place, we suspect that this last play bore the title of 'Henry IV., and in the second place we think it questionable whether a play, which in 1600 was demurred to as obsolete would, in 1611, have undergone a revival. The fact we take to be that there were countless plays which handled the reigns of English kings, and which have met with the entire oblivion they well deserved. It is sufficient for our purpose to have shown that there is not one tittle of evidence or of probability that the play which was acted on the 7th February, 1601, was Shakspeare's 'Richard II.'

But M. Rio's statements do not end here. He informs us that the fifth act of Shakspeare's 'Richard II.' was suppressed in the edition of 1597: that it reappeared again for a few hours as a prelude to the insurrection of Essex, and that afterwards a new *dénouement* was substituted for it by the author. Of the three statements here made we trust we have disproved the second, and we may add that the first and third are entirely false. If the reader will turn to the bibliographical notices which accompany each play in the Cambridge Edition, or in that of Mr. Collier, he will find that the fifth act is to be found in every edition, quarto and folio, of the play, and that the only addition made to the edition of 1597 was the lines which commence, 'Fetch hither Richard,' &c. (act iv. sc. i.) down to the end of the fourth act.

But greater marvels than these await us at M. Rio's hands. We will not pause to criticise the description of the play of 'Romeo and Juliet' as a 'réhabilitation de l'idéal ascétique' (!!) or to denounce the implied laudation of priestly self-sacrifice foisted into a note about one of the characters, Friar John—'qui *s'enferme* avec les malades dans les hôpitaux'—whereas Shakspeare merely says that he was shut up by the 'searchers of the town,' we pass on at once to the play of 'King John,' which M. Rio regards as a grand assault against the bulwarks of Protestantism.

John Bale, a saturnine bigot—'Biliosus Balæus' old Fuller calls him—the author of the famous 'Catalogue of British Writers,' was born in 1495, and died in 1563, a year before Shakspeare came into the world. He is the reputed author of a dramatic composition on King John, which so far as is known was not published before the year 1838, when Mr. Collier, on the strength of the writing, and of a notice in another work of Bale's, attributed a MS. of the Duke of Devonshire's, called 'Kynge Johan,' to the Bishop of Ossory, and published it among the works of the Camden Society. Bale states that he wrote twenty-two dramatic works, 'idiomate materno.' If they were all of them such

trash as the 'Kynge Johan,' their loss is not greatly to be deplored. Be this as it may, Shakspeare had a mission, and this mission was to demolish the 'apostate Bale:' to this mission we are indebted for the plays of 'King John' and of 'Henry VIII.' Unfortunately for this little theory, it is more than probable that Shakspeare had never so much as heard of Bale's play (which seems to have been written for the corporation of Ipswich), and almost certain that he had never read it; for, as we have seen, it was not published till 1838. Nor is this all. It is altogether certain that neither Shakspeare nor the author of 'The Troublesome Raigne of John King of England,' published in 1591, ever made the slightest use of Bale's play, even if we admit, for the sake of argument, that the opportunity was afforded them. From this 'Troublesome Raigne,' which M. Rio calls 'moins barbare mais non moins mensongère' than Bale's, Shakspeare has borrowed not inconsiderably—borrowed as men of his stamp are wont, by separating the gold from the dross, putting the one in vessels to be kept, and casting the other away. His kingly spirit looked down with more than ermined equity upon the rancorous squabbles and factious misrepresentations, and coarse slanders, whether of the Puritan or of the Papist, holding them to be as much at variance with good taste as with the weightier matters of the law. But because the pages of his 'King John' do not teem with virulent abuse of the profligacy of monks and with coarse details on the unchastity of nuns, are we to suppose for a moment, as M. Rio would have us suppose, that Shakspeare intended to fight the battle of the Pope against King John? Surely every candid reader of the play will be ready to endorse the language of Mr. Hunter, who very sensibly observes in his 'Illustrations of Shakspeare,' vol. ii. p. 14:—

'We have a passage in this play which must for ever decide the question whether the poet when he wrote it was a member of the Roman Church, or favourable for any scheme for its regaining its supremacy in England. The passage is this:—

"And blessed shall he be that doth revolt
From his allegiance to a heretic;
And meritorious shall that hand be called,
Canonized and worshipped as a saint,
That takes away by any secret course
Thy hateful life."

It is a speech of Pandulf. Shakspeare, it may be said, is only writing in the character of the speaker as a dramatist ought to do. But if he had been a favourer of the system which many in his day would gladly have seen restored, he would not have put into the mouth of the representative of the Church a doctrine which the enemies of the Church attributed to its authorities, charged them with encouraging, while it is a doctrine which strikes at the root of all personal security, and is shocking to the common sense of right and wrong. If he had been at all solicitous for the honour of the Church he would have qualified and screened such a sentiment as this, or rather he would have suppressed it: and that he has done neither the one nor the other is a plain proof that he did not scruple to expose to the execration of the people the darkest parts of the system, and do his part to keep in mind that such extreme opinions might be cherished in the Church. If he himself secretly approved of them, which we cannot believe, he still would not have cared to expose them in all their native deformity. It should be remembered that something like encouragement was actually held out to take the life of Queen Elizabeth, or at least her ministers chose to have it thought so.'

Destitute of all other resources, either in fact or argument, M. Rio makes use of the weapon most familiar to him, and which we suppose we must call by no harsher term than misrepresentation. He boasts of Shakspeare having omitted in his play the plot between the abbot and the monk to poison King John, which is found in the 'Troublesome Raigne.' It is true that he does omit that vile scene. We cannot believe it possible that under any circumstances Shakspeare could have retained it. But what of that? If M. Rio thinks proper to forget, readers of Shakspeare will remember the lines at the close of the fifth act:—

'*Hub.* The king I fear is poisoned by a monk.

. . . . . .

*Bast.* How did he take it? who did taste to him?

*Hub.* A monk, I tell you, a resolved villain.'

Then, again, he has the effrontery (no milder word occurs to us) to take in sober earnest the bitter irony of the famous monologue at the end of the second act, and to represent Shakspeare as wishing to disparage Faulconbridge in the two concluding lines, of which M. Rio quotes only the last:—

'Since kings break faith upon commodity,
Gain, be my lord, and I will worship thee.'

A conspicuous instance of M. Rio's misconception is to be seen in the next thrust he makes against the apostate Bishop of Ossory, whom he had only scotched, not killed, in the fray about King John. Bale had published in 1559 an account of the trial and condemnation of Sir John Oldcastle, under the title of 'A brief Chronycle concernynge the examinacion and death of the blessed martyr of Christ Syr Johann Oldcastell.' M. Rio would have us be-

lieve that Shakspeare, in the First Part of 'Henry IV.,' in order to cast ridicule on the Lollard martyr, the glory of Protestantism, had introduced Oldcastle as the boon companion of Prince Henry, and had subsequently changed the name to that of Sir John Falstaff. The point is one on which opinions seem much divided. The evidence on the subject is so fully brought together in the 'Variorum Shakespeare' that we think it needless to go over the ground again, especially as it is a matter of infinitesimally small importance. For our own part, we do not think it is by any means established beyond doubt that Shakspeare ever made the substitution in question. But we will give M. Rio the benefit of the doubt, and assume as proved that the play, as it originally stood, had among its *dramatis personæ* the name of Sir John Oldcastle in lieu of Sir John Falstaff. Our charge against him is that he quietly suppresses the fact that if Shakspeare did take the name of Oldcastle, he only took what he found ready to his hand in 'The Famous Victories of King Henry the Fifth,' which was first published in 1598. Once upset the notion that Shakspeare had any *set purpose* in bringing Oldcastle on the stage, and the whole of M. Rio's fabric falls to the ground. If Shakspeare found that he had inadvertently given pain to some member of the family, we can easily believe that he would with alacrity have changed the name. What we require is a proof that he went out of his way to bring into disrepute a Protestant martyr as a studied insult to the enemies of the Church of Rome. Not only is the absence of such proof complete, but we have also evidence on the opposite side. In the Epilogue to the Second Part of 'Henry IV.' he actually retains the title of martyr as a designation of Sir John Oldcastle, a title which a fervent Roman Catholic, such as M. Rio imagines Shakspeare to have been, would have been loath to confer. The words of the Epilogue are:—'Falstaff shall die of a sweat, unless already a' be killed with your hard opinion; for Oldcastle died a martyr, and this is not the man.' As if he had said (we are now arguing on the assumption that Falstaff was a later substitution):—'It is true that at first I made use of the name of Oldcastle, which I borrowed from "The Famous Victories," just as I borrowed from the same source the names of Ned and Gadshill, but as I have unconsciously given offence, I wish you to know that by the Falstaff here introduced I do not mean to cast any slur upon Oldcastle the martyr.' Regarded in this, which we believe to be the true light, the whole affair assumes a very different complexion from that which M. Rio gives it.

We have not the patience to dwell minutely on the details of the remainder of this chapter, which contains a larger amount of nonsense than we have often seen put together in a limited compass. We must, however, glance at one or two of the grosser misrepresentations with which these pages abound. M. Rio expatiates, not without justice, on the character of Henry V., which is certainly one of Shakspeare's finest creations. But here, as everywhere, he deliberately puts forward as specimens of Shakspeare's religious fervour, incidents, and expressions which are simply copied from older chronicles or plays. For example, he makes a great fuss about the King's injunction, 'Let there be sung "Non nobis" and "Te Deum"' at the end of Act IV., and adds other details which are not in the play at all, but which, together with those employed by Shakspeare, are to be found in Holinshed. In the next page he leads his readers to suppose that in Shakspeare's play is to be found the somewhat curious circumstance, also mentioned in the Chronicles, of the English soldiers before the battle of Agincourt kneeling down on the ground and biting a piece of earth—to which act Stowe* gives the gloss (not found in older chronicles) of a sacramental type, a gloss which M. Rio puts forward as if it had been found in Shakspeare; which might possibly have been the case, but, as it happens, is the reverse. Again in connexion with the allusion to Essex in the well-known lines of the chorus at the commencement of Act v., 'Were now the general of our gracious Empress,' &c., M. Rio actually wishes to make out that these lines were considered treasonable, and that to this we must attribute the fact of the play not being printed (except in a very imperfect form) during Shakspeare's lifetime. Shakspeare allowed this mutilated edition to circulate sooner than sanction a more complete edition *minus* the objectionable lines about Essex and Ireland! He makes a similar remark about the 'longue interdiction' of 'As you like it,' in which Jaques, it would seem, is intended to denote either Essex or Southampton, we cannot exactly make out which. Has M. Rio taken leave of his senses? Out of thirty-seven plays only fourteen were published during Shakspeare's life-

* The passage in Stowe (p. 349, Ed. Howes) runs as follows:—'Every of them toke in his mouth a little piece of earth in remembrance that they were mortall and made of earth, *as also in remembrance of the Holy Communion.*'

time. Does M. Rio pretend to imply that the remainder laboured under a *longue interdiction?* And if not those twenty-one why these two? Such absurdities as these we really cannot condescend to discuss any further.

The whole of the fourth chapter is devoted to the play of 'Henry VIII.' It is ushered in by a long and scurrilous preamble on lying chroniclers and writers of plays who had handled that reign, and whom, including Bishop Bale, Shakspeare was to demolish. Chettle, Hall, Holinshed, Stowe, Lelend, Uvedale, Buchanan, Herbert of Cherbury, Fox, Speed, Baker, Heylin, Burnet, Carte, Echard—all these in various degrees come in for a lash at M. Rio's hands. Shakspeare scorned all the ordinary sources of information accessible in his day; 'official documents,' martyrologies, and chronicles were all of them shoved aside to make room for Erasmus and Cardinal Pole, for Saunders, for Campian, and for Cavendish. Shakspeare must certainly have enjoyed extraordinary facilities for consulting unpublished manuscripts. To say nothing of the letters of Cardinal Pole and of Erasmus, it is next to certain that Cavendish's 'Life of Wolsey' did not see the light till 1641. We shall not waste one line in further discussion on this subject. Shakspeare's knowledge and use of Cavendish's 'Life of Wolsey,' was derived exclusively from 'that impudent liar' (as M. Rio calls him) Holinshed. The like holds with regard to Campian. We have never met with a tissue of more audacious misstatements than that which M. Rio has woven together in this preamble of twenty-eight pages.

There are three points to be considered respecting the play of 'Henry VIII.' When was it written? By whom was it written? And when was it acted? M. Rio considers it was written in 1602 (p. 228), but in the very next sentence he virtually contradicts himself. He there observes:—'le titre primitif était *All is true*, titre hardi et significatif, qui en faisait une œuvre à part et impliquait un démenti formel donné à ceux qui avaient l'histoire complice de leurs serviles mensonges.' Now, Sir Henry Wotton expressly says that the play called 'All is True,' which he saw acted at the *Globe* Theatre in 1613, and of which the description answers to Shakspeare's 'Henry VIII.,' was a *new piece*. But if, as M. Rio asserts, it was brought out in 1613 with a 'changement du titre primitif,' it was then called 'Henry VIII.' and not 'All is true.' We leave him to extricate himself from this dilemma as best he can. To our mind it does not seem to be proved or even to be probable that Shakspeare wrote the play long before it was brought upon the stage in 1613. So much of the play as was Shakspeare's must have been in his latest manner. M. Rio has evidently an object in wishing to throw the composition further back. He seems to think it impossible that Shakspeare could have put into Cranmer's mouth a eulogy of Queen Elizabeth, at the time when Southampton was undergoing punishment for his share in the Essex conspiracy. With regard to the authorship, we hold it to be a fair ground for discussion whether the whole of the play was written by Shakspeare. Mr. James Spedding has gone fully into the subject in the 'Gentleman's Magazine' for 1850, and his opinion is that Fletcher had a considerable hand in the composition of the play. It is superfluous to insist on the very great weight which is due to the opinion of a student of Shakspeare of such rare judgment and exquisite taste as are conspicuous in everything to which Mr. Spedding puts his hand. But apart from these *à priori* claims to consideration and respect, the arguments adduced by him are cogent in the extreme. This hypothesis, however, is very different from M. Rio's view that Ben Jonson in his triple character of assassin, apostate, and informer, piratically foisted in the whole of the fifth act, and so brought out the play in Shakspeare's absence and without his knowledge, under a new title! this new title, it will be observed, being the *titre primitif* on which M. Rio insists so strongly. A more monstrous absurdity could not possibly be conceived. To say nothing of the fact that Shakspeare was in London a short time before * the play was acted, it is preposterous to suppose that it could have been handled as M. Rio alleges without his knowledge and consent. On Mr. Spedding's hypothesis we should have no particular reason for not admitting that Cranmer's eulogy of Elizabeth may have been written by Fletcher. Grant that it was: still, we contend that it must have met with Shakspeare's full sanction before it was introduced into the play. Not a line could have been inserted by Fletcher, Ben Jonson, or any other collaborator, without Shakspeare's assent. And if we have carried our readers so far along with us, we would ask them to pause while they consider carefully the words of that eulogy,

* It was in 1613 that Shakspeare executed, in London, the mortgage of the estate from Henry Walker. See Malone's 'Life of Shakespeare,' p. 501. Collier, 'Life of Shakspeare,' p. 204.

and ask themselves if a man who either wrote them or sanctioned their utterance could possibly have been other than a warm adherent of the cause of Elizabeth, a warm opponent of the pretensions of the Romish See :—

'This royal infant—heaven still move about her!
Though in her cradle yet, now promises
Upon this land a thousand thousand blessings
Which time shall bring to ripeness: she shall be—
But few now living can behold that goodness—
A pattern to all princes living with her
And all that shall succeed: Saba was never
More covetous of wisdom and fair virtue
Than this pure soul shall be: all princely graces
That mould up such a mighty piece as this is
With all the virtues that attend the good,
Shall still be doubled on her; truth shall nurse her;
Holy and heavenly thoughts still counsel her:
She shall be loved and feared: her own shall bless her:
Her foes shake like a field of beaten corn
And hang their heads with sorrow. Good grows with her;
In her days every man shall eat in safety,
Under his own vine, what he plants, and sing
The merry songs of peace to all his neighbours:
*God shall be truly known:* and those about her
From her shall read the perfect ways of honour,
And by those claim their greatness not by blood.'
&c. &c. &c. (Act v. v. 16.)

Besides, M. Rio seems to forget that the flattering allusions to Elizabeth are not confined to the fifth act; we find in the second act that she is spoken of prophetically as 'a gem to lighten all this isle,' and in the third act she is spoken of by anticipation as a 'blessing to the land which shall in it be memoriz'd.' Now, M. Rio admits—nay, contends—that all the play up to the fifth act is by Shakspeare. Here, then, is another dilemma in which we leave him to flounder. Some minor matters may be glanced at. M. Rio dwells with great unction on the manner in which the author of the first four acts has portrayed the character of Cardinal Wolsey. Without a moment questioning the exquisite beauty of the scene with Cromwell, is it quite in keeping with M. Rio's theory to find the Cardinal accosted in the following words?—

'I'll startle you
Worse than the sacring bell when the brown wench
Lay kissing in your arms, lord Cardinal.'

What, too, of the character which Katharine gives of him in the fourth act? Once more: M. Rio asserts that if we except the fifth act, 'on ne trouvera pas un seul vers à la louange de Cranmer.' This is not true: there are two lines in Act IV. sc. i. In one he is spoken of as 'the virtuous Cranmer'; in the other it is said that Thomas Cromwell would be a close friend to him.

We had written thus far when it came to our knowledge that at a Shakspeare Congress which was to be held, or which was then sitting at Weimar, and at which the best Shaksperian scholars in Germany were to be present, this very question of Shakspeare's religious creed was one of the subjects to come under discussion. We immediately put ourselves in communication with Professor Ulrici, of Halle, and requested him to furnish us with any information he could supply on the purport of the discussion. With a courtesy and a promptitude which deserves our best acknowledgments, he informed us that M. Rio's book had been so thoroughly answered by Dr. Bernays in a paper which, as we gathered from Professor Ulrici's letter, was to appear in the transactions of the German Shakspeare Society, that it was felt there was nothing further left to discuss. We have not seen Dr. Bernays' review, but we rejoice to learn that M. Rio's book has been so thoroughly criticised by a writer who has arrived independently at the same conclusions as ourselves. Indeed, if we wanted any ægis under which to protect our attack, we could not do better than quote the words of an English Shakspeare scholar who has devoted to the study of our great poet an amount of time, of intelligence, and of labour of which few can boast, and to whom we are indebted for the following summary of his views on the subject before us :—

'In England from 1564 to 1616, among the middle and lower classes, not one in a hundred was a professed Roman Catholic; therefore in any given case the chances *à priori* against such a hypothesis are so great as to require strong positive evidence on the other side to outweigh the antecedent improbability.

'In Shakspeare's case the external evidence is of the weakest kind, and immensely outweighed by the silence of his contemporaries and immediate successors, and by the fact that his children, like himself, were baptised in the parish church, that he was never "presented" as a recusant, and that he was buried in the most honourable place in that church in front of the altar, and had a conspicuous monument erected to his memory. His daughter and his son-in-law were undoubtedly members of the English Church. The internal evidence for his supposed Romanist sympathies rests upon the most shadowy inferences, and is far more than counterbalanced by more positive and direct proof on the other side. In fact, we gather from his works that he was a loyal subject, an

ardent patriot, and in both capacities sure to regard the Pope and his allies with detestation, and that, though anything but irreligious, he was remarkably free from sectarian bias; so deeply impressed with the mysteries of life and death, of time and eternity, of moral good and moral evil, that he would regard the rivalry of formulas and rituals with indifference, and would not incur penalties or proscription for the sake of a thing he did not value.

'The question should be argued dispassionately, as becomes men whose sole object is truth. If it could be proved that Shakspeare had clung generously to a persecuted creed, it would rather raise than diminish our estimate of his moral worth; but I am convinced that the fact was otherwise, and that in religion, as in politics and morals, Shakspeare's thoughts and feelings were in unison with the thoughts and feelings of the nation of which he was the darling and the pride.'

We shall not attempt to follow M. Rio in detail through the concluding chapter of his work, which is so rambling and inconclusive that it would be a waste of time and of space to attempt to refute it. We are told that the play of 'Julius Cæsar' is a 'glorification audacieuse du complot dont Essex avait été le chef et la principale victime.' 'Measure for Measure' is a glorification of the 'ascetic ideal' and of 'cloistered virginity.' Coriolanus appears to be Essex, and Hamlet is Essex and the King is Leicester, and the Queen is Elizabeth and so is Othello; Desdemona, apparently, being Essex or Southampton, it is not quite clear which. With regard to Othello, M. Rio says, in the first place, that it was acted before the Queen in 1602, a statement which reposes on a notoriously forged document. In the second place, he wishes to make out that Othello is a devout Papist, 'au grand scandale des spectateurs protestants'—a Papist 'qui a foi dans tous les petits symboles matériels de la redemption des péchés, et dans les petites pratiques de mortification comme la reclusion, le jeûne et la prière.' (P. 273.) In a note we find some lines from 'Othello' printed exactly as follows:—

'To all seals and symbols of redeemed sin
. . . . . .
This hand of yours requires
A sequester from liberty, fasting, and prayer,
Much castigation, exercise devout.'
(Act III. sc. iv.)

An unwary reader would naturally suppose from the context and the note together that among the 'seals and symbols' were included by Othello this 'fasting and prayer,' &c. He will learn with surprise, not to say with indignation, that the first line, 'To all seals,' &c., is taken—and misquoted when taken—from another part of the play, where Iago, not Othello, is the speaker, and where it is averred that this Papist is so passionately in love with Desdemona that at her bidding he would renounce his baptism and all seals and symbols of redeemed sin. We need not characterise proceedings as disingenuous as these.

We have hitherto allowed M. Rio to have it all his own way—that is, his book has designedly been made the text, and not the pretext of this article. To follow him over the ground inch by inch, and perpetually trip him up as he went from one misstatement to another seemed to us the only way of effectually exposing the utter recklessness of assertion, the want of judgment and balance of mind, which makes him the most untrustworthy of guides. We must not, however, conclude without producing a few instances from Shakspeare's works, which help, as it seems to us, to corroborate the view we have been endeavouring to establish.

At the risk of being accused of setting a pyramid on its apex, we venture to assert that there is one passage in Shakspeare which alone would suffice to convince us that he was not, and could not, possibly have been a Roman Catholic. We refer to the words used by Juliet to Friar Laurence (IV. i. 37):—

'Are you at leisure, holy father, now,
Or shall I come to you at *evening mass?*'

The same blunder has often been cast in the teeth of Sir Walter Scott by writers of the Romish communion, to whom it must, and certainly does, appear as absurd as to talk of evening breakfast. It seems to us morally impossible that any Roman Catholic could have made so absurd a mistake. And just in proportion as it would seem absurd in a Roman Catholic to speak of evening mass does it seem quite natural for Shakspeare as a member of the Reformed Church of England to talk as he does incidentally of 'priest and clerk'* (Richard II. Act IV. i. 173, and again in 'Much Ado about Noth-

* We should attach less stress than we do to this passage if Shakspeare had used the plural 'clerks' instead of the singular; for then he might have referred to clerks in Holy Orders. In the Book of Common Prayer the first use we meet with of 'clerk' in the singular number, and in what we may call the modern sense, is in the Solemnization of Matrimony. The same use is continued in some of the special services—e. g. that for the 5th November, 30th January, &c. &c. But in all the rubrics anterior to these the word 'clerks' refers to the clergy in cathedral choirs and collegiate churches who accompanied and assisted the priest or celebrant.

ing,' II. i. 114, 'Taming of the Shrew,' IV. iv. 94). Mr. Simpson says that 'Shakspeare never makes an allusion or an observation in the least tending to depart from the respect due to the Catholic doctrines or sacraments, or to any other part of the Catholic system.' (*Rambler*, 1854, p. 24.) We find some difficulty in reconciling this statement with the allusion to 'twenty popish tricks and ceremonies' in 'Titus Andronicus' (v. i. 76); or with the vehement language of Laertes ('Hamlet,' v. i. 264), 'I tell thee, churlish priest,' &c. &c.; or with the close, and it would seem proverbial, affinity stated to exist ('All's Well that Ends Well,' II ii. 28) between a 'nun's lip and a friar's mouth' —a passage which goes far, among others, to upset the statement made by Mr. Charles Butler that Shakspeare never says anything disparaging of religious orders. Can Mr. Simpson point out, on the other hand, any passage in which those doctrines and that system are treated with any special tokens of respect? Of course we refer to doctrines and sacraments peculiar to and distinctive of the Church of Rome, not to doctrines which are common to the Church of Christ wheresoever found. Mr. Simpson must pardon us for reminding him that communions other than that of Rome have held and hold that Jesus Christ was 'blessed Mary's son' (an expression he puts into italics as distinctively Catholic), and that His 'dear blood was shed for our grievous sins,' and 'His feet nailed for our advantage to the bitter cross.' In like manner, we may remark that it is scarcely consonant with Romish ideas of ritual to declare, as in 'Troilus and Cressida,' II. ii. 56:—

> 'Tis mad idolatry
> To make the service greater than the God;'

though it is only what you would expect in a member of the Church of England to find him, as in the same play (III. i. 14), borrowing an expression from the 'Catechism,' 'You are in a state of grace,' or, as in another play ('Taming of the Shrew,' II i. 66) from the Litany—'Good Lord deliver us,' or as in a third ('All's Well that Ends Well,' I. ii.), from the Collects of the English Church:—

> 'His plausive *words*
> He scattered not *in ears*, but *grafted* them
> To grow there and to bear;'

or as in a fourth play ('Much Ado about Nothing,' IV. i. 12), from the Marriage Service: 'If either of you know any inward impediment why you should not be conjoined, I charge you on your souls to utter it.'

That a considerable, nay, an entire sympathy with the doctrines was not wholly incompatible with a decided aversion to the hierarchy of the Church of Rome may, indeed, to a certain extent, be admitted. Still, we cannot bring ourselves to believe that any member of that Church as fervent as M. Rio represents Shakspeare to have been would have gone out of his way to paint the portrait of Cardinal Beaufort in 'Henry VI.', or that of Cardinal Wolsey in 'Henry VIII.' If it be said—and experience teaches us that there is nothing too extraordinary for M. Rio to say—that Shakspeare found no opportunity in his plays for giving vent to his personal piety and his inmost convictions (though of both we are told his plays are full), the case is not improved when we turn to his 'Poems and Sonnets.' The latter are the only part where the poet speaks in his own name, and not a word can we find in them which legitimately bears out the theory of their author's being a Roman Catholic. And not only so: deep religious feeling of any kind is in the 'Sonnets' conspicuous by its absence. If we pass on to evidence of a less direct character, the strong feelings of patriotism which Shakspeare everywhere and under all circumstances displays, furnish a most cogent argument against his assumed sympathies with Rome. In the beautiful language of the Archbishop of Dublin—

> 'Shakspeare was the child of the England of the Reformation. He was born of its spirit; he could never have been what he was if he had not lived and moved in the atmosphere, intellectual and moral, which it had created. Nor was he merely its unconscious product. One who so loved England, "this demi-paradise," who dwelt with such affection on the annals of her past glory, who allow the beatings of his own patriot heart to be so clearly felt and seen as he tells the story of Agincourt, could not have been indifferent to the assertion of national independence which the Reformation involved. Indeed, all of us must have felt that we heard not another, but Shakspeare himself, speaking in those grand words with which he makes King John put back the pretensions of a foreign priest to "tithe and toll" in the dominions of an English king.' (*Sermon, &c.*, p. 11.)

If it should be objected that some of the words used by Shakspeare in the passage here quoted from 'King John' are taken from other and older sources, we reply that the two closing lines—

> "All reverence set apart
> To him and his usurped authority,'

are exclusively Shakspeare's own.

If we want to form some idea of the kind of evidence which ought to have been forth-

coming in Shakspeare's plays if their author had been a Roman Catholic, we have only to turn to the plays of Massinger. Although the point has been contested by some critics, we are strongly of opinion that no reader can lay down the 'Virgin Martyr' and other of Massinger's plays without at least entertaining the question whether the writer may not have been a Roman Catholic. We hold it to be impossible, on the other hand, to name any one scene in any act in any of Shakspeare's plays which could for a moment suggest or warrant the notion that Shakspeare belonged to that communion. Certain it is that neither Pope, nor Dryden, nor William Davenant, ever gave the slightest indication of claiming him as one of their co-religionists.

Shakspeare, then, we maintain, and we trust have proved, was not, could not possibly have been, a Roman Catholic. Do we mean by this to assert that, on the other hand, he was an ardent member of the Reformed Church of England as by law established? No such thing. Ardent neither way was William Shakespeare. If, on the one hand, he had no sympathy with those 'who under hot ardent zeal would set whole realms on fire' ('Timon,' III. iii. 33), on the other hand, he sits not in the seat of the scornful, 'for the man doth fear God, howsoever it seems not in him by some large jests he will make' ('Much Ado about Nothing,' II. iii. 204). He well knew the perplexities of the age, and wisely elected to stand as far aloof from them as he could. As a Poet, indeed, he might have been expected, apart from the religious interests involved, to show tenderness rather than repulsion to the pomps and ceremonies of a splendid ritual, and to feel a lurking fondness for the hoarded traditions which in the lapse of ages had grown with the growth of the Church of Rome. On the other hand, as a man of true nobility of soul and breadth of feeling, coveting earnestly the best gifts, he could not choose but shrink with instinctive aversion from everything which fettered the intellect, crippled the will, and falsified the conscience. To take up a strong position on or against either side was not only incompatible with his temperament, which had nothing in common with that of the martyr, but was also fraught with danger and not demanded by duty. So he kept on the even tenour of his way, neither a Demas raging against the Church, nor a Gallio caring for none of these things; content to dwell with awe and admiration on the sublime doctrines of Christianity; content to recognise the mysteries of Life and Death, the Now and the Hereafter, and so presenting in his works opinions which no system-monger can parcel out into a creed or squeeze into a formula; opinions so at one with all that is best and truest in Nature, with all that is highest and most precious in Revelation, that they have ever commended themselves to the judgment of the wise, and won the grateful homage of the good. While the vessel of the English Church was lurching now to the side of Geneva and now to the side of Rome, Shakspeare became impatient of the harbour to which he was moored by the accidents of birth, and set sail for the wider ocean of Humanity at large. And so it comes to pass that above the narrow janglings and bickerings of the age in which he lived, his 'easy numbers' rise to the full diapason of a more than earthly music filling the heart with joy and gladness. Angry zealots like M. Rio and Mr. Simpson may rail and bluster as they will about the religion of Shakspeare, but we apprehend that those who study the subject with the greatest care and impartiality will ever be the foremost to acquiesce in the conviction that while no sectary can claim him as a partisan, no true Christian can disown him as a brother.

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ART. VIII.—1. *Journals of the Royal Agricultural Society of England*, from 1839 to 1865. 8vo. London.

2. *The Farm Homesteads of England.* Edited by J. BAILEY DENTON, M. Inst. C.E., F.G.S. 2nd Edition, 1 vol. imperial 4to. London: 1865.

3. *Reports of the Cattle-Plague Commissioners.* London: October 31, 1865.

4. *Orders in Council relating to the Cattle-Plague*, from July 1865 to December 1865 inclusive.

'AND they are the bane of agriculture'—these were, if we remember rightly, the concluding words of that memorable letter launched by Lord John Russell from Edinburgh in October 1845, which pledged the Whig party to the total and immediate repeal of the Corn Laws, and clinched the resolution of Sir Robert Peel. No doubt, in the fierce contest which ensued between protectionists and free-traders, no article in the creed of commercial freedom was received with more scorn and incredulity than this assertion, that the laws expressly designed to foster and protect the interests of agriculture were its bane. That truth, like many others, has only been brought home to the convictions of men by experi-

ence. But twenty years have now elapsed since the decision of this great controversy by the legislature. For twenty years the theory of free-trade in corn has been applied to the agriculture of England; and we are now able to point to the positive results of that great experiment, not only by the vast increase in our commercial and manufacturing industry, not only by the rapid growth of population and the ameliorated condition of all classes, but more especially by the improvement of British husbandry, by the enormous increase in the production of the soil, by the successful efforts of the British farmer to keep pace with the times, and by the general augmentation of the value of landed property. The sinister predictions of the Protectionist party have been falsified in every instance—farms are not abandoned, the land is not untilled, rents have not fallen, tenants are not ruined, landlords have not emigrated to Boulogne or Brussels—but, on the contrary, in no former period of the history of this island has the progress of agriculture been as great and rapid as in the last twenty years, or the result to all classes engaged in agricultural pursuits so satisfactory.

We are about to describe in the following pages the leading characteristics of this auspicious revolution—briefly indeed, for the subject is one on which innumerable volumes have been written, and we can allow but a few pages to the consideration of it. But it may be doubted whether the nation at large is aware of the extent of the progress which has been insensibly going on within it. To the disgrace of Parliament and of successive Governments, this country, almost alone in Europe and America, is entirely destitute of agricultural statistics. There are no records of agricultural industry and produce to which we can point with the certainty which the returns of the Bank of England give to the money market, or the returns of the Board of Trade give to our manufactures and our foreign commerce. It is only by particular observation and by general inferences that we can realise the advance we are really making: and the full sense of our progress only breaks upon us when we compare it with the agricultural condition of England, either half a century or a quarter of a century ago. We shall not go back to the earlier period, which would lead us too far from the immediate field of this inquiry; for although we hold that the repeal of the Corn Laws has greatly stimulated and accelerated the improvement of agriculture, we readily admit that the progress made between the termination of the war and the year 1845 had been considerable. The Royal Agricultural Society came into being in 1838. About the same time other societies with similar objects were formed. The railway system, which was destined to produce most important effects on agriculture, as we shall presently see, was then beginning to come into extensive operation. We therefore take that year—1838—as our starting-point, and if we turn to the first volume of the 'Journal of the Royal Agricultural Society,' then just published, we shall find a paper entitled 'The Present State of Agriculture in England,' in which Mr. Pusey, a very competent authority, described the existing husbandry of the country, and expressed the views then entertained of its future prospects. From these pages we may conveniently borrow a passing sketch of the state of the question at the time we select for the outset of these remarks.

He commences by advocating the ridge or Northumberland system of turnip culture, in place of the broadcast system then prevalent; stating that the crop would be increased from 5 or 15—the general yield—to 25 or 30 tons per acre. The catalogue of farm implements then in use sounds meagre in our ears. Those mentioned are the plough, harrow, turnip-slicer, seed-drill, and threshing-machine. The slicer was only just introduced. Of the drill, which gave the farmer a mastery over those hosts of weeds that sucked away his profits, he remarks:—'The use of another instrument, a more complicated one, by which the seed is laid in regular rows, has lately become frequent in southern as well as in northern England, though it has established itself so slowly that for a long time travelling machines of this kind have made yearly journeys from Suffolk as far as Oxfordshire.' Horse threshing-machines were objected to by tenant farmers on the ground that they would be at a loss to find work in winter for their men were such machines used. Steam for threshing-machines is mentioned as a dream of the future—not very far off; in fact, already proposed for travelling threshing-machines in France. He deals with Smith of Deanston's theory of drainage suspiciously, but contends that land should be drained to carry off the surface-water. The trenching and subsoiling of land he mentions as operations successfully performed in Holland. Bones he speaks of as applied for the first time in 1835, and in giving a list of artificial manures he mentions only lime, marl, peat-ashes, gypsum, nitre, and the refuse of certain trades. He alludes to improvements in breeding, to our

cattle, sheep, and swine stocks as the sources to which other nations do look, and will look, for refined blood; and by way of throwing out a lure, computes at a profit of 20 per cent. the advantages derivable from the early maturity of New Leicester sheep. Concerning the rotation of crops Mr. Pusey makes the following far-seeing remark, the truth of which has since been fully endorsed by all men of large experience:—

'But though the Norfolk, or alternate, or four-course system of husbandry has conferred such great though silent benefits on the country, it may be doubted whether that system has not accomplished all that it is capable of, and must not pass into another.'

He closes with a strong hope that the meetings to be henceforth held may bring practical men and solitary experimentalists more together, and that the Agricultural Society may act as a common centre endowed with centripetal and centrifugal motion, to receive and disseminate the new life-blood that was to be poured into the rural system.

From these indications we gather that the Royal Agricultural Society was not as a thing out of time. It was almost the first application to agriculture of the truly English principle of association. There was a great work to be done, in which it was well fitted to take part. It has been stated that other societies came into being at about the same time. The Irish Society (in 1841), and the Yorkshire Society (in 1846); the Bath and West of England (1777), the Smithfield Club, and the Highland (1784) Societies were formed at an earlier period; indeed, the progress of agriculture in Scotland had been far more rapid than in Southern Britain. The unparalleled success of the Royal Agricultural Society appeared to infuse new life into the older societies, which now possess nearly as wide an influence as their younger rival. One of its most desirable effects was not to weaken, but to strengthen, all existing institutions. In this way the societies already mentioned waxed from pigmies to powers, and beneath them grew up 358 local associations, which by means of annual local shows, lectures, and the like, do their best to promote interchange of thought and spread of opinion. In 1839, the English Society numbered 1,338 subscribers: their avowed objects being to disseminate information by means of a journal, together with meetings for the exhibition of live-stock, vegetables, vegetable seeds, and machinery. Chemical, geological, and veterinary departments were established for the purpose of promoting research in these directions. According to a recent report*, the Society has during the last twenty-three years received the steady personal support of 5000 leading agriculturists, and its annual disbursements, in the shape of journal expenses, grants to scientific departments, prize-money, and expenses of county meetings, have reached 11,500*l.* Its affairs have been conducted with great spirit and liberality, and whenever its funds have been heavily taxed to stimulate a backward and thinly-peopled district†, a visit to some busy hive of industry has always sufficed to make up the leeway.

Although this Society began to exert an immediate influence for good, it would have been as powerless as the Board of Agriculture, and the societies that existed before it, had it not been for free trade, and the facilities of transport presented by railway enterprise. These twin forces excited it to action, and almost the first serious business before it was to determine by what means farmers were to be supported when the crutch of Protection was withdrawn.

The surprising increase of population had for some time given special prominence to the question, 'how are the people to be fed?' and that, as Sir Robert Peel has recorded in the history of his own conversion, was the difficulty which weighed upon the mind of every reflecting man, and satisfied even the advocates of Protection that a change was at hand for which it would be wise to prepare. The change in national policy indicated a change in the system of husbandry, and even before the advent of Free-trade intelligent landowners were urging their tenantry to think less of wheat-growing, and more of 'green crops,' which henceforth should be regarded as the mainstay of British agriculture. Probably this change would have resulted from other causes. His own instincts seem to have been leading the farmer in the same direction; for since the great arterial channels of communication by railway had been laid down, it had become evident that, year by year, the circle was widening within which dairy farming, the cultivation of vegetables for sale, the production of meat, together with a more garden-like management of the soil, were the most profitable points to which he could di-

* Royal Agricultural Society's Journal, vol. xxv.

†A Cumberland farmer recently exclaimed, 'Thanks to the Royal Agricultural Society's holding their meeting at Carlisle, I believe that meeting was instrumental in opening the eyes of many of our Cumberland mechanics. Previous to 1855 our county was wont to boast of her ploughmen, and when it came to the test at Carlisle we were well beaten upon our own soil; not that our ploughmen were deficient in skill, but they had not the implements to work with.'

rect his labours. Steam it was, upon the heaving billow and the iron way, that made possible what we know as 'high farming.' It brought remote parts of the country into the neighbourhood of consuming towns, and thus not only gave the farmer access to the large supplies of fertilisers or cattle-food either at home or abroad, but swiftly found a ready market for all perishable produce. In a word, it placed him nearer to the markets in which he had to buy and the markets in which he had to sell, and by reducing the impediments of time, space, and carriage, it placed a new element at his command.

Stock or high farming, which may be considered synonymous terms, depends upon the cordial co-operation of landlord and tenant. It involves a heavy expenditure on the part of the tenant, but a heavier on that of landlord. But the initiative lies with the landlord; if he will not move, the tenant must remain where he is. As a rule the large and influential body of landowners were alive to their interests and their duty. They construed their feudal privileges in accordance with the spirit of the age, and, now that their fortunes were not required to defend the country, expended them in efforts to impart comfort and happiness to the people. The return, in the shape of increased rent, and in the augmentation of the price of land, has already more than rewarded their confidence. As might be expected, the first examples of high farming were found upon some of the great territorial estates. The Duke of Bedford, the Duke of Northumberland, the Earl of Leicester, Lord Hatherton, and the Marquis of Londonderry, were a few only of those who early associated their names with the movement. In the following summary of a letter addressed to his tenants by the late Lord Londonderry, we have a good sample of the opinion which prevailed amongst men who sought not to dissever duties from rights in their relation to landed property.

After pointing out the inevitable consequences of an adherence to the common system of two crops and a fallow, he recommended a change, the main principle of which was to get rid of successive corn crops, and to substitute green crops for bare fallow. In order to accomplish this, he proposed—1st, to drain the land in the best manner, charging 5 per cent. on the outlay; 2nd, to improve the buildings and fold yards, so that the stock might be kept under cover, and their provender be economically consumed; 3rd, to make liquid manure tanks to receive the drainage of the houses and folds; 4th, to give his tenants gratis, from one to two cwt. of guano, or an equivalent of dissolved bones, to be applied, in addition to the manure made upon the farm, to green crops; 5th, to provide a supply of bones and guano for sale to the tenants at cost price, and to erect a bone mill and apparatus for dissolving bones, the use of which was to be given to such of the tenants as chose to avail themselves of it.

To foster this germ of progress among farmers became the duty and care of the Agricultural Society. Its constitution and apparatus particularly fitted it for this mission, and, by the time that the abolition of the Corn Laws was finally achieved, it was found to have done good and effectual service in the land. Its journal, bearing the motto 'Practice with Science,' and issued half-yearly, made its way to the home of every considerable farmer, and did much to prepare them for the abandonment of Protection, and to soften the prejudices aroused by that act. Although the greatest alarm was expressed, on the part of a very large portion of the farming community, there existed a steady assurance in the hearts of not a few, that all would be right—that farmers would thrive even though the market price of wheat were 40*s.* a quarter.

High farming, a term concisely expressing the advantage taken of all lights thrown by science upon agriculture, bore very early fruit. When Mr. Caird as *Times Commissioner* made his agricultural tour in 1850–51, he found a great many men who seemed very much the better for being cast upon their own legs. In nearly every district however backward he could point to some farm where a liberal landlord and an enterprising tenant combined, like philosophers of the Taplean school, to work on with spirit and perseverance, though circumstances were adverse. We borrow from Mr. Caird the following examples of that period:—

The farm of Sir J. Conroy, 'a fair stockland farm' near Reading, was one of the first that attracted the inquirer's attention. The entire plot of 320 acres had been laid dry with four feet drains. The wooded hedgerows had been removed. The land was well laid out and farmed on the four-course shift, all the then known appliances of science being adopted to insure speed, economy, and efficiency in the tillage operations. Great judgment was used in the selection of stock. The Southdown ewe, crossed with the Leicester, produced a half-bred lamb, which, having been well kept from birth, was ready for market by Good Friday, the mother following, forced on by high feeding, in an incredibly short space of time. The buildings are represented as ample and convenient. The cattle-sheds

roomy and well ventilated, and the barn and food-preparing houses fitted with complete machinery driven by a steam-engine. Provision was made for the careful preservation of manure, which, enriched by large quantities of oilcake and feeding stuffs of home and foreign growth, went to force the green crops, which resulted in the purchase of more quadruped consumers. Thus every department was stimulated—for the corn crops participated in the liberal culture—the landlord, the tenant, and the country being all benefited.

A year earlier the same writer published an instance in which kindred results to these were reduced to a money value.* Briefly stated the facts are these:—In 1836 a Mr. M'Culloch had entered upon an arable farm of 260 acres, in a fair average state of cultivation, about twelve miles distant from the little Scotch town of Stranraer. His first care was to secure the good offices of his landlord, who cordially furthered his views by doing such drainage, and erecting such buildings, as were wanted. This done, the tenant reduced the proportion of land devoted to grain from three-fourths to two-fifths, and appropriated nearly two-fifths to drilled corn crops. Instead of 5*l.* or 10*l.* an acre he brought a capital of 13*l.* 10*s.* an acre to the work, and by the judicious use of this he raised the annual produce from 642*l.* to 2,518*l.* in 1849. His predecessor had expended in rent 152*l.*, in labour, 142*l.*, in manure and food nothing. He had paid in labour 417*l.*, in manure and food 526*l.*, and was thus enabled to pay an additional 110*l.* in rent, besides 48*l.* in interest upon outlay in drainage and building. The head of cattle was doubled, and the sheep were multiplied by seven, all being highly fed. The grain-growing powers of the soil increased under the fertilising process—wheat increased from 20 to 36 bushels per acre, and the other crops in like degree. In short, if the total expenditure of the former tenant returned him 83*l.* as profit, Mr. M'Culloch raised his remuneration to more than 900*l.*

Lord Leicester's estate was sure to furnish many notable instances of high or stock-farming. The aggregate results of the system were to the landlord pleasantly manifest in the rise of the rental of the estate itself from 5*s.* to 25*s.* per acre, within 50 years. 'Within this period,' says Mr. Caird, 'as much as 400,000*l.* is said to have been expended by Mr. Coke and his successor in permanent improvements,' and to this spirited conduct his tenantry responded by an expenditure 'for artificial food and manures, in the same time, of not less than 500,000*l.*, to their own great advantage, as well as that of the estate.' Mr. Hudson's farm at Castleacre has long been quoted as a model of successful management on a large scale. It will bear a further reference. This farm of 1,400 acres consisted of 1,200 acres cropped on the four-course system, and 200 acres in pasture. 'The principle here adopted is to manure for every crop.' To pursue such a plan an annual expenditure of 1,000*l.* was incurred for salt, superphosphate, and guano, while the home-made manure was increased and enriched by an expenditure for cattle food to the value of 2,000*l.* annually. 'Thirty-seven years ago, we are told, the stock annually kept on this farm was 400 sheep and 30 bullocks; it now averages 2,500 sheep and 150 bullocks. The wheat and barley crops then did not exceed 22½ bushels an acre; that average is now nearly doubled; every crop is drilled, and the land kept perfectly clean. The roads and fences are all maintained in the best order, and the beauty and regularity of all the crops now growing on the farm sufficiently attest the enterprise and skill of the farmer.'

Again:—Lord Hatherton's estate at Teddesley, in Staffordshire, thirty years ago, was in a most neglected state; great part of it a worthless waste, without roads, undrained, open, and exposed. It is now a rich, fertile domain, carrying luxuriant crops of wheat and barley, the upper parts ornamented with sheltering woods, the pastures folded over with flocks of Southdown sheep, the extensive farm buildings filled with cattle, while the lower slopes are covered with verdure produced by irrigation.

Such authenticated statements as these, demonstrating that the drain pipe, the dung cart, and the sheep's foot exerted a fairy influence over the productive powers of the soil, doubling it in periods of ten or twenty years, are by no means uncommon.

But the opponents of the Free-trade policy sought to raise political capital out of what they advanced as a fact respecting the wheat soils of the country. They affirmed that green crops and stock-farming were not applicable to the extensive and important class of clay lands, which could only be farmed to advantage on the old plan, two crops and a fallow. When the case, however, came to be looked into, instances were not wanting to show that capital ingeniously applied could extract thirty tons of turnips per acre from rank clay, and feed sheep on it too. In fact thorough deep drainage was

* 'High Farming,' by James Caird, of Baldoon: 1849

found so entirely to change the texture of clay as to render it amenable to the four or five course rotation. Of the farm of Mr. Atkinson near Seaham, Durham, Mr. Caird remarks:—

'The soil is so stiff and strong that it is managed with a bare fallow until drained, but as soon as drainage is effected fallows are dispensed with, and the regular system of the farm carried out, as on more friable soils. On one field, drained last spring, there is now growing an excellent crop of swedes, estimated at 28 tons an acre. The remainder of the farm, ameliorated by drainage, was cropped in the following manner: clover, potatoes, wheat, turnips, potatoes, wheat sown out with seeds. The leading features of this management are that two-thirds of the land are in well-manured green-crops and one-third in white corn-crop. The successive green-crops keep the land clear and friable, and render the farm comparatively cheap, both in manual labour and horse-work; seven pairs of horses could not under other circumstances accomplish satisfactorily the work of a farm of this size. Then, not only are the green-crops heavily manured, but the intervening wheat-crops also. In five out of six years the soil receives an annual application of manure. The farmer is thus enabled to grow the most valuable crops—potatoes and wheat—for sale, and swedes and clover for consumption. He can sell two-thirds of the annual produce of his arable land without injuring the farm, because he restores to it a full equivalent in manure. Comparing the returns of this six-course with those of the "two-crop and fallow" system, there is a difference more than adequate to meet the increased charges of higher rent, labour, and manure, and, when all these are deducted, a handsome balance remains for interest and tenants' profit, whereas the whole produce under the latter system cannot, at present prices, pay the expenses of cultivation, without leaving a farthing for rent or tenants' profit.'

The obstacle to the adoption of this practice was, as a general rule, the weakness of the landlords. The drainage of stiff clays was a stiff matter. It wanted a landlord with a strong back, and, unfortunately, the great bulk of such soils were held by poor men, or men who took little interest in them. To a large extent they were mortgaged. The Minister then at the head of affairs, however, understood the difficulties of the case and prepared to meet it. He saw that a large class of men must suffer, for the clay lands under the prevailing system were declining in fertility, and those who farmed them would soon be unable to pay even the reduced rents to which landlords were compelled to submit. A remedy was devised in the shape of a loan of four millions sterling, repayable by instalments extending over twenty-two years, which was rapidly taken up, and has now, to a great extent, been repaid to the State, after conferring an immense benefit on the community.

Those readers who have followed the narration thus far will see how the most thoughtful and advanced men of their time designed to meet the exigencies of the case. Almost all that has occurred since Mr. Caird wrote has been in the nature of elaboration and extension; elaboration and extension, be it observed, that have required more than the co-operation of the landed proprietor. Several agents claim to have a share in promoting the general result. The mechanic, the theoretical and practical chemist, the geologist, the physiologist, the capitalist, the trader, the architect, the writer, and the schoolmaster, each takes his place among the promoters of agricultural improvements.

The services of the Chemist cannot be sufficiently estimated. When Sir Humphry Davy lectured in 1812, he did so to deaf ears, so far as the farmer was concerned, for agriculture had not then agreed to emblazon 'Practice with Science' upon her shield. When she had done so at a later date, the proffered guidance of Liebig and Boussingault, of Way and Johnstone, of Lawes, and Gilbert, and Voelcker, was eagerly accepted. When Liebig and Boussingault exhibited the analysis of the soil and the plant, and discovered the relation that existed between them, the farmers recognised something more than the existence of hard names in the chemist's brain. They discovered an ability to help them. Under the rule of thumb, they had been attempting to increase the power of soils by the application of such artificial stimulants as they could obtain—sometimes with success, sometimes without, but always with uncertainty. They were, therefore, ready to receive with gladness the light which science cast upon the road, and being supplied with a better rule, they began to apply gypsum, and nitrate of soda, and bones, and guano, with judgment and result. Liebig won further honours by a very simple suggestion affecting the treatment of bones with sulphuric acid, which, by rendering them immediately assimilable by the roots of plants, so enhanced the demand for this commodity, that the alert traders, after spoiling the battle-fields of Europe and the bone caves of antiquity, penetrated, at the bidding of the geologist (Professor Henslow), far down to a stratum of the cretaceous formation, where lay the fossil remains of extinct creatures that had sported in the primeval oceans and forests, and whose

remains had been reserved through countless ages by a singular disposition of Providence to give increased fertility to the soil and fresh food to man. Professors Way and Johnstone, both as writers and as practical chemists, analysing the soils sent them, and advising the proper manures to be applied to restore the disturbed balance of power, contributed materially to the same object; and Mr. Lawes, while taking a lively interest in the analytical investigations then prosecuted by himself and others, commenced the manufacture of fertilizers to be applied under varying circumstances to different crops, at different stages of their growth. A series of experiments carried out upon his own farm, at Rothampsted, first satisfied him of the value of his compounds, and they were then manufactured in immense quantities. Coprolites, a Norwegian mineral named appatite, promising a large percentage of phosphate of lime, bones, guano, and sulphuric acid, were all largely used. This was not the goal, however. At the time he was thus prescribing with Dr. Gilbert in the Rothampsted laboratory for exhausted soils, Mr. Lawes was prosecuting another series of experiments that resulted in what will prove to the farmer one of the most important discoveries of modern times. These experiments, extending over a peried of twenty-four years, with wheat grown on the same land year after year without manure or the intervention of fallow, proved that soil, under fair husbandry, possessed a natural standard of fertility. This standard, at Rothampsted, appears to be sixteen bushels per acre. Thus is afforded the 'key,' as Mr. Thompson terms it, to the mystery involved in the variable term '*condition;*' for henceforth we know that 'land that is thoroughly run out means land that is reduced to its original standard of productiveness. Any condition it possesses in addition to this, be it more or be it less, consists simply of the *remains of previous crops and previous manurings.* It follows that, after any ordinary amount of bad farming, sufficient manure of the right kind will quickly return to the soil, not its natural productiveness, which it is scarcely possible to destroy, but that acquired fertility which we may now describe as *good condition* without fear of being misunderstood.'*

Professor Voelcker has also rendered great service by his investigations into the constituent elements and the growth of plants, and by his discovery of their dependence upon the mechanical conditions of the soil they root in. Proof has been afforded that the sterility of some soils may be owing to the absence of certain conditions unfavourable to the display of concealed powers. It is absolutely essential that the gases of the atmosphere, especially the great life-supporter, oxgyen, as well as rain, should have free access for purposes of combination to the chambers of the soil; but unless the soil be laid dry, and pulverised to a great depth, this is not possible. The farmer thus advised to work with nature speedily took to drainage on a more extensive and systematic plan, to cultivate deeply with horse-power, and ultimately with steam. Much has also been accomplished by the chemist in the selection and preparation of food for cattle. Many foreign substances have been brought into use, and everything used in the production of meat is analysed, appraised, and tabulated for the information of farmers, in the same way as the fertilisers mentioned above.

It would be difficult to over-estimate the service rendered to Ceres by Vulcan. The triumphs that have been won in the field and the homestead ought to form no small portion of the songs of the forge and the hammer. It is strange to read that first prize-sheet issued by the Royal Agricultural Society, or the first cautious encomium pronounced on the corn-drill by the able editor of the Society's Journal, by the light of the present achievements of mechanical skill, or, if you please, within earshot of the great hum of human activity at Ipswich or Bedford, Leeds or Lincoln. The distinguished agriculturists whose names the document bears (some of them are alive now, for it was no longer ago than 1839), deliberately apportioned in the following manner the 975*l.* set apart by the Society for prizes:—75 per cent. to stock, 13 per cent. to written compositions, 10 per cent. to seed-wheat, and $1\frac{1}{2}$ *per cent. to implements*—so faintly did they foresee at that time the extent of the revolution they were assisting to bring about. They who saw the bullock yielding to the horse, saw not how the horse was to yield to the steam-engine. They saw not that the mechanic was to multiply the force of one man by the creation of an untiring non-consuming piece of mechanism, nor that the British husbandman would be enabled to augment his produce and at the same time diminish his expenses.

Civilisation can hardly be said to have commenced when a man applying his force to the soil is capable only of producing subsistence for himself. When the labour of two suffices for the support of three men, so

* 'Progress of the Royal Agricultural Society,' R. A. S. E. Journal, vol. xxv.

that the labour of the third can be set free for the production of surplus articles, an advance may be said to have been made like that shown in Ireland in 1841, where 1,000 persons engaged in agriculture provided food for 1,511 persons, including themselves. In Great Britain at the same date, 1,000 persons similarly employed supplied the wants, as respects food, of 3,984. The census of 1861 showed a surprising increase in this direction, which is clearly due to mechanical skill applied to agriculture.

Those who are not satisfied with this general result have only to turn to the implements designed to prepare the seed-bed—uniform in depth and perfectly comminuted—and compare them with the ploughs and harrows with which the farmer attempted to perform his laborious, costly, and unsuccessful tillage in 1838. The mechanic was requested to construct a machine capable of depositing any sort of seed, in known quantities, at a regular depth, in parallel lines of optional distance from each other, with or without manure, and lo! that wonderful invention the drill, in the absence of which our present clean and orderly system of farming would be impossible. Before 1851 little need was experienced by the farmer for supplementary aid during harvest, but subsequently, when emigration had lessened the number of labourers, the mechanic placed in his hands machines that would mow both grain and grass-crops, effecting at the same time a saving of both time and money. Being introduced to the barn, and shown the apparatus for threshing and winnowing, from the man with 'two-sticks' to the fans and riddles, he quickly devised the means of combining these processes within a single framework, and at one operation to thresh the sheaf, divide the straw from the chaff, separate the corn into different qualities, and finish up by sacking and weighing off the grain. He quickly improved upon old-fashioned means of cutting straw, pulping or slicing roots, grinding corn, crushing linseed, oil-cake, and bones, and where it was required brought all these machines under one roof, and, by horse-power or steam, gave to them simultaneous motion. No sooner had a self-taught mechanic, one Reade, produced a hand-made clay pipe with which Mr. Parkes, of drainage celebrity, assured Lord Spencer 'he could drain all England,' than a machine was placed at the disposal of the landed proprietors by Thomas Scragg, 1845, that would produce thousands of drain-pipes in a day. This rapid sketch will convey some impression of the unfailing assistance that has been afforded by the mechanic and engineer to the farmer during the period under review. In Scotland, more especially, there is hardly a farm of any importance, from the fertile banks of the Tweed to the northern farms of Sutherland and Caithness, where the chimney of the stationary engine, towering over the long ranks of corn-stacks and hay-ricks, does not prove that the alliance between mechanism and husbandry is complete in North Britain, and that henceforth the latent forces of coal and steam are as valuable allies to the farmer as they are to the sailor or the manufacturer. These engines have generally been erected in Scotland by the landlords, with an addition to the rent sufficient to pay a fair rate of interest on the outlay; without such machinery no good tenant in the North would now consent to take a farm.

We have yet to speak of the application of steam to the tillage of the land. It has been already shown that those who farmed the clays of this country, observing the 'two crops and fallow system,' were alone in danger of ultimately suffering from the unrestricted importation of foreign grain. This system they were advised to abandon in favour of another embracing the growth of green crops and the feeding of sheep. The first step necessary to this transition, already alluded to, was to lay the land dry. But it was discovered that the only method by which root crops could be grown with certainty and success, was by preparing the land for them in the autumn. No amount of mechanical trituration could equal what some writer terms 'nature's wayward team, *frost, snow, wind,* and *rain*,' and to avail himself of these gratuitous forces the farmer must turn a deep furrow in the field reserved for his crop before such forces began to work. He recognised the value of the advice, but could not act upon it. It was evident that horse-labour would be economised, inasmuch as one ploughing at the right time surpassed in effect many at the wrong time; that an early seed-time would be secured; that a far better time for the cartage of manure would be obtained; and that, instead of leaving the land virtually closed to the winter rains and the chemical effects of the atmosphere, the rain, sinking where it fell, would leave its fertilising properties in its passage downwards, and invite the air to follow. But the farmer's horses were limited in number, and he could not afford to keep all the year round the horse-power that would suffice for the emergency. In this difficulty the man fertile in mechanical resource again came to the assistance of the puzzled cultivator. It was soon explained that not only a supplementary power was wanted, which could be used at pleasure and kept without cost when unemployed, but one capable of penetrating a

subsoil which, by the perpetual trampling and sliding of a four-horse team and plough, weighing more than forty cwts., over every ten or eleven inches of its width, was rendered impenetrable to tender rootlets, to rain and to air. After prodigious labour and expense this problem was solved by John Fowler, assisted by many others, in the year 1858. It is unnecessary here to state the difficulties that met the inventor, or the number of unsuccessful attempts to give the farmer what he wanted. The statement of the fact alone will suffice, that a tool weighing not more than four or five cwts., for every foot in the width worked by it, carried on wheels, so as not to close the surface over which it travels, and driven by a power that does not press upon the land, was, after eight years of incessant toil, well described before a meeting of the Birmingham Mechanical Engineers*, placed at the disposal of the farmer. The enterprising tiller of clay land, who had watched with great anxiety the progress of the invention, was delighted with the unexpected realisation of it. It exceeded his conception. He found himself in possession not only of a deeper delving tool than the horse-drawn plough, but of one that would work more effectually at about half the cost. By its means, too, he was enabled to invert or break up a large area in a short space of time, and thus take full advantage of those short seasons allowed in this climate for the working of argillaceous soils. The foundation of these assertions may be looked for in Mr. J. C. Morton's impartial and lucid reports of steam-cultivated farms†, and in Mr. Algernon Clarke's able report, entitled 'Five Years' Progress of Steam Culture.'‡ Mr. Clarke shows that all who have used this apparatus in either of the three forms it assumes§, while they increase their power diminish their expenses, and augment the produce of their fields. He says, 'Many steam farmers, by their own showing, have augmented their produce by four to eight bushels per acre; have grown roots where no roots before could be grown; have largely increased the bulk of their green crops; and at the same time cleared hundreds of pounds per annum by the mere difference between the expenses of steam and animal tillage.'

There are now some hundreds of thees machines at work in England and Scotland. As a general rule, their application is confined to the heavier descriptions of soils, the texture of which is observed to be wonderfully changed in the course of two or three seasons. Unyielding clays become friable, and soon admit of turnip-culture and sheep-folding. The benefits of drainage, too, become strikingly apparent when the subsoil has been disturbed by the steam-driven share. The farmer, finding the risks of capital reduced, expends more freely in manures, and experiencing a relief from the heavy payments for animal force, turns the surplus to the development of other resources. The more he digs, and the deeper he digs, the more the earth will open and impart to him the treasures of her fertility. It is the old fable of the dying husbandman who incited his sons to dig over the vineyard in search of a buried treasure. The treasure is buried, but it is the earth herself which holds it, and the labour of man, now aided by the ingenuity of man, is to set it free. Professor Voelcker says that every additional inch in depth unlocks new resources of enormous value, and he states, moreover, in his intelligent 'reasons for the infertility of some soils,' that the mass of poor clay soils are infertile 'because they are in an unfit state to receive manure.' Land is neither fertile nor sterile *per se;* and perhaps there is hardly any description of soil which may not be made to yield increase with suitable treatment and suitable crops. Although steam cultivation has made comparatively little progress on the light lands—lands easily ploughed with a team of two horses—there is no reason to prevent it. When once the implements are adapted to the altered conditions of the case, steam apparatus will be in demand as a substitute for horse-power where expedition in the process performed is alone requisite apart from depth of tillage.

Mr. Bailey Denton's Book of 'Farm Homesteads' leaves us in no doubt as to the benefit agriculture has derived, and is likely to derive, from the constructive ability of the Architect. It is a large work, carefully executed, and well deserves the attention of the landowners to whom it is inscribed. The ideal homestead of the painter and poet usually consists of a straggling and picturesque row of hovels, erected without reference either to convenience or health, their chief characteristics being, without, thatch, faggots, and boards; within, cobwebs, gloom, and reeking exhalations. Such homesteads might answer the requirements of past times; but when men began to give more attention to the care of live stock for propagation or consumption, and to lay out large sums of money in feeding stuffs, they required buildings specially adapted to their objects. Beef and mutton,

* See Proceedings of Birmingham Mechanical Engineers, 4th May, 1865.
† Gardener's Chronicle and Agricultural Gazette.
‡ R. A. S. E. Journal, vol. xxiv.
§ Fowler's, Howard's, Smith's.

veal and pork, poultry and eggs, milk, butter, and cheese, were to be manufactured under cover, and manufacturing premises were therefore required. These structures, further, must be suited to the districts in which they lie, to the size and character of the farms on which they are situated, and to the system of husbandry pursued. When a man is expected to pay interest for expenditure, he expects to pay only for that which is useful to him. Recently much attention has been given to this branch of art, and Mr. Denton's work deals not in fanciful sketches, but exposes 'the leading principles of farm architecture, as they are illustrated by accomplished results on the farms of our foremost agriculturists.'

The architect has observed that certain conditions and circumstances, such as climate, soils, altitude of surface, and density of population, have founded distinct classes of husbandry known as pastoral or permanent grass farming, tillage or arable farming, mixed farming, and home, suburban, and pleasure farming, and that in each of these cases a different arrangement of the buildings is neccessary. To suit the pastoral farmers who tend their fleecy flocks upon the elevated lands in the North, West, and South-West counties, hill plantations and simple stone stells suffice; and for the protection of the cattle and sheep fed in rich alluvial valleys, anything that will afford shelter from the sun of summer and the sharp autumn nights will do. For the finishing graziers of the Midlands a simple but efficient shelter has been devised. For the dairy and cheese-making farm a special homestead has been constructed, with good supply of water and light, well-ventilated cow-houses, the passages so arranged as to prevent cross draughts, and the whole yard if possible covered, to economise the small quantity of straw obtained where nearly all is pasture. Then there are the mixed farm husbandry buildings, combining the contrivances of a tillage farm with those of the pastoral, and, finally, those adapted to the purely tillage farm, where the constructive ability of the architect has proved of the highest service. The best specimens of these are so arranged as to be in or about the centre of the farm, to give when covered an equable moderate temperature, light, space, and ventilation to the animals, and to provide all necessary arrangements for threshing, for the preparation and storing of alimentary substances, and for the proper manufacture of manure.

The susceptible and delicate organisation of the animals beneath our care render it highly necessary that such provision should be made for their comfort. If merely influenced by motives of self-interest, to say nothing of humanity, the stock-master should secure his cattle against sudden changes of temperature; provide them plentifully with good water; supply them with well-prepared well-kept food at regular intervals—all of which the architect has enabled him to do. Such exact attention is the more essential now that we have to deal with cattle in a highly artificial state. This may be acknowledged to be an evil, but it is one for which there is no help. We recognise it and take the best means to mitigate its consequences. If high feeding is to be pursued—and the growing demand for butcher-meat seems to imply that it is—it will be only safe to pursue it with such guards and appliances as the architect can devise for it. The highest achievement of his art in this direction is the covered homestead; a rectangular building, completely covered, well lighted, thoroughly ventilated, the farmer's glance commanding the entire area. Here the animals live (and move too) in a perfectly even temperature, every want being attended to with regularity and care. In effect it resembles the orchard-house, the cattle being simply protected from the rains of autumn and the frosts and keen winds of spring, and kept in a salubrious atmosphere, the temperature of which is slightly in advance of that without. Winter's biting frosts and summer's intense heats are alike unknown within its precincts. It is found by experience that animals fed under such conditions gain as much in weight, with one-eighth less food, as others do in shedded yards; and, further, that store cattle so wintered suffer nothing when turned out to grass, but summer the better for the shelter. Sheep, pigs, cows, bullocks, and horses flourish alike beneath this protecting roof, while the machinery moves noiselessly and constantly to supply their wants in buildings to which access is gained by openings that pierce the enclosing walls. Nor is the advantage exhausted by the animal. The farmer is a gainer by the superior quality of manure so made, and of straw economised, for as no rain falls less straw is wanted. These are points worth consideration to the farmer, particularly now that attention is being turned to stock-keeping, for a gain can clearly be calculated in the weights of meat and manure produced compared with what is known to be possible under the open yard system, It may be stated in addition that such a yard is placed at the disposal of the farmer at a

cost equivalent to a charge of about 7*s.* per head for the cattle housed, the return being about 33 per cent. on the outlay.

The literature of agriculture has been voluminous indeed. The farmer, a man naturally averse to books, has been converted into a reader in spite of himself. Not only have the journals of the Highland, the Bath and West of England, and the English Societies advised him at regular periods of all new lights cast by practice and science upon his favourite pursuit, but enterprising publishers in London and Edinburgh have worried him into subscribing for ponderous quartos and unwieldy octavos supplied piecemeal. In many a farmhouse rows of shelves have been fitted up to receive the cyclopedias, dictionaries, rural handbooks, books of the farm, muck manuals, chemical catechisms, veterinary guides that are thrust upon him. Of this assistance much has been very serviceable, much has been officious and harmful. The labours of Professor Low, Sir J. E. Smith, Liebig, Brande, Youatt, Lindley, and J. F. Johnstone; of Messrs. Philip Pusey, John Chalmers Morton, John Bennet Lawes, J. Thomas Way, John Algernon Clarke; of Dr. Voelcker, Dr. Gilbert, and others more or less distinguished, have contributed in a very decided manner to originate and mature the present advanced system of husbandry. Of the newspaper press, which some of the above writers have chosen as the medium through which to address the public, it is not requisite that we should speak. Agriculture has benefited as fully as other kindred arts from the rise and growth of that mirror of opinion. To this it may be added that Chairs of Agriculture have been established in Scotland; and in England the excellent local colleges of Cirencester and Devon afford opportunities of instruction to the sons of farmers which were before unknown.

Capital has lent assistance to agriculture of a very varied but truly valuable character. One prominent example has already been mentioned, when the national funds were diverted from the Exchequer to liberate the water stagnating in clay soils. Capital has continued to act in the same direction, though through a different channel, ever since. Associative enterprise has proved of essential service to the owners and the cultivators of land. Before the age of companies, either limited or unlimited, the improvement of landed estates was confined to proprietors possessed of the requisite capital. A great portion of the land in this country was so encumbered, that expenditure on the part of the owners was out of the question, and capitalists would not lend money for permanent improvements until they could do so upon the same security that they received from the various lines of railway to which they willingly subscribed. On this assurance being given in the formation of companies to drain, to reclaim, to improve estates by outlay in buildings, roads, &c., much of the surplus capital which was flowing out of the country in foreign wars was retained at home. Not only such companies as we have named but loan companies, agricultural implement companies, manure companies, companies for the cultivation of flax, &c., and even farming companies have arisen. The smaller capitalists of the village, too, have lent their aid either singly or collectively to enable the farmer to avail himself of such expensive machines as the steam plough, the steam threshing machine, and the corn and turnip drill, which, saving the first, are to be hired in nearly every parish in the kingdom.*

Having now given some notion of the part played by these several agencies, it is necessary to treat of results. In America, France, Holland, Belgium, Prussia, Austria, Spain, and even Ireland, such a question would be disposed of in four lines—by arithmetical process in three—for we should have only to deal with a simple subtraction sum, the quotient being sought from the deduction of the produce of 1838 from that of 1865. But, wonderful to relate, this kingdom is as yet dependent upon private observation for the statistics of agriculture. Owing to this circumstance, the inquirer is obliged to glean from various sources the facts collected by one and another, and to arrive as he may, through a multitude of cross-references, at such general conclusions as appear consistent with them. It is affirmed, and there is no cause to doubt it, that the corn produce of this country since 1750 has increased about 70 per cent., and the meat produce about 100 per cent. Allowing this to be true—and it appears to be rather below than above the mark—the difficulty remains of assigning to the last fifteen or twenty years their fair proportion of this increase. If the most competent observers are consulted, such as Mr. Morton, M. de Lavergne, Mr. Thompson, Mr. Herbert, we shall attribute the greatest share of it to the years since 1830. The seeds of this growth were sown before the era from which we

* In 1851 there were 55 'agricultural implement proprietors'; in 1861 this occupation is ascribed, in the Census Returns, to 236 persons, which can be but a distant approximation to the truth.

start, but the fruit has ripened subsequently. The theory of that day is the practice of ours. The advanced systems of agriculture existed before 1848 in model. They awaited the advent of a liberal commercial policy, which, on its arrival, put such a pressure upon landlord and tenant as to render a resort to them absolutely necessary. M. de Lavergne institutes a comparison between the ovine productions of France and England which is extremely useful. In 1750 the head of sheep in each of the two countries amounted to about 18 millions. In 1850 the numbers had severally increased to 35 millions, 'But there is this inequality,' he remarks, 'the 35 millions of English sheep live upon 31 millions of hectares, those of France upon 53 millions. Omitting Scotland from the calculation, England keeps three sheep per acre to one kept by France.' Further: About 10 millions head are slaughtered in England, 'yielding 80 lbs. of net meat per head, while 8 millions are slaughtered in France, yielding 40 lbs of net meat. Of beasts,' he continues, 'England has one head to every 7½ acres, Ireland has one to every 10 acres, and France has one to about every 11 acres.' But the superior character of the cattle, and the attention bestowed upon them, enables those of England to return 10*s.* per acre in milk and meat against 4*s.* 9*d.* per acre returned by French cattle. This comparison was made, observe, in 1855. Since that date substantial advances have been made by our neighbours, as their agricultural statistics clearly indicate. The very same agencies that have brought us to our present position are working there under the guidance of the most extensive of European farmers—the Emperor Napoleon.

The immense fallows are disappearing under forage crops; the space occupied by cereals is reduced, the half being found under liberal management to produce more than the whole under a parsimonious hand. They have drawn upon the best Hereford and Shorthorn blood, to found new herds and flocks, or to ameliorate their own breeds. We have not withheld from them the pride of our studs, nor the trophies of our seedsmen's skilful toil, nor the assistance of our best machinery. France is thus advancing by the same means we employed before her. She is bringing capital to an acquaintance with land that was not possible some years ago.

Let us now hear what the farmers themselves have to say as to the progress that has taken place within the period under review:—

'When I began farming (says Mr. Wilson, of Edington Mains, Berwickshire), the application of bone-dust as manure for turnips was just getting into general use in this district, and the slicing of turnips for hoggets was then unpractised amongst us. . . . The use of this manure caused an immense increase of the average annually under turnips, and also the weight of turnips per acre. The general adoption of the practice of turnip-slicing for hoggets soon after changed our whole system of sheep management. Our hoggets began to be sent to market as soon as they were shorn—say at fifteen months old—instead of being kept until about two years old, as has been the previous practice. The use of bone-manure produced nearly as great an improvement upon the seed as upon the turnip-crop, to which it was directly applied. This increase of the green-crops and earlier marketing of the hoggets produced of course a greatly-increased demand for lambs, and thus led to corresponding changes of practice in the upland sheep-farms from which the supplies of store-sheep were drawn. Instead of an annual crop of two or three-year-old wedders of the pure Cheviot or Blackfaced breeds, they began to cross their ewes with Leicester rams, and sold these cross-bred lambs at weaning-time to the low-country farmers. The command of portable manures has enabled the occupiers of these uplying farms to bring much additional land under tillage. This process is steadily extending; and as it does so the command of green-crops is regularly accompanied by a change to a sheep stock of a more valuable class. All these practices date earlier than twenty years ago; but they have been greatly extended and developed since then. The introduction of pipe tiles for draining, and of guano, nitrate of soda and bones in the form of superphosphate, as manures, has supplied great additional facilities for all this. Until thirty years ago, linseed-cake may be said to have been unknown in this district. About that time it began to be used in the rearing of calves, and gradually a good many farmers began to give a little of it to their fattening bullocks. Now cakes of various kinds, and other farinaceous feeding-stuffs, are in general use for the fattening both of sheep and cattle. The trade in these articles and portable manure has here, as elsewhere, grown to an important branch of business. Thorough drainage, portable manures, artificial feeding-stuffs, are now trite expressions; but when it can be reported of a district that all of them are included—less or more—in the cultivation of very nearly the whole of its farms, it is superfluous to add that a very great increase of produce has been the result.'

The secretary of the Wigtoun Agricultural Association, Mr. McLean, says:—

'During the last twenty years there has been a remarkable advance made within the bounds of this Society, particularly in the cultivation of green-crops, and the feeding of cattle and sheep for the English markets, to which ready means of access have, during all that period, been afforded by steamers plying between the ports of the district and Liverpool,

and for the last two years and a half by the Portpatrick Railway Company. In many farms the dairy-system has been successfully introduced. I believe that the improvement of the district has been mainly owing to the introduction of imported manures (chiefly bones and guano), and the consequent increased extent of green-crops, and ready means of conveying fatted stock to the English markets.'

Mr. Sowerby of Aylesby, Lincolnshire, says:—

'I have ploughed up nearly 300 acres of grass-land in the last thirty years. In addition to growing so much more corn, the same land will keep a great deal more stock. At the first glance, you hardly could believe that. Bear in mind that, though it is inferior grass-land, it becomes the best of corn-land, growing good root-crops, and keeping a great deal of stock. . . . I speak within bounds when I say I have grown double the quantity of corn, and kept double the quantity of stock this last ten years than I did the first ten years I was a farmer, though of course I have been at considerably more expense.'

Mr. Grey, Steward over the Greenwich Hospital Estates says:—

'The increased produce consists more in root-crops and the amount of stock kept, than in corn, although the corn-crops have also partaken of the benefit of better cultivation. The total increase upon farms where thorough draining and deep cultivation are practised, must at least be one-third; in some instances it is more, but that is not yet apparent in the rents, for it is only obtained by a greatly-increased expenditure by the tenant, in extra-manuring and cultivating it.'

Cheshire affords the following testimony. Mr. Rigby, of Winsford, after stating what has been done in drainage and the application of manure, says:—

'I know many farms that used only to keep 40 cows ten years ago that now milk 80, and one farm which then kept 60 has now 140 milking-cows upon it, beside other stock; the stock, too, are better kept in winter than formerly.'

Of Bedfordshire, Mr. James Howard says:—

'The great improvements in cultivating the land during the last twenty years are almost confined to clay land; our light lands were farmed almost as well twenty years ago as now. Thousands of acres of clay have during this period been under-drained thoroughly with tiles; the growing of summer-feed, such as tares, is extensively practised; the growing of mangel is a great boon; summer fallows are almost abolished; and the live-stock is generally increased. Indeed, some of what were considered poor clays grow our best barley, and will, with the aid of steam, be worth as much as the light lands.'

Throughout the Cotswold district the same causes have been producing the like results. Skill and capital have there made their mark, the clays have been ameliorated, and the stock has not only been much increased but improved. Steers that were sent to the shambles at 5 years, now reach that bourne at 2½ and 3 years; while sheep, though wintered in the open fields, are marketed when 14 months old, in place of being kept upon the land 27 or 36 months.

The change extensively taking place upon farms conveniently situated with respect to railways is correctly represented by Mr. Blundell, of Southampton, who, by the way, allows no improvement in cereal crops within the period of which he writes:—

| Live-stock. | 1843–1863. |
|---|---|
| Horned cattle, fattened | double the number |
| Dairy cattle | increase 10 per cent. |
| Calves raised for dairy purposes | " 10 " |
| Calves raised for fattening purposes | " 30 " |
| Value of cattle raised at two years old | " 16 " |
| Sheep-stock for breeding purposes | 25 to 30 " |
| " for fattening purposes. | increase 50 " |
| Value of sheep-stock of all ages | " 20 " |
| Swine of all ages | " 30 " |
| Horse of ditto | " 10 " |
| Values for farm-work | no increase |

'In speaking of increase of live-stock (he continues), I make no allowance for losses by disease; they have, however, been enormous—past all calculation; and the improvements both in number and quality of sheep and cattle must have far exceeded my present estimate had they been as free from disease as previous to the year 1840.'

Mr. Burritt, for the benefit of American farmers, furnishes an instance of English enterprise which we cannot omit.* The instance is from Cambridgeshire, upon a farm of 3,000 acres, farmed by Mr. S. Jonas with an assumed capital of 30,000*l.* The inventory of his live stock, taken at Michaelmas 1864, resulted in the following figures: sheep, 6,481*l.*; horses, 2,487*l.*; bullocks, 2,218*l.*; pigs, 452*l.*; making a grand total of 11,638. Every animal bred on the estate is fattened. The annual expenditure in cattle-food, fertilisers, and labour is thus stated:—

| | £ |
|---|---|
| Corn and oil-cake purchased for feeding | 4,000 |
| Guano and manufactured manures | 1,700 |
| Labour of 100 men and boys at the average of 20*l.* per annum | 2,000 |
| Labour of 76 horses, including their keep, 20*l.* per annum | 1,500 |
| Use and wear and tear of steam-engine and machinery | 500 |

* 'A walk from London to John O'Groat's,' by Elihu Burritt: 1864, p. 171.

| | £ |
|---|---|
| Commutation money and beer to men, . . . . . | 400 |
| | £10,100 |

The revenue from the following sources, 2,000 fat sheep and lambs, 150 fat bullocks, 200 fat pigs, 22,500 bushels of wheat, 9,375 bushels of oats, 7,500 bushels of barley, amounts to the sum of 17,228*l.*, which, without pursuing the narrative further, sufficiently shows the value of the system adopted upon the land, for the most part of a very poor description.

Free trade and its correlative agents have done for us what the Romans did—opened to us the resources of other lands, and discovered to us those of our own. 'Paradoxical as it would have been thought twenty years ago, it is no less true, that though free trade has discouraged bad farming in the shape of simple corn-growing, it has given a powerful stimulus to good farming by making it possible still to grow corn with profit, through the intervention of green crops and live stock.' Society is so constituted as to allow of no one of its members to live and work solely for himself. Whether he will or not, the entire body participates in his gains. This trite remark receives an additional illustration from the homesteads of England, for the farmer cannot be said to have benefited more by his own achievements than the owner of the land he tills, the labourer whom he employs, and the entire community, himself included, whom, under the designation of consumers, he supplies.

Precisely at this period in our agricultural history, when the attention of the farmer had been mainly directed to stock-farming in preference to the production of corn—when the whole system of British agriculture has been made to depend on the rearing of animals for food, these animals being at once the consumers of our green and root crops and the producers of manure—when we had carried the breed of cattle almost to the refined perfection of the race-horse, a calamity has overtaken the nation, of which it is not easy to exaggerate the importance. In fact, with the customary indifference and incredulity of Englishmen to danger, many precious weeks and months were allowed to elapse after the appearance of the Cattle Plague in Great Britain without taking those measures of isolation and precaution which could alone prove effectual, and which have to a considerable extent checked its progress in some of the Continental States. Even now, we fear that people have formed a very imperfect conception of the magnitude and gravity of this evil, if the disease retains its contagious virulence for any considerable period of time. The result would be, not only an enormous loss of actual property, for the value of the stock in Great Britain is estimated at sixty millions of money, but the carefully adjusted mechanism of our agricultural operations would be thrown out of gear. Men will be unwilling to plant green crops if they are uncertain whether cattle can be kept or obtained to consume them. The interruption of fairs and markets—though inevitable—throws the trade in agricultural produce into confusion. Stock is a commodity which the farmer absolutely requires to sell or purchase (as the case may be) at given times of the year: it cannot be held in hand without deterioration or pecuniary loss. Dairy produce will be affected, for even the propagation of the breed may become a dangerous source of infection. And all these causes will lead to a vast augmentation in the price of meat, now largely consumed by so considerable a portion of the working classes; hence an attempt will be made to raise wages and to increase the cost of production in all things. These general results may not yet be felt, but if the cattle plague continues to decimate our homesteads, we fear they are inevitable. Nothing can be more fatuous than the argument of Mr. M'Clean, that the damage done in three months bear but a small proportion to the whole state of the country. Already since July the number of beasts attacked has reached 63,000, and there is but too much reason to fear that every fresh case is a centre of infection.

According to Professor Simonds's Report on the Steppe Murrain, England appears to have been 'clear of epizootic disease till 1713.' The chroniclers of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries point, however, to the 'Black Death of 1348–9—'a grievous plague'—and to a murrain in 1480, which committed great devastation. These both present a resemblance to that visitation of 1713 with which the Professor heads his catalogue. Of the pest which raged in 1744 we have fuller details. It was extremely virulent and protracted. It was not till 1757 that its germs lost their generative power; and its victims amounted 'to hundreds of thousands.' The husbandmen of that period expressed themselves indebted to the 'Low Countries' for this visitation, it being traced to one or two causes, or to both—the importation of calves from Holland, and the contraband import of infected hides from the same quarter. The English graziers were under no further alarm till 1839, when a new cattle epidemic—'*eczema epizootica*,' or 'mouth and foot disease,' was

introduced, which still infests our homesteads. Shortly afterwards pleuro-pneumonia appeared, spreading itself over the whole country, and finally establishing itself in localities particularly favourable to it. These two last-mentioned sicknesses amongst horned stock were considered due to causes existing in this country; but that which broke out amongst sheep in 1847 seems to have been shipped from Hamburg. This attack of small-pox, to which in some instances ninety per cent. of our flocks succumbed, remained a most unwelcome visitor till 1850, and was the last visitation, saving the present, to which either horned stock or sheep have been exposed.

It seems scarcely worth while troubling ourselves with the records of other countries; our own show us clearly enough that the cattle plague of 1865 is no new complaint. If we do look back, however, we find accounts that exactly tally with our own experience. The Roman farmer made acquaintance with some very similar cattle pests, but the ravages of the plague, so finely described by Virgil in the third Georgic, were not confined to domestic animals:—

'Et genus omne neci pecudum dedit, omne ferarum.'

Nothing can be more true to our recent melancholy experience than the following lines, if we may apply them to the ox:—

'Labitur infelix studiorum, atque immemor herbæ
Victor equus, fontesque avertitur, et pede terram
Crebra ferit; demissæ aures; incertus ibidem
Sudor, et ille quidem morituris frigidus; aret
Pellis, et ad tactum tractanti dura resistit.
Hæc ante exitium primis dant signa diebus.
Sin in processu cœpit crudescere morbus,
Tum vero ardentes oculi, atque attractus ab alto
Spiritus, interdum gemitu gravis, imaque longo
Ilia singultu tendunt; it naribus ater
Sanguis, et obsessas fauces premit aspera lingua.' (Geor. III. 498.)

Of the cattle murrain which raged through Italy and the adjoining countries, from 1711 to 1714, we possess two elaborate and learned memoirs—'De contagiosa Epidemia,' by Rammazzini, and 'De bovillâ Peste,' by Lancisi—both Italian physicians of note. This plague, which bears a complete resemblance to that from which we now suffer, they describe as following the same course that Pliny observed was invariably taken by the human plague, from south to west. Imported by a Dalmatian ox, it travelled through Italy, Tyrol, Germany, France, the Low Countries, Great Britain and Ireland, and made such terrific havoc as to threaten the inhabitants with the loss of 'the whole cow race.' Piedmont is reported to have lost 70,000, and France and Holland about 200,000 head each. In the German, Russian, French, and English languages are to be found reports and treatises on the same and similar visitations; and more especially the able report of Professor Simonds, who was commissioned by the Agricultural Societies of England, Ireland, and Scotland to inspect the feeding ground of this formidable Rinderpest, and furnish them with a faithful description of its symptoms, nature, and habits. This was in 1856, after the British Government had deemed it prudent to prohibit the importation 'of cattle, hoofs, horns, or hides from those territories of Russia, Prussia, Mecklenburgh-Schwerin which lie in the gulf of Finland, and the city of Lübeck.'

Taking into consideration the existence of this mass of evidence concerning the origin, nature, and progress of previous malignant cattle seizures, not only in England but in continental Europe, the reader cannot fail to be struck with two anomalies; first, that the 'cattle plague' should here be extensively regarded as a *new* disease; secondly, that neither here nor elsewhere are the medical faculty more enlightened with respect to it than they were two hundred years ago. The pole-axe and the knife are the first things thought of—prevention and cure the last. Had human disorders met with the same sort of treatment, medical practice would have been considerably simplified, and the knacker have held his head higher than the College of Physicians. Whenever, and so far as we know, wherever it has appeared, the doctors called in have wearied us with attempts to trace it to this source and to that, and have ended with a dispute either over its diagnosis or the name to be attached to it. As to any carefully conducted and prolonged series of experiments undertaken with a view to cure, we hear little or nothing. Dr. Malcolm Flemyng (1755) and Dr. Peter Layard (1757), both physicians of standing, speak not a little bitterly of the small help given to Government by the council of physicians called in to advise about the treatment of the plague which ran its course from 1744 to 1747. The latter we think it is who says, 'every one would be amazed even at the small benefit which society has received at the different and repeated investigations of physicians.' Disappointed by the regular practitioners, the farmers ran wildly after infallible nostrums. Tar-water, Bateman's drops, Godfrey's cordial, worm powders, &c., were nearly in as

great repute in those times as petroleum, chlorodine, the pack and vapour bath, carbolic acid, and sundry patent medicines are in ours. On the other hand, the Government of King George II. finding no comfort in the faculty, applied to the knacker for a short answer to the question 'how can these cattle be cured?' and compensated from the public purse such as suffered from the practical reply.

No one who consults the works of Drs. Flemyng and Layard can entertain more hesitation about the identity between the visitations of 1865 and 1744–57, than they did between those of 1744–57, witnessed by themselves, and 1717–14, observed and described by Rammazzini, Lancisi, and Lanzoni. Nor to those who have scanned well this ground will there be any difficulty in detecting the distinct relations existing between these several visitations and the Rinderpest of 1856 which Mr. Simonds was sent to examine.

There are said to be four fevers which seize upon the blood—the simple, the typhus, the relapsing or famine, the typhoid; it must still be for the faculty to agree to which of these this malady belongs. The endeavour to assign the source of the murrain promises more success. It has already been stated that the writers of 1711–14 traced that outbreak to a Dalmatian ox. When it has occurred in the Low Countries, Prussia or Austria, it has invariably been traced to the introduction of Steppe or Hungarian cattle. The long infliction we suffered under from 1744 to 1757 was due to importations from Holland, while scarcely a link is wanting in the chain of evidence which proves that cattle from Revel brought the seeds of disease to us in June last, and that from London infected cattle were reshipped to Holland. The best writers on this pest agree apparently with Dr. Brocklesby (1746), who compares it to an exotic which being transplanted from its '*locus natalis*' in other lands exists here for a little time and then dies out. Dr. Layard distinctly traces it 'to those countries that breed plague and small-pox.' Some writers attempt to make it endemic or enzootic—to give it a home and a permanent feeding-ground in the Russian Steppes and the low-lying wastes of Hungary; and furthermore they say it is met with nowhere else. While allowing that it does exist there, and that pretty constantly, we are far from thinking it confined to those regions. Ever since the sun has poured down his vertical rays upon intertropical regions after the subsidence of rains, or upon the wild shores of great rivers, or upon slimy esturine deposits, or marshy lands forsaken by flood waters, and the steaming vapours that have ascended have been breathed by man or beast, 'grievous murrains,' plagues, distempers, and fevers have prevailed. Given the conditions favourable to the generation of poisonous gases, and the very same effects are observable in the animal frame, be it along the banks of the great rivers of the Old World or the New. Countries enjoying temperate climates cannot originate this pest, although when introduced they receive and propagate it. This they will not always do, any more than a person breathing the poison of small-pox must necessarily suffer under that malady. The infection might visit our coasts again and again and find no vital organism willing to receive it, and it might at another time be entertained in every cow-house and fattening shed in the kingdom. This view seems to be favoured by the fact that in time these attacks die out, not because there are no cattle left to receive the poison germ, nor, we suspect, because that germ has lost its power, but simply because the animal economy no longer possesses any affinity for it. For, apart from conditions favourable to the direct breeding of miasma, a long dry summer, or a protracted season of rain, may so scorch up or flush the pastures, as to undermine the vital powers of cattle even where the situation is excellent and the cultivation careful. So far as such regions as the Steppes are concerned, it is impossible to balance the produce and the feeders—the grass to be eaten and the bullocks to eat it. They seldom exactly correspond: either the animal or the vegetable preponderate. If the vegetable outruns and overtops the animal, its rankness and decay breeds malaria, and sows seeds which lurk in the animal, till sparse pastures, on the other hand, and enfeebled state of body, develope them into active agents. A single spark of infected matter accidentally thrown into the animal economy thus reduced, as it were, to a touchwood state, fires the mass, which, burns until it is consumed. It follows equally that all causes which lower the vital powers—and we need to look to it that high feeding and in-and-in breeding are not amongst them—predispose cattle to these seizures. Those who have given much attention to the subject are aware that our stock of late have become peculiarly liable to disease—or, expressing the fact more scientifically—to develope those seeds of disease which are said to be latent in every organism whether animal or vegetable. Both cattle and sheep become yearly more delicate—they are deficient in

natural muscular fibre and strength of constitution. Animals that are chosen to propagate their species are often most injudiciously subjected to fattening processes which destroy their vigour; and if overfeeding disturbs the hygienic balance, underfeeding does so no less.

The present plague, for which three successive unusually dry summers had prepared the way, first broke out in London. On the 24th, 27th, 28th June last, cows bought on the 19th of the same month at the Metropolitan Cattle Market, and taken to Lambeth, Hackney, and Islington, sickened and died. From this date the malady spread amongst the London dairies with alarming rapidity, confining its attacks by no means to the badly-ventilated and foul cowhouses that disgrace our capital. It spread during July to Norfolk, Suffolk, and Shropshire; and before the close of the month invaded Scotland, where—no sufficient cause for its appearance being discovered—it was considered *self-generative*. The earlier cases were all clearly traceable to purchases made in the Metropolitan Market, but country markets speedily became, in their respective districts, subordinate centres of infection. On the 14th of October, it had extended into twenty-nine counties in England. The loss up to that period has been tabulated in the Veterinary Department of the Privy Council Office; but this statement, correct as far as it goes, shows but a fraction of the whole. Professor Simonds, and those associated with him, waited not to see the returns doubling within periods of three weeks. The first glance at the subject convinced them of their duty to alarm the Government that the dreaded Rinderpest had at length appeared. Their advice being sought, they said, Attempt no cure, but instantly stamp out the few septic germs of corruption while you can cover them with your heel. This was politic advice—advice borrowed from continental experience. Had it here been followed—and it will be seen that it has since been recommended for Ireland* should an outbreak occur there — perhaps our loss would have been trifling. But the Government appears at that time either not to have realised the magnitude of the danger, or to have thought that the country, ignorant of its true nature, would not have endured the measures that ought really to have been taken. The Orders issued, though considered stringent by those who felt them, fell far short of what was really required, and have since been termed 'ineffectual' by the commissioners called in to investigate the subject.* At the end of August, when the centres of infection had become numerous, the chance of prevention was already lost, and the Order then put forth empowering 'the Clerk of the Privy Council for the Metropolitan Police District,' and 'the mayors of boroughs and justices of the peace to appoint inspectors,' certainly came too late to do good, though sufficiently early to do much harm. The Council, gaining courage with the alarm that seized the public mind, granted almost autocratic powers over a vast amount of property to a body of men in a general way ill-qualified to use them. It became the duty of these functionaries to enter any premises, to prohibit the transit of suspected cattle, to seize and slaughter and bury whatever appeared to be infected. Resistance to this Order was punished by a pecuniary fine, but compliance with it did not bring pecuniary compensation. If nothing but a police remedy was sufficient for the case, an absolute stop should have been put to the circulation of cattle for a specified period. This course was advised by a majority of the Cattle Plague Commissioners on the 31st October; but at that time the Government and the public were still not prepared to give effect to such stringent measures, and it was not till the middle of December that the Royal Agricultural Society, the Smithfield Club, and other agricultural bodies called upon Ministers to take the decisive step of stopping all communication of cattle in England.

The Royal Commission, having examined fifty-one witnesses, published a first report, the chief recommendation of which has just been noticed. The minority of the Commissioners, which seems to have expressed the views afterwards taken by the Privy Council, though equally alive to the necessity of stringent measures, feared by too great and sudden an interference with trade to provoke extensive evasion of the prohibition, and therefore recommended that such prohibition should apply only to infected districts, and to store stock in any district, but that fat cattle shall appear in certain markets, and be consigned to certain slaughter-houses, under a proper system of permits and licenses. They also desire the power given to inspectors 'to seize and slaughter' to be withdrawn, 'unless accompanied by a system of compensation;' that imported cattle shall be slaughtered at the ports of landing, and that preparation be made for stamping out the disease directly it appears in Ireland. Two of the Commis-

* Cattle Plague Commission. 1st Report.

* *Ib.*

sioners—the most weighty in the rural scale—further inscribe their opinion in favour of granting free motion to unsuspected store cattle under the same system of permits previously recommended to be applied to fat cattle. One Commissioner, representing the Commercial mind, stands courageously alone by his own opinion. He advises that nothing be done beyond what the Queen in Council has done or can do. Virtually he says, 'Let the farmers take their own course, indemnifying themselves against loss by insurance. Interfere in no way with foreign importation or the people's supply of meat otherwise than by careful inspection. If you do, it will only end in a shorter supply, a higher price, and a disturbance in our commercial relations more disastrous than the Cattle Plague.'

Such were the opinions of the three sections constituting the Commission. They were presented to the Government on the 31st October, and another Order in Council was issued on the 26th November. The main points in this instrument are two. In the first place, the inspector is forbidden to resort to slaughter except when the owner refuses to isolate the suspected animal; in the second, the local authority—the mayor or justices of the peace acting in petty sessional division—is called into play, and empowered to throw a cordon round the district under his jurisdiction, allowing of no egress or ingress but under a special system of permits and licences, save in the case of cattle conveyed directly through the district by railway. There are some minor points—such as the power conferred on any specified local authority to close any market, or to forbid the holding of any fair, together with the power granted to the Secretary of State to step in and do what the local authority should do but declines to do, when requested by the population of a neighbouring jurisdiction, who fear that they shall suffer from the neglect. The same Order also provides for the slaughter of every beast that enters the Metropolitan Market, and continues in force until March next.

There are several reasons for considering this policy the best that can be adopted under the circumstances. Some of these were given by Mr. Helps in his evidence before the Commission. He said: 'I feel that the very magnitude of the evil, as it enters into thousands of details, must be met by very general co-operation; also that such co-operation is impossible unless you give power to local authority.' And again: 'The people, in their quiet way, by local self-government, will adopt wiser precautions, and more will be done than has been done among any other people. From what I have had to do with local authorities, it has really given me more confidence in the people generally, and made me extremely averse to centralisation.'

A controversy has, however, sprung up as to the relative efficiency of preventive measures taken by local authority, or imposed by the authority of the Crown. Happily or unhappily, as the case may be, the British Government does not possess the appliances for enforcing cordons throughout every county of England, Scotland, and Wales; and a law that cannot be enforced is a stimulant to the evil against which it is directed. Surely those who have advised that a complete stop be put to all traffic in cattle cannot have estimated the apparatus that would be required for the service. What might be possible in a sparsely populated country, where homesteads are far apart, and the channels of communication few and easily watched, would be utterly impossible in our rural parishes, where population is dense, where the farms touch, and the multitude of high roads and byeways would render necessary a formidable host of informers. Moreover, to be of any avail the insolation must be entire. The Order should extend to everything that is convicted of carrying the subtle virus. Not only must it include cattle, men—not omitting the inspector—but sheep, dogs, cats, game of all sorts, birds, mice, rats, flies, and even the rustling breeze. Allowing that the law were sufficient to check the traffic in cattle, it is an extremely doubtful question whether it would succeed in the case of sheep, which must be the *dernier ressort* of the farmer, whose straw and turnips are awaiting to be converted into manure. But supposing it possible to check the transit of sheep as well as cattle, what are we to say to the other carriers of infection that remain at large? While so many agents—not the less mischievous because innocent—exist beyond control, it seems to be undesirable that an imperial attempt should be made to enforce arbitrary restrictions throughout the land that can only exasperate but will not prevent. The true question is whether, in England, measures suggested by the Government, but worked out by the local authorities, are not likely to prove more stringent and effectual than measures imposed upon all local authorities indiscriminately by the Ministers of the Crown?

A system of cordons in this country would only be possible on one condition—that of being sanctioned by that portion of the community which is particularly con-

cerned in it; and if ever this section concurs in thinking that a total suspension of traffic is necessary, it will be in a far better position to carry out its own wishes than the Government could be. This is a case which, if dealt with at all, demands local action. Central authority cannot cope with the minutiæ of it. It is clear that if this pest is to be successfuly combated by restrictive measures—and we allow their utility, though we do not place much reliance in them—it must be by the conjoint efforts of magistrates, farmers, cattle-dealers, &c. If such powers are granted to them, and they feel that they are left to employ them, and not to repose upon another party to do so, the disease, if it is to be checked by such means, will be checked with greater rapidity than if the machinery of the central power—new to such work—were applied to it.

Although agreeing so far with the solitary Commissioner, Mr. M'Clean, in thinking that the powers possessed by the Council are equal to the emergency, we are far from contending against restrictive measures, as he does, on the ground that the loss is small and the danger exaggerated. In common with those who place any dependence upon past computations of loss from similar attacks, we entirely share in the consternation with which the Commissioners, with this single exception, regard the progress of the pest.

According to historical record three or four millions of animals fell under the pestilence that raged in Italy from 1793 to 1795; and in France not less than ten millions from 1713 to 1796. From this cause, during the past century, Continental Europe appears to have lost 200,000,000 head of cattle—its several States losing from 200,000 to 1,000,000 by each attack. The third year of the outbreak of 1747 cost the Government, in compensation at the rate of about 4*l.* per head, the sum of 135,000*l.* At the same period Lincolnshire alone lost 100,000, and Cheshire 90,000 head of beasts. Within a period of twelve months during the present century, Russia owns having lost upwards of one million of cattle. Egypt, by the disease imported in 1841, lost 350,000 head, and the farmers were left so destitute of draught cattle that they were obliged to resort to English manufacturers for steam-engines, and the mechanical appliances for steam tillage. This being the experience of the world on the subject, it is scarcely fair to take a return of two or three months (October 28th), and base a calculation upon that, especially when those who drew it up acknowledged with regret its distant approximation to the truth. Soon after the appearance of the Report of the Commisioners the gloom resting upon the agricultural mind visibly deepened. The rain and fog of November increased the virulence of the disease, which, not satisfied with 1,800 cases a week, increased to 3,828 (of which, be it remembered, about 90 per cent. have died) by the close of the first week in December, and the last return counts no less than 6,475 centres of infection—such as farms, sheds, &c., which was a clear loss of 3,057 strongholds in three weeks.

Should this state of things continue, who can estimate the loss that will be sustained, not merely by the farmer but to the country at large? The murrain will certainly prove a disastrous check to that revolution in husbandry to which attention has already been directed. It has been shown that the production of larger quantities of meat and dairy produce is to be in future the aim of the British farmer. For some time past he has been laying down in grass land that since the reign of war prices had been growing grain, or he has been producing root crops in place of grain. The reasons for pursuing this course have been two—1st, that he might meet his Continental brother as a lighter-weighted competitor than he could be as a grower of wheat; 2nd, that he might supply the enormous demand for dairy produce and butcher-meat, the consumption and the price of which have long been rising. If in carrying out either of these designs he is thwarted, his failure becomes a national failure. As a grower of wheat he was disastrously exposed to foreign competition; but in reverting to a more purely pastoral system he seizes upon the natural advantages of the country, and enters upon a term of prosperity threatened by no check save what arises in the form of disease.

There are three points of view from which this calamity must be looked at by those who desire to obtain a true conception of its proportions. In the first place, the pestilence jeopardises the only profitable system of husbandry that can be carried on in this country; in the second, it destroys the only means we have of supplying a meat diet for the people; and in the third, it tends absolutely to cut off the supply of milk and fresh butter.

As to the effect of this visitation upon the rural system, it is clear that if cattle and sheep* cease to be obtainable, the lands now

* No direct allusion has been made to the effect of the pest upon sheep. After Mr. Simonds's distinct assertion, however, made so late as November

under forage crops must revert to corn-growing, which will be doubly unprofitable, owing to the absence of farmyard and fold manure. With respect to the supply of meat, the foreign importation is spoken of as though it were everything to us. But although we cordially accept that portion of the free-trade policy which invites foreign graziers to supply our deficiency of beef and mutton with their redundancy, we cannot conceal from ourselves the fact that this supply is and must be subsidiary to our own. It now forms about one-tenth, so far as beef is concerned, of the produce of our own herds annually consumed. Thus, then, while we desire to stimulate deliveries of foreign cattle, we must not lose sight of what may be termed the main chance. The increasing needs of population for animal food necessitate the reception of all the cattle and sheep we can obtain from beyond seas, but the utmost vigilance must be observed to prevent the supplementary from vitiating the main stock. It is scarcely necessary here to insist upon the value of animal food to all classes of consumers. Its absence is noted in a lowered physique, its presence by superior tone and vigour. Those who study the vital statistics of the nation can place their fingers, guided by pathological indications, upon years of high price, which to a very large class of the community are years of virtual scarcity, and consequently of increased debility and disease. With respect to milk the case is even worse. This is the one thing that cannot be dispensed with. That milk should cease to appear on our tea-tables, in our nurseries, on the diet-tables of our hospitals, would be an insupportable hardship. Scarcely a notice now appears upon Hygiene, particularly with reference to what are termed the working classes, that does not contain a lament over the scarcity of milk, and a prediction that for the want of it the lower classes of the metropolis must lack the robust habit which withstands the attacks of disease always more or less prevalent in large cities. Yet this essential article of diet is raised from twopence to sixpence a quart in most of our large towns, and it is almost needless to say that sixpence a quart amounts to its prohibition to a very large portion of the community. M. de Lavergne, the celebrated French statist, in comparing French with English agriculture, says:—

'The consumption of milk under every form is enormous. Their habits are those of past ages. Cæsar said of them long ago, "*Lacte et carne vivunt.*" They are not in the habit of preparing their food with fat and oil like most of the French, but use butter for all culinary purposes; cheese, too, appears at the principal repasts. The quantities of butter and cheese manufactured throughout the whole extent of the British Isles exceeds all belief. Cheshire alone produces cheese to the value of a million sterling. Not content with their own dairies, the English import butter and cheese from abroad; and this circumstance, showing to what extent the national taste is carried, explains the reason why it is that the average price of milk with them is double what it is with us.'

Now the first work of the murrain is to dry up the fount of this fluid aliment, and the loss is *irremediable*. We look in vain for a supply elsewhere. The annual yield to the pail of the three millions of cows in the United Kingdom is valued at 16,000,000*l*. Not only is this item of profit threatened, but it is the loss of an article of first necessity that cannot be replaced.

Having thus expressed so strong an opinion with respect to the magnitude of the evil, previous remarks concerning imperial interference will be less likely to be misinterpreted. The fact is, we take so serious a view of the visitation as to consider local action as alone capable of dealing with it; for if isolation is found to be effective, and is insisted upon, as it very likely will be, nothing less than the very general co-operation of willing and active people will suffice to enter into the multitudinous details that will present themselves.

The Government, in addition to calling out what may be termed the militia of the country to meet and quell this invader, has another work to perform, and one more decidedly within its scope than that of stamping out. This, as we have elsewhere remarked, is not a chance visitation—it is a natural calamity that will happen hereafter so long as two conducive causes exist—the importation of septic germs from abroad, and affinity for them on the part of domestic organisms. This being the case, it becomes a duty to prepare for it; and here the Government may be of great service by placing funds at the disposal of competent men as to enable them to give themselves to immediate and prolonged investigations into the cause and morbid effects of this most contagious of diseases.

The most celebrated physicians of the past century lay great stress upon inoculation as the proper mode of dealing with Rinder-

6th, that sheep inoculated with infected matter from cattle have sickened with the disease, which by inoculation was again conveyed from the sheep to the beast, and has produced symptoms of true 'Rinderpest'—a slight misnomer—it will not do to conclude, because the infection does not seem to spread beyond the localities in Norfolk and Essex where it first appeared, that the flocks are out of danger.

pest. Dr. Layard in his treatise says: 'No one will think of bringing the infection into any place free from it merely for the sake of inoculating their cattle, but if the contagious distemper be in the neighbourhood of a herd, or break out so as to endanger the stock, the grazier may, by inoculating his cattle, with proper precautions, at least secure his stock, since he can house them before they fall sick, prepare them, and have due care taken, knowing the cause of the distemper.' In Holland it has failed and succeeded. Dr. Flemyng remarks: 'I apprehend that inoculation will stand the better chance of bringing on the distemper provided it is performed on subjects as young as safety will permit of.' Dr. Bourguignon, in his recent work on this distemper, enforces this system of treatment, and alludes to the experiments of Professor Jessen of Dorpat, made by order of the Russian Government, in 1853, at Odessa. The first results were fatal to the theory. At Kozan another mode being adopted, they were much more satisfactory: 'Passing from experiment to experiment, they arrived at the conclusion that it was necessary to inoculate several heads of cattle, the one after the other, without having recourse to any other virus than the first obtained, so that they might thereby obtain virus of the second, third, fourth, fifth, and up to the tenth generation. The virus, thus attenuated in its morbid effects, answered at length in every case, and oxen thus inoculated could mingle with impunity with diseased cattle.' At Chalkoff 1,059 animals were inoculated with virus of the third generation, and 60 only were lost. So sure is the professor of this ground that 'he maintains that Europe may be preserved from this frightful scourge by allowing no Steppe cattle to be exported, save those that have had the distemper naturally or by inoculation.' He further adds—we quote Dr. Bourguignon's version—'that beasts born of cows which have been affected do not contract the disease.' It is surely necessary that such experiments as these which were put a stop to by the cessation of the plague should be closely followed up both here and elsewhere; and if it proves true that Southern Russia is the true and only breeding ground of the Rinderpest, the duty of the British Government is clearly marked out in the matter.

The interference of Parliament is also required in other directions. It is to be hoped that no apprehensions will be allowed to prevent the Government from dealing with the question of cattle-importation and cattle-markets generally. The present method of bringing vast quantities of cattle into the hearts of the great urban centres must be wrong. There was reason in the practice before railways existed. But now that the means of communication are perfect, and railways penetrate to the heart of every feeding district, the towns and cities can be supplied with far less loss and risk, and with quite as much certainty, from abattoirs conveniently situated. In answer to the objection that meat is such a perishable commodity, it may be asked, are not fish and vegetables, butter and milk, perishable commodities, and yet how beautifully balanced the year round are the demand and the supply? Already the instincts of traders have led them to commence this revolution. Thousands of tons of dead meat reach the London markets from Scotland and elsewhere every week, railway fare being paid only upon the prime joints, and not upon the coarse meat and offal. We shall have made a great advance in our sanitary arrangements when the private slaughter-houses are made to give place to well-appointed and properly-inspected buildings beyond the precincts of the town. There is scarcely another civilised country in Europe where the abominable practice of private slaughter-houses is tolerated, and they ought at once to be prohibited by law. Before this is done the Government will do well to try its hand upon the foreign supply. Provision should be quickly made for the slaughter of all imported fat cattle at the ports of debarkation, while for store beasts—the trade for which is not as yet large—possibly some effective quarantine arrangements might be devised. Half-a-dozen ports of import might be appointed and supplied with all the necessary apparatus of markets and slaughter-houses. Meanwhile, what will the farmers do to meet a state of things so threatening to their best interests?

The dairy farmers will to a certain extent replace the manufacture of butter and cheese by the rearing of calves, adopting what is known as store weaning. Farmers not possessed of breeding flocks of ewes will probably seek to suit their system to the new circumstances, and those who have flocks will probably increase them. Young horses will be purchased and liberally fed. Sheep will be introduced on some lands unfitted for them, especially where there are crops of turnips and no cattle to consume them. Those who have not attempted to breed and rear pigs will do so, and the same may be said of those who have made little or no acquaintance with poultry. Labourers probably may be induced to keep poultry. The wealthy will perhaps find it advisable to abstain from lamb and veal, or at any rate

the price of both will confine young meats to the consumption of that class. Furthermore, the entire produce of the land, as far as may be, will be spent in rearing and fattening stock.

This visitation has already taught us some wholesome lessons. We are even now willing—nay, anxious—to abolish the cowhouse system of towns for one more consonant with physiological experience. The miserable barrier which has been set up to protect the consumer from the cupidity of cattle-dealers and butchers no longer satisfies us; and when this is undergoing systematic revolution, the private slaughter-houses will probably not escape the besom. The regulations affecting the imported supply of cattle must undergo marked improvement. Finally, the change to a more pastoral economy, though momentarily retarded, will proceed with redoubled celerity when this plague has abated. If these be the results of the cattle plague of 1865, we may have reason hereafter to look with more satisfaction on the quarterly returns of the Registrar-General and the agricultural statistics of the kingdom.

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Art. IX.—1. *L'Invasion, ou le fou Yégof.* Par Erckmann-Chatrian. Paris: 1862.
2. *Confidences d'un Joueur de Clarinette.* Par Erckmann-Chatrian. Paris: 1863.
3. *Madame Thérèse.* Par Erckmann-Chatrian. Paris: 1863.
4. *Le Conscrit de* 1813. Par Erckmann-Chatrian. Paris: 1864.
5. *Waterloo (suite du Conscrit).* Par Erckmann-Chatrian. Paris: 1865.
6. *L'homme du Peuple.* Par Erckmann-Chatrian. Paris: 1865.

It is a significant, and certainly not a very gratifying fact, that while French novels are extensively read in this country, especially by women, they are very rarely openly discussed or reviewed. The reading of modern French romances seems to be generally considered among us as a venial sin, which may be indulged in without great danger but which can scarcely be spoken of with propriety. We are not disposed, on the present occasion, to discuss the soundness of this theory. The first proposition, we think, is sufficiently refuted by its companion. It is rarely a salutary practice, for body or for mind, to do that which we do not care to avow openly or to recommend to others. Nor need the explanation of the fact arrest us long. It lies on the surface. There is a vast amount of misused power of invention, clever writing, and good sense scattered about in many of the worst French novels—qualities which a conscientious literary judge is bound to recognise; but the general tendency of these productions is so mischievous that no conscientious literary judge can desire to bestow even qualified praise which would extend the number of readers of such books in this country. French novelists need seek no other reason for that unwilling silence of English reviewers of which they so often complain.

To speak frankly, the literature of fiction in France presents about as surprising an amount of adulterated and deleterious intellectual food as was ever offered to the public appetite in any country or at any time, especially if we take into consideration the superior refinement—or at any rate the superior fastidiousness—of the atmosphere which surrounds modern novelists as compared to that in which their apparently coarser predecessors lived. The so-called *realistic* school, which is at present completely dominant on the other side of the Channel, exhibits a peculiarly offensive mixture of life-like commonplace and unimpassioned vice. Its pictures possess, so to speak, that almost tangible immorality which belongs to a certain class of *tableaux vivants*. There are two lines in M. Victor Hugo's recent work entitled 'Chansons des Rues et des Bois' which embody in characteristic form the idea we would wish to convey. In one of the pieces which compose that most wonderful collection of lyrical absurdities and vulgarities, the author, after asserting that poetry may be found in all places and in all subjects—and so far we are inclined to agree with him—seeks to prove that the doubtful nymphs of Paris and its suburban places of recreation may offer the same charms to a good-tempered poet or philosopher as the dryads and sylvan haunts of ancient Greece. He exclaims:—

> 'Ça, que le bourgeois fraternise
> Avec les satyres cornus!'

If we may be allowed to say so, it is this odious fraternisation of the bourgeois and the 'horned satyr,' constantly going on in French novels of the realistic school, which renders them so unfit for public discussion. In Truth resides supreme power, but within the domains of Art even Truth must be content to rule constitutionally and to reign with limitations. This is not the opinion of French realism, and as M. Hugo is one of its most approved masters, we are tempted to borrow from him once more. It will be

seen by his recurring pertinaciously to the image we have already quoted, that he considers it, like ourselves, a very appropriate and striking one. He says, in another poem, entitled 'Réalité,'

> 'La vérité n'a pas de bornes.
> Grâce au grand Pan, dieu bestial,
> Fils, le réel montre ses cornes
> Sur le front bleu l'idéal.'

There is little to be seen of the 'azure brow of the Ideal' when it is overshadowed by those terrible realistic horns, though they be those of a god—*un dieu bestial*, it is true.

It must not be supposed, however, that no attempt has been made to stem the current. On the contrary, most praiseworthy attempts have recently been made to please the public taste of France by nobler means, but they have not been attended with much success. Some well-meaning novelists have been wanting in talent—a common fault, alas! among well-meaning persons; others have attempted too much, and, from fear of over excitement, have fallen into hopeless namby-pamby. They have injudiciously applied the total abstinence principle to the confirmed dram-drinkers of sensation novels, and seen their milk-and-water dilutions disdainfully rejected. Others, again, have thrown themselves too violently into reaction, and have run counter to the realist tendencies of the age even in those points in which they were best justified. In a word, among French writers of fiction in the present day, the two authors whose joint name heads our article stand almost alone as having at once steadfastly resisted the corrupt taste of the French novel-reading public, evinced great literary talent, and obtained wide-spread popularity. This enviable distinction justifies us amply in devoting a few pages to an investigation of the means by which they have deserved and achieved success.

For a long while the signature Erckmann-Chatrian was supposed by the general public to be that of a single writer; and it was only about four years ago that the authors, M. Emile Erckmann and M. Alexandre Chatrian, informed their readers that the numerous books of fiction that had been already published under the joint name were the fruits of their friendly collaboration. That collaboration, as they have themselves described it to one of their French critics, is of a very peculiar kind. It would appear that the labour of authorship is equally shared by the two writers, but that there is, properly speaking, no division of labour. 'We hold the pen by turns,' they say, 'and we should be sorely puzzled, as regards many pages of our works, to say by which of us they were written.' Certain is it that the most careful observer can detect no unevenness or variety of style which would betray a change of authorship. We believe this to be a very rare instance of collaboration among novelists. In dramatic compositions, partnerships of this kind are far more common, and more easy to understand. It must be said, however, that the two writers were born in the same place, and were, consequently, surrounded by the same early associations, that they have in general depicted only what they have seen or learnt by oral tradition in their native province, and that their style is so simple and natural that, to preserve unity, it would only be necessary for both writers to forswear all affectation and pretension. Still, with all these allowances, the case is curious, and will seem inexplicable to many writers.

MM. Erckmann-Chatrian—for we must give them the joint appellation by which they are pleased to be known in honour of their literary union and long-tried friendship—have been some years before the public. Their first work, 'L'illustre Docteur Matthéus,'* was published in 1859; and since then they have written at least a dozen volumes of novels or tales. Their early works attracted comparatively little notice; but the circle of readers has gradually and steadily widened, and at the present day few names are better known than theirs to the literary world of Paris. Never, it must be added, did popularity keep pace more evenly with merit; and improvement on the part of the authors has exactly coincided with increasing favour on the part of the public. 'Le Conscrit de 1813' and 'Waterloo,' published in 1864 and 1865, are undoubtedly the gems of their collection. 'L'homme du Peuple,' of which the first part has just appeared, is far from coming up to the same mark. Still there has been no such falling off as to forbid the hope that the authors of 'Le Conscrit' may afford us again, on a future occasion, as much pleasure as we have derived from that incomparable little volume.

Our intention is not to deal minutely with all MM. Erckmann-Chatrian's works, but to call attention more especially to those that may be termed their national novels,

* French works of fiction are generally published, in the first instance, in the *feuilleton* of a newspaper or in the pages of a review—or, as we should say here, of a magazine. It may be encouraging to some aspirants to literary fame to know that we have it, on undoubted authority, that the first work of two of the most popular authors of the present day was rejected by *all* the newspapers of Paris, and by *sixty-three* provincial journals! It was ultimately published in the 'Revue de Paris.'

in which their object appears to have been to set before their countrymen, under the most striking because the most truthful and simple colours, the miseries of war. No more useful lesson could be read to the France of the Second Empire—to the country which has shown so marked a disposition to revive many of the Napoleonic traditions. No lesson, we may add, was ever given in a form more attractive or more acceptable to national susceptibilities. But before striking this fruitful vein which they have worked so prosperously, our authors had given to the public, as we have said, several volumes; and one of the commendations we would bestow on their writings applies equally to them all from first to last. They have painted no scenes and no characters with which they were not well acquainted. It would seem at first sight as though this were common praise—at least it should be so—but, in reality, it is praise rarely deserved by novelists. Most writers of fiction, it is true, recognise as a rule that the principal traits of their story and the characters of their heroes should offer some appearance of probability, or we will be indulgent and say possibility; but, as regards minor incidents, scenery, and secondary personages, they allow themselves all latitude, and seem to consider that the word fiction should be interpreted as meaning that which is completely invented, and on which truth, observation, and memory have no claims. Clergymen's daughters, writing under the shadow of the paternal parsonage, revel in scenes of Parisian dissipation and luxury; young barristers defy the dangers of the most fearful shipwrecks; and quiet authoresses, who have never seen a deed or entered a court of law, hang the interest of their stories on the most intricate will cases—more hopelessly intricate, indeed, than the writer can well imagine. MM. Erckmann-Chatrian have fallen in no such error; and they have been well rewarded—as all novelists ever have been and ever will be—for standing resolutely on their native, well-known ground.

The two writers were born in one of those eastern departments of France which formed part of the old duchy of Lorraine, and they have faithfully depicted the manners of the simple, hardy, and essentially fighting population of their native province. Half German—perhaps we should say more than half German—in language and habits, the villages of the Vosges nevertheless furnish France with her best soldiers, and in no part of her territory has she more faithful and more patriotic sons than in that frontier land. The mixed nationality of those districts is curiously portrayed in MM. Erckmann-Chatrian's works. No wonder they should have thought of the horrors and glories of war as of a fruitful theme. The country in which their childhood was passed is seamed and scarred with war-inflicted wounds. The bones of successive invaders, from the first flood of barbarous Northmen down to the allied armies of 1814, lie in thick layers beneath the fertile soil of its plains and in the narrow passes of its valleys. The hills are crowned with the ruined strongholds of feudal times, while the forts which guard the entrances of France on this her most exposed frontier and command the defiles of the Vosges, bristle with all the inventions of moden artillery. Those eastern provinces have had from time immemorial to bear the first brunt of invasion, and have paid dearly for the aggressive wars of France. The retribution has fallen chiefly upon them. On the other hand, patriotism has been stirred and kept alive by continual collision with the stranger. It is but natural therefore that good soldiers should come from districts and families where the horrors of war are no subjects of vague tradition, but living memories transmitted from one generation of sufferers to the next.

But this oft-contested land is also—or was a very few years ago, for railways and printing presses have done their work there—a land of simple habits, of long rustic courtships and strong parental authority; of music and dancing, wrestling-matches and feats of strength; of huge feeding, of *küchlen*, *kougelhof*, and *pfankougen;* of tremendous drinking bouts; a land of Jews and Anabaptists; of *schlitters* and woodsmen in its mountain-forests, and of well-to-do labourers in its fertile valleys; of fantastic legends respecting hidden treasures in ruined castles and wonderful feats of arms performed by the old lords of the country; a land, in a word, abounding in varied materials for the painter of village life. These have been worked up, and not unsuccessfully, by our authors in their first volumes: 'Contes fantastiques,' 'Contes de la Montagne,' 'Maître Daniel Rock,' 'Contes des Bords du Rhin;' but our business is not with these. They can be safely recommended to such readers as may wish to become acquainted with the manners and customs of eastern France. They would scarcely have sufficed, however, to have established the reputation of the authors. The marvellous plays a great part in all these stories, and *l'élément fantastique*, to borrow a favourite phrase of modern French criticism, enters largely into their composition. When they condescend to everyday life the

pictures sometimes partake too much of the Dutch school—at once too minute and too material. The eating and drinking is at times overpowering, and the sympathetic reader is often oppressed with a sense of indigestion. It seems a waste of power, moreover, that writers who can paint with such life-like simplicity and truth all the emotions of the human breast should have spent their time in portraying scenes and incidents which no art can render probable. The supernatural is evidently not their forte. Still there were signs of great talent, and some of their shorter tales are full of feeling and observation. No reader of MM. Erckmann-Chatrian's former works was likely to be surprised at the deserved success which attended the publication of 'L'Invasion, ou le fou Yégof,' the first of a series of novels the subjects of which are taken from their national history.

But before entering on these we must make room for a small volume which, though it should be placed chronologically after 'Le fou Yégof,' belongs to the stories of village life. The 'Confidences d'un Joueur de Clarinette' prove that the increased popularity of the authors is not due merely to a fortunate choice of subjects. There are no pages from the pen of MM. Erckmann-Chatrian, not even in 'Le Conscrit,' superior to the simple tale which has given its name to this volume. It is but the story of a jilted lover, a poor village musician, who relates his misfortunes himself. He is not an attractive personage, and most readers will be disposed to side with his faithless sweetheart; but how full of simple humour and pathos is the tale! How well one feels as one closes the book that the poor awkward clarionet-player will never, never, be comforted, and that he will go on wandering and playing about at village fairs and country weddings till the end of his days, '*trainant la semelle jusqu'à la fin de ses jours*,' as he says himself—with a heavy weight at his heart.

'Les Amoureux de Catherine' in the same volume is another wonderfully vivid picture of village love. Literary merit is not to be measured by what is attempted, but by what is achieved; and within the narrow limits of the subject chosen we have no hesitation in saying that these two short stories are nearly perfect. The authors have since attempted higher flights; they have never, all things considered, done better.

'Le fou Yégof' appeared first in the pages of the 'Revue des deux Mondes,' in 1862. It is the history of the invasion of 1814, and of the desperate resistance of a handful of French peasants, related by an eyewitness, an old huntsman of the Vosges. Yégof is, as the title indicates, a madman who fancies that his soul has, in a former state of existence, inhabited the body of Luitprandt, a chief who at the head of an army of German invaders perished some sixteen centuries before, while fighting one of the barbarous tribes of Gaul in the same mountain passes that the Allies are now attempting to force. He is convinced that the men of the North—Russians, Swedes, Prussians, and English—have joined together to avenge his former wrongs, and in consequence he betrays his countrymen. We may trace in 'Le fou Yégof' the link between the first and the second manner of MM. Erckmann-Chatrian. But the marvellous is here visibly giving way before the real, and is accounted for by the madness of the hero. This is *the* great concession, and when insanity or hallucination are brought in to explain the marvellous, we may, as a rule, say good-bye to the supernatural. This passing remark is of course a general one, and does not apply especially to writers of romances. Nor must we be understood to condemn the marvellous, or even to underrate it in a literary point of view; far from it; we are often inclined, on the contrary, to say with the fabulist:—

'Si Peau d'Âne m'était conté
J'y prendrais un plaisir extrême.'

But then 'Peau d'Âne' is very excellent in its way, whereas MM. Erckmann-Chatrian are very excellent only when they are simply truthful: then it is that they are wonderful. There are many works of solemn historians less instructive than certain pages of 'Le Conscrit' and 'Waterloo.' The incidents of a soldier's life and feelings, the popular impressions in France during the wars of the Republic and the Empire, are related with such vividness that the reader feels he is in presence of no got-up book-learning but of the living oral tradition. 'We have heard with our ears, and our fathers have declared unto us,' seems to be written on every page. During the cold winter nights at Phalsbourg, or in some other little fortified town, when the gates were closed and the snow lay thick on the silent ramparts, or during the long twilight of a summer's evening in some cottage of the Vosges, how often they must have listened to the long stories of old soldiers telling of the marvellous things which were done in their time! What legend, what 'fantastic tale,' was ever more wonderful? But MM. Erckmann-Chatrian seem to have felt their way gradually, and only to have understood

after repeated trials where their real strength lay.

In their first works the mixed nationality of their native province was clearly discernible (we do not mean in their language but in their modes of thought), but they appear to have become more un-Germanised, if we may use the expression, at each succeeding work. We must, of course, be understood to intend this as a compliment, seeing that we are speaking of French writers. At the present day there is nothing un-French about their writings, save perhaps their thorough purity, and a certain love of Nature, which is almost as rare as purity among French novelists. 'Le fou Yégof' is the first of the series of what may be termed MM. Erckmann-Chatrian's national novels, and we also find in it the first traces of that philosophy—the word is, perhaps, rather a big one, but we will let it stand—that cheerful, vivacious, and yet resigned philosophy, so essentially French, which breathes in every page of 'Le Conscrit de 1813' and 'Waterloo.'

We cannot dwell long on 'Madame Thérèse,' which followed close upon 'Le fou Yégof,' for we wish to reserve space for a more minute study of the later works of MM. Erckmann-Chatrian. 'Madame Thérèse' is a pretty story very well told, full of charming bits of word-painting; yet we only half like it. Perhaps, in spite of what we have said above, MM. Erckmann-Chatrian have proved themselves too French to please us entirely. Madame Thérèse is a *cantinière* belonging to the republican armies of 1792. In an engagement with a party of Austrian troops in a small village of the German Vosges, she is wounded and left for dead. She is received into the house of the village doctor, carefully tended and restored to health. The doctor falls in love with her, is converted by her to the doctrines of liberty, equality, and fraternity as represented by the French volunteers of 1792, and finally marries her. The story is told with great naïveté by the doctor's nephew, who was a child of ten years old when these events took place, and his boyish impressions are rendered with wonderful fidelity. Still the book is not altogether pleasing. It may be a prejudice, but a *cantinière* is not quite a heroine to our taste. We do not feel secure of the conjugal happiness of the man who marries her—even though she may have left her native village and enlisted in company of her father and brothers from pure love of liberty. Nor do we believe in the armed propagandism of the republican soldiers of France, and in the liberation of peoples which was to have been the consequence of the universal triumph of these fighting missionaries. It seems to us almost a pity that the doctor was converted by the enthusiastic Madame Thérèse; and we hardly think it consistent with the patriotism which the authors seek to inculcate, that their hero, being a German, should ultimately join the French as an army surgeon.

This is, perhaps, the proper place for pointing out a tendency in MM. Erckmann-Chatrian's works, which appears to us likely, if indulged in, to counteract to a great extent the good effects of their teachings. We must borrow a French neologism to express our meaning, although the thing which the word represents is by no means exclusively French. There is a slight taint of *chauvinisme*—of narrow prejudiced *nationalism*—in 'Madame Thérèse,' which is still more apparent in their last work, 'L'homme du Peuple.' Their *chauvinisme*, however, it must be added, is of a purely civil order, and the word is not therefore strictly applicable, as it is generally coupled with the idea of military bombast. Most Frenchmen — we might almost say all Frenchmen—of the uneducated classes, and many Frenchmen of a class who might know better, have a latent conviction that the human species was emancipated from serfdom by the French Revolution. From that era dates, for most French minds, the liberation of mankind from feudal despotism. Political liberty owes its existence to the principles of '89, and the Déclaration des Droits de l'Homme was the first Gospel of Freedom. The institutions of England are considered as but a specious oligarchical tyranny; the constitution of the United States is ignored. France is the providential and universal initiator. It is admitted that she has kept practically but little liberty for herself; but then she has taught it theoretically to the whole world. This proves a great source of consolation to the national pride; but the true friends of freedom in France ought scarcely to desire that the national pride should be comforted under such circumstances. True it is, as Joseph de Maistre once remarked in his picturesque language, that the book of chronicles of the Middle Ages entitled 'Gesta Dei per Francos' might be continued worthily and without interruption to the present day; but it is dangerous to encourage the popular notion in France, that in the battle of freedom no great deeds have been done save those which might be chronicled under that heading.

The consequence of such a vainglorious delusion is obvious. In the same propor-

tion as the results of the French Revolution are magnified and the general character of its influence exaggerated, its excesses are palliated in the eyes of the greater number. Who would haggle about the price of the liberty of the world? If it were an established fact that the only revolution that has made men really free was supported by terrorism, terrorism itself would stand a fair chance of obtaining an Act of Indemnity. Instead of encouraging the popular mind of France in its revolutionary fetichism, it would be far better to teach that the great ends of the Revolution were defeated exactly by the bad means employed. But such lessons would not lead to popularity, and we fear that French writers of all classes will continue to go on declaiming vaguely about 'our fathers, the giants who founded liberty.' This may seem rather solemn criticism a-propos of a mere tale, and the somewhat hollow revolutionary enthusiasm of 'Madame Thérèse' would scarcely warrant it; but, as we said before, the blemish we here point out grows into a real fault in MM. Erckmann-Chatrian's last work.

We cannot imagine a pleasanter or an easier task than that of reviewing 'Le Conscrit de 1813.' No comments would justify our admiration half so well as extracts from the work, and we need therefore only let the authors speak for themselves as much as possible. The quaint and simple style must, of course, lose much by translation. A very few lines will suffice to give an outline of the story. Strictly speaking, neither 'Le Conscrit' nor 'Waterloo' are novels. They are fragments of a fictitious auto-biography, the recollections of a common soldier, an unwilling hero, and relate the disastrous campaigns of 1813 and 1814 from a soldier's point of view. The narrator, Joseph Bertha, is a private in the 6th regiment of the line, one of those obscure units which serve to make up the grand totals in the glorious battle-lists of history. The authors have kept this in mind with wonderful care. Nothing is told that a common soldier might not have seen, nothing is said that a common soldier might not have thought. The upward view of things is steadily adhered to. There is great literary art in this—all the greater inasmuch as it is never apparent. As we read we were reminded of those Gobelin tapestries of which the bright patterns are traced on the wrong side by workman who cannot judge of the effect of their own labours. We seemed to be standing by the poor conscript, and looking on as he worked at the *wrong side* of glory. This then was the way in which those grand imperial battle-pieces were manufactured!

'Those who have not seen the glory of the Emperor Napoleon in 1810, 1811, and 1812, can never know to what a pitch of power a man may attain.

'When he traversed Champagne, Alsace, or Lorraine, people would leave everything, even in the midst of harvest or vintage-time, to go out and meet him; they would come from twenty or thirty miles off, old men, women, children and all, lining the road, by which he was to pass, throwing up their hands, and shouting, "*Vive l'Empereur! Vive l'Empereur!*" One would have thought he was God on earth; that the world breathed by his leave, and that if he died it would be the end of everything. If some old republicans shook their heads and ventured to say, when they were in their cups, that the Emperor might fall, people thought them mad. It seemed contrary to nature, and, indeed, no one ever dreamed of such a thing.'

These are the opening lines of the book. In no part of France was the power of the Emperor more distinctly visible than in the little fortified town of Phalsbourg, where Joseph Bertha lived. It stood on the high road of war. Infantry, cavalry, ammunition, cannon, estafettes and couriers, passed through it night and day. The troops used to pour in by the Porte de France, cross the town and go out by the Porte d'Allemagne, on their way to conquer Europe. Now and then, some lad who had gone as a soldier would come back—'one in a thousand,' says Joseph—with a colonel's or a general's epaulettes, and then the whole town felt proud and happy. But many who went away never returned at all:

'And the old folks would go on hoping, and saying, "May be our boy is a prisoner.... When peace is made he will come back....How many have come back who were thought to be dead!" But peace never was made; when one war was ended another began. There was always something we wanted from Russia, from Spain, or from somebody else—the Emperor was never satisfied.'

Joseph Bertha looked on with dismay. He was a steady, peaceful youth of nineteen, who had been apprenticed on account of his lameness, which made him unfit for hard work, to old Melchior Goulden, a watchmaker of Phalsbourg. Joseph Bertha lived in one hope—to be taken some day into partnership by M. Goulden, and to marry his cousin Catherine, the pretty daughter of his aunt Grédel. He lived in one fear likewise—he dreaded the conscription.

M. Goulden was a staunch old republican, who used to talk of the Rights of Man,

and 'call God the Supreme Being, like in the republican almanacs,' and he would sometimes watch the troops defiling, and then say with a thoughtful air:—

'"I say, Joseph, how many of them have we seen go by, do you think, since 1804?"

'"Well, I don't know, Monsieur Goulden; four or five hundred thousand, I should say, at least."

'"Yes, at least! and how many have we seen come back?"

'Then, I understood what he meant, and I answered, "Perhaps they return by Mayence, or by some other road . . . It must be so; it would be impossible otherwise."

'And he would shake his head and say, "Those who have not come back are dead, as hundreds and hundreds of thousands will die if God does not take pity on us, for the Emperor cares for nothing but war! He has already shed more blood to give thrones to his brothers than our great Revolution to win the Rights of Man. . . ."

'And then I longed to be a thousand times lamer than I was; for in those days they had begun by taking first the unmarried men, then the married men without children, then the men who had only one child, and I could not help thinking, "Surely the lame are better to take than the fathers of families"; or again, "Perhaps they will put me in the cavalry?" The very thought made me feel sad, and I longed to run away at once.'

From the month of May to the month of September 1812, there was many a Te Deum sung in the church of Phalsbourg, and for each new victory the arsenal used to fire a salute of twenty-one guns. This generally took place in the morning, and then M. Goulden would call out from his room—'Eh Joseph, another battle gained? Fifty thousand men killed, twenty-five flags taken, a hundred guns . . . All right! . . . All right! Nothing wanted now but to make a new levy, to fill up the places of those that are dead.' And poor Joseph, sorely troubled at heart, would falter out, 'Do you think they'll take those that are lame, Monsieur Goulden?'

One day, at last, the news of the disastrous retreat from Russia, reached France, and the famous twenty-ninth bulletin of the Grande Armée brought misery to thousands of families. The Emperor related how the horses perished in the snow every night, but he said not a word about the men. The bulletin ended with the gratifying assurance that 'the health of His Majesty had never been better.' Sorry comfort for all those bereaved parents! One of the best descriptions in the book is that of the miserable crowd in the market-place gazing at the fatal proclamation which they cannot read. The *sergent de ville* reads it out aloud to them amid the cries of fainting women and the exclamations in German and in French, 'They cannot all be dead! Some must come back!' But the passage is too long for quotation. We must be content to transcribe one of M. Goulden's remarks on the disaster, for it contains the moral of the whole book:—'Now, instead of being the first, we shall be the last of all people. As soldiers were everything with us, and we have no soldiers left, we are become as nothing.'

A few days afterwards the newspapers announced the return of the Emperor to Paris, the coronation of the Empress and of the King of Rome, and again, a few days after that, the great levy of men of 1813. First there were the 150,000 conscripts of 1813, then 100 cohorts of the first batch of 1812, who had thought themselves quite safe, then 100,000 conscripts from 1809 down to 1812, and so on, till all the losses were made good and the army was more numerous than ever.

Even in our comparatively peaceful times the day of conscription is an anxious day for French youths. Those who have not lived in continental villages can scarce imagine what a great part the conscription plays in peasant-life. Money is hoarded up against the evil chance, marriages are delayed and broken off by it, and the whole current of many a life is changed. The day of drawing is one of fear and trembling, although a good face is put upon it; and many a poor lad who goes about singing with his long tri-coloured streamers tied to his cap, and his unlucky number stuck bravely in it, lies awake all night on his straw-mattress sobbing and sighing over his fate. What must it have been in 1813! Poor Joseph! He shall speak for himself:—

'When Thursday came, the day for drawing, I looked so pale and miserable, that all the fathers and mothers of the conscripts felt envious of my looks, and wished that their sons could be like me. "There's a lucky fellow," they said. . . . "If one blew upon him he would fall to the ground. . . . Really, some people are born to luck!"'

Joseph's luck forsakes him, and he draws number 17. However, he is lame, and he trusts that he will be rejected by the *conseil de révision*. But the *conseil de révision* could not afford to be fastidious in 1813, and it having been proved that Joseph had run a race of three hours against a pedlar and won it, he is declared *bon pour le service*. His first impulse (in which he is encouraged by Aunt Grédel) is to take refuge in Switzerland, but M. Goulden gives bet-

ter advice, and even his sweetheart, Catherine, when he asks her opinion and tells her he will abide by it, hangs her head, and with tears in her eyes says, 'she would not like to hear him called a deserter.'

So Joseph Bertha becomes a soldier, and in the gradual transformation of the quiet watchmaker's apprentice into a good soldier consists one of the chief merits of the book. The upward course from pusillanimity to courage is traced with wonderful art. Joseph is not a born soldier, as so many Frenchman are, and as all Frenchmen are supposed by some people to be. If he did not run away it was partly from fear of being hunted down by the *gendarmes* as a refractory conscript, or of having to lead a life of exile in a foreign country. Yet at Waterloo he is almost a hero. One of his comrades, named Zébédé, the son of the sexton of Phalsbourg, is quite a different character; he is unreflecting, bold, and so fond of fighting that he even fights a duel to Joseph's unspeakable horror. The contrast between the two friends is admirable. Here is a conversation during one of their first marches:—

'We went on marching in this way for five hours. Now and then we saw a village, sometimes on the right and sometimes on the left, half-hidden in the hollows of the mountain, and Zébédé, who was marching beside me, said, "As we were to leave home, I am as well pleased it was to fight. At any rate, we see new sights every day. If we've the luck to come back safe, we'll have plenty to tell."

'"Yes," I replied, "but I'd much rather see a deal less; I'd rather live for my own pleasure, than for that of others who are staying at home quietly while we are climbing here in the midst of the snow."

'"You don't seem to think much of glory, Joseph," he would sometimes say. "Glory is something, though, anyhow."

'But I used to answer, "Glory is not for such as we, Zébédé. Glory is for others who live and eat and drink well. They have dances and rejoicings, as we can see by the papers, and glory into the bargain, when we have earned it by dint of starving, sweating, and getting our bones broken. When poor devils like us, who have been forced to turn soldiers, come home at last, after having lost the habit of work, and maybe a limb besides, they haven't much glory. Many of their old companions who were no better than they, or maybe not even as good workmen, have earned money during those seven years; they have set up shops, and married the other men's sweethearts; they have had rosy children, and have become steady respectable men, municipal councillors, and what not. And when those who have come back from seeking glory by killing men, pass by, they look down upon them; and if by chance they have a red nose from having drunk too much brandy, in order to keep heart in the midst of rain and snow and long marches, while the others were drinking good wholesome wine at home, they say, "What drunkards!" And the poor conscripts, who would have liked nothing better than to stay at home and work, become beggars, like. That's what I think, Zébédé: it does not seem to me quite fair, and I would rather see the friends of glory go and fight themselves, and leave us quiet."

'And then he would answer, "I am of the same mind, Joseph, but as we are in for it, we had best say we are fighting for glory. One should always stand up for one's trade, you know, and try to make people believe one is well off. Otherwise, you see, there's no saying but what they would laugh at us into the bargain."'

After a while Joseph gets accustomed to long marches, to the heavy knapsack, to cold, wind, and rain; even his lameness wears off to a great degree, but still he feels no military ardour. His only feeling of animosity against the enemy springs from anything but a warlike motive: 'Those Russians and Prussians are the cause of our being taken as soldiers; if they had remained quiet, we might still have been at home in France,' he says, and he admits that the thought made him feel 'angry.' When at last they come in sight of the enemy, he has no wish for a close encounter: so long as the foe retreats he is quite satisfied.

It was very tiresome to have Zébédé continually saying in a cross tone, "Will they never, never stop?" For I thought to myself, "If they go away, what can we wish for better? We shall have won without being hurt."'

But when, at the battle of Lutzen, he really has to fight, the instinct of self-preservation makes him brave.

'As I saw the Prussian columns forming, I said to myself, "This time, Joseph, all's over, all's lost. . . . There's no help for it. . . . All that thou canst do is to revenge thyself, to defend thyself, and to have no pity. . . . Defend thyself! Defend thyself!"'

And a little further on, after a second engagement he exclaims—

'I thought of nothing but revenge. I was made mad with anger and indignation against those who sought to take away my life—that one gift which every man possesses and must defend as well as he can. I hated those Prussians; their shouts and insolent looks disgusted me.'

Joseph Bertha has acquired the ardour of a soldier, but he has not yet a soldier's heroic resignation. Even that comes at last. After many fights and hardships, we

find him on the eve of the battle of Nations, at Leipzig, standing by the bivouac fire, wondering whether he will ever again see the moon rise among the clouds and the stars shine as on that night:—

'And, as I looked out in the darkness and saw the great fiery circle of eighteen miles in extent which surrounded us, I could not help thinking, "Now the whole universe is against us! . . . All nations wish for our extermination! . . . They are weary of our glory!" But then I remembered that, after all, I had the honour of being a Frenchman, and that we ought to conquer or to die.'

We do not remember to have ever seen a simple character more truthfully and delicately delineated. We might have chosen far more striking passages for extraction had we not especially wished to exemplify as we best could our admiration on this point. But we can convey but a very faint impression of a volume where every page adds some fresh—and one might also fancy, so natural seems the art, involuntary—touches to the life-like picture. It would scarcely be fair, however, to MM. Erckmann-Chatrian not to add that their descriptions are sometimes wonderfully dramatic. We will give one scene, although the extract is rather long. It is sufficiently complete to give a very good idea of the manner of the authors. We will only premise that our hero, Joseph Bertha, has been wounded by a shot in the shoulder, and that near the spot where he is lying a Prussian General has been giving orders to an aid-de-camp:—

'The young man galloped off in the direction of Klein-Gorschen, and at the same instant I heard some one near me say, "That old fellow is Blücher. . . . Ah! you old rascal, if I had my musket!"

'I looked round and I saw an old serjeant, a thin, bony man, with deep furrows in his cheeks, who was seated against the barn-door, with his two hands stretched on the ground, and he leaning on them as on crutches, for his back was broken. His yellow eyes followed the Prussian general with a squint, and his hooked nose, which was already quite white, curved down like a beak into his long mustachios. He looked proud and fierce.

'"If I had my musket," he said again, "you'd soon see if the battle's won."

'We were the only living beings in the midst of that heap of dead bodies. And I, thinking that I would perhaps be buried on the morrow with the others, in the garden that lay in front of us, and that I should never see Catherine again, felt the tears run down my face, and I could not help saying, "Now it's all over!"

"The serjeant looked askance at me, and seeing how young I was, he asked me, "What's the matter with you conscript?"

'"A shot in the shoulder, serjeant."

'"In the shoulder? That's better than in the loins; one may get over that!" Then, in a gentler tone, after having looked at me well again, he added, "Hold up, my boy! never fear, you'll see home again." I thought he took pity on my youth and was trying to comfort me, for I felt as if my chest was shattered to pieces, and I had no hope.

'The sergeant said nothing more to me, only now and then he made an effort to raise his head to see if our troops were coming. He kept on muttering oaths between his teeth, and ended by slipping down with his shoulders against the edge of the door, saying, "I'm done for! . . . But the rascal has paid me for it, anyhow."

'He was looking at the hedge opposite, where a tall Prussian grenadier lay on his back dead, with a bayonet still sticking in his body.'

After a while the Emperor arrives on the scene of action:—

'At last, at the end of about twenty minutes, the Prussians and Russians began to fall back. They rushed along the narrow lane where we lay, and passed down the hill; the cries of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" drew nearer and nearer. The gunners in front of us were making as much haste as they could, when two or three balls fell among them, broke a wheel of their gun-carriage, and covered them all with earth. The gun fell on its side; two of the men were killed and two wounded. Just then, I felt a hand clutch hold of my arm, and turning round I saw the old serjeant, half-dead, looking at me and laughing fiercely. The roof of the hut was falling in, the wall was toppling over our heads, but we took no heed; we saw nothing but the defeat of the enemy, and we heard nothing, in the midst of the crashing noise, but the shouts of our approaching comrades.

'All of a sudden, the serjeant, who was deadly pale, said, "Here he is!" And leaning forward on his knees, one hand resting on the ground and the other hand raised in the air, he cried with a loud voice, "*Vive l'Empereur!*" Then he fell forward on his face, and moved no more.

'And I too, leaning forward, saw Napoleon coming up in the midst of the firing, with his hat pulled down over his large head, his grey capote thrown open, a broad red ribband crossing his white waistcoat, and he looking calm and cold, as though the gleam of the bayonets were reflected on his face. Everything gave way before him, and the Prussian artillerymen forsook their guns and jumped over the garden wall, notwithstanding the entreaties of their officers. All these things I saw, and they have remained in my memory as though they had been burnt in; but from that time I remember nothing more about the battle, for, overcome by the hope of our victory, I lost all consciousness, and I lay like a dead man amidst all those corpses.'

We cannot follow Joseph throughout his campaigns. He goes through all the miser-

ies of a soldier's life: home-sickness, wounds, hunger, thirst, the miseries of the field, the hospital, and last, not least, of the road-side, where he is abandoned during the retreat by his comrades to die, far away from Phalsbourg and his Catherine. He fights at Lutzen, Bautzen, and Leipzig, and plays valiantly his part in the fearful passage of the Elster. He offers freely his contribution of *chair à canon* to the glorious ogre who was devouring France, and then he falls down, trembling and wasted with fever, to die like a dog by the wayside, while ten thousand men pass by unheeding. The bill of accusation against aggressive wars is complete:—

'Those who could no longer walk lay down on the ground and cried, calling for their mothers like little children. Hunger, forced marches, heavy rains, and the sorrow of thinking that one would never see one's country and one's friends again, caused this sickness. Fortunately, parents do not see their children perish by the roadside. If they did, it would be too terrible. Many people would think that there was no such thing as mercy, either in Heaven or on earth.'

Nor is the moral wanting. Joseph is picked up by a compassionate gunner and thrown into an ammunition waggon. There he lies unconscious and delirious while the remnant of the army fights its way back to France after the campaign of 1813. When he awakes to consciousness, as from a long and troubled dream, two months and a half have gone by, he is in a warm bed, and Catherine is seated by the fire keeping watch. As in the terrible winter when the poor conscript left Phalsbourg, the window panes are covered with hoar frost, and the cannon of the forts are thundering, as they did then; —but not for victory. Phalsbourg is besieged—the enemy is in France! The aggressive wars of the Empire have brought on France the humiliation of invasion. Was it to come to this that so many thousand men had died? 'It was a dear price to pay for ten years of glory,' exclaims Joseph Bertha.

'Waterloo' is the sequel of 'Le Conscrit' —in reality a second volume of the same work under a different title. The same personages fill the scene, the same spirit animates the authors, the same praise, slightly qualified, applies to both books.

The volume opens with the first return of Louis XVIII. in 1814, and ends with the second Restoration in 1815, and the final disbandment of the Imperial armies. The oscillations of public opinion among the lower orders in France—our authors never transgress for one moment the limits of their subject—are admirably rendered. In the subsequent unpopularity of the Bourbons many are too apt to forget the sincere enthusiasm with which they were welcomed. None hailed their return more joyfully than our poor Joseph:—'I knew what glory was,' he says, 'and that increased my love of peace and my horror of the conscription.' He was happy; he was the husband of Catherine and the partner of M. Goulden in the watchmaking business. Even M. Goulden, the old republican, was satisfied and thought that 'the princes had learned something in exile.' Then we have the *émigrés* reappearing with all their pretensions and prejudices in their train, and M. Goulden's remark:—'You think their dresses and their wigs very old-fashioned, Joseph; well! their notions are far more old-fashioned than either their wigs or their dresses.' And the processions, the expiatory ceremonies, and the missionary preachings! The Church triumphant revelling in its victory! Here are a few characteristic lines:—

'Whenever I think of Napoleon, I fancy I hear the guns of the arsenal thundering and our little window-panes rattling; old Goulden cries out from his bed, "Another victory, Joseph! . . . Ha! ha! ha! always victories!" And when I think of Louis XVIII., I hear the bells ringing; I see old Brainstein and his two lads pulling away at all the bell-ropes in the church, and Monsieur Goulden laughs and says, "Do you hear, Joseph? That is in honour of St. Magloire, or of St. Polycarpus."'

Those church bells rang so loud and so frequently during fifteen years, that they ended by ringing the death-knell of the restored Monarchy; but we think MM. Erckmann-Chatrian write in an unfair spirit as regards the Restoration. The traditions —family traditions perhaps as well as local ones—which have done them such good service in their works seem to have inspired them with an undue contempt for a *régime* which, after all, founded representative government in France. There was something more going on during the Restoration than mere bell-ringing or procession-making, and whatever may have been the faults and political errors of those who governed, France made greater intellectual and moral progress under the reign of the restored Bourbons than during any other fifteen years of her history.

Joseph Bertha would have been more excusable in his irritability:—'I had,' he truly observes, 'no reproach to make to myself in respect of the death of Louis XVI.' He held no *biens nationaux*, then why should he expiate? But he was told that those who took no part in the religious proceedings

would be considered as scamps and rogues, and he did not like to seem a scamp or a rogue.

The Emperor lands at Cannes, and the news arrives at Phalsbourg. How is it known? Everybody has heard it and yet no one mentions it. The papers are silent, but the old soldiers look significantly at each other. The troops are sent out to meet him, to take him prisoner and bring him back to Paris, and each soldier, as he starts on this expedition, places inside his *schako*—outwardly adorned with a white cockade—the old cockade of Austerlitz and Friedland, the tricolour. The Emperor is in Paris, Marie-Louise, the King of Rome are expected, the eagles are reinstated! Here is Joseph's account:—

'All I can say is, that people seemed quite as joyful as on the arrival of Louis XVIII.—perhaps even more so, if possible.'

What follows is a matter of history. War recommences, and Joseph, who is still virtually a soldier, and is only enjoying his happiness on leave, is recalled to his regiment. He then regrets the time of the preachings and of the processions, and would fain follow them once more instead of shouldering his musket. He also finds out the advantage of extensive frontiers, for Phalsbourg has become a frontier town of diminished France, whereas during the reign of Napoleon it was situated almost in the heart of the Empire.

Joseph has become less fond of fighting than ever, but still he does his duty. Here are his impressions just before the battle of Leipzig:—

'The Emperor had lost the confidence of everybody. His old soldiers were the only men who felt real attachment for him; they wished to conquer or to die. With these ideas, one may be sure that one or other of one's wishes will come to pass; all is clear and simple. But a great many people had not the same ideas, and I, for one, loved Catherine much better than the Emperor.'

The campaign of 1815 affords ample field for those graphic descriptions of war in which MM. Erckmann-Chatrian excel; but if we had to point out the best pages of their book, we would select those in which the return of the disbanded troops after Waterloo is related. Their miserable condition, the pangs of defeat, the recklessness with which accusations of treachery were bandied about to explain the triumph of the enemy, the insults of a versatile populace, the weary marches, the hopes, the fears, the long-deferred meetings, and the sense of humiliation and oppression which survived many a long year in the old soldier's breast, are all depicted with consummate power—the power of simplicity and truthfulness. In a word, 'Waterloo'—and we could scarcely bestow greater praise—is a worthy companion of 'Le Conscrit de 1813.'

We might part better friends with MM. Erckmann-Chatrian if we took leave of them here, but we must say a few words of their last work, and we confess to have felt no little disappointment after reading 'L'homme du Peuple.' There are, in our opinion, one or two great literary faults in this book, and some faults which are rather more serious than mere literary mistakes. We will begin by the more venial offences. In 'Le Conscrit' and 'Waterloo' the authors have hung their story upon a very slender peg indeed, but still, thanks to the great events which gave it support, the interest was sustained; in the present case there is no story at all. Jean-Pierre Clavel, an orphan boy, is adopted by a compassionate market-woman of Saverne in Alsace, taught to read and write, and apprenticed to a carpenter. When he is about twenty he has a little disappointment in love, which is merely indicated; goes to Paris to work, is initiated by his comrades into the science of politics, and fights on the barricades in 1848, on which occasion he is neither wounded nor killed. This is literally all. The fact of the story, such as it is, being told in the first person, gives it too great a resemblance to the two preceding works of the same authors, and conveys an impression of monotony to the reader. Then Jean-Pierre, as is natural from his origin, speaks exactly like Joseph Bertha. The authors would do well to vary their tone on a future occasion. Another defect in the book is, that it is divided into parts, one of which is a picture of quiet country life—almost an idyll—and the other, a series of political discussions from the workman's point of view, unrelieved by the slightest romance. MM. Erckmann-Chatrian, on the strength of their reputation, will find plenty of readers, but we fear they will be divided into two sets, each of which will read only one-half of their book.

The first part is a bright, truthful picture, painted with all the art the authors possess, but the undercurrent of deep emotion which ennobled the familiar scenes in 'Le Conscrit' is wanting, and we are sometimes tempted to ask whether it was worth while to depict all this so minutely merely because it seems true? The simplicity of the dialogue often lapses into childishness; in a word, the peculiar charm of the authors'

style is often exaggerated into a fault. Thus it is that grace gradually becomes manner; dimples, with time, deepen into wrinkles, and fixed smiles become grimaces. But we would not quarrel with MM. Erckmann-Chatrian on this head. Amateurs who stand in admiration before 'A Girl peeling Carrots,' may well be satisfied with their 'Man planing Boards.' No Dutch picture was ever better executed.

With the second part of the volume we are disposed to find more serious fault. The intention of the authors has been evidently to describe politics as they have described war, from the popular point of view. In one respect they have been successful, and Jean-Pierre Clavel is as truly a workman as Joseph Bertha is a soldier. But we had hoped for something more. We fancied that they purposed to show the horrors of civil war in the same manner as they had exposed those of foreign war in 'Le Conscrit' and 'Waterloo'; and in this we have been disappointed. The sensible man of the book, the head-workman Perrignon, a firm anti-communist, goes to the barricades, because he wishes for an extension of the suffrage on the most moderate scale—the famous *adjonction des capacités*. It may be, however, that at a future day Perrignon is destined to repent of his appeal to arms, for MM. Erckmann-Chatrian promise to give us a sequel of this story, in which the Insurrection of June will be related. In the meantime, civil war is evidently represented as a grand thing, even when carried on by those who know not what they are fighting for. At any rate, it is not openly blamed, and we fear that the ridicule with which popular politicians are treated in this book is too delicate to be felt by those whom it might benefit. That there is a strong satirical meaning there can be no doubt; we need no other proof of it than the questions which Jean-Pierre, who has just entered the Tuileries as a victor, addresses to himself:—

'"Do we wish for a Constituent Assembly? Do we want a Directory? Or will we have Consuls? Or do we want something new? If we want something new, we must know what. Jean-Pierre, what dost thou want?"

'I could not say, and I thought to myself, "If Perrignon were here he would give me an idea."

There is more than one humorous passage of this kind; but, on the whole, the book seems to flatter openly certain popular prejudices while it covertly derides them. There appears to be a meaning for the vulgar and one for the initiated. Perhaps we are wronging the authors, but we are inclined to think that the irony has been purposely made so very fine in order that it may not be too easily detected by the bulk of readers. The object of the book, to say the least, is doubtful, and even as we write we scarcely know whether we have understood it rightly. Of one thing we are certain: the latter part—the political part—of the work is wearisome. Politics are a more complicated subject than war, and cannot be treated so simply. MM. Erckmann-Chatrian have, we think, made a mistake in the choice of their last theme, and they would do well to adjourn the sequel of 'L'homme du Peuple' to some distant day. Should they, however, persevere in their intention, we trust they will openly reprobate all appeals to force, save under extreme pressure. The advice would be even more useful to their countrymen than anything they have written against foreign war.

In teaching this lesson MM. Erckmann-Chatrian might risk their popularity, but they could scarcely risk it in a better cause.

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ART. X.—*Brewer's Calendar of State Papers.* Published under the direction of the Right Hon. the Master of the Rolls. London: 1862–4.

IT is difficult to understand how future historical writers will be able to deal with the superabundant supply of materials now forthcoming, not only from the researches of private individuals, but from the publication by various Governments of an immense amount of evidence and correspondence heretofore jealously concealed in their respective archives. Our own series of Calendars of the State Papers, published under the authority of the Master of the Rolls, has now reached to no less than twenty-six portly volumes, extending from the year 1509 to 1665, and we must say that a more useful and important literary work has never been accomplished at the public expense. Every document contained in the voluminous records of the realm is here at least described. The more interesting are deciphered and quoted; and although these records must obviously be regarded as the materials of history rather than as history itself, the authenticity of contemporary evidence and the lifelike personal character they give to the study of a departed age, have peculiar charms for the reader. We have already on a former occasion shown to what an extent these papers illustrate the

singular history of the first marriage of Queen Katharine of Arragon; and we now propose to borrow from the Calendar of Mr. Brewer some account of another Princess whose matrimonial adventures were equally strange, though far less tragical than those of the divorced Queen of Henry VIII.

Mr. Brewer's Calendar embraces the correspondence of the early years of the reign of Henry VIII., from 1509 to 1518, and it will be remembered that Mr. Froude, though he has prefaced his work by a general introduction of considerable interest in itself, takes as his point of departure the end of Wolsey's career. Mr. Brewer serves as a guide to a correspondence which gives a very full picture of the important events which preceded that period; we gather our own conceptions of the characters who figured on the stage; and we discover to what an extent England was taking a part in European affairs before the date selected by Mr. Froude as his starting-point. The introductory essay on the earlier portion of the reign of Henry VIII., prefixed to this volume, is a masterly production, which exhibits at a glance the person and the court of the youthful English monarch, the administrative genius of Wolsey, and the ascendancy which England rapidly acquired, upon the accession of Henry VIII., in the affairs of Europe.

Nothing, indeed, can be more graphic, and we may almost say dramatic, than the impression which the reader receives from works like that of Mr. Brewer, which give more or less *in extenso* the very words and writings of the leading personages. And when it is remembered that amongst these are included Henry VIII., Louis XII., Maximilian and his daughter Margaret of Savoy, Francis I., Ferdinand of Arragon, Leo X., Wolsey, Tunstal, Fox, Sir T. More, besides the statesmen who exercised a leading influence in the councils of the respective Sovereigns, it is hardly too much to say with the editor of these papers that they present a mass of materials, not only for the reign of Henry VIII., but of Europe generally, to which, in interest and completeness, no parallel can be found in this or any other country.

Mr. Brewer has, in our opinion, met with unmerited reproach for incorporating in his work *résumés* of the despatches of Giustiniani first published by Mr. Rawdon Brown; but he informs us that the plan of his work did not confine him to a bare catalogue of the Public Records preserved in the State Paper Office, and in these volumes he has included all other original documents which could be found to illustrate his history of the period. By so doing he has given a continuous character to much which would otherwise have been fragmentary. For the same reason, though scarcely to the same degree, we think he has done well to include portions of the correspondence of Erasmus, affording an insight into the studious life of that age, which was not then to the same extent as in modern times separated by a broad line of distinction from the more active life of the council-chamber or camp. It is agreeable to turn at times from the intricacies of political combinations, and from the wearisome correspondence of political agents, to the letters of literary men, and to find the silver thread of study and contemplation running through the tangled web of public affairs. We can hear Erasmus as he talks of the progress of his New Testament, and learn the early impressions produced by the publication of More's 'Utopia'; and if at the same time we are reminded not only of the wit, but also of some of the more questionable characteristics of the 'Epistolæ obscurorum Virorum,' the picture of the times is rendered more interesting and complete.

We have alluded, however, only to the names of the leading *men* concerned, but these Calendars are full of particulars regarding many of the women whose fortunes were mixed up in events of historic importance. Until the publication of Mr. Bergenroth's Calendar, comparatively little was known of the interesting particulars connected with the marriage of Katharine of Arragon; and Mr. Brewer now gives us the curious details of the history of Mary, the sister of Henry VIII. Although the story of this Princess as now presented to the reader is wanting in many of the pathetic points of interest connected with Katharine, we have thought that it is so full of varying events, and so characteristic of the times, that we shall be doing a service to many readers by giving them the substance of what Mr. Brewer's volumes contain on the subject.

The Princess Mary, youngest daughter of Henry VII., her sister Margaret having married James IV. of Scotland, had been in 1506, in accordance with the usage of times when royal marriages were made so subservient to political purposes, affianced by her father to the infant Prince Charles, afterwards to become celebrated as Emperor, but even then, by his relationship to the Emperor Maximilian and to the Spanish sovereigns, one of the greatest matches in Christendom. The proposed marriage was thus in full accordance with the shrewdness which characterised the policy of Henry VII., nor did it lose its political significance in the

eyes of his successor when the death of the Archduke Philip placed Charles in the position of heir to the crown of Castille. But the position of the other principals concerned was also to be affected by this and other political considerations. Ferdinand of Arragon, old, selfish, and deceitful, was the first to show disinclination to the marriage. Jealous as he had been of the rights of the Archduke Philip, he was not likely to view with much favour an alliance which would strengthen the position of the youthful heir; and when by the acquisition of Navarre, not effected without the concurrent action of Henry VIII., he had secured important advantages, no principles of honour, no gratitude for obligations, or considerations of existing family connexion, were sufficient to counterbalance a policy founded only on motives of self-interest.

It would, on the other hand, be difficult to give to the policy of Maximilian even so consistent a motive. Few characters in history figure in a more pitiable light than that of this Sovereign, as judged by the correspondence in Mr. Brewer's volumes. Wavering and uncertain in his policy, money was his object, and for money he was ever ready to make any sacrifice. As Pope Julius expressed himself regarding him, 'Imperator est levis et inconstans: alienæ pecuniæ semper mendicus . . . est tamen conciliandus nomine diaboli, et pecunia ei semper est danda.' A tone of ridicule as regards the royal mendicant runs throughout the correspondence of the statesmen of the day, and specially in the despatches of the English agents who were frequently concerned in pecuniary transactions with him; for in these times, as in more modern instances, we find Germany looking to England for the means to enable it to fight its own battles.

Hume appears to have somewhat undervalued the policy pursued by Henry and by Wolsey with a view to counteract the successes of Francis in his first Milanese campaign, by purchasing the concurrence of Maximilian. It is evident, indeed, that, in spite of the difficulties which attached to any co-operation with the Emperor, an important check was thus placed on French designs in Italy; but this was not effected without a large expenditure of English gold, disbursed in the hands of Maximilian's Swiss auxiliaries, so far at least as it could be kept from his own clutches.

The correspondence of Wingfield and Pace, the two agents employed by Henry in this matter, is most interesting, and the contrast between the two characters is well worth study in their despatches. Wingfield, a veteran agent, credulous and feeble, but withal a gentleman in his tone—a very pantaloon of diplomatists—was called upon to co-operate with Richard Pace, an agent of a totally different character. Our readers will recollect Shakspeare's allusion to the latter:—

> *Camp.* Was he not held a learned man?
> *Wolsey.* Yes, surely.
> *Camp.* They will not stick to say you envied him,
> And fearing he would rise, he was so virtuous,
> Kept him a foreign man.

Richard Pace appears to have been a shrewd and determined agent, undaunted by Maximilian's threats, inaccessible to his blandishments, and patient under the severe trials to which he was subjected by his fidelity to the interests intrusted to him. Writing from a bed of sickness or from prison, and even when summarily dismissed by the Emperor, we find the same constancy and incorruptibility. Joint action between two such opposite characters was manifestly impossible. Wingfield's easy nature was necessarily irritated by the unyielding disposition of his colleague. Personal jealousy was soon to follow, and querulous complaints against the confidence which Henry reposed in Pace. But the King and his Minister were not the men to misunderstand the true state of things. 'To be plain with you,' wrote Henry to Wingfield, 'we now evidently perceive, more by your own writings than by the relation of others, that ye having better opinion in yourself than your wisdom or qualities can attain to, not only by elation of a glorious mind, but moved by the instigation of malice against our Secretary, Mr. Pace, have more considered your sensual appetite than regarded our commandments, weal, profit, or surety.' Better, added the angry monarch, that Wingfield had not been born than that inconvenience should result from his 'vainglorious ways, more studying to win thanks there, than regarding our honour and profit.' But we must leave the poor old knight in the midst of his tribulations, and only wonder that Henry did not forthwith accede to his request that his poverty might be remembered, and that he might be permitted to retire and make his pilgrimage to Our Lady of Walsingham*, where, as he wrote, 'by the leave of God I would gladly leave my beard, which is now of so strange a colour that I need none other arms or herald to show what favour I am

* A very few years were to see the end of this shrine. In 1538, the wonder-working image was brought to Chelsea and there burnt. (*Paston Letters*, note to letter xvi.)

worthy or like to have from henceforth amongst ladies and gentlewomen.'

We have digressed thus far from the history of Mary and her fortunes, as it was necessary to allude to the characters concerned in the matter of her marriage with Charles of Castille. Whatever might be the interests and inclinations of Ferdinand and Maximilian, they could not ignore the engagement contracted with Henry VII.; but it was in spite of his inclinations that Ferdinand in 1509 ratified the engagement, for Henry's agent, Knight, reported that, 'whether he feareth that the Prince waxeth too ripe in age, or that he remembereth old injuries, or that he would dissever the marriage, your Grace may truly imagine that he is not well disposed.' In like manner in 1513 Maximilian also signed the articles of the marriage, which was fixed to take place in the following year, but again we find the same agent stating that the Emperor was not to be trusted, and that he had instructed Margaret to defer the marriage on the plea of the Prince's health; and Charles's own Council, acting under French influence, also appear to have desired to raise difficulties on the ground that the Prince was but a child and Mary full grown.

Henry VIII. was not likely to submit to such hesitations. Explanations were demanded, and his Ambassador at Brussels was directed to make preparations for the marriage, but delays and evasions were the only result; and at length, as Henry himself informed Margaret's envoy, Gerard de Pleine, it was the common talk of Europe that the delay was only designed to break off the engagement. It is with little surprise, therefore, that we read a public instrument, signed by Mary herself in July 1514, by which the alliance was formally renounced by the Princess; but that which does occasion a shock to the feelings of the reader is that Henry's announcement of this step to Leo X. is coupled with the intelligence that Mary was now betrothed to Louis XII. of France. A husband of the mature age of fifty-two was thus substituted for a boy of fourteen!

Political causes had doubtless a paramount influence in inducing Henry to relinquish the alliance with Charles. The contract had been entered into, so far as he was concerned, only as part of an arrangement between Henry, Maximilian, and Ferdinand, for joint action against France, but the agreement was soon violated by a truce between the two latter and Louis. Henry's position was thus altered; it was, moreover, not unnatural for him to be indignant at the treatment to which his sister had been exposed. For that treatment was hard. The Princess, as described in a letter to Margaret, was 'a beautiful lady; her deportment exquisite both in conversation and dancing. She is very lively and well brought up, and appears to love the Prince wonderfully. She has a very bad picture of him, and is said to wish for his presence ten times a day.' From the year 1509 we find her styled in public documents as 'Princess of Castille.' Margaret in her letters spoke of her as betrothed to the Prince; and as late as December 1513, we find Charles himself signing a letter to her with his name as 'y're bon mary.'

The contract itself, and the hesitation of the Prince's relations to fulfil it, were thus equally notorious; and personal dignity concurred with political motives in inducing Henry to break off the engagement. But after the true facts of the case are thus apparent, it is amusing to find a French writer stating that 'les fiançailles viennent d'être rompues à *cause de quelque intrigue galante* dont, à tort ou à raison, on accuse la Princesse.'

If, however, the rupture with Charles was justified, the marriage with Louis was wholly inexcusable, even if had not been accompanied by some questionable circumstances to which we shall have hereafter to allude. But, rightly or wrongly, it was nevertheless to proceed in spite of its being highly unpopular with the English nobility. In August 1514, the marriage treaty was signed, and the marriage by proxy immediately followed; 'the bride,' as we are told, 'undressed and went to bed in the presence of many witnesses,' the Great Chamberlain of France in his doublet and red hose representing Louis in a coarse ceremony, the details of which we hesitate to transfer to these pages. A solemn espousal also took place in France, where the Earl of Worcester represented the English Princess. In arranging the preliminaries, we find Worcester remonstrating against the appointment of a woman of ill repute as one of Mary's attendants, to which complaint Louis answered that he wished she were brente—that there should never man or woman be about his wife but such as should be at her contentation.' Worcester was also shown the jewels destined for Mary, the senile bridegroom informing him that 'She shall not have all at once, but at divers times, for he would have many, and at divers times, kisses and thanks for them.'

We gather an impression of this amorous monarch from Peter Martyr's letters. In one of them he states, 'The King is at Abbeville, waiting for his new bride, who will be

his death. What an old valetudinarian suffering from leprosy can want with a handsome girl of eighteen, you may infer;' and in another, 'The Frenchman went out to meet his bride like a gay bridegroom, perched on a Spanish war-horse, licking his lips, and gulping his spittle. If he lives to smell the flowers of spring, you may promise yourself five hundred autumns.'

The sacrifice was, however, to be made, and the marriage took place on the 9th of October. The first results we learn in a letter from the new Queen to Henry dated a few days later:—

'The morn next after my marriage all my other man servants were discharged, and likewise my mother Gilford with my women and maidens, except such as never had experience nor knowledge how to advertise and give me counsel in any time of need, *which is to be feared more shortly than your Grace thought at the time of my departing.*'

And this was the way in which the promised 'contentation' as regarded Mary's attendants was carried out by Louis, who, in Worcester's words, 'yet lieth still, ever excusing himself by his gout.' Nor could Worcester, acting in obedience to Henry's instructions, bring about a better state of things. The only reply he could get from Louis was, 'that his wife and he be in good and perfect love as ever two creatures can be, and *both of an age* to rule themselves, and not to have servants who should rule over him or her.' And thus had the poor young Queen to accept her fate. She had not, however, long to endure it.

A new actor is now to appear on the scene, and one destined to take a prominent part in Mary's fortunes. This was Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, Henry's favourite, and one whose history bears some curious analogy to that of his Royal master. He appears to have married four wives and was also contracted in marriage to Elizabeth Grey, heiress of Viscount Lisle, which title was then conferred on him by Henry VIII. but surrendered when the lady refused to fulfil the engagement; and it appears from Mr. Brewer's interesting preface that Suffolk's matrimonial connexions had been peculiar. Contracted in marriage during the reign of Henry VII. to Anne Brown, daughter of Sir Anthony Brown, Governor of Calais, he obtained a dispensation and married his aunt Margaret Mortymer. From her he subsequently separated on the plea of prohibited affinity, and then married his first love, by whom he had two daughters. Eventually, in 1528, he obtained a Papal Bull annulling all objections which might be raised on account of these previous engagements. We learn, moreover, from other papers contained in Mr. Brewer's volumes, the particulars of a somewhat advanced flirtation between Suffolk and Margaret of Austria. Nor was Henry indifferent in the matter; he appears to have pressed the suit of his favourite; and though Margaret ultimately declined her consent, it is evident from her letters that she did so from no personal repugnance to Suffolk. Such were the antecedents of the agent selected by Henry to proceed to France at this period in Mary's fortunes. He was sent ostensibly with the object of representing English chivalry at the tournaments held in honour of the marriage, but he was entrusted also with a secret negotiation, one of the main objects of which appears to have been to put forward a claim advanced by Henry on the crown of Castille, by virtue of the inheritance of Katharine the Queen.

At Beauvais Suffolk's first meeting took place with the King and Queen of France, and there he found Louis in bed, and Mary seated by his bedside. Invited by Louis to another interview Suffolk reports 'whane I came thyr a made me to kyes hys dawttares.' But if as regards the political objects he did not make much progress, his achievements at the tournament may have afforded some consolation, for, as Mary herself reported, Louis said of the English champions, that 'they did shame aule Franse.'

And thus the last year of Louis' life drew to a close, for early in January 1515, we have a letter from Wolsey to Mary Queen of France anticipating the immediate decease of her husband, and offering her his advice and consolation in 'this heaviness among strangers.' But while he urged her 'not by extremity of sorrow to hurt her noble person,' we learn his opinion of the risks to which she was exposed, from his earnest advice, 'If any motions of marriage or other offers of fortune be made unto you, in no wise give hearing to them.'

From what quarter were these overtures to proceed? Had the Cardinal received intelligence of the admiration of Francis? or was the caution necessary with reference to a more dangerous pretender? The question is soon answered, and the solution sufficiently startling, but we do not advance much towards it by Mary's reply to Wolsey. 'Whereas,' wrote she, 'you advise me that I shall make no promise, I trust the King my brother and you will not reckon in me *such childhood.*'

Whatever might be the secret designs of the principals concerned, the event had come: Louis was dead; and a mission of condolence and congratulation—Le Roi est mort, vive

le Roi—was a necessary consequence; nor was Henry's choice of an ambassador without its own significance. Suffolk, a not unwilling emissary, was again to proceed to Paris, and we seem almost to revert to the times and morality of Henry VII., when we find that the principal object with which he was charged was to secure for his Sovereign the reversion of Mary's fortune and jewels.

As far as Mary herself was concerned, there was a promptness in sacrifice in this respect. In his first letter to Henry, Suffolk stated that the Queen had determined to surrender to him all that belonged to her in right of her late husband. But in what words did Suffolk convey this intimation? 'I find you so good lord to me that *she and I* have no more to content your Grace.'

'She and I' were Suffolk's words, and we find the same juxtaposition in a letter from Mary to Wolsey of about the same date. Intimate relations, if not a previous understanding, were thus at once suggested. Nor did it seem otherwise to Francis, the new sovereign, for in Suffolk's next report to Wolsey, we have the details of a curious interview in which Francis hastened to inform Suffolk that he was aware that the object of his mission was his own marriage with the widowed Queen. 'Reckon not such great folly in me,' was Suffolk's reply; but he must have found it hard to maintain his composure when he learnt from Francis that the Queen herself was his informant, and that it was his royal intention to exert his influence with Henry in favour of the marriage.

So far therefore as the Cardinal's advice to Mary was concerned she was not disposed to hurt her noble person by extremity of sorrow. But how did Wolsey receive the intelligence? Certainly not with surprise; on the contrary, we find him expressing not only his own pleasure, but that of his Sovereign, at the communications which had passed between Francis and Suffolk. Wolsey's cautions to Mary must therefore have referred to the pretensions which foreign princes might advance to her hand, and public rumour was not slow in suggesting such alliances. It was even hinted that Francis himself might appear in the character of a suitor, and Wolsey's advice might not appear out of place when we find that Mary herself told Suffolk that Francis had from the first been importunate with her 'in divers matters *not to her honour*,' and that her explanations to him were the result of the apprehensions she entertained of his possible designs.

Whatever might have been the original designs of Francis, he appears, however, to have loyally fulfilled his promise to Suffolk; but his letter to Henry was without immediate effect, so far as the latter was concerned, and Mary was ordered not to consent to a marriage in France, but to return to England. Suffolk, on the other hand, was to some extent comforted by a letter from Wolsey stating that 'the hope that the King hath to obtain the plate and jewels is the thing that now stayeth his Grace constantly to assent that ye should marry his sister, the lack whereof might make him cold and remiss, whereof all men in England except his Grace and me would be right glad.' And he also explained that Henry's refusal to give a direct answer was the result of his fear lest Francis should conclude that the consent to the marriage with Suffolk had been granted prior to his mission to France. How far Henry had thus committed himself will shortly appear, but he would first deal with Mary herself.

She was now more or less a free agent. Distance separated her from the immediate influence of her brother, and from Wolsey's prudential suggestions. A Tudor in blood, she had all the wilful and headstrong characteristics of her race. Bearing these considerations in mind, the reader is less surprised, if not absolutely prepared, when he learns her next step. What that step was we learn from a letter to Henry from Suffolk:—'So it is,' wrote the Duke, 'that when I came to Paris the Queen was in hand with me *the first day I came*, and said that she must be short with me, and open to me her pleasure and mind. She began to show how good lady she was to me, and if I would be ordered by her *she would never have none but me*.' She then expresses her fears of being forced to consent to some other alliance, 'and with that she wept, Sir; I never saw woman so weep.' Suffolk's position was a trying one. He could not but fear Henry's resentment at a precipitate and unauthorised act; but, on the other hand, here was the lady of his affections saying to him, 'If you will not be content to follow my end, *look never after this day to have the proffer again*.' These were Mary's very words, and we read with no surprise the conclusion as reported by Suffolk to Henry, 'And so she and I were married.' Nor were his explanations to Wolsey less explicit. 'The Queen,' wrote Suffolk, 'would never let me be in rest till I had granted her to be married. And so, to be plain with you, I have married her heartily,' insomuch indeed that he did not refrain from an allusion to consequent anticipations. The fact is, that scarcely a month had elapsed since the death of her deceased

husband before Mary became the wife of Suffolk.

Wolsey must have been sorely tried by this precipitation. No wonder that in his reply to Suffolk he stated that he had received the intelligence 'with sorrowful heart.' He confessed that he was perplexed what to do under the circumstances, considering that Henry had been content 'that with good order, and saving of his honour, Suffolk should have in marriage the said sister.' All that he could advise was that Henry's anger should be met by an appeal to his cupidity in the shape of an immediate cession of Mary's jewels and dower. Still the case was critical. 'Cursed be the blind affection and counsel that have brought ye hereunto. . . . Ye put yourself in the greatest danger that ever man was.' These were the only consolations which the Cardinal could offer.

The true explanation of the whole affair is, however, best gathered from a letter which Mary addressed to her brother, and the draft of which as corrected by Wolsey is still extant. In this letter she stated that, '*for the furtherance of your affairs*, ye moved me to marry my lord and late husband King Louis of France, whose soul God pardon, *though I understand he was very aged and sickly*.' She had, however, consented on the understanding that, if she survived Louis, Henry would 'never provoke or move her but as her own heart and mind should be best pleased; and that wheresoever she should dispose herself ye would wholly be content with the same.' And now that she was free, 'remembering the great virtues which I have seen and perceived in my Lord of Suffolk, to whom I have always been of good mind *as ye well know*,' she stated that she had determined to marry him: 'the same,' added she, 'hath proceeded only of mine own mind without any request or labour of my said Lord of Suffolk or any other.'

Nor did she refrain from threats in case her wishes should be overruled, for in another letter to Henry she wrote:—

'An if your Grace will have granted me married in any place saving whereas my mind is, I will be there, whereas your Grace nor no other shall have any joy of me; for I promise your Grace you shall hear that I will be in some religious house, the which I think your Grace would be very sorry of, and all your realm.' *

The facts of the case are now clear beyond dispute. The marriage with Louis was one of policy. It was subject to the condition that, if Mary became a widow, she should be free to follow her own inclinations. The direction of those inclinations was no secret to Henry; and as regards Suffolk, though he may have proceeded to France fettered by obligations towards his Sovereign, the precipitate marriage was an act for which he can hardly be held responsible. In judging Henry's proceedings in this matter, we must bear in mind the different practice of those days as regarded marriages between the Blood Royal and subjects of the Crown. Henry had, moreover, as we have already seen, urged a marriage between Suffolk and the Archduchess Margaret, and he was thus in no position to object to a marriage between Suffolk and his own sister on the plea of disparity of rank and birth. But it is impossible to learn without distaste the details of a marriage between parties in such acknowledged disparity of years and health as Louis and Mary, even if it had not been coupled with a secret understanding so discreditable to the parties concerned. Henry's compunctions in the matter were not, however, likely to be of long duration. His political object had failed on the death of Louis, and it now only remained for him to turn the new state of things to his own profit by securing for himself the lion's share of his sister's dower and property; the precipitate marriage placed Mary and Suffolk more or less at his disposal in this respect.

The romance of the history is thus at an end, and there is little further connected with Mary's fortunes deserving special attention. Paris, which Suffolk described 'lyke a stynkyng pryson,' had no further attractions for bride or bridegroom, who prepared for their return to the English shore. But, as Wolsey had anticipated, public feeling in England was unfavourable to the marriage. On his arrival in England, Suffolk scarcely ventured to quit the Royal residence; and he wrote to Henry, throwing himself on his mercy, and stating his conviction that all the members of the King's Council, with the exception of Wolsey, were determined on his death or imprisonment. In spite of this state of popular feeling, the marriage was again solemnised at Greenwich in May 1515, in the presence of Henry and Queen Katharine. But for once Henry showed some anxiety to avoid public scandal, and Sir W. Sidney was despatched by him to the Court of France with a view to secure the silence of Francis with respect to the secret marriage. With the information now available, the

* Wood, Letters of Royal and Illustrious Ladies, vol. i. p. 188; in the first volume of which work many of Mary's letters are inserted.

terms of Sidney's instructions are curious:—'Considering that there be *no man privy* of the said secret marriage, but only the said French King and Henry to whom he had declared the same,' Sidney was desired to say that 'the King's Grace desireth and perfectly trusteth that for the honour of the said French Queen, and for avoiding of all evil bruits thereof, the French King will reserve and keep the same at all times hereafter secret to himself, without making any creature privy thereunto, like as the King shall do for his part.' The industry of modern research has, however, as we have seen, made fruitless any attempt at reticence in the matter.

The price of Henry's acquiescence was all that now remained to be arranged. Even whilst Suffolk was in France, money transactions had already passed between Henry and his favourite in the shape of a loan from Henry secured on Suffolk's plate. But the King took care that he should be no loser, and full particulars are forthcoming as to the formal agreements into which he entered with Suffolk and Mary, securing the repayment of his advances and a very profitable interest in her property and dowry.

Yet Suffolk's position in his Sovereign's favour does not appear to have been shaken even by matters of this description, so often the cause of antipathies and estrangement. A few months subsequent to the marriage, Giustiniani, the Venetian ambassador, describes Suffolk as in the possession of authority scarcely less than that of the King, and mentions his name in connexion with the question of a successor to Henry were he to die without male issue. The following year (1516), Henry himself, with Wolsey as his colleague acted as godfather to Henry Earl of Lincoln, Suffolk's eldest born. In 1517, Queen Katharine, with Henry's daughter Mary stood as godmothers of Suffolk's daughter Frances in the church of Bishops Hatfield, 'hung with arras of the history of Holofernes and Hercules;' and later on a third daughter, Eleanor, was the last issue of this marriage.

It is curious to trace how this marriage between Mary and Suffolk has connected many of the existing families of the British aristocracy with the blood royal, and curious also to recall some of the subsequent historic incidents connected with the fortunes of their descendants. The Earl of Lincoln, the only son, died indeed unmarried, but the offspring of his sisters Frances and Eleanor were destined to hold a place in English history.

Of these ladies the first, Lady Frances, by her marriage with Henry Grey, Marquis of Dorset, and afterwards by creation Duke of Suffolk, was the mother of three daughters, Lady Jane Grey, Lady Katharine, and Lady Mary. To mention Lady Jane is only to bring back the recollections of a touching nature, of rare accomplishments, and of a hard fate. Nor was the lot of her sister Katharine less sad, though its end was deferred for many subsequent years. She was married, in form only as it is said, at the time of the Northumberland conspiracy, to the son of Lord Pembroke, but the marriage was declared invalid, and she became an object of suspicion and dislike to Elizabeth, to whom, according to the terms of the will of Henry VIII., she stood next in succession. Mr. Froude gives us some curious details of communications which passed between Katharine and De Feria, Philip's ambassador in England, from which it is evident how much importance was attached to her position by the politicians of the day. And when in 1561, and after she was discovered to be *enceinte*, she declared herself to be the wife of Lord Hertford, eldest son of the Protector by his second wife, there were not wanting reasons for supposing that the marriage was connected with political objects. As such, at all events, it was treated by Elizabeth. Hertford was fined in the sum of 5,000*l.* and confined nine years in the Tower. His unfortunate wife was committed to the same prison. An Archbishop was summoned to pronounce the marriage invalid and the children illegitimate; and the subsequent death of Lady Katharine was attributed to the sufferings occasioned by a long imprisonment. From this marriage, however, the validity of which we learn from Burke's 'Extinct Peerages' was afterwards finally established at common law by the verdict of a jury, there descended in direct order of lineage six Dukes of Somerset, and it was only in 1750 that on the death of Algernon seventh Duke, the ducal title reverted to Sir Edward Seymour as representing the descendants of the Protector by his first wife, and it is with this branch that the title has from that period vested.

Other ducal houses of the present day trace their descent to a like origin. In 1796, the widow of the last Duke of Chandos (of the extinct family of Brydges), being herself the sole representative of the marriage of Lady Frances and Dorset, married Richard, second Marquis of Buckingham and Chandos, who was subsequently created Duke. The House of Buccleuch is also connected by intermarriage through the Cardigans and Montagus; and the mar-

riage of Elizabeth, daughter of Algernon seventh Duke of Somerset with Sir Hugh Smithson, to whom the Earldom of Northumberland reverted, has preserved to us in title at least the historic name of the Percies.

In tracing these descents, it is curious to find other instances of the inconvenient results which have attended matrimonial connexions with the blood royal. In the reign of James I., the Marquis of Hertford, who was afterwards by reversal of attainder to become Duke of Somerset, having attempted without the previous consent of his sovereign to marry Lady Arabella Stuart, was compelled to fly the kingdom, and it was only by distinguished military services that he was again restored to royal favour. The weaker delinquent was as usual the victim: Lady Arabella was committed to the Tower, where she died in 1660.

So far as the issue of Lady Frances were concerned, the ill fate of Lady Jane and Lady Katharine had not yet deserted the blood. Nor was Lady Mary, the third sister, more fortunate. According to the authorities quoted by Mr. Froude she got herself married in the Palace itself 'by an old priest in a short gown' to Thomas Keys, the Serjeant Porter. Lady Mary was the smallest woman in the Court, and Thomas the largest man, so much is reported of the contracting parties. On the marriage being discovered the Serjeant was sent to the Fleet, and Mary to some place of private confinement; and the officials undertook the steps necessary for the dissolution of the marriage.

Such was the fate of these ladies, who might at one time in the event of Elizabeth's death without heirs have been in succession to the Crown of England. We must not, however, quit the subject without mention of Eleanor, the third child of Mary and Suffolk. This lady married Henry Clifford, second Earl of Cumberland, a lofty alliance for him, but the expense of which, as Hartley Coleridge tells us, involved the alienation of his oldest manor. Those who are familiar with the 'Northern Worthies'—the book to which we allude—will scarcely need to be reminded of the eventful life of Lady Eleanor's son, George third Earl, with its varied adventures by sea and by land; nor yet of the still more interesting biography of his daughter Anne, successively the wife and widow of the Earls of Dorset and of Pembroke, and her struggles to restore the fortunes of her house and to maintain the family rights. She did not, however, persevere in establishing her right to the Barony of Clifford, and it was not till 1775 that the succession to that honour was restored to her descendants, with whom it has since remained vested in the family of De Clifford.

But we must hasten to a conclusion, and only add that Margaret, the daughter of Lady Eleanor by the Earl of Cumberland, married Henry Stanley, fourth Earl of Derby; and it is owing to their descent from this source that many families of our existing aristocracy, including the noble houses which represent the Bridgewater peerage, the Earl of Jersey, the Duke of Athol, and the Marquis of Hastings, found their right to quarter the royal arms of England.

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Art. XI.—*A Safe and Constitutional Plan of Parliamentary Reform.* In two letters to a Member of the Conservative Party. By Sir John Eardley Wilmot, Bart. London: 1865.

On the eve of the General Election, last summer, we remarked that the public affairs of this country had reached a point which could hardly be termed a Crisis, but might justly be described as an Epoch of more than common solemnity and importance. In using this expression we referred not only to the renewal of the national representation, then about to occur after a long interval, but also to the probability, already manifest, that before the New Parliament could assemble in February, important changes would have taken place in the Administration, and that questions of unusual gravity would await the decision of the Legislature. The death of Lord Palmerston has verified our anticipations in one respect; and the supreme direction of the government has passed from his hands to that of a Ministry, consisting entirely of his former colleagues, who are the first to recognise the magnitude of the loss sustained by the country and by themselves. On the other hand, the question of Parliamentary Reform has again assumed the most prominent position in the business of the ensuing Session, and the House of Commons will be called upon, at the very outset of its existence, to pronounce a judgment on its own relations to the constituencies by which it is elected. We shall therefore proceed to take a retrospective view of the career of the eminent Statesman whose loss we deplore; and we shall then hazard a few remarks on the engrossing subject of the Extension of the Franchise.

The death of Lord Palmerston is an event full not only of sentiment but of practical moment. On no single life, unless we except—although on widely dissimilar grounds—that of the Emperor of the French, did so many interests and results depend. Under any circumstances, the loss of one so pleasant and popular, so wise and yet so tolerant, so resolute and fearless, yet so kindly and so true, would have touched the sensibilities of Englishmen to their heart of hearts. He was, as has been often said, the type of what an Englishman loves. An enemy alike to trifling and to solemnity, to pedantry and to idleness, doing what he had to do with a will, but throwing his harness off the moment work was over, steel to his friend, stern to his country's foe—for he had not one of his own—good-tempered, unpretending, covering with a perennial glow of genial humour deep and earnest thought, he had become to us a familiar institution, a peculiar possession, which time only rendered more our own, but never warned us we were to lose. It was a strange thrill, a shock of incongruous emotion, which trembled through the nation with the telegraphic words—'Lord Palmerston is dead.'

The saying runs, and in some sense it is true, that no man is ever missed. The world turns round, its seasons come and go. Fortune pursues her accustomed game in the lottery of life, and the new events of this year eclipse and obscure the catastrophes of the last. One year we see a king—next year an exile. In 1864 Jefferson Davis is the ruler of a nation: in 1865 he is a powerless, afflicted, pining prisoner. But each day finds its work to be done, and finds hands to do it, although princes and thrones vanish from the scene. Yet when Palmerston died, in a ripe old age indeed, but in the full vigour of his powers and the full blaze of his renown, it was felt that we had lost an anchorage which gave moorings to ourselves and to Europe. The long political career which had made him sage lent weight to his counsels, and reconciled even the reluctant to follow them. The very times in which he lived, our domestic position, the state of Europe and America, combined to bring about a remarkable adaptation of his peculiar powers, qualities, and temperament to rule the destinies of the empire. The privileges due to years, and the prestige of success enabled him to deal with and dispose of difficulties in a manner which would not have been accepted at other hands. He will go down to posterity with the reputation of one of the most successful Ministers who ever governed this country—a reputation founded not so much on what he gained as on what he preserved—on what he protected, rather than what he acquired for the nation; but a reputation still second to none as that of a master in the practical science of government.

Of one who was so much and so long before the public, and whose characteristics excited so much personal and peculiar interest, there can be little new to say. Yet as journalists devoted to the support of the principles of the great Liberal party in this country, we should do violence not more to justice than to the feelings of the party, and to our own, were we to pass without our tribute of admiration and gratitude the memory of one who for thirty-five years was in the front of the conflict, and for a long period held in his strong grasp the fortunes of the fight. Before, therefore, we turn the page, and, trying to penetrate the dim obscure, fill the blank canvas with the images of the future, let us attempt to recall the accustomed lineaments, and picture to ourselves the great statesman whom we have just laid in Westminster Abbey, and whom we shall never see again but in history.

Nor is such a retrospect merely a memorial of political gratitude or political sentiment. It is full of interest and instruction. If Lord Palmerston was a type of an Englishman, he was in many both of its everyday and its rarer aspects a model of official life. Nature was lavish to him of many gifts, and it is the lot of few to bring to the public service that strong will, that iron constitution, and that charm of manner which stood him in such stead during more than fifty years of office. But he had other qualities, homelier it is true, but not the less essential to the position which he attained, which, in degree at least, are within the reach of all. There could be no better school for statesmen than the attentive study of Palmerston's rise to greatness.

It has been said that Lord Palmerston's success was due not so much to any surpassing ability, as to a rare combination of ordinary qualities. But the remark, although in some respects true, is superficial. Probably his greatest intellectual peculiarity was the equipoise of his powers, which gave them an air of complete symmetry, and somewhat baffled the estimate of them in detail. He possessed also a union of qualities which seldom exist together in equal excellence. That a man should be really both gay and grave, both witty and earnest, devoted alike to the routine of an office and to the love of sport and of society—in short, that a statesman should be both merry and wise, shocks the pedantry of the public. And the public

are so far in the right that it requires unusual powers to effect the combination; and these Lord Palmerston possessed.

This element has led, we think, to an imperfect and perhaps unjust appreciation of his real eminence. He had, it is true, two qualities, ordinary enough in their nature, but which lay at the foundation of much of his success—namely, industry and simplicity of character. The first sprang mainly from the last. There never probably was a man in his elevated position so free from conceit or self-assertion. He was essentially a modest man in his estimate of himself, and woke up comparatively late in life to a consciousness of what his powers could effect. The result of this temperament was to preserve him entirely from that snare of clever men, the notion that he knew anything by intuition. Whether the matter was great or small, he never supposed that he understood it until he had applied himself to master its details; nor did he ever imagine that he knew more of it than another until he had ascertained that he did so. This habit of accurate investigation, pursued during half a century of official life, had not only stored a retentive memory with an immense amount of information, but had given his mind a power of close and rapid generalisation, which he knew he could trust, because it always worked on secure materials. Herein lay one secret of his success; but when he had the materials in his grasp, his rapid power of sifting was of the rarest and most remarkable quality. His mind was supposed to be merely practical, because he only gave out his practical conclusions. But in reality he had great powers of subtle analysis, the main distinction between him and reasoners more apparently philosophical being, that with him the process was entirely internal, and he thought the product only worthy of public elucidation.

A remarkable instance of his characteristic assiduity, which was prominently open to public observation, was the resolution with which in 1855 he set himself to master the forms of the House of Commons and the details of its ordinary business. He had been until then chiefly a departmental Minister, and when he found himself at the head of the Cabinet and leader of the House, he discovered that even his long experience of that body had not rendered him familiar with many of its usages. Most men, at the age of seventy, would have been content with the general knowledge which they possessed, and to trust the rest to subordinates or to chance. But his sense of duty and his habits of thorough work allowed of no such course. He set himself to learn the routine of his new position with the same patient industry with which, more than forty years before, he had mastered the details of the War Office. Early and late was the Premier in his place: one of the first to come, one of the last to leave. Day after day saw him there before half-past four. Night after night did the summer morning find him still at his post. His first appearance as leader of the House of Commons was not entirely successful; but by the end of the Session of 1855 he had effectually grappled with and overcome the difficulty; he continued the practice he thus commenced throughout the whole period of his Premiership; nor was it until a very few months before the close of last Session that failing health compelled him to relax it.

Those who doubt or question his powers of acute analysis would do well to study—for some of them are stored with comprehensive views, as well as valuable information—his speeches on the international questions which from time to time have been discussed in the House of Commons since the close of the Crimean war. He evinced in these discussions a grasp of general principle, a perspicacity of reasoning, which the greatest lawyers in the House might have envied, and which in point of power and cogency gave his views a value far beyond those of any of the other lay members of that body. If these speeches are ever collected they will be found to constitute a repertory of public law, cleared of all technicality of language or of thought, but replete with maturity of reflection, and applied with simplicity and force to the actual cases which arose.

Another popular impression in regard to Lord Palmerston is that he was inclined to treat matters of grave import with levity. This was especially the key-note of those who desired to disparage him during the last year of the Crimean war. The public, however, very soon discovered that no accusation could be more unjust. The critics could not distinguish between the subject itself and their own views in regard to it; nor could they see that while the Premier contented himself with launching a witty javelin against assaults he thought worthy of no more solemn refutation, he at the same time thought deeply on topics which he conceived them not qualified to handle. In Palmerston's views of the service he owed to the Queen and the country there was not a tinge of levity. He was eminently a man with an earnest sense of duty; and underneath his gay and *insouciant* exterior, he bore about with him a never-ceasing and conscientious impression of the deep responsibility of his office. He knew all its affairs. Probably

no Premier ever ruled this country who was better informed from day to day even of the minor details relative to the different departments of his government.

Two other traits of his inner political character we may mention, elements very necessary to a great leader of men. He was entirely fearless, and he never deserted a subordinate. He came to his convictions deliberately. His well-balanced mind and temperament had little in it of the impulsive. He thought without excitement and without passion; but the conviction once attained, the resolution once taken, he never looked back. He might be swayed by the public voice before his determination was made, but never afterwards. And having himself a strong sense of the responsibility of office he had sympathy for all under him; and his counsel in difficulty and his support under imputation were never failing—the only sure way to obtain hearty and zealous service.

Such were some of the less salient characteristics of the great statesman. We mention them because they teach the lesson that there is no Royal road to greatness; and that even the unexampled experience which it was his good fortune to enjoy of public affairs, his great abilities, and his eminent position, never led him to disregard the humbler means without which distinction is rarely, if ever, attained.

On a review of his career, the first thought naturally is how enviable was his lot! Was there anything wanting which successful ambition could desire? Length of days, unceasing honour, a name endeared to his countrymen and renowned throughout the world—a distinguished part in all the great events of half a century, and a life closing at last at the extreme of our allotted span, in the zenith of power not equalled by that of any subject in Europe, were surely all a student's day dreams could shadow forth. He did not die like Chatham, with the clouds which were to dismember the Empire hovering over him. He did not die like the younger Pitt, all but despairing of his country. He did not die like Fox, called too late to rule. He did not outlive his fame, his popularity, his faculties, or his enjoyment of life. He went down in his full brightness of glory, without a stain on his escutcheon, and with scarcely a defeat to chronicle. He left the country which he had served so faithfully and so long, on a pinnacle of prosperity and greatness which she had never reached before, to pay its tribute of affectionate reverence to the Minister whose hand had steered it safe through many an anxious day. There may have been greater, there never was a more successful or fortunate Minister—fortunate in his life—happy even in the circumstances of his death.

By what steps a public man who entered the House of Commons before Wellington entered Spain, and who died Prime Minister nearly sixty years afterwards, attained this position, cannot fail to be an inquiry partaking of romance. When he was seen in the House of Commons contesting the ring with young and old alike, exchanging hard knocks, and seldom foiled in the encounter, it was a strange thought that would come over the spectator—'that man was a Minister when Napoleon the Great was Emperor.' Sixty years! They had seen Napoleon culminate and set—they had seen the Bourbons restored and ejected—they had seen a new French Monarchy—a new French Republic—a new French Empire: they had seen Castlereagh and the Holy Alliance—Canning and the dawn of European liberation—Grey and Russell and the Reform Bill—Cobden and Bright, and the abolition of the Corn Laws: yet there he was. He had his part in all; had belonged to Perceval and Liverpool and Canning—to Grey, and Melbourne and Russell as his chiefs: yet there he was fresh and buoyant, pugnacious and defiant, as if Time could not touch him, as lively as and not more assuming than the newest and youngest hope of the House. Men reverenced his ability, bowed to his experience, but never had any temptation to treat him with the tolerance due to old age. To the last he fought as a cotemporary, claiming no favour and requiring none. Yet that man had been in office in the days of their grandfathers, and almost ever since!

It detracts nothing from the loyalty of our tribute to his memory that his lot was originally cast among the politicians of the school of Pitt. Indeed if we forgave that to Canning, as we did—if we have forgiven it to Gladstone, as we cordially do—we might well forgive it to Palmerston. But indeed we are by no means sure that this very circumstance had not the greatest influence on the liberal opinions of his subsequent career. He was Secretary at War in 1812; he was still Secretary at War in 1826, when Lord Liverpool died; he was still Secretary at War when he followed Mr. Huskisson and the Grants in 1829. He knew the Holy Alliance; he had watched the quarrels of Castlereagh and Canning; and the experience of those days had sunk into his inmost soul. During the fourteen years which had elapsed prior to the death of Lord Liverpool, he had confined himself

entirely to his official duties, content with rendering the War Office itself a model of official order and arrangement. A man of society, not without some pretensions to the character of a man of letters also, he left the Castlereagh and Canning war to rage outside—moved the army estimates annually—studied men and manners both domestic and foreign—but never attempted to mingle in the strife. Even however in that unexciting routine, now and then a spark of the latent fire would be elicited. We have heard Joseph Hume say that he used to torment Palmerston on his army estimates, merely to enjoy the excitement of hearing a man of fashion reply to him; and that if the army estimates had come oftener than once a year, he would have made a great debater of him even then (1816). In his very earliest years of office his winning manners and attention to the business of his office were remarked. A general officer, one of the few remaining heroes of the Peninsula, remarked to us the other day, 'I never saw Lord Palmerston but once, and that was in 1814, when I returned after the Peace, and went to the War Office, a mere subaltern, to inquire about some prize money. I had no introduction, but Lord Palmerston saw me himself; and I remember to this day the charm of his manner, and his careful inquiry into the subject of my visit.'

But Lord Palmerston, as we have said, had little self-assertion. He was satisfied at this time with doing well what he had to do; and whatever latent ambition lay within his heart, the spell had not arrived which was to unlock it.

It was however near at hand. Lord Liverpool died; Canning became Minister, and a new order of things began; and then for the first time were evoked at once the capacity and the liberal opinions which had been silently acquiring strength in the unassuming but agreeable Secretary at War. Canning was ardent and showy; but we think his disciple was the stronger-headed and stronger-handed of the two. The spell of the Holy Alliance was broken by Canning's policy in regard to Spain and her colonies; and from that day to the day of his death the European alliance against constitutional government was the enemy against which Palmerston waged an unrelenting and deadly war.

Canning lived less than a year as First Minister; and the Cabinet of Lord Goderich fell to pieces soon afterwards. When Huskisson was ejected from the Wellington Administration, Palmerston accompanied him, explaining with characteristic modesty to the House of Commons that he did so because distrusting his own judgment, he had confidence in Huskisson's opinions on matters of commerce and finance. But the spark had been fired. On the affairs of Portugal Lord Palmerston delivered two most memorable orations in the Session of 1829, which astonished equally his old colleagues and his new allies. Nobody expected him to speak; few had even heard him speak, or thought he could speak. But speak he did and to the purpose. His words echoed throughout Europe; and from that day forward he took place in the front rank of European statesmen. On the formation of Lord Grey's Government he became Secretary for Foreign Affairs—an office which under the administrations of Lord Melbourne and Lord John Russell he held until 1852.

It is no part of our present design to trace in detail the gradual steps by which Lord Palmerston became in effect the arbiter of Europe. But it is a brave spectacle to look back on, to see the skill and courage with which nearly single-handed he fought and baffled continental despotism for more than thirty years. He might say with Coriolanus, 'Alone I did it.' We do not stop to trace the masterly and patient address with which he arranged the new kingdom of Belgium, preserving the peace of Europe when all thought it hopeless; the fall which he gave Thiers in 1841, when, with the fleet, a few marines, and Sir Charles Napier, he solved the Egyptian question in a fortnight; the dexterity with which he contrived to override and ultimately supersede the treaty of Unkiar Skelessi; the noble stand he made with the Porte in regard to the Polish and Hungarian refugees; and the crowning oration in 1851 with which he charmed an unwilling House 'still rapt to hear,' till the June morning light was beginning to dawn on his sleepless and enchanted audience. Since Cromwell's time no British statesman has had the honour of having his name made a bugbear to frighten children in despot-ridden lands. Wherever the name of liberty survives, even if its reality be lost, the name of Palmerston is held along with it in affectionate remembrance.

Many have been the criticisms, many the unfriendly censures, directed against much of his policy during this period. He was accused of being insolent and aggressive; he was accused of being truckling and cowardly. But now that he is gone, there is not a man of us but would say with his generous antagonist, 'We are all proud of him.' He stamped a character on the policy of this country which it will never shake off or re-

pudiate. Even those who at the time most doubted and disliked his policy, cannot fail to feel a glow of honest pride in the bold, manly, and courageous tone which he has associated with the foreign relations of England; as well as in the skilful administration which in so many critical junctures preserved unbroken peace. For if the Minister who was accused of cowardice maintained the honour and character of the nation, the Minister who was accused of aggression never went to war. We escaped war in 1831; we escaped war in 1841; we escaped it in 1848. When we drifted into it in 1853, Lord Palmerston had been relegated to the Home Office. He was taunted with encouraging nationalities and then deserting them; but not the less did oppressed nations to the last honour and respect his name. His voice of encouragement cheered and consoled, even when action was impossible. He lived to see Italy regenerated; and we may witness the seed which he sowed bear fruit in Europe still more widely.

In the origin of the Crimean war of 1853 we do not suppose that Lord Palmerston had either credit or responsibility. We are rather inclined to think that Nicholas had wrongly read two facts—the first that Mr. Cobden was a friend to Russia, and a foe to war; and the second, that Lord Palmerston was not at the Foreign Office. He would probably not have crossed the Pruth but for delusions to which these circumstances gave rise. But the necessity of the war no one ever maintained more strenuously than Lord Palmerston. It is the fashion in the present day—'tis twelve years ago—to sneer at the Crimean war as a useless expenditure of blood and treasure for results which no one can now discern. We believe, on the contrary, that the Crimean war saved us from the danger, if not from the certainty, of inevitable disaster. The mere possession of Turkey was not the prize for which Russia struggled, or which we struggled to prevent. The Black Sea was the object of the Northern Czar; and the Black Sea was coveted for the purpose of humbling the pride and power of England. The battle of Lord Palmerston with despotism had not been fought in vain, nor had the voice of warning been idly raised. Possibly, had Lord Palmerston been in the Foreign Office in 1853, dealing with its affairs as he did in 1849, we should have had no Crimean war; for he would have been apt by some vigorous and high-handed proceeding to have given Nicholas a warning which he could not have misunderstood. But some impatience had arisen—on what grounds we do not mean here to inquire—of the independent action of the vigorous Foreign Minister, which led to his dismissal in 1852; and the difficulties of 1853 were therefore neither of his creating nor his solving. The part he did play in the Crimean war was to bring it to a termination by a triumphant success and a useful and honourable peace. He had the satisfaction, as First Minister of the Crown in 1855, to see the fruits of his long warfare against Russian aggression, and to bind over his old enemy to keep the peace in recognizances which will last for this generation.

From 1855, with the exception of the fifteen months of the Derby Government, Lord Palmerston ruled this country: ten years of overflowing prosperity; ten years of peace, preserved mainly by his energy and prudence; ten years of quiescence, degenerating at last into absolute stagnation and dulness on all domestic political questions. Never was Britain more powerful, more feared, or more respected abroad; never more prosperous at home. Whatever be in store for the nation, the two Administrations of Lord Palmerston will have their place in history as among the golden eras of our chronicles, and their chief will be long remembered as the Minister whose name was the terror of all the tyrants of the world, but who preserved peace and fostered prosperity for his country.

By what means, then, were these great results accomplished? We say by great powers, exerted with care and skill, and unmarred by impulse, temper, or vacillation. What Lord Palmerston could have done without his long experience and his official training it is needless to inquire, although his vigorous originality must have left the traces of its blows whenever he had chosen to exert it. We can only estimate him as we saw him: his mind a vast storehouse of details, historical, biographical, descriptive, bearing on the whole political relations of the nations of Europe, and the position of this country in regard to them; coupled with the most extensive and profound knowledge of men and manners, the springs of human action, the motives to sway men's judgment, the topics to touch their hearts. But these materials in ordinary hands would in old age have been sources of weakness rather than strength. The wonder was the fresh vitality with which he applied them to the work of the passing hour. No one ever heard Palmerston as the *laudator temporis acti*. He had no feeble allusions to former triumphs, nor complacent recallings of the great deeds of yore. One could not tell, save from the striking maturity of his views and the firm-

ness of his conclusions, that his experience had been greater than that of his audience. That which showed the true power and genius of his mind, a rare but not glittering faculty, was the lucid, well-balanced, rapid grasp with which he apprehended the question immediately in hand—shutting out entirely all others, and bringing to bear on the topic before him all the resources of his knowledge. This was the true secret of his intellectual power; and judged by the results it was a quality far more valuable, as well as far more rare, for a Minister, than the most glowing oratory. While his happy temperament, kindly humour, exquisite good-breeding, and unfailing health made him friends wherever he went, the true source of the unbounded confidence with which the nation regarded him was the calm, unimpassioned, weighty power by which his political acts and opinions were distinguished.

As an orator, or a parliamentary debater, he will be differently estimated according to the standard or ideal by which he is judged. No man, undoubtedly, of his fame and influence as a speaker ever owed less to the more shallow graces of eloquence. Excepting a fine voice, which retained its power to the last, and his manly and pleasant bearing, he possessed none of them. He was not a fluent, and very often was a very hesitating speaker, and as fluency stands first in the popular catalogue of the qualifications of an orator, the superficial hearer was inclined at first to make light of his pretensions. But he was soon undeceived. If the object of oratory be to impress, to convince, to sway the mind, to overpower the tendencies of hostile thought, to disarm foes, to confirm friends, Palmerston was in the front rank of orators. He never roused himself to a great exertion on a subject with which he was familiar that he did not stamp it indelibly with the impress of his genius. He never spoke on any subject, however uncongenial, that he did not strike out some forcible and original sentiment. Hesitating as he was at first, the listener could not fail to be struck with the accurate, almost fastidious, choice of his language. If he warmed, as he often did, his periods became more sonorous, and his diction rose from elegance to dignity. He could handle all the weapons of a practised speaker with the ease of a master, and could be impressive and lively, personal or playful, as the occasion required. The genial humour which tinged all his thoughts welled up through even the least promising themes, and gave marvellous life to his speeches; and sometimes, rising from humour to wit, he extinguished by an epigram the more solemn of his antagonists. Even in a regular exchange of parliamentary fisticuffs he was an antagonist to beware of. Like the Knight in 'Ivanhoe,' he accepted of no such favours, and hit back with a strength and good-will which seldom left him with the worst of the fight, while his imperturable good humour gave him a superiority of which he was fully aware. He was generous too, as well as good-tempered; bore no malice, and was above taking a paltry advantage, even under strong provocation.

But as a parliamentary leader it would be difficult to name his equal. He had a very clear perception of what a parliamentary leader should be, and no one was more alive to the truth that eloquence consists as much in what is left unsaid, as in that which is expressed. He always said what he meant to say. He never said what he did not intend. He was never betrayed into windy sentences which he had to retract or to explain. His well-chosen words, which went to the ends of the earth, were always the words he meant to use, and, grave or gay, he never spoke without meaning his words to bear fruit. The result was that he obtained a weight in that Assembly, in a Parliament very equally balanced in numbers, which at last rendered him invincible; and the Conservatives sat down to wait for the time which, alas! has come all too soon, when that spell should cease, and that resistless wand be broken.

He is gone: peace to his ashes. It is sad to think we shall never see again that pleasant face, that jaunty air, still dashed by a tinge of the dandyism of the Regency—that never-failing figure on the Treasury Bench which drew all eyes—never hear the cheery trumpet tone, not unmusical in its cadences—never listen to the ready banter which hid the earnest soul—never learn from his graver wisdom, nor meet his old familiar smile again. We laid him in Westminster Abbey with pride as well as sorrow—side by side with the dust of his great compeers, not dearer or mightier than he. He was a great man. He loved his country, and his country loved him. He lived for her honour, and she will cherish his memory. Peace to his ashes. The grave is closed: we must turn back to the realities of life.

On the death of Lord Palmerston the eyes of the nation naturally rested on Earl Russell; and the choice Her Majesty made was entirely ratified by public opinion. His long and varied experience, his ability proved in many an emergency of his country, his consistent patriotism and his earnest sympathy with liberty, united to secure for him more of the confidence of the country than any other statesman could have commanded.

Lord Clarendon's name would have carried with it to the head of affairs general respect and intimate knowledge of our foreign relations; and the rising star of Mr. Gladstone was thought by many to have attained a brilliancy appropriate to the first position. But Lord Clarendon, like Lord Palmerston himself at the same age, has never yet displayed to their full extent the vigorous qualities which we know him to possess; while Mr. Gladstone, destined unquestionably to a future of great power and lasting renown, will in the meantime find full scope for his powers in succeeding Lord Palmerston as leader of the House of Commons. Neither, however, had pretensions to cope with Earl Russell, if he chose to be so prodigal of ease as again to venture in command on these stormy waves. He had been a leader, and a leader to victory before; his signal services have raised for him in the hearts of his countrymen gratitude as well as confidence; his battles have been many and varied: but his love of the people and his desire for their advancement have never known abatement since he entered Parliament down to the present time. Under the old accustomed banner the Liberal party once more are to meet Parliament, and the curtain is about to rise on a new and exciting scene in our political history.

Never, within our recollection, was it so difficult to predict the impending destiny of party politics. The destiny of the country, as far as human prescience can reach, seems for the present to be secure enough. Prosperous, powerful, and contented, we hear no growlings of the tempest, no muttering of the storm; and the sky promises weather sufficiently serene, whoever may be at the helm. But on that very account is the horoscope of party difficult to cast. The country has been so much accustomed to repose in untroubled trust on Lord Palmerston, and to cultivate in security the smiles of fortune, that political agitation, even practical political opinion, have become dormant and inert. The blending of the shades of Lord Palmerston's political life softened even to the sturdiest Tory the grasp of the strong hand which he could not choose but obey; while our industrious and flourishing people, blessed by commercial and social prosperity never equalled before, have beat the swords of party warfare into pruning-hooks, and have hung their party banners on the wall. They take them down, with pride, for the holiday of a general election; but the trumpet must sound more loudly than it has done of late before they will again assume them in earnest for another campaign.

But we must be prepared to see all this in great measure end. The exceptional sway of Lord Palmerston could not be reproduced by any other statesman, or any combination. Engaged during his long official life in protecting the honour and interests of his country abroad, he was little committed on politics at home. He was thus able to steer by the weather as it happened to be for the day, and no one ever thought of seriously questioning his consistency, or taunting him with lukewarmness. But this is over; and we must now face once more the reality of party conflict, very much on the old ground, and with the accustomed weapons.

The question, of course, which is in the mind of everyone—which Lord Palmerston could leave to its slumbers, but which Lord Russell and his Cabinet must meet—is that which is popularly but inaccurately called Parliamentary Reform. In truth it is not Parliamentary Reform, but the Extension of the electoral Franchise which is the real question at issue. No one, as far as we know, wishes to see Parliament reformed in the real sense of that word, or thinks that it stands in need of being so. The great body of the Liberal party at least entertain no such view. The work of 1832 was truly a Reformation in its fullest sense; but what is now wanted is enlargement and extension merely. No doubt there are constitutional anomalies still adhering to the system—some inequality in the distribution of seats, some disparities in electoral numbers—which will not square to line and plummet. But these are exceptional details. The Representative machine is in full working order and sound condition; but the Liberal party generally think that its action might be strengthened and its efficiency improved. Lord Russell, in particular, has so often expressed and acted on this opinion, and has, on the whole, been so steadily supported in it by the great body of the party of which he is the head, that now that the reins are in his hand its practical development probably will not be long delayed.

We are sure, however, that we speak the sentiments of most of his followers when we say that desirous as they are to see the electoral ranks largely and liberally recruited, it is not desirable that the spasmodic and intermittent efforts of the last fifteen years should simply be reproduced to end in similar results. It is not consistent with the dignity of Parliament, nor

with the characters of public men, that a question of so much organic importance should be recommended from the Throne, made the subject of Cabinet measures and grave debate, at the commencement of a Parliament, only to be contemptuously tossed aside, killed by gradual inanition, and buried in universal unconcern. That such has been the fate of former propositions hitherto we know too well. If the attempt is to be made once more it is the duty of all who really have convictions on the subject, and have regard to the reputation of Parliament, to see that it takes place under conditions and on principles calculated as far as possible to ensure success.

The first step in this direction is to look boldly at the true position which this question holds—at the real state of public opinion on it, and the causes of former failures. All parties have something to learn and to unlearn in this respect.

Expressed in the usual conventionalities and commonplaces of party warfare, there are two commentaries in fashion on the failure of past attempts at an extension of the franchise. One extreme of the Liberal ranks have accused the Government of betraying what they call the just expectations of the people. The other assert that the people have no expectations on the subject, do not care about the question, and would too gladly find Parliament of the same mind.

As to the first class of critics, there never was phraseology more entirely wide of the mark. Lord Russell, at least, has much more reason to retort it on themselves. From 1852 downwards, whether as First Minister or in the Cabinet, he at least has never ceased to be the advocate of electoral progress. Even when at last he was compelled to admit that the people were fain to rest awhile and be thankful, he spoke of the temper of the country, not of his own. The truth is he has never received from the extreme Liberals that kind of cordial and hearty co-operation which alone could have rendered him service in his efforts to extend the suffrage. When in 1852 he proposed a measure which comprehended a Borough Franchise as low as 5*l.*, the Bill was received as a poor and and inconsiderable instalment of justice—a peddling Reform, as Mr. Hume called it—which it might be well to accept, but no great misfortune to lose. Mr. Bright, while he commended the 5*l.* franchise, saw little value in it because it was unaccompanied by the Ballot. At that time politicians of that school were searching for other treasures. They were in the middle of their agitation for national disarmament, on the way to universal peace—an enterprise from which they were destined to be roughly diverted very shortly, but which for the time quite overshadowed in their interest the question of Parliamentary Reform. When after the formation of Lord Aberdeen's Government the question was again resumed, we cannot recollect that they adopted any steps whatever to fan the breezes to popular favour in its support. Their zeal somewhat increased during the Derby Administration of 1858, the general election of 1859, and after Lord Palmerston's second government had been formed; but it proved as fatal as their supineness. When the measure of 1860 finally vanished from view, the universal languor was thoroughly shared by Mr. Bright and his friends; and the flickering flame which Mr. Baines with difficulty kept burning never showed the slightest signs of real animation until the prospect of a general election lent him fuel which public opinion had declined to furnish.

That these things are so cannot be denied. It is useless therefore for any section of the party longer to delude themselves by repeating the fag end of a tune which has no meaning. As far as action on this question is concerned, Parliament has shown more vitality than the country, and the Liberal Government considerably more vitality than Parliament.

On the other hand, it were equally erroneous to entertain, and unsafe to act on, the assumption that the country is indifferent on the subject of the extension of the franchise. That the country, with the instinct of truth, has refused to place the question on a level with the great Reform of 1832 is certain; and the sooner that certainty is recognised and avowed, the more likely are we to bring the question itself to a practical bearing. But although tried by reference to that standard, the thermometer of public feeling seems to stand at a low point, it only seems to do so because the standard is false. Although we give the same name to the thing we wish for now as the last generation did to what they fought for and obtained thirty-five years ago, there is not the slightest analogy in the respective political conditions, nor the slightest identity in the things themselves. To measure, therefore, the intensity of public feeling by the storm gauge of 1832, is simply to betray ignorance of the latitudes in which our present voyage is cast. But the last election must have satisfied all quiet observers, that although they are not in the least inclined for

political unions or monster meetings, the community have generally made up their mind that an extension of the suffrage is both just and desirable; and that although they refuse to indulge in hyperbolic enthusiasm on the subject, and smile quietly at phrases borrowed from the Birmingham of the Reform Bill, they are just as little prepared to submit to or permit indifference or levity in a matter so materially affecting our representative institutions.

It may be true that the voice of the country does not demand for this conviction any instant or imminent action, and that apart from party interests, it would betray little impatience were its consideration still further postponed. It by no means follows, however, that it would be politic or right to rely on this condition of public feeling; and there are reasons of cogency involved in the question itself, and the position of the public in relation to it, which strongly point in an opposite direction. But we must deal with public opinion as we find it, appreciate its causes as we best may, and shape our course to the end we desire in accordance with the means we have at our disposal.

As to the reasons of the contrast which public opinion in 1866 presents to that of 1832, it were superfluous to say a word. The more reasonable question would be, Why should any one expect them to be similar? The periods themselves stand out in the strongest contrast to each other. No one but a philosopher would expect their fruits to be alike. If political discontent and political repose, disaffection and loyalty, distress and prosperity, unsoundness and health, are to produce the same phenomena, we may burn the books of experience and surrender ourselves at once to be governed by the formularies of a German pedant. Parliament was in truth reformed in 1832; and it is because the work was so well, thoroughly, and effectively done then, that we have not now, and probably will never have again, to consider our representative system under the same conditions. 'Russell's Purge,' as the Tories of those days derisively called it, was severe, but it was effectual. Nothing but the long-accumulated corruptions of fifty years' misgovernment could have led to the popular excitement which carried it in triumph through a reluctant Parliament; and one of the most wholesome results of the remedy has been to make a recurrence of the symptoms impossible.

It is quite unnecessary to dwell at length on this part of our subject. The causes which led to the demand for Parliamentary Reform from 1780 down to 1832, and the wonderful progress of the country under its liberated constitution, lie on the very surface; and must tell the most superficial observer why it is that the days of Peterloo and the Six Acts, and Thistlewood, seem to us now as remote in feeling and practical life as those of the Commonwealth. Whatever be the grounds on which an extension of the franchise is to be advocated now, those which practically led to Parliamentary Reform are happily extinct; and with them have gone necessarily the whirlwind and the storm of popular opinion.

But there is another lesson also to be learned from the history of such agitation as there has been on the franchise question since 1832. It has passed through three different hands, and has been presented in three different aspects. It first came up as one of the six points of the Charter. But the Chartists and the Anti-Corn Law League were no friends. They bid against each other as popular agitators; and the Chartists coming to misfortune in 1848, the question of extending the franchise slumbered until Lord Russell in 1852 voluntarily, and without any outside agitation, proposed his measure of that year. As we have already remarked, that measure, which contained a 5*l.* occupation franchise for boroughs, and a 20*l.* occupation franchise for counties, was but coldly received by the extreme Liberals; and from that time forward, until Lord Derby's Government of 1858 and the dissolution of 1859, the question was regarded as much more the specialty of the old Whig party than of the more ardent spirits of Birmingham or Manchester. It was only after the meeting in Willis' Rooms in 1859, and the formation of Lord Palmerston's second Administration, that the question of Parliamentary Reform, as it gradually dropped out of the Ministerial programme, began to be cultivated by the Independent or Radical party. But throughout the three phases which it has presented within that period it has entirely failed as a topic of political agitation. It is no longer a spell to conjure with; and as each party by turns has waved the rod, and evoked the elements, have they been disappointed. The last election is no exception. Lord Palmerston obtained a majority numbering in all probability about seventy. But on the whole, the extreme Liberals have rather lost than gained; and as far as we know, all those who went into the lobby against Mr. Baines' Bill have, with the exception of Mr. Black, in Edinburgh, been again returned.

It is easy to be wise after the event; but

the retrospect suggests that probably, had the question remained without agitation until now, when an entire generation has arisen since the Reform Bill, with habits, cultivation, intelligence, and material wealth to which the working men of 1830 were utter strangers, its fate would have been different. But it was not sufficiently considered how great a wrench English habits and thought received both by the substance of the great Reform Bill, and the manner in which it was passed into law. The English mind clings with tenacity to accustomed laws, usages, and forms. When convinced of the necessity of change, the Englishman will change; but conviction comes slowly and is received reluctantly. It is with him a sufficient reason for doing a thing that he used to do it, and that his father did it. It is a sufficient reason for not doing it that he never did it before. When therefore he was drawn into the great and overwhelming excitement of 1830 and the two following years, though his constitutional composure was fairly overset, and he cheered and agitated to the end, the consequent reaction was certain to follow. While short-sighted demagogues started instantly with an endeavour to reproduce or imitate an excitement at which many shuddered to look back, the Whig party were simply drifting away from the real feeling of the country; or to speak more correctly, the feeling of the country was undergoing the natural rebound consequent on the unusual tension of the times. To start on a fresh course of electoral agitation at that time was simply to invite suspicion and distrust; and although Lord Melbourne's Government took no direct step in that direction, the gradual decay which culminated in 1841 was the direct effect not of Conservative but of Liberal reaction.

One could have expected nothing else from the operations of those causes which ordinarily affect opinion. These results had no relation whatever to the merits or demerits of the existing franchise, or of any plans for its amendment; they were effects produced simply by the shock of 1832, which was foreign to the habits and temperament of many who yet shared in the agitation and supported the measure which it produced. While politicians tried to keep the surface ruffled, there was a general desire on the part of the country for repose. They did not wish to hear any more of the franchise, and they closed their ears accordingly.

Nor was this feeling at all lessened by the Chartist agitation and the French Revolution in 1848. On the contrary, the shaking of thrones and constitutions which occurred during that year, and the combination of the question of the suffrage with the other views maintained by the Chartists, along with the premature explosion of the policy of the more violent of their number, considerably increased the disinclination even to consider the question. When Lord Russell proposed his Reform Bill in 1852, the same elements were largely at work, and produced then and continued for many years to produce their natural results.

It is essential, if we desire to walk either wisely or safely through this matter, that we should rightly appreciate without any self-deception the state of the public mind during the period to which we have referred. Since Lord Russell introduced his Reform Bill in 1852, four Parliaments have been elected; one in 1852, one in 1857, one in 1859, and one in 1865. It cannot be said that although no Reform Bill has been hitherto carried, these elections have indicated the slightest excitement consequent on that result. The numbers who voted with Mr. Baines last Session certainly denoted no increase of support to the question. We are therefore constrained to come to the result that be the policy of extending the franchise sound or unsound, it is hopeless to expect, on the part of the great masses of the constituency in regard to it, anything deserving the name of agitation. If the period in question has not been a period of Conservative reaction, and we do not think it has, it is equally certain that extreme views in regard to organic change have not made progress in the course of it.

But the most earnest friends of this question, if they look at it calmly, can neither be surprised at this result, or wish it to be otherwise. It is not to be expected that those who are in the possession of the franchise, although many of them are willing and anxious to see their numbers increased, should, without any immediate stimulus, agitate for their neighbour with the ardour with which they agitated for themselves. On the other hand, as regards the classes which are not within the limits of the franchise, a very great change has been operated in the course of the five-and-thirty years of which we have been speaking. The first part of that period was occupied in the abortive Chartist agitation. It was a period of great commercial depression and manufacturing distress; labour was cheap, employment precarious, wages low. It seemed to be a problem how the increasing masses in our manufacturing towns were to be fed or housed, and whether the means of subsistence could be made to keep pace with

the ratio at which the population was increasing. Since then, time has solved all these problems—the discovery of the gold fields of California and Australia, the absorption caused by the Crimean war, and, latterly, the enormous increase of our commerce and manufactures, resulting from our successful commercial policy, have changed the whole complexion of our labouring classes. Penury has given way to plenty; idleness to employment; disaffection to content. Education, intelligence, and a far higher and more refined tone pervade the great mass of our working men. One natural result of prosperity is that they take politics now as a relaxation and not as a business. The good which they expected to result from the six points of the Charter has descended upon them from an unexpected quarter. Although the feeling among them in regard to their admission to the franchise is genuine and strong, it is altogether different, not in degree only but in kind, from that which animated the Chartist agitators in 1848.

These things being unquestionably so, the question whether the time has arrived at which the franchise, as fixed in 1832, may be advantageously extended, is one which we may come to consider without any of the elements of excitement or agitation. It is not a subject in which excitement has any place; and as little is it a question of abstract philosophy or metaphysics. It is a question mainly depending upon facts, to which no abstract reasoning will help us, and to be decided by statesmanlike views which philosophers seldom possess. To our mind the question is one which ought to be settled now and not postponed; but that for the simple reason that as the time for settlement must come, it is better to settle it in fair weather than in foul. To those who ask when are you to stop, we might fairly answer, 'when will you begin?' There is growing up outside the franchise a very large and increasing body of intelligent men who cannot be permanently excluded from our electoral limits, and we do not know how soon, under the pressure of commercial and manufacturing distress, the seeds of political disaffection may not again begin to germinate. No doubt we might postpone the question for the present, and probably the public might not make any very earnest demonstration of impatience. But this will not always last, and if the measure be reasonable and right in itself, the sooner it is passed the better.

It is true that the necessity for an alteration in the franchise can hardly be maintained on the ground of existing abuses. Our internal government of course has many imperfections—there are some social and some financial reforms which are loudly required, but in regard to these we suspect the House of Commons is in advance of the country. But our political grievances are not many. Those which have been suggested would weigh but little with any class in the country as a motive for organic legislation. The right of primogeniture is rooted in our customs far more than in our laws. Indirect taxation is a question which may be solved in more ways than one, perhaps quite as effectually in the opinion of an intended constituency, by taxing the profits of trade, as by taxing fixed property. A proposal for a general partition of the soil among the workingmen would astonish none so much as themselves. But we all know that an extension of the suffrage would leave these things very much as they are, and that they have no concern with the question we have in hand. That question we take to be simply, not what we would wish to do, but what is practicable.

Here we have to deal again with the two sections of the Liberal party to whom we have previously referred, the attracting and repelling ends of the magnet—Mr. Bright and Mr. Forster at one end; Lord Elcho, Mr. Lowe, and Mr. Horsman at the other. The two classes comprehend those who wish to do nothing, and those who wish to do much.

The debate on Mr. Baines's Bill in the csurse of last Session, inspired by a lively sense of the coming election, brought out many topics of interest and importance which were enforced with more than usual ability. In particular it elicited from Mr. Lowe some bold, candid, but to our mind fallacious views on the whole of this question—views which as directed against the individual proposition of Mr. Baines might have more or less weight, but which seemed to go much beyond the necessities of the argument. But as these views were in some degree maintained by Mr. Horsman and Lord Elcho, and were affirmed by the votes of a considerable number of the Liberal party on that occasion, they may probably be introduced in the course of the ensuing Session, and it may be well shortly to consider them.

The substance of the argument maintained by this section of the Liberal party seems to be that a farther extension of the electorial franchise based on the value of houses occupied would be democratic in its nature, and would necessarily lead to universal suffrage, or at least would give one class a preponderating voice in the manage-

ment of public affairs. They maintained that it was entirely fallacious to speak of the working man having a right to the franchise, and that the analogies of America and Australia were examples of the danger of handing over the government of the country to a constituency in which mere numbers were to preponderate.

We say nothing at present as to the extent to which the occupation franchise might reasonably be reduced. This depends on considerations more of a practical than theoretical nature, and lying very far apart from the views we are now discussing. But we think the general argument contains a vein of obvious fallacy, and proceeds upon a mistaken view of the real position of the question of the franchise, and the constitutional bearing of the proposal to extend it.

We concede that it is too late, and though not too late would be useless, to discuss this question on the footing of individual right or privilege. Mr. Gladstone's celebrated declaration on this subject has been greatly misunderstood. As an abstract proposition it was correct; and it lies at the foundation of all representative government, the theory of which is that the community governs itself. It may be true, abstractly, that the burden of showing that any individual is unfitted to have a share in the self-government of the community may lie upon those who object to his having it. But practically it is quite sufficient that the community have so decided. For no man is entitled to political power; he has rights which are inherent in him, and which the will of governments or communities cannot justly affect; but political power, which means the right of governing your neighbour as well as governing yourself, is certainly not one of them. That depends on the will of the community among whom the man lives; and the will of the community, expressed through its organised government, is as conclusive on this matter as on all others.

But it is a totally different matter whether the principle on which our existing franchise is founded be not one which implies that for the public benefit it should be elastic; and if the question do not involve an element of political right, it may at least involve one of political consistency and expediency. If it be true that the occupant of an 8*l.* or 7*l.*, or 6*l.* house in 1866 be as intelligent and as independent as the occupant of a 10*l.* house was in 1832, it sounds like a reasonable proposition, and one which political expediency would suggest, that the former should be entitled to the privileges which, in 1832, were conferred upon the latter. Whether this be true or not is a question of fact which no abstract reasoning can solve, and if the fact be once ascertained, by the only tests by which such facts admit of being ascertained, our question would be substantially decided.

We have one advantage in making this inquiry over the statesmen of 1832. It is true that we do not know how any new constituency would exercise the franchise. But fortunately we do know how the constituencies of 1832 have exercised that right—a consideration infinitely more important than any abstract formula which a philosopher's brain ever conceived. We know that the Reform Bill of 1832 has not thrown the powers of Government into the hands of one class. We know that it has not, to any appreciable extent, affected the balance of the Constitution, or diminished the legitimate influence of the monarchical or aristocratic elements. On the contrary, we know that it has produced results exactly the reverse. We know that the loyalty of the people, very doubtful in 1820, and not beyond doubt in 1830, is beyond all suspicion now. We know that the House of Peers, which certainly trembled in the balance in 1831, is as strong and powerful, both collectively and individually, as it ever constitutionally was. We know that those institutions which were supposed to be put in danger by the democratic tendency of the measure of 1832 stand more firmly and are more influential than ever. The Church of England, whatever its internal difficulties, may be said to have doubled its influence since 1832. And even the Irish Church, little as it deserves it, and solely by virtue of the power of its elder and sounder sister, is certainly not weaker than it was five-and-thirty years ago. Look where we may, property and wealth still maintain their legitimate influence. The trade of a demagogue is nearly extinct; the Hunts, and Cobbetts, and Feargus O'Connors have left no successors in the present Parliament. Whence, then, we may ask, this unreasoning trepidation at the possible effects of a farther diminution of the occupation franchise? Is it at all likely that results which were prophesied indeed, but have been entirely falsified by the experience of the operation of the existing suffrage, are to rush in like a flood, if we carry the principle somewhat farther?

We think experience alone might teach that these fears are altogether visionary, and that what has been will be in regard to this matter. But it is easy to perceive a principle favourable to the stability of our institutions operating directly in consequence of a larger infusion of the popular

element into the properly democratic part of the Constitution. The effect of a large popular constituency on a representative assembly is to subject the representatives to a wide and diversified amount of public opinion. It may be fairly predicated that the widening of the base makes the representative assembly more sensitive to the changes and operations of the public feeling outside. Thus the main effect of the Reform Bill of 1832 has simply been to make the House of Commons a more accurate reflex or echo of the public mind. But that which the House of Commons does reflect and echo is not the opinion of 10*l.* householders, but public opinion. But in this country the masses do not lead, but are led by, public opinion. They look to the instructing classes, the powerful, the wealthy, the learned, the press, for the materials on which their own opinion is to be formed. While this is the case—and nothing short of a revolution will make it otherwise—we need fear nothing for our Constitution in the extension of the franchise.

The examples of America and Australia have been largely made use of on both sides in a discussion to which they can have no relation, and into which they should never have been introduced. Nothing has tended to deprive this question of the amount of public favour it might otherwise have excited, so much as the attempts to draw arguments in favour of extending the franchise from the example of America. The attempt indicates an entire misapprehension of the real tendency of public feeling on this question. The people of this country regard the United States, their power, their prosperity, their wealth and their energy, with a pride arising from their common origin and their common love of liberty. But the same instinct which has refused to deal with the question of the extension of the suffrage, as if it were a Reform in Parliament, prompts the country absolutely to refuse to be guided by America in constitutional changes. In any circumstances the people would distrust a constitution not ninety years old, and they believe that we are better qualified to teach our younger sister than she is to instruct us. But Mr. Lowe showed very ably, and a very little reflection would demonstrate, that as we cannot import the natural resources of America—its lakes and rivers, its boundless unexhausted soil, its primeval forests and vast prairies—it is folly to speak of importing its institutions. We never could import their results, nine-tenths of which are the fruits of these natural advantages.

But, on the other hand, as America cannot teach us, neither can she warn us; and as little can Australia. The conditions are entirely dissonant, and nothing can ever make them otherwise. In neither country is to be found the moving power which actuates politics and society in Great Britain; which, stronger than laws, above and beyond the outer mechanism of the Constitution, is the vital principle of the whole; we mean the unseen but universal power of tradition—the reverence for that old inheritance handed down to us from our forefathers—the ways and usages which we follow because through many centuries of conflict they have been transmitted to us along with our freedom and our greatness. Till these can be produced in America or Australia these countries can be neither examples nor warnings to us. We are still essentially a feudal people. The orders and gradations of society are engrained in all our associations, bound up with our history, fixed deep in our habits and memories. No laws can root them out, no Act of Parliament can supersede them. It may be that in some of the great centres of labour, where large masses, detached from their ordinary associations, are grouped together, less store is set by these things. If so, these are but exceptions to the rule. But we doubt if it be so even there. In spite of all discouragement and remonstrance on the part of those who profess to be the friends of the artisan, they joined warmly in the volunteer movement, and with an enthusiasm which indicated how truly the old fire warmed their veins. Thus it is the influence of old tradition which gives so much stability to our constitutional mechanism; and this is the reason why it cannot be transplanted. We cannot create an old people, or old associations, or an old aristocracy, or the pride of old memories. The Reform Bill of 1832 did nothing to uproot or diminish these, but only brought back the Constitution to its ancient form, and restored to its functions their legitimate action. The extension of that measure, as far as the franchise is concerned, will be simply following the same course, and without doubt with the same result.

It is, we imagine, somewhat hasty to take for granted that the extension of the occupation franchise, even if carried as far as Lord Russell proposed in 1852, or as Mr. Baine's proposal of last year, would necessarily tend to increase the democratic element in the House of Commons. It is difficult to prophesy on such matters, as the most sagacious are generally the most at fault. But, judging by the past, we should think that an unlikely result to any appreciable extent.

It seems to be forgotten that what is proposed to be conferred on the unenfranchised is not the right of legislation, but the right of taking part in the choice of legislators. That choice must necessarily, while this country remains what it is, be confined to a very limited number of candidates. After the Reform Bill a few political adventurers did creep into the House; but the air of the place did not agree with them; and the trade of a political adventurer was never at so low an ebb as at present. But the result was that almost all these representative men, who entered the gates of the restored temple in a cloud of popular incense, in a very short time joined the Tory ranks. And we may look for much the same effects from the same causes for the future.

We should not anticipate that even although the franchise were so lowered as to admit a large portion of the working classes, they would elect, or try to elect, working men. Even if they did, we should think that the presence of twenty or thirty working men, having the confidence of their fellows, would be productive of nothing but good in that Assembly, where all that is real or true never fails to receive its due amount of attentive consideration. But it would not be so, simply because it is impossible. As long as the position of a member of Parliament is what it must continue to be in this country, a certain amount of wealth, of education, and social rank is essential to the representative. The working men prefer being led by those above them, and this is found strongly exemplified in the army and the volunteer corps. Exceptions every now and then occur, and the more vigorous, if strong-headed and born with the natural gift, overcome the difficulties of their position; but for the most part the exceptions are failures. The man feels himself out of his element, and there is an atmospheric influence in the great Assembly of the nation which prevents pretension, or assumption, or hypocrisy, or hollow speciousness, from ever obtaining influence there. And therefore we thoroughly believe that let the franchise be fixed as it may, the class and stamp of persons who will be sent to represent the people in the House of Commons will probably remain identical.

But is it certain that the artisan class will necessarily be inclined to support the more extreme views of the existing Liberal party? We doubt that very much. On the contrary, we have the strongest impression that, in a party sense, the extension of the suffrage will be a measure on the whole rather in favour of the Conservatives than the Liberals—not, indeed, in favour of old Tory principles, but in favour of those who are clothed with the garb of modern Conservatism. Probably at the first election after an extension of the suffrage, the result might be otherwise; but gradually, as far as the new constituencies acted together, they would act upon those opinions and interests and motives which are distinctive of the class. These are necessarily the relations of employment and labour; the relations of workmen and master; the remuneration and the hours of labour, and all the great social questions of which these are the centre. Now on these questions the other party is necessarily the master or the employer of labour; and as the masters or employers of labour for the most part belong to the large Liberal party, it is at least not an impossible result, that, as a mere matter of party strength, in many individual cases the vote of the artisan would be thrown into the Conservative ranks.

To our mind, then, there is in the extension of the suffrage no danger whatever in the direction in which so great an apprehension seems to be felt. Neither do we think that the prevalence of trades' unions, or their effect in producing combinations among the artisan class, have the slightest bearing upon the question which we are now in the course of considering, excepting in so far as they may relate to the favour with which in isolated elections one or another candidate may be viewed. The artisans are persons very much of the same feelings, motives, and habits as the rest of the community. They, like their neighbours, will split into parties, coteries, and committees. They will have their favourites and their enemies; they will be Liberals and Conservatives as their humour or their natural tendencies prompt them; and they will no more combine against the upper ranks, or the candidates of the upper ranks, than the 10*l.* householders or the 40*s.* freeholders have combined to upset the aristocracy.

The real practical question is very far removed indeed, as we imagine, from all these speculations, and it divides itself into two. The first is: To what extent can the property or occupation franchise be lowered with a reasonable prospect of admitting intelligent and independent electors? The second is: To what extent is it at all likely that a measure proposing such extension will receive the support of the present Parliament? These are the two questions which Her Majesty's Government have at present before them for decision. They are entirely practical questions. How they may be solved it is impossible to say. Even as these pages appear, we should think

the solution remains in doubt. But we may say a word or two on each of them.

As to the first, viz., To what extent the franchise can be lowered with a reasonable prospect of including in it a large average of intelligent and independent voters? we may say that the only difficulty which strikes our mind is the question of the independence of the voter. There will, beyond all doubt, be a considerable tendency in the larger constituencies, after the first blush and bloom of the new franchise has departed, to make elections very much a matter of money—not indeed by corruption, but by so extensive a system of agency, such an organised pressure on the individual voter by all the influences that are likely to attract him, as to place the representation of such communities beyond the reach of any but those who can afford to maintain so expensive an establishment. This, indeed, is the only fear which, as far as practical result is concerned, we entertain in regard to the extension of the occupation franchise; and, after all, even if we were right in our apprehensions, the amount to which it could operate on the aggregate of the House of Commons would be inconsiderable, so much so as hardly to make it an element in the question of enfranchisement. Still, the whole of this matter must be judged of upon a broad and general view of the position of the different classes of the community. It is utterly impossible to bring such a question to minute analysis, or to weigh masses of men in very fine scales. Abstract reasoning can do very little for us in such a matter. What it would be useful for us to know is to what extent any given figure at which the occupation franchise may be fixed, either in counties or boroughs, will or will not admit a reasonable or preponderating average of those who are known, from our general acquaintance with their social condition, to be capable of exercising the right with intelligence and independence; how far these conditions vary in different boroughs and counties; how they operate in the manufacturing as compared with less populous districts; to what extent individual constituencies will be increased; and how far the addition made to them may be expected to consist of only one class, or to embrace varieties of classes and opinions. We cannot expect to bring an inquiry of this kind to any specific result: all we can hope for is to obtain general data sufficient to enable us to arrive at an approximation to the truth.

If we come to nice and narrow analysis, there is no doubt that to measure a man's intelligence, or manliness, or honesty, by the amount of rent which he pays, is a very rough and rude process. Of course it is fallacious in many instances, and is unequal in all. It must exclude many who are qualified, and admit many who are not. It must exclude classes in one part of the country which it admits in another. It must be productive of anomalies on every hand, and must be entirely unscientific. Yet in all these respects it resembles what all Government must be, and what the Constitution of which it forms a part necessarily is. All we can say of it is that blocks are not to be cut with a razor, and that the rough machine suits the rough work it has to do.

Mr. Disraeli invented a form of expression in the debate of last Session which has taken considerable hold on the weaker and shallower speculators on such subjects. He was in favour of lateral as contrasted with vertical Reform—an ingenious but affected nomenclature used to mean a very simple thing. Lateral Reform, put into English, simply means enfranchising those of the same rank, position, and intelligence with the existing constituencies, who are excluded by the letter of the test by which the electors are at present selected. But why this should be thought to contrast with what he calls vertical Reform, is hard to see. If the classes who inhabit houses rented at less than 10*l.*, or land and houses in counties rented at less than 50*l.*, are fitted to vote for members of Parliament, how can it affect the propriety of admitting them to the franchise that there are others as ill off as themselves? The expediency of so varying the test for admission as to include the latter class may be conceded, provided it can be done; but whether it be done or not, the question of the extension of the franchise will remain exactly where it was.

The real difficulty of inventing a new and additional electoral test, so as to admit those who possess position, education, and intelligence equal to that of the existing electors, but are now excluded by the nature, not the amount, of the existing test, is not one of principle, but only one of machinery. We are all in favour of the object, provided it can be accomplished. A test other than that of rental, sufficiently broad, marked, and definite for the work, we should consider a valuable addition to our electoral system. But nothing has ever yet been suggested which fulfilled these conditions. This, however, is a point of very inferior importance. It assists us in no degree in determining how far we should enlarge our electoral bounds. What we have to do, if we resolve to go forward at all, is to follow out the principle of the Act of 1832, and decide, as men of

practical experience, to what extent it may be reasonable, for the present, that these bounds should be enlarged.

It is said, and said with a great deal of truth, that a gradual extension of the franchise has been in progress since 1832; that the rise in the value of house property, and the fall in the value of money, has, in point of fact, admitted to the franchise a large class of those who were excluded at the time of the Reform Bill. It is said also, that the position of the artisan is now such that, with economy, sobriety and industry, the franchise is within his reach, if he chooses to avail himself of his opportunities. It is impossible to deny the importance of this observation. That it is true to a certain extent has not been disputed, nor can the artisan complain, as far as he has any interest in this matter, that the consideration is used to his prejudice. But then the extension of the franchise is for the public benefit, not for the individual. The artisan is to be admitted, if admitted at all, not from any peculiar benefit to be derived by himself, but because the benefit of the Commonwealth demands that he too shall have a share in voting for the representatives of the people; and this is the only ground upon which the proposal can be defended. It is not the proper function of the franchise to be an incentive to exertion. That which the Commonwealth is concerned with is, to have within the constituency those who are capable of exercising the public duty which the franchise imposes upon them, and the Legislature is bound to see to this, whatever be the individual position of those on whom the privilege is conferred. On the other hand, we are far from saying that this consideration is not one entitled to weight in the ultimate adjustment of this somewhat difficult question; because the probability is, as far as we can judge by appearances, and looking to the rapid strides by which the progress of this country is marked year by year, that this element will continue to operate. It is much too exceptional, and varies too much in different localities to afford anything like an argument against extending the suffrage; but when the question is at what point the new franchise ought to be fixed, it is a consideration not undeserving of attention.

We take for granted, that before Parliament is again called upon to consider this question in the shape of a Bill, the probable results of any proposal for lowering the franchise will have been reasonably ascertained. Whether the Government will think it right to adopt the suggestion made by Lord Elcho last Session, of a Commission to inquire into these details, or will satisfy themselves by their own inquiries into the necessary statistics, of course cannot be known until their intentions are declared in Parliament. Whatever is done in this respect will probably be so thorough and authentic as to place beyond doubt, as far as inquiry can accomplish that object, the probable result of any measure of extension that may be submitted to the consideration of Parliament. We have the strongest impression that the result of such an inquiry will be to confirm to a very large extent the view which we have endeavoured to illustrate, viz., that this question of electoral extension is purely a matter of detail; that it is not fraught on either side with the evils or the advantages which the extremes of the Liberal party attribute to it; that it is a matter that may be safely undertaken without the apprehension of its resulting in any violent changes; and that all experience has taught us that the principle on which it will necessarily be based is sound and salutary in itself, and is likely to operate, as it has operated, to confirm and increase the stability of our institutions.

The second practical question we suggested above was, 'What chance has any proposal for an extension of the suffrage of being supported and passed in Parliament?' Of all the topics we have considered, none are nearly so important as this one, either for the Government or the Liberal party. The more abstract questions were settled by the Liberal party for itself as far back as 1852; and they may be safely left to the harmless manipulations of speculators. That which has hitherto baffled successive Governments has not been what to propose, but how to carry any proposal; and the causes which have led to this difficulty we have endeavoured to shadow forth. It is, however, of the last importance to the Liberal party how it is to be solved. It is disparaging to the position of the leaders of affairs that a question such as this should be used as a political shuttlecock, and allowed to drop between the players when their arms are tired. If we are again to buckle on our armour and fight this battle of the representation, it must be in earnest, and once for all. It would be better, undoubtedly, that the suffrage should be adjusted anew with the consent of both sides. If the Liberals have hitherto gained little in a party sense by supporting the extension of the suffrage, the Conservatives have gained and can gain nothing by resisting it. But of this we see no symptoms, and therefore we must accoutre ourselves for the combat.

The first symptom of earnestness and coming success which we hope to see is hon-

est, loyal, and hearty support, from the more advanced ranks of the Liberal party, to any proposition which may be made in the direction which they profess to desire. It is needless to say, for the country, the constituencies, and the House of Commons know it well, that nothing has so much tended to discredit this question and retard its progress, as the endeavour which some politicians of that school have made to identify its success with objects entirely foreign to it, and in the main distasteful to the country. While these pages are passing though the press Mr. Bright's speech at Rochdale has indicated that the lessons of the past have not been thrown away upon him, and that he now recognises the absolute necessity of moderation, concert, and union. Had he never spoken otherwise on the question of the Franchise than he did at Rochdale, his present support would have been more effective, and perhaps the past history of the question might have been altered. But any assistance hitherto which he has rendered to efforts in this direction has been so marred by conditions, prophecies, and doubts, so full of grudging praise and implied censure, and so linked with his peculiar views, as to have had far more effect in cooling friends, alarming the timid, and alienating the moderate, than in conciliating the elements of success.

He cannot, of course, undo the past, or unspeak his spoken words. The progress which he made through the country in 1858 is not yet forgotten and will meet him when he least desires it, and both he and the Government to which he tenders his support will suffer by the recollection of it. He has now learnt, and manfully avows it, that to insist on discrediting a measure for the Extension of the Franchise, because it does not deal with the Ballot, is not the way to promote the cause he has at heart; and has given to his party very earnest, sensible, and well-meant advice as the only means by which such a measure as he hopes for can be carried. To ensure success will require all the moderation and all the cordiality with which he can inspire his friends. They are not more numerous in this Parliament than they were in the last. They may be strong enough to upset a government, but are far from being in a position to prescribe a policy, and can only be strong for action by hearty and united co-operation with the Government.

Mr. Bright's speech at Rochdale would have been more useful, although we appreciate the difficulties of his position, had he not held out the prospect of future agitation. It is not the way to induce a man to co-operate with you in what he wishes or consents to, to tell him that you will use the act when accomplished to help you to do what he dislikes and dissents from. The bugbear of the Ballot, it is true, is no very awful phantom now. Familiarity has robbed it of its terrors, and has bred the proverbial contempt. The sooner it is discarded from any position in the Liberal creed the better. It was a mistake from the first, and nothing will now inspire it with animation. The redistribution of seats is a very different question; but it stands entirely apart from the Extension of the Suffrage, and may very properly wait for its period of solution.

Meanwhile let us hope that the reason and moderation of one extreme of the Liberal ranks, and liberality and love of the people on the part of the other, may render Earl Russell's supporters a compact phalanx on the meeting of Parliament. The difficulties which we have indicated cannot be concealed. They lie on the surface of political society, and in one shape or other they must be met and surmounted. Any proposal on the part of Government may exceed or may fall short of what either section would desire. But the object to be attained is great; it is truly a question in which individual opinion may fitly bend to harmonious action. Without this, the Liberal party will simply invite another failure, and throw away the benefit which the recent election has bestowed on them.

The question could not be in more appropriate hands than those of Earl Russell. We shall watch with anxiety and interest the declaration of the policy of the Government. The crisis is far from presenting the elements of danger which prevailed in 1832; but with a desire to accept what is practicable on the one side, and reasonable confidence in the people on the other, we trust that the ensuing Session may see the problem of the Extension of the Suffrage happily solved.

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ART. I.—*Plato and the other Companions of Sokrates.* By GEORGE GROTE, F.R.S., &c., 8vo. 3 vols. London: 1865.

THE readers of Mr. Grote's 'History of Greece' were not likely to forget the hope held out in its concluding volume, that he who had so well interpreted the political life of Hellas would delineate and judge that great outburst of speculative thought, by which, as much as by her freedom, Greece has been to the world what Athens according to Pericles was to Greece, a course of education. It might have been safely predicted, that the same conscientious research, the same skilful discrimination of authenticated fact from traditional misapprehension or uncertified conjecture, and the same rare power of realising different intellectual and moral points of view, which were conspicuous in the History, and nowhere more than in the memorable chapters on the Sophists and on Sokrates, would find congenial occupation in tracing out the genuine lineaments of Plato, Aristotle, and their compeers. But the present work does more than merely keep the promise of Mr. Grote's previous achievements—it reveals new powers: had it not been written the world at large might never have known, except on trust, the whole range of his capacities and endowments. Though intellects exercised in the higher philosophy might well perceive that such a book as the 'History of Greece' could not have been produced but by a mind similarly disciplined, the instruction which lay on the surface of that great work was chiefly civic and political; while the speculations of the Grecian philosophers, and emphatically of Plato, range over the whole domain of human thought and curiosity, from etymology up to cosmogony, and from the discipline of the music-school and the gymnasium to the most vast problems of metaphysics and ontology. Many even of Mr. Grote's admirers may not have been prepared to find, that he would be as much at home in the most abstract metaphysical speculations as among the concrete realities of political institutions—would move through the one region with the same easy mastery as through the other—and would bring before us, along with the clearest and fullest explanation of ancient thought, mature and well-weighed opinions of his own, manifesting a command of the entire field of speculative philosophy which places him in the small number of the eminent psychologists and metaphysicians of the age.

The work of which we now give an account, though complete in itself, brings down the history of Greek philosophy only to Plato and his generation; but a continuation is promised, embracing at least the generation of Aristotle; which, by the analogy of the concluding chapters of the present work, may be construed as implying an estimate of the Stoics and Epicureans. If to this were added a summary of what is known to us concerning the Pythagorean revival and the later Academy, no portion of purely Greek thought would remain untreated of; for Neoplatonism, an aftergrowth of late date and little intrinsic value, was a hybrid product of Greek and Oriental speculation, and its place in history is by the side of Gnosticism. What contact it has with the Greek mind is with that mind in its decadence; as the little in Plato which is allied to it belongs chiefly to the decadence of Plato's own mind. We are quite reconciled to the exclusion from Mr. Grote's plan, of this tedious and

unsatisfactory chapter in the history of human intellect. But such an exposition as he is capable of giving of Aristotle, will be hardly inferior in value to that of Plato. The latter, however, was the most needed; for Plato presents greater difficulties than Aristotle to the modern mind; more of our knowledge of the master, than of the pupil, is only apparent, and requires to be unlearnt; and much more use has been made of what the later philosopher can teach us, than of the earlier.

Though the writings of Plato supply the principal material of Mr. Grote's three volumes, the portion of them which does not relate directly to Plato is of great interest and value. The first two chapters contain as full an account as our information admits, of the forms of Greek philosophy which preceded Sokrates; and the two which conclude the work recount the little which is known (except in the case of Xenophon it is very little) of the other 'Socratici viri' and their speculations: the Megaric school, commencing with Eukleides, the Cynic, with Antisthenes, the Cyrenaic or Hedonistic, with Aristippus. All these were personal companions of Sokrates, and their various and conflicting streams of thought did not flow out of a primitive intellectual fountain opened by him, but issued from the rock in different places at the touch of his magical wand; for it was his profession and practice to make others think, not to think for them. Concerning Sokrates himself, though in one sense nearly the whole book relates to him, there is no express notice in these volumes, the narrative and estimate which we read in the 'History of Greece' being sufficient.

Some knowledge of the earlier Hellenic thinkers is necessary to a full understanding of Plato. Unfortunately the materials are defective, and almost wholly second-hand, a few fragments only of the original authors having been preserved by the citations of later writers. We are in possession, however, of what were regarded by their successors as the fundamental doctrines of each; but there is some difficulty in knowing what to make of them. These first gropings of the speculative intellect have so little in common with modern scientific habits, that the modern mind does not easily accommodate itself to them. The physical theories seem so absurd, and the metaphysical ones so unintelligible, that there needs some stress of thought to enable us to perceive how eminently natural they were. Multiplied failures have taught us the unwelcome lesson, that man can only arrive at an understanding of nature by a very circuitous route; that the great questions are not accessible directly, but through a multitude of smaller ones, which in the first ardour of their investigations men overlooked and despised—though they are the only questions sufficiently simple and near at hand to disclose the real laws and processes of nature, with which as keys we are afterwards enabled to unlock such of her greater mysteries as are really within our reach. This process, which human impatience was late in thinking of, and slow in learning to endure, is an eminently artificial one; and the mind which has been trained to it has become, happily for mankind, so highly artificialised, that it has forgotten its own natural mode of procedure. The natural man, in the words of Bacon's emphatic condemnation, *naturam rei in ipsâ re perscrutatur*. He neither can nor will lay a regular siege to his object, approach it by a series of intermediate positions, and possess himself first of the outworks; he will make but one leap into the citadel; and since, to his freshly awakened curiosity, no inquiry seems worth pursuing which promises less than an explanation of the entire universe, he makes a plausible guess which explains or seems to explain a few obvious facts, and stretches or twists this into a theory of the whole. Such theories were thrown up in considerable number and variety by the early Hellenic mind. Mr. Grote has recounted what is known of them, and by the application of a clear philosophic intellect to the results of his own and of German erudition, has made out as much of their meaning as any one can well hope to do. To render that meaning intelligible without a considerable effort of thought, exceeds even his powers; for the terms which embody it have no exact equivalents in modern language, which, having fitted itself to more definite conceptions of the problems, and to a certain number of ascertained solutions, has got rid of many of the vaguenesses and ambiguities to which the early conjectural solutions were principally indebted for such plausibility as they possessed.

These early theories, as we said, may be distinguished into physical and metaphysical, though the physical hypotheses could not always dispense with metaphysical aid, and the metaphysical ones were employed to account for physical phenomena. In the physical, some one or more substances familiar to experience were assumed as the element or elements which, variously transformed, are the material of the entire universe; and all the phenomena of nature were supposed to be produced by the powers, properties, or essences of these elements, or by hidden forces residing in them. Thales ascribed this cosmic universality to water,

Anaximenes to air: we must remember that the ancients called many things water and air which are not so styled in modern physics. Empedokles explained all things by the mixture and mutual action of earth, water, air, and fire. These material substances were usually supposed to require the concurrence of certain abstract entities called Wet and Dry, Cold and Hot, Soft and Hard, Heavy and Light, &c., which were the immediate if not ultimate agents in the generation of phenomena.* It would be a mistake were we to imagine that these and similar hypotheses were really absurd, until proved so by the subsequent course of inductive investigation. A more artful examination of nature has since shown that the supposed elements are not real elements but compounds, and that the generalised properties, which were mistaken for causative agencies, are the products of incorrect generalisation and abstraction — *notiones temerè à rebus abstractæ*. But this was not and could not be known at the time when the hypotheses were framed. In the meanwhile, they served as first steps in that comparison of phenomena in respect of their likenesses and differences, which is the preparation for the discovery of their laws; and the process of applying the hypotheses to the explanation of facts other than those which had suggested them, was continually bringing into view fresh points of likeness and difference, and laying the foundation for less imperfect hypotheses. The metaphysical theories, on the other hand, which grounded their conception of the universe not on physical agencies, but on the largest and vaguest abstractions—the One, the Same, the Different, that which Is, that which Becomes—seem, to us, not so much erroneous as unmeaning: we find it difficult to conceive what can have been in the thoughts of men who could offer matter like this as an explanation of anything. By *we* must be understood the physicists, the experimentalists, the Baconians; since the German Transcendentalists find much more signification in these than in the physical hypotheses. For, indeed, their Ontology is essentially a return to this first stage of human speculation—a reproduction of the same methods, the same questions, and to a great degree the same answers, sometimes under a superficial varnish of modern inductive philosophy. Hegel moves among the same vague abstractions as the earliest tyros in metaphysical thought; his dialectics recall the Parmenides of Plato's dialogue, while his substantive doctrines are in great part a reproduction of Herakleitus. If we turn back to Anaximander, the earliest known speculative philosopher after his townsman Thales, we find already the fundamental notions of Transcendentalism. 'He adopted* as the foundation of his hypothesis a substance which he called the Infinite or Indeterminate. Under this name he conceived Body simply, without any positive or determinate properties, yet including the fundamental contraries Hot, Cold, Moist, Dry, &c. in a potential or latent state, including further a self-changing and self-developing force, and being moreover immortal and indestructible. By this inherent force, and by the evolution of one or more of these dormant contrary qualities, were generated the various definite substances of nature—Air, Fire, Water, &c.' We have here the fundamental antithesis of the Transcendentalists, Matter and Form; while the conception of an abstract Body, devoid of properties, but with a protentiality of evolving them from itself by an indwelling force, is the transcendental Noumenon, as contrasted with Phenomenon. Again, the Ens of Parmenides, Being in General, 'which *is* always, and cannot properly be called either past or future,' which is not 'really generated or destroyed, but only in appearance to us, or relatively to our apprehension,' which 'is essentially One, and cannot be divided,'† what is it (as Mr. Grote remarks ‡) but the Absolute of the modern Ontologists? a little in advance of them, however, for the Eleatic philosopher left to his Absolute one quality cognisable by man, that of Extension, but the Transcendentalists refuse it even that, and yet maintain (some of them at least) that it is knowable. Even the almost Asiatic mysticism of Pythagoras respecting Number, has, as Mr. Grote points out §, its exact equivalent in German nineteenth-century philosophy. When numbers, mere abstract properties of things, are mistaken for actual things, they are soon supposed to exert powers, and have as good a chance as anything else of finding a philosopher to instal them as the ruling power of the universe.

Both these veins of speculation—the physical and the metaphysical—were temporarily thrown into the shade by the new turn given to the philosophic mind by Sokrates: but for a short time only; for the ambitious striving for a theory of the universe reappears in its most metaphysical form in the

* Τἀνάντια ἀρχαὶ τῶν ὄντων, 'an axiom,' says Mr. Grote (vol. i. p. 15, *note*), 'occupying a great place in the minds of the Greek philosophers.'

* Grote, vol. i. p. 5.
† Ibid., vol. i. p. 21
‡ Ibid., p. 22.
§ Ibid., p. 10, *note*.

later productions of his greatest disciple, Plato. The originality of Sokrates, which was of the highest order, consisted chiefly in his method. Yet his principal instrument had been in part prepared for him by the pupil of Parmenides, Zeno of Elea, 'who * stands announced on the authority of Aristotle as the inventor of dialectic; that is, as the first person, of whose skill in the art of cross-examination and refutation conspicuous illustrative specimens were preserved.' The speciality of Zeno consisted in bringing prominently forward the difficulties and objections to which a theory was liable: not in the modern manner, by producing facts inconsistent with it, but rather by tracing its consequences, and reducing it to a logical contradiction; a mode of arguing which he more particularly employed against those who opposed his master's doctrine of the Absolute and Invisible One, and maintained with Herakleitus that the universe is not One but Many. The celebrated paradoxes by which Zeno is best known, his arguments against the reality of Motion, Mr. Grote † considers neither as sceptical fallacies nor logical puzzles, but as *bonâ fide* arguments, not intended to disprove motion as a phenomenal fact, but to assert its relative character, as a state of our own consciousness—incapable of being, in any true and consistent meaning, predicated of the Ens Unum, or Absolute, which the Parmenidean doctrine regarded as immoveable. However this may be, these arguments were quite in keeping with the vocation of Zeno for what Mr. Grote happily terms the negative arm of philosophy—that which tests the truth of theories by the difficulties which they are bound to meet; and if he often mistook verbal difficulties for real, this was inevitable at first, and Plato frequently did the same.

It was reserved for Sokrates, and for Plato, who, whether as the interpreter or continuator of Sokrates can never be severed from him, to exalt this negative arm of philosophy to a perfection never since surpassed, and to provide it with its greatest, most interesting, and most indispensable field of exercise, the generalities relating to life and conduct. These great men orignated the thought, that, like every other part of the practice of life, morals and politics are an affair of science, to be understood only after severe study and special training; an indispensable part of which consists in acquiring the habit of considering, not merely what can be said in favour of a doctrine, but what can be said against it; of sifting opinions, and never accepting any until it has emerged victorious over every logical, still more than over every practical objection. These two principles—the necessity of a scientific basis and method for ethics and politics, and of rigorous negative dialectics as a part of that method, are the greatest of the many lessons to be learnt from Plato; and it is because the modern mind has in a great measure laid both these lessons, especially the latter of them, aside, that we regard the Platonic writings as among the most precious of the intellectual treasures bequeathed to us by antiquity. Mr. Grote is of the same opinion, and has rendered, by the work before us, an inappreciable service, in facilitating the study to those who can read the original, and making the results accessible to those who cannot.

He first relates the biography of Plato, as far as it can be constructed from the extant authorities. He then treats of the Platonic Canon; and after a comparison and ponderation of evidence, equal in merit to any in his History, accepts as works of Plato the entire list recognised by the Alexandrian critics, and admitted by all scholars until for the first time disputed by German editors and commentators in the present century. A chapter is next devoted to a general view of the Platonic writings; and the remainder of the work (except the final chapters on the minor Sokratics), consists of a minute analysis and *compte rendu* of each dialogue separately. In this analysis are comprehended the following elements, which are far from being kept as separate in fact as we must keep them in description. First, a complete abstract of the dialogue, omitting no idea, and no important development. Attention is next drawn to the light which the dialogue throws on Plato's doctrine or method, and the bearing which it has upon the author's general conception of Plato and his writings. Lastly, the thoughts on which the particular dialogue turns, or which are struck out in the course of it, are disentangled from the context, and critically examined, sometimes at considerable length, both from Plato's point of view and from the author's; and when the verdict is adverse, we are shown the author's own view of the same questions, and its justification. The book is thus a perfect treasury of instructive discussions on the most important questions of philosophy, speculative and practical; while at the same time it is a quite complete account of Plato. Plato himself, not anybody's interpretation of him, is brought before us. Nothing needs be taken on trust, except the fidelity of the abstract, which is perfect. We lose, of course,

* Grote, vol. i. p. 21. † Ibid., pp. 103, 104.

Plato's dramatic power, his refined comedy, and the magic of his style, the reproduction of which (could any hope to succeed in it) would be the work, not of an expositor, but of a translator. But the thoughts are there, exactly as they are, and exactly where they are, in the Platonic writings. The account of each dialogue is thus a kind of complete work in itself—a plan necessarily involving much repetition, as the same idea or Platonic peculiarity, being manifested in several dialogues, gives fresh occasion for the same line of remark. These repetitions have been censured by some critics from a literary point of view, as signs of want of skill in composition; but this is to mistake the author's purpose. He does not lay himself open to the reproach from carelessness or awkwardness; he altogether disregards and defies it. What would be imperfections in a picture of Plato addressed to the imagination, are merits in what is meant to be an aid or substitute for the study of the philosopher in detail. Mr. Grote intended the reader to judge of Plato for himself—to find in each chapter what he would have found in the corresponding dialogue, together with all that is necessary for understanding it and estimating its value. His own opinions on Plato and the Platonic topics turn up often, because every dialogue contains fresh evidence bearing on them. The alternative was indeed open to him of using references instead of repetitions, and had he cared more for his literary reputation and less for his subject, he would have adopted it. But those who read for instruction will generally prefer that the things they need to be reminded of should be told over again in a form and language adapted to the special occasion, rather than be compelled to search for them in another chapter, where they are exhibited in a quite different framework of circumstances. Even in an artistic point of view, it is too narrow a conception of art, to exclude that which produces its effect by an accumulation of small touches. Besides, many of Mr. Grote's views being contrary to received opinion, he was bound to give some idea of the mass of evidence on which they rest. Those who find it tiresome to have this evidence noted *en passant* where it occurs, would have far more reason to complain if it had been culled out and laid in a single heap, in which case we may surmise that few of them would have taken the trouble even to look at it.

In truth, there are few, if any, ancient authors concerning whose mind and purpose so many demonstrably false opinions are current, as concerning Plato; and there is probably no writer, of merit comparable to his, and of whom so many writings survive, who leaves us in so much real uncertainty respecting his opinions. His works—except a few letters, which (allowing them, with Mr. Grote, to be authentic) were written late in life, and have mostly a biographic rather than a philosophical interest—are exclusively in the form of dialogue, and he himself is never one of the interlocutors. Not one of the opinions contained in them is presented as his own, nor in any connexion with himself. There certainly is, in almost every dialogue, one principal speaker, who either as confuter or instructor carries off the honours of the discussion. But this chief speaker, in the great majority of cases, is not a fictitious or unknown person, who could only be looked on as the author's own spokesman, but a philosopher with a well-marked intellectual individuality of his own, and regarded by Plato himself with the deepest reverence. The question arises, how far the opinions put into the mouth of Sokrates are those of the real Sokrates, or of Plato speaking in his name? and if the former, whether Plato desired to be considered as adopting them? But, again, Sokrates, though generally the leading speaker, is not always so. In one dialogue, the Parmenides, he takes part in the discussion, but only to be powerfully confuted by that veteran philosopher. In the Sophistes and the Politikos he is a mere listener, while the place usually filled by him is occupied by a nameless stranger from Elea; though these two dialogues are an avowed continuation of the Theætetus, in which Sokrates takes the leading part. In Timæus and Kritias, the persons bearing those names are the teachers, and Sokrates an approving and admiring hearer. In the Leges and Epinomis he does not appear at all. Some reason there must have been for these diversities, but it neither shows itself in the dialogues, nor is known by external evidence. All this would have been of little consequence, if the dialogues had exhibited a consistent system of opinions, always adhered to and always coming out victorious. But so far is this from being the case, that the result of a large proportion of them is merely negative, many opinions in succession being tried and rejected, and the question finally left unsolved. When an opinion does seem to prevail, it almost always happens that in some other dialogue that same opinion is either refuted, or shown to involve difficulties which, though frequently passed over, are never resolved. Some of the ancient critics were hence led to suspect that Plato had, as his master professed to have, no positive opinions; a supposition for which plausible arguments might

be drawn from many of the dialogues, but which is quite inconsistent with the spirit of others. Besides, a philosopher who for nearly forty years lectured in open school to numerous audiences, must have had something positive to teach them: mere negation and confutation raise up imitators, but not disciples.

To these various puzzles the German editors and critics add another—namely, which of the writings ascribed to Plato are really his own. They relieve their author from the responsibility of contradictory opinions, by rejecting many dialogues as spurious, on account of something in them that is inconsistent with what is said in some other dialogue, or with what the critic is of opinion that Plato must have thought, or on the mere ground of inferior merit as a composition; for of Plato alone, among writers or artists, it seems to be imagined that he cannot have produced any work not equal to his finest. Mr. Grote gains a triumphant victory over these critics, by exhibiting the overwhelming strength of the external testimony; showing that the rejections grounded on internal evidence proceed on an ideal of Plato which is a mere imagination of the critic; and pointing out that what are deemed evidences of unauthenticity in the rejected dialogues, are equally found in those which no one rejects, or could reject, since they are the type itself, which the others are thrown out for not conforming to. If we could add to our knowledge of what Plato's writings were, any authentic information respecting the order in which they were written, their inconsistencies might be found to correspond with successive stages of the progress of his own mind. But we have nothing on this subject save conjectures, each founded on an antecedent theory of the very matter which it is intended to clear up. The imperfect publicity which ancient writings obtained at their first appearance, consisting chiefly in being read aloud by the author, or by some one whom he had allowed to take a copy, makes it impossible to fix the chronological succession of a writer's works, when they are at all numerous. Several dialogues, by their allusions to historical events, give indication of a date to which it is supposed that they must have been subsequent; but even this supposition is uncertain, since, as we are informed by Dionysius, Plato retouched and corrected his writings up to the latest period of his life. When a dialogue professes to be a continuation of another dialogue, it was probably, though not certainly, the latest composed of the two. There is a presumption that the dialogues of mere search preceded those which expound and enforce some definite doctrine; though, as one of the best German critics of Plato remarks*, this must be taken with a limitation, since he may have continued to produce dialogues of search after those of exposition began. Finally, direct testimony combines with internal probability in placing the Leges after the Republic, and near the end of Plato's career. This is nearly all the help which the works themselves give towards ascertaining the order of their composition; but we have a precious though limited item of information from Aristotle, respecting some metaphysical doctrines taught by Plato in his latest lectures, varying considerably from those we read in any of the dialogues, but towards which the line of thought in several of them seems to be leading up. We may, therefore, place those particular dialogues among the last of his compositions, and in the order of their approach to what we are told of his final teachings. This indication, agreeing with other internal evidence, gives the following as the latest terms of the series:—Republic, Timæus (with its unfinished appendage Kritias), Leges, with its supplement the Epinomis—the first probably separated by a considerable interval of time from the two last, and the Philebus, which we believe to be later than the Republic, probably coming in at some intermediate point.

Such being the paucity of direct evidence of Plato's opinions and purposes, there was no check to the latitude which readers and admirers might give themselves in deducing theories from the general tone of his writings. Much, no doubt, may be thence inferred, but it requires more than a knowledge of Plato to distinguish what. Great men and great writers outlive the ideas and most of the monuments of their time, and descend to posterity disjoined from the element in which they lived, and by which their thoughts ought to be interpreted. This is especially the case with great reformers. How continually we should misunderstand the deliverances of Luther, of Fichte, of Bentham, of Voltaire, of Rousseau, Fourier, Owen—may we add of Carlyle? if we knew nothing of their age, and of the men and things they attacked, but what they themselves tell us. Men who are in open quarrel with the whole body of their cotemporaries, do not make the discriminations which posterity is bound to make; and their sweeping denunciations do not imply, from them, what such statements would mean from persons perhaps greatly their inferiors, but not stand-

* Ueberweg. See Grote, vol. i. p. 184.

ing so far off from the rest of the world as to efface all differences of distance. This caution has been disregarded and ignored in Plato's case, yet none of the great thinkers and writers who have come down to us require it more. When Plato says hard things of his countrymen, or of any class or profession among them, he is judging them by their divergence from his own standard, which was, no doubt, in many respects superior to theirs (though by no means so in all respects), but which he himself proclaimed to be a new and original one, and which certainly differed as widely from the modern European or English standard as from the Athenian. But the denunciations which he levels at them from his own point of view, are almost always interpreted as from ours, and we fancy that their conduct and feelings, if known to us in detail, would appear to us as blameable and contemptible as Plato deemed them; whereas we should find them, with a few superficial differences, very like our own; and it is most certain that Plato, if he returned to life, would be to the full as contemptuous of our statesmen, lawyers, clergy, professors, authors, and all others among us who lay claim to mental superiority, as he ever was of the corresponding classes at Athens; while they, on their part, would regard him very much as they regard other freethinkers, socialists, and visionary reformers of the world.

The opinion which commonly prevails about Plato is something like the following. The Athenians, and the other Greeks, had become deeply demoralised by a set of impostors called Sophists—pretenders to universal knowledge, and adepts at disconcerting simple minds by entangling them in a mesh of words—who corrupted young men of fortune, by denying moral distinctions, and teaching the art of misleading a popular assembly. The lives and intellectual activity of Sokrates and Plato had for their chief object to counteract the doctrines and influence of these men. They devoted themselves to vindicating the cause of virtue against immoral subtleties; but they came too late; the evil was too far advanced for cure, and the ruin of Greece was ultimately the consequence of the corruption engendered by the Sophists. In Philosophy proper, the speculations of Plato are supposed to have been guided by a similar purpose. He was the founder and chief of the Idealist or Spiritualist school, against the Materialistic or Sensational, which, under the auspices of the Sophists, is asserted to have been generally prevalent; and was the champion of the intuitive or *à priori* character of moral truth, against what is regarded, by most of the Platonic critics, as the low and degrading doctrine of Utility.

Readers of Mr. Grote's History are acquainted with the strong case which is there made out against this common theory. Mr. Grote disbelieves the alleged moral corruption as a fact; and denies positively that the Sophists were the cause of it, or that the persons so called had any doctrines in common, much less the immoral ones imputed to them. He affirms that there is no evidence that any one of them taught the opinions alleged, and full proof that some taught the reverse: That the Sophists were not a sect, but the general body of teachers by profession, and, as is everywhere the case with professional teachers as a class, the moral and prudential opinions they taught were the common and orthodox ones of their country: That Plato's quarrel was precisely with those common opinions, and antagonism to the Sophists a mere consequence of this; and his testimony, were it far stronger than it is, has no value against them, unless we are willing to extend our condemnation, as he did, to the ways of mankind in general. These views of Mr. Grote, which we are satisfied are true to the letter, receive continual confirmation from his survey of the Platonic writings; and we think it possible even to strengthen his argument, by showing that the case presented against the Sophists on Plato's authority, is contradicted by Plato's own representation of them.

First, who were the Sophists? In the more lax use of the word it was a name for speculative men in general. All the early philosophers whose theories are presented in Mr. Grote's first two chapters, were Sophists in ordinary parlance; especially when, as was probably the case with all of them, they taught orally, and took money for their teaching. M. Boeckh says of one of Plato's cotemporaries, the famous mathematician Eudoxus, 'he lived as a Sophist, which means, he taught and gave lectures.' * Against these men, as a body, no accusation is brought, nor had Plato any hostility to them. But the Sophists, emphatically so called, were those who speculated on human as distinguished from cosmic questions; who made profession of civil wisdom, and undertook to instruct men in the knowledge which qualifies for social or political life. As one whose whole time was passed in discussing these topics, Sokrates was counted among Sophists, both during his life and after his death. Æschines, in his oration against Timarchus, gives him that title. Isokrates, himself called a Sophist in an oration of De-

* Grote, vol. i. p. 123, *note*.

mosthenes,* alludes distinctly to Plato as being one.† A Sophist named Mikkus, is introduced in the Platonic Lysis as a companion and eulogist (ἐπαινέτης) of Sokrates. But the most conspicuous Sophists cotemporary with Sokrates, the supposed chiefs of the immoral and corrupting teachers against whom he is said to have warred, were Protagoras, Prodikus, and Hippias. They are all three introduced into the great and many-sided Platonic composition called Protagoras, and are often referred to by name in other dialogues, Hippias even having two to himself. Now, while there is an undisguised purpose on Plato's part to lower the reputation of these men, and convict them of not understanding what they professed to teach, not a thought or a sentiment is ascribed to them of any immoral tendency, while they often appear in the character of serious and impressive exhorters to virtue.

With regard to Protagoras in particular, the discourse which he is made to deliver on the moral virtues is justly considered by Mr. Grote ‡ as 'one of the best parts of the Platonic writings.' It springs out of a doubt raised, seriously or ironically, by Sokrates, whether virtue is teachable, on the ground that there are no recognised teachers of it, as there are of other things. Protagoras admits the fact, and says that the reason why there are no express teachers of virtue is that all mankind teach it. Artistic or professional skill in any special department needs only to be possessed by a few, for the benefit of the rest; but social and civic virtue, consisting in justice and self-restraint, is indispensable in every one; and as the welfare of each imperatively requires this virtue in others, every one inculcates it on all. A highly philosophical as well as eloquent exposition follows §, 'of the growth and propagation of common sense—the common, established, ethical and social sentiment among a community; sentiment neither dictated in the beginning by any scientific or artistic lawgiver; nor personified in any special guild of craftsmen apart from the remaining community; nor inculcated by any formal professional teachers; nor tested by analysis; nor verified by comparison with any objective standard; but self-sown and self-asserting, stamped, multiplied, and kept in circulation by the unpremeditated conspiracy of the general public—the omnipresent agency of King Nomos ‖ and his numerous volunteers.' This common standard of virtue Protagoras fully accepts. He takes it * 'for granted that justice, virtue, good, evil, &c., are known, indisputable, determinate data, fully understood and unanimously interpreted.' He pretends not to set right the general opinion, but † 'teaches in his eloquent expositions and interpretations the same morality, public and private, that every one else teaches; while he can perform the work of teaching somewhat more effectively than they:' and ‡ 'what he pretends to do, beyond the general public, he really can do.' Sokrates (or Plato under his name) not accepting this common standard, and not considering justice, virtue, good, and evil as things understood, but as things whose essence, and the proper meaning of the words, remain to be found out, of course, contests the point with Protagoras; and bringing to bear on him the whole power of the Sokratic cross-examination, convicts him of being unable to give any definition or theory of these things; an incapacity which, in Platonic speech, goes by the name of not knowing what they are. The inability of Protagoras to discuss, and of his opinions to resist logical scrutiny, is driven home against the Sophist with great force. But it is remarkable that Protagoras, in answering the questions of Sokrates, whenever required to choose between two opinions, one of which is really or apparently the more moral or elevating, not only chooses the loftier doctrine, but declares that no other choice would be agreeable to his past life, to which he repeatedly appeals as not permitting him to concede anything that would lower the claims or dignity of virtue; thus proving (as far as anything put into his mouth by Plato can prove it), not only that he had never taught other than virtuous doctrines, but that he had an established reputation both for virtuous teaching, and for an exemplary and dignified life. Finally, it is Sokrates who, in this dialogue, maintains the 'degrading' doctrine of Utilitarianism—at least the part most odious to its impugners, the doctrine of Hedonism, that Pleasure and the absence of Pain are the ends of morality; in opposition to Pro-

* Contra Lacritum. Grote, vol. iii. p. 178, *note*.

† In his Oratio ad Philippum. See Grote, vol. iii. p. 462.

‡ Grote, vol. ii. p. 45. § Ibid.

‖ Νόμος ὁ πάντων βασιλεύς, an expression of Pindar, cited by Herodotus (as well as by Plato himself in the Gorgias), and very happily applied, on many occasions, by Mr. Grote. 'The large sense of the word Νόμος, as received by Pindar and Herodotus, must be kept in mind, comprising positive morality, religious ritual, consecrated habits, the local turns of sympathy and antipathy, &c.' (*Grote*, vol. i. p. 252, *note*.) Νόμος, thus understood, includes all that is enjoined by law, custom, or the general sentiment, and all that is voluntarily accepted in reliance on these.

* Grote, vol. ii. p. 47.

† Ibid. p. 44.

‡ Ibid. p. 73.

tagoras, to whom that opinion is repugnant; a reversal of the parts assigned to the two teachers by the German commentators, very embarrassing to some of them, who, rather than impute to Plato so 'low' a doctrine, resort to the absurd supposition that one of the finest specimens of analysis in all his writings is ironical, intended to ridicule a Sophist who is not even represented as agreeing with it. Let us add, that though at first sore under his confutation by Sokrates, Protagoras parts with him on excellent terms, and predicts for him, at the conclusion of the dialogue, great eminence in wisdom.

Prodikus of Keios has no dialogue devoted to himself, nor is Sokrates ever introduced as confuting him. Except a few touches of good-humored ridicule on his subtle verbal distinctions, chiefly found in the Protagoras, and probably intended not so much for disparagement as to heighten the dramatic interest of that eminently dramatic dialogue; and except that he comes in for his share of the raillery kept up against the Sophists generally about the money they took from their pupils, Prodikus is treated by Plato with marked respect. Sokrates not only confesses intellectual obligations to him, but speaks of him more than once, at least semi-seriously, as his teacher; and is made to say in the Theætetus, * that in conversing with young men, he is apt at discerning those to whom he can be of no use, and judging by whom they will be benefited, and that he has handed over many to Prodikus—a sure proof that in Plato's opinion Prodikus was not only no corruptor of youth, but improving to them. As a matter of fact, we know that Prodikus was the author of the celebrated mythe or apologue called 'The Choice of Hercules,' one of the most impressive exhortations in ancient literature to a life of labour and self-denial in preference to one of ease and pleasure. The substance of this composition is preserved by Xenophon, who, in his 'Memorabilia,' introduces Sokrates repeating it to Aristippus, and declaring that it was a favorite lecture of Prodikus, one of those which he oftenest delivered; † and it bears a nearer resemblance than anything in Plato to the moral teachings ascribed by Xenophon to the real Sokrates. Prodikus, therefore, is out of the question in any charge against the Sophists of immoral teaching or influence.

Hippias, a man conspicuous among his contemporaries for the rare variety of his accomplishments, is treated by Plato more disrespectfully. The two dialogues called by his name not only exhibit him as (like Protagoras) unable to cope with Sokrates in close discussion, or give a philosophic theory of the subjects on which he was accustomed to discourse, but load him with ridicule, of a less refined character than usual with Plato, for his naïf vanity and self-confidence. It is possible that the real Hippias may have been open to ridicule on this account; but from any vestige of immoral or corrupt teaching the Hippias of Plato is as clear as his Protagoras and his Prodikus. In the Second Hippias, that Sophist is introduced as having just finished delivering, with great applause, an encomium on the character of Achilles in the Iliad, as contrasted with Ulysses in the Odyssey, asserting the great moral superiority of the former. Now, even the better Greeks did not usually give so marked a preference to the direct, frank, and outspoken type of character, over one which aimed at good objects by skilful craft and dissimulation; so that Hippias stands represented by Plato as one whose moral standard, so far as it differed from the common one, was exceptionally high and noble—as that of Sophokles is shown to have been by the character of Neoptolemus, contrasted with that of Ulysses, in the 'Philoktetes.' The Sophist maintains this high estimate of veracity and sincerity throughout the dialogue; while the only ethical doctrine which is *malè sonans* is assigned to Sokrates himself, who, by a series of arguments which Hippias is totally unable to refute, contends that one who speaks falsehood knowingly is less bad than one who speaks it unknowingly, and (as a general thesis) 'that those who hurt mankind, or cheat, or lie, or do wrong wilfully, are better than those who do the same unwillingly.'* Mr. Grote may well say that 'if this dialogue had come down to us with the parts inverted, and with the reasoning of Sokrates assigned to Hippias, most critics would probably have produced it as a tissue of sophistry, justifying the harsh epithets which they bestow upon the Athenian Sophists, as persons who considered truth and falsehood to be on a par—subverters of morality, and corruptors of the youth of Athens. But as we read it, all that, which in the mouth of Hippias would have passed for sophistry, is here put forward by Sokrates; while Hippias not only resists his conclusions, and adheres to the received ethical sentiment tenaciously, even when he is unable to defend it, but hates the propositions forced upon him, protests against the perverse captiousness of Sokrates, and requires much pressing to induce him to con-

* Plato, Theætetus, 151 B.

† Ὅπερ δὴ καὶ πλείστοις ἐπιδείκνυται. (*Xen. Mem.* lib. ii. cap. i.)

* Grote, vol. i. p. 390.

tinue the debate.'* It is obvious what advantage Melêtus and Anytus might have derived from this thesis of Sokrates, if they had brought it up against him before the Dikasts; though it is merely a paradoxical form which, as we know from Xenophon, the real Sokrates gave to one of his favourite opinions, adopted and strenuously maintained by Plato, that the root of all moral excellence is knowledge.

Except these three distinguished men, the only other Sophists, in the more limited sense, who are shown up by Plato, or brought by him into collision with Sokrates, are the two brothers in the Euthydemus, who are not represented as persons of any celebrity (though somebody of the name of Euthydemus is mentioned in the Kratylus in connexion with a philosophical paradox), but as old men who have passed their lives in teaching gymnastic and military exercises, together with rhetoric, and have only quite lately turned their attention to dialectics, or the art of discussion. We know nothing otherwise of these persons, who may have been entirely fictitious, and in any case the care taken to describe them as novices in their art precludes the supposition of their being intended as representative men. The purpose of the dialogue is obviously to rebut the accusation brought against Sokrates, and doubtless also against Plato, of being jugglers with words and dealers in logical puzzles, which is done by exhibiting, on the one hand, a caricature of the most absurd logical juggling in the persons of Euthydemus and Dionysodorus, and on the other, an illustrative specimen of Plato's ideal of the genuinely Sokratic process—real Dialectic, contrasted with Eristic—the one merely embarrassing and humiliating an ingenuous student, by involving him through verbal ambiguities in obvious absurdities; the other encouraging and stimulating him to vigorous exercise of his own mind in clearing his thoughts from confusion. Mr. Grote's comments on this dialogue, as on most others, are singularly interesting and valuable. It suffices here to observe that the purpose of the Euthydemus is not to discredit anybody, but to repel the attacks made on dialectic, by exhibiting the good form of it in marked opposition to the bad.

There is thus absolutely nothing in Plato's representation of particular Sophists that gives countenance to the reproaches usually cast upon them. There is, however, another class of teachers on whom he is more severe, and into whose mouth he does, though but in one instance, put immoral doctrines. These are the Rhetoricians, or teachers of oratory, a vocation sometimes combined with that of Sophist, but carefully distinguished from it by Plato, in that one of his works in which rhetoric is most depreciated. The types exhibited of the class are Gorgias, Polus, and Thrasymachus, all of whom Sokrates is introduced as triumphantly confuting. As there is thus something more of foundation for the common interpretation of Plato's attacks on the rhetoricians than of those on the Sophists, it is worth showing how very little that something amounts to.

Rhetoric, being the art of persuasion, is necessarily open to the reproach that it may be used indifferently in behalf of wrong and right, and may avail to 'make the worse appear the better reason.' But so far was it in Greece from being taught or recommended for this purpose by its popular teachers, that Gorgias, the most celebrated of them, in the dialogue bearing his name and intended to lay rhetoric and the rhetoricians prostrate in the dust, is represented as emphatically deprecating such a use of it. After extolling, in magnificent terms, the value of his art, the general power it gives of attaining objects, and the ascendancy it confers in the State, he proceeds to say that, like all other powers, it should be used justly: and as gymnastic teachers are not blamed, or expelled from the city, if any one trained by them abuses the bodily strength he has acquired, by assaulting his parents or his friends, so the teachers of rhetoric are not in fault if their pupils make an unjust use of the valuable talent bestowed upon them; 'for they (the teachers) bestowed it to be rightly used, against the enemies of the State and against evil-doers, not in aggression, but in defence.' Thus far Gorgias, who, even in this most polemic dialogue, is treated with considerable respect, and has his dignity saved by being withdrawn from the Sokratic cross-examination when the conflict begins to grow serious. We may fairly presume that his teaching was as far above all moral reproach as that of Isokrates, the most famous and successful Grecian rhetorical teacher whose works have come down to us—to whose earnest and impressive inculcation of the moral virtues it is sufficient to allude.

The dispute is taken up by Polus, another teacher of rhetoric, represented as a much younger and very petulant man, between whom and Sokrates there is a discussion of a very dramatic character, with much vehemence on one side and sarcasm and irony on the other. Sokrates asserts that to do injustice is the greatest of evils—a far worse

* Grote, vol. i. p. 394.

one than to be unjustly done by: while Polus maintains, on the contrary, that an unjust man who escapes punishment, and practices injustice on so great a scale as to achieve signal success—especially he who can make himself despot of his city—is supremely enviable. Now this, which seems to be evidence on the side of the common theory, is really a strong confirmation of Mr. Grote's; for no reader of Plato can be unaware that what Polus here expresses (though disclaimed by the Platonic Protagoras as a vulgar prejudice*) was the received opinion and established sentiment of the Grecian world. Polus appeals to it, and says—'Ask any of the persons present:' to which Sokrates answers—'Instead of refuting me by argument, you, like a pleader in a court of justice, overwhelm me with witnesses. No doubt all the testimony is on your side. If you ask Nicias' (the most morally respected citizen and politician of his time),' or Aristokrates, or the whole family of Pericles, or any family you think fit—in short, any Athenian or any foreigner, they will all assent; but I, one man, do not assent, and the only witness I will call is yourself; unless I can convince *you* that I am in the right, I shall consider myself to have done nothing.' Similar evidence of the universal opinion appears at every turn in the Platonic dialogues. Whether it is the ambitious and unprincipled Alcibiades, or the youthful and inquiring Theages, or the two grave and reverend elders from Crete and Lacedæmon who figure in the Leges, they all speak with the same voice: the usurping despot, and every one who is eminently successful in injustice, is a man to be envied—such a man (they usually add) as we, and all the world, and you yourself, Sokrates, if you could, would wish to be. Sokrates claims complete originality in the contrary opinion, that injustice is an evil, and the greatest that can befall any one—a doctrine which, through the teachings of Plato himself, of the Stoics, and of some of the forms of Christianity, has grown so familiar to us, that it has become a truism, and even a cant; and moderns are ready to conclude offhand that not to profess it implies a denial of moral obligation. But look at Polus himself in the dialogue. He is asked by Sokrates—'You think it a worse thing (*κάκιον*) to be injured than to injure. Do you also think it a baser, or more shameful thing (*αἴσχιον*)?' Polus acknowledges the reverse: and Sokrates goes on to prove (by a fallacious argument, however), that whatever is more *αἰσχρόν* must be more *κακόν*. Now this distinction of Polus is exactly that which the Greeks drew. Their opinion, that a wicked man would be happy if he could succeed in his wickedness, did not make them less abhor the bad man. He was to be restrained, punished, and, if need be, extirpated, not because his guilt was an evil to himself, but because it was an evil to others. He was looked upon as one who sought, and, if successful, obtained, good to himself by the damage and suffering of other people, and who was therefore not to be tolerated by them unless on compulsion. This is a different doctrine from the common one of modern moralists, but not an immoral doctrine; and even if it were, the Sophists and rhetoricians did not invent it, but found it universal. The speeches of Glaukon and Adeimantus, in the Second Book of the Republic, set forth this view of the case. Both these speakers strenuously disapprove the unjust life, and are anxious to be convinced that it is a calamity to the evil-doer. But, according to them, all mankind, even those who most inculcate justice, inculcate it as self-sacrifice, describing the life of the just man as hard and difficult, that of the unjust as pleasant and easy. The very best of them represent justice as personally desirable only on account of the good reputation and social consideration which attend it, implying that one who could acquire the reputation and rewards of justice without the reality would be supremely fortunate, possessing the prize without the sacrifices, while he who had the reality, but missed the rewards, would be utterly miserable. Any man would be unjust if he possessed the ring of Gyges, which rendered the wearer invisible at pleasure. With this memorable testimony as to what was the general belief, it is mere ignorance to throw the responsibility on the Sophists and rhetoricians. We may add that even Polus is so far from being put in an odious light, that his petulance abates under the Sokratic cross-examination; he is not uncandid, does not obstinately resist conviction, and ends by confessing himself refuted. The speaker in this dialogue who really professes immoral doctrines, who denies that injustice is *αἰσχρόν*, and asserts that right and wrong are matters of convention, is Kallikles; neither a Sophist nor a rhetorician, but an active and ambitious political man, who, though he frequents the rhetoricians, proclaims his contempt of the Sophists, and represents a type of character doubtless frequent among Grecian politicians, though we may doubt their having ever publicly professed the principles they acted on.

The other rhetorical teacher shown up by

* Plato, Protagoras, 333 C, D, and 359 E.

Plato is Thrasymachus in the Republic, who is presented as rude, overbearing, even insolent in his manner of discussing, and who undoubtedly is made to profess, with a not very material difference, essentially the same immoral doctrine as Kallikles. He is accordingly confuted and put to shame; but even Thrasymachus ends better than he began, and though he takes no share in the long sequel of the dialogue, joins with others in pressing Sokrates to go on, and parts with him on friendly terms. This single exhibition of Thrasymachus, made, not by himself, but by Plato when he wants a spokesman for an immoral doctrine, is the solitary case that can be cited from Plato in support of the opinion which imputes immoral teaching to the Sophists; and Thrasymachus was not a Sophist but a rhetorician.*

Nevertheless, it neither needs nor can be denied, not only that Plato had an unfavourable opinion of the Sophists generally, but that his writings contain much evidence of their being looked upon, in Athenian society, with a widespread sentiment of aversion. Their unpopularity may be accounted for, without supposing it to have been, in a moral point of view, deserved. In the first place, the disapprobation was far from being unanimous. Though the name Sophist was already a term of reproach, it was also one of praise: Plato himself † speaks of 'the genuine Sophistic art' (*ἡ γένει γενναία σοφιστική*) as a thing which he cannot completely distinguish from something laudable, and asks, 'Have we not, in seeking for the Sophist, unexpectedly found the Philosopher?' ‡ In another place, when speaking of the skilful adaptations of Creative Power, he says that the gods are admirable Sophists. The term, when applied to any one, was an insult or a compliment according to the person who used it; like metaphysician, or political economist, or Malthusian, in our own day. And this double tradition was prolonged into the latest period of Grecian culture. It lasted even after the word philosopher had come into use as the designation which all kinds of speculative men took to themselves; when this name might have been expected to engross all the favourable associations, leaving only the unfavourable to the word sophist. In one of the dialogues of Lucian, who was cotemporary with Marcus Aurelius, the sophist is identified with the philosopher, and described as the chosen and professional inculcator and guardian of virtue.* Those who are chiefly brought forward by Plato as thinking ill of the Sophists, are either practical politicians, whose contempt for theorists is no rare or abnormal phenomenon in any age, or elderly and respectable fathers of families, who had passed through life with credit and success without the acquirements which they now found the younger generation running after. The character in Plato who exhibits the strongest example of mingled hatred and contempt for the Sophists, is Anytus, in the Menon. This man, a politician of influence and repute, no sooner hears them mentioned than he bursts into a torrent of abuse, calling them people whom it is madness to have anything to do with, and whose presence no city ought to tolerate; though he admits, when questioned, that he has never conversed with any of them, nor has any personal knowledge of what they taught, but does not the less indignantly denounce them as 'corruptors of youth,' the charge on which afterwards, in conjunction with Melêtus, he indicted Sokrates, with the result we all know. It is worth mentioning, that Xenophon † relates, on the authority of Sokrates himself, the origin of the offence which Anytus had taken against him: it was because he criticised the education which Anytus was giving to his son, saying that a man who sought for himself the greatest honours of the state ought to have brought up this promising youth to a higher occupation than his own business of a tanner. This is probably a fair example of the feeling which indisposed respectable elderly Athenians towards 'Sokrates the Sophist,' and towards the other Sophists. When the charge of corrupting youth comes

* In the Leges, certain persons are mentioned, in a style of invective, as maintaining the doctrines put into the mouths of Kallikles and Thrasymachus; but they are nowhere called Sophists, and seem to be identified with the physical inquirers who denied the sun, moon, and planets to be gods, and alleged them to be *γῆν καὶ λίθους* (Legg. 886, D). As the person most notorious for asserting this was Anaxagoras, who has obtained from subsequent ages about the highest moral and religious reputation of all these early inquirers, we regard this denunciation by Plato as merely a specimen of that *odium theologicum*, which was a stranger to his better days, but comes out forcibly in the Leges, his latest production.

† Plato, Sophistes, 231 B. ‡ Ibid. 253 C.

* The supposed speaker is Solon, and he is celebrating to Anacharsis, in a strain like that of Pericles in his funeral oration, the excellence of the Athenian customs: *Ῥυθμίζομεν οὖν τὰς γνώμας αὐτῶν* (of the youth), *νόμους τε τοὺς κοινοὺς ἐκδιδάσκοντες, οἳ δημόσια πᾶσι πρόκεινται ἀναγινώσκειν μεγάλοις γράμμασιν ἅμα ἀναγεγραμμένοι, κελεύοντες ἅτε χρὴ ποιεῖν, καὶ ὧν ἀπεχέσθαι, καὶ ἀγαθῶν ἀνδρῶν συνούσιας, παρ' ὧν λέγειν τὰ δέοντα ἐκμανθάνουσι, καὶ πράττειν τὰ δίκαια, καὶ ἐκ τοῦ ἴσου ἀλλήλοις συμπολιτεύεσθαι, καὶ μὴ ἐφίεσθαι τῶν αἰσχρῶν, καὶ ὀρέγεσθαι τῶν καλῶν, βίαιον δὲ μηδὲν ποιεῖν. οἱ δὲ ἄνδρες οὗτοι, σοφισταὶ, καὶ φιλόσοφοι πρὸς ἡμῶν ὀνομάζονται.* (*Luc. de Gymnasiis.*)

† Xen. Apol. Socr.

to be particularised, it always resolves itself into making them think themselves wiser than the laws, and fail in proper respect to their fathers and their seniors. And this is a true charge: only it ought to fall, not on the Sophists, but on intellectual culture generally. What encourages young men to think for themselves, does lead them to criticise the laws of their country—does shake their faith in the infallibility of their fathers and their elders, and make them think their own speculations preferable. It is beyond doubt that the teaching of Sokrates, and of Plato after him, produced these effects in an extraordinary degree. Accordingly, we learn from Xenophon that the youths of rich families who frequented Sokrates, did so, for the most part, against the severe disapprobation of their relatives. In every age and state of society, fathers and the elder citizens have been suspicious and jealous of all freedom of thought and all intellectual cultivation (not strictly professional) in their sons and juniors, unless they can get it controlled and regulated by some civil or ecclesiastical authority in which they have confidence. But it had not occurred to Athenian legislators to have an established Sophistical Church, or State Universities. The teaching of the Sophists was all on the voluntary principle; and the dislike of it was of the same nature with the outcry against 'godless colleges,' or the objection of most of our higher and middle classes to any schools but denominational ones. They disapproved of any teaching, unless they should be certain that all their own opinions would be taught. It mattered not that the instructors taught no heresy; the mere fact that they accustomed the mind to ask questions, and require other reasons than use and wont, sufficed at Athens, as it does in most other places, to make the teaching dangerous in the eyes of self-satisfied respectability. Accordingly, respectability, as Plato himself tells us, looked with at least as evil an eye on Philosophers as on Sophists. Sokrates, in the Apologia, speaks of the reproach of atheism, of making the worse appear the better cause, and so forth, as the charges always at hand to be flung at those who philosophise; *τὰ κατὰ πάντων τῶν φιλοσοφούντων πρόχειρα ταῦτα.* Xenophon also* calls the teaching of an art of words 'the common reproach of the multitude against philosophers.' There is nothing in all Plato more impressive than his picture, in the Gorgias and the Republic, of the solitary and despised position of the philosopher in every existing society, and the universal impression against him, as at best an useless person, but more frequently an eminently wicked one (*παμπονήρους, κακοὺς πᾶσαν κακίαν*). He takes pains to point out the causes which gave to this unfavourable opinion of philosophers a colour of truth, and admits that is was not unfrequently justified by the conduct of those who were so called; which is more than he ever says of the Sophists.

Plato's own dislike of the Sophists was probably quite as intense as that to which he testifies on the part of the Athenian public: but was it of the same nature? Did he regard them as corruptors of youth? Not if Sokrates of the Republic expresses Plato's opinions. In one of the most weighty passages of that majestic dialogue, Sokrates is made to say—People fancy that it is Sophists and such people that are corruptors of youth; but this is a mistake. The real corruptor of the young is society itself; their families, their associates, all whom they see and converse with, the applauses and hootings of the public assembly, the sentences of the court of justice. These are what pervert young men, by holding up to them a false standard of good and evil, and giving an entirely wrong direction to their desires. As for the Sophists, they merely repeat the people's own opinions. 'Do you imagine' (he asks)*, 'like the many, that young men are corrupted by Sophists—that there are private Sophists who corrupt them in any degree worth talking about (*ὅτι καὶ ἄξιον λόγου*)? Are not the very men who assert this, themselves the greatest Sophists, educating and training in the most thorough manner both young and old, men and women, to be such as they wish them to be? Those fee-taking individuals whom they call Sophists, and regard as their rivals, teach nothing but these very opinions of the multitude, and call them wisdom.' And it is these false opinions of the multitude, as he proceeds to show, which corrupt so many minds originally well fitted for philosophy, and divert them to the paths of vulgar ambition. If there is a class from whom he deems the multitude to have imbibed these false opinions, and whom he consequently makes accountable for them, it is the poets, who, in the religion of Hellas, were also the theologians.

Why, then, is Plato so merciless in running down the Sophists? The reasons are plain enough in many parts of his writings: let us look for them where we may be sure of finding them, in the dialogue devoted to defining what a Sophist is. The Sophistes

* Xen. Memor. i. 2, 31.

* Plato, Rep. Book V. p. 492 A and 493 A.

is an elaborate investigation into the Sophist's nature and essence, and, besides its direct purpose, is intended as an example of the most thorough mode of conducting such investigations. From a succession of different points of view, Plato arrives at several definitions of the Sophist, some of which want so little of being complimentary, that he confesses a difficulty in distinguishing the Sophist from the Dialectician. Others are condemnatory, but the grounds of condemnation which emerge are limited to two; the same which compose the definition by his pupil Aristotle, and of a Sophist in the unfavourable sense: *χρηματιστὴς ἀπὸ φαινομένης σοφίας ἀλλ' οὐκ οὔσης.* The first and principal topic of disparagement (which recurs in almost every dialogue where they are mentioned) is that they took money for their teaching. And everything proves that whatever antipathy he had to the Sophists specially, as distinguished from other influential classes in Greece, was grounded on that circumstance alone. This will perhaps be hardly credible to many readers. In modern times, when everybody takes pay for everything (legislators and county magistrates alone excepted), and it is thought quite natural and creditable that men should be paid in money even for saving souls, it is difficult to realise the point of view from which Plato and Sokrates looked on this subject. Sokrates, we are told by Xenophon, compared those who sell their wisdom to those who sell their caresses,* and maintained that both alike ought only to be given in exchange for love. Nor is this inconsistent with the fact that Plato certainly, and Sokrates probably, though they took no fees, accepted presents from their admirers: for to minister to the needs of a friend was a duty of friendship; and the Platonic Sokrates† expresses his whole sentiment on the question by saying, that the teachers of any special art may consistently and reasonably demand payment for their instructions, because they profess to make people good artists or artificers, not good men; but that it is the height of inconsistency in a professed teacher of virtue to grumble because those whom he has pretended to instruct do not pay him sufficiently, since his complaint of their injustice is the clearest proof that the instruction has been of no use.* Nor is it difficult to find arguments, tenable even from the modern point of view, which might be, and have been, brought to prove the mischief of erecting the commerce of ideas into a money-getting trade. In the brilliant dialogue entitled Gorgias, in which the hardest things are said that are to be found in all Plato both against the sophistic and the rhetorical profession, he classes them as two branches of one comprehensive, not art but knack, that of adulation (*κολακεία*). They attain their purposes, he affirms, not by making people wiser or better, but by conforming to their opinions, pandering to their existing desires, and making them better pleased with themselves and with their errors and vices than they were before. And is not this the really formidable temptation of all popular teaching and all literature? necessarily aggravated when these are practised for their pecuniary fruits. We may picture to ourselves Plato, judging from this point of view the teachers of the present day. Every established clergy, he might say, are directly bribed to profess an existing set of opinions, whether they believe them or not, and however remote they may be from truth. The ministers of every non-established sect are no less bound by their pecuniary interest to preach, not what is true, but what their flocks already believe. Of lawyers it is unnecessary to speak, who must either give up their profession, or accept a brief without scruple from what they know to be the wrong side. Schoolmasters, and the teachers and governors of universities, must, on every subject on which opinions differ, provide the teaching which will be acceptable to those who can give them pupils, not that which is really the best. Statesmen, he might say, have renounced even the pretence that anything ought to be required from them but to give to the public, not what is best for it, but what it wishes to have. The press, especially the most influential part of it, the newspapers and periodicals—by what incessant evidence does it prove that it considers as its business to be of the same mind with the public—to court, assent to, adulate, Public Opinion, and instead of disagreeable truths, ply it with the things it likes to hear? There is so much groundwork of reality for a representation like this, that some in our own day draw the same practical inference with Plato, and think there should be no

* Καὶ *τὴν σοφίαν ὡσαύτως τοὺς μὲν ἀργυρίου τῷ βουλομένῳ πωλοῦντας σοφιστὰς ὥσπερ πόρνους ἀποκαλοῦσιν.* (*Xen. Memor.* i. 6, 13.)

† Plato, Gorgias, p. 519 C.

* It is worth noting that the most renowned of the Sophists, Protagoras, according to Plato's representation of him, had anticipated this censure, and taken care that it should not be applicable to himself. For he is made to say that if any one to whom he had given instruction disputed its price, he made him go to a temple and declare on oath what he himself considered the instruction to be worth, and make payment on that valuation. Plato, Protagoras, p. 328 B.

law of copyright, that writers may no longer be tempted to prepare opinions for the market, and no one may write aught but what he feels impelled to put forth from pure zeal for his convictions. We think this opinion wrong, not because nothing can be said for it, but because there is much more to be said on the opposite side. It is, however, a substantially correct expression of Plato's sentiments, and shows that his bitterness against the Sophists for being paid teachers was far from being the mere sentimentality which we might be apt to think it.

The other ground of disapproval of the Sophists which comes out in the Sophistes, and wherever else Plato discusses them, is, that the doctrines in which they dealt were apparent, not real wisdom; Opinion only, and not Knowledge. Whoever is aware of what Plato meant by knowledge, and of the attitude which he and his master assumed towards what passed for such among their cotemporaries, will admit that what is here said of the Sophists was true; but not truer of them than of all other persons in that age. If there is one thing more than another which Plato represents Sokrates as maintaining, it is that knowledge, on the subjects most important to man, did not exist, though everybody was living under the false persuasion of possessing it. He, Sokrates, did not pretend to know anything, except his own ignorance; but inasmuch as other people did not know even that, Sokrates, who did, deserved the palm of wisdom assigned to him by the Delphian Oracle. In the Apologia, which is either the real speech of Sokrates, or Plato's idealisation of his life and character, he represents himself as driven by a religious obligation to cross-examine all men, and discover if any of them had attained that real knowledge which he himself was conscious of not possessing. For this purpose, as he says, he sought the conversation of those who seemed, or were considered, wise; beginning with the politicians, all of whom he found to be in a state of gross ignorance, and in general more profoundly so in proportion to their reputation, but puffed up in the extreme by a false opinion of their own knowledge. He next tested the poets, but found that though they composed splendid things, doubtless by a divine *afflatus*, they were unable to give any rational account of the works which, or of the subjects on which, they composed. Last, he tried the artificers, and these, he found, did possess real knowledge, each concerning his special art; but fell into the error of imagining that they knew other things besides, which false opinion put them on the whole in a worse condition than his own conscious ignorance. It is noticeable that he does not here mention the Sophists among those whom he had cross-examined, and convicted of not knowing what they pretended to know. It is evident, however, that one who had this opinion concerning all the world, would come first and most into collision with the teachers. Those who not only fancied that they knew what they knew not, but professed to teach it, would be the very first persons whom it would fall in his way to convict of ignorance; and this is the exact position of Plato with regard to the Sophists. He attacks them not as the perverters of society, but as marked representatives of society itself, and compelled, by the law of their existence as its paid instructors, to sum up in themselves all that is bad in its tendencies.

The enemy against whom Plato really fought, and the warfare against whom was the incessant occupation of the greater part of his life and writings, was not Sophistry, either in the ancient or the modern sense of the term, but Commonplace. It was the acceptance of traditional opinions and current sentiments as an ultimate fact; and bandying of the abstract terms which express approbation and disapprobation, desire and aversion, admiration and disgust, as if they had a meaning thoroughly understood and universally assented to. The men of his day (like those of ours) thought that they knew what Good and Evil, Just and Unjust, Honourable and Shameful, were, because they could use the words glibly, and affirm them of this and of that, in agreement with existing custom. But what the property was, which these several instances possessed in common, justifying the application of the term, nobody had considered; neither the Sophists, nor the rhetoricians, nor the statesmen, nor any of those who set themselves up or were set up by others as wise. Yet whoever could not answer this question was wandering in darkness; had no standard by which his judgments were regulated, and which kept them consistent with one another; no rule which he knew and could stand by for the guidance of his life. Not knowing what Justice and Virtue are, it was impossible to be just and virtuous; not knowing what Good is, we not only fail to reach it, but are certain to embrace Evil instead. Such a condition, to any one capable of thought, made life not worth having. The grand business of human intellect ought to consist in subjecting these general terms to the most rigorous scrutiny, and bringing to light the ideas that lie at the bottom of them. Even if this cannot be done, and

real knowledge be attained, it is already no small benefit to expel the false opinion of knowledge; to make men conscious of their ignorance of the things most needful to be known, fill them with shame and uneasiness at their own state, and rouse a pungent internal stimulus, summoning up all their mental energies to attack these greatest of all problems, and never rest until, as far as possible, the true solutions are reached. This is Plato's notion of the condition of the human mind in his time, and of what philosophy could do to help it; and any one who does not think the description applicable, with slight modifications, to the majority even of educated minds in our own and in all times known to us, certainly has not brought either the teachers or the practical men of any time to the Platonic test.*

The sole means by which, in Plato's opinion, the minds of men could be delivered from this intolerable state, and put in the way of obtaining the real knowledge which has power to make them wise and virtuous, is what he terms Dialectics; and the philosopher, as conceived by him, is almost synonymous with the Dialectician. What Plato understood by this name consisted of two parts. One is, the testing every opinion by a negative scrutiny, eliciting every objection or difficulty that could be raised against it, and demanding, before it was adopted, that they should be successfully met. This could only be done effectually by way of oral discussion; pressing the respondent by questions, to which he was generally unable to make replies that were not in contradiction either to admittted fact, or to his own original hypothesis. This cross-examination is the Sokratic Elenchus; which, wielded by a master such as Sokrates was, and as we can ourselves appreciate in Plato, no mere appearance of knowledge without the reality was able to resist. Its pressure was certain, in an honest mind, to dissipate the false opinion of knowledge, and make the confuted respondent sensible of his own ignorance, while it at once helped and stimulated him to the mental effort by which alone that ignorance could be exchanged for knowledge. Dialectics, thus understood, is one branch of an art which is a main portion of the Art of Living — that of not believing except on sufficient evidence; its function being that of compelling a man to put his belief into precise terms, and take a defensible position against all the objections that can be made to it. The other, or positive arm of Plato's dialectics, of which he and Sokrates may be regarded as the originators, is the direct search for the common feature of things that are classed together, or, in other words, for the meaning of the class-name. It comprehends the logical processes of Definition and Division or Classification; the theory and systematic employment of which were a new thing in Plato's day: indeed Aristotle says that the former of the operations was first introduced by Sokrates. They are indissolubly connected, Division being, as Plato inculcates, the only road to Definition. To find what a thing is, it is necessary to set out from Being in general, or from some large and known Kind which includes the thing sought—to dismember the kind into its component parts, and these into others, each division being, if possible, only into two members (an anticipation of Ramus and Bentham), marking at each stage the distinctive feature which differentiates one member from the other. By the time we have divided down to the thing of which we are in quest, we have remarked its points of agreement with all the things to which it is allied, and the points that constitute its differences from them; and are thus enabled to produce a definition of it, which is a compendium of its whole nature. This mode of arriving at a definition is elaborately exemplified, first on an insignificant subject, then on a great and difficult one, in the Sophistes and Politikos; two of the most important of the Platonic dialogues, because in both of them the conception of this part of the process of philosophising is purely Baconian, unincumbered by the ontological theory which Plato in other writings superinduces on his pure logic.* Without this theory, however, a very insufficient conception would be formed of the Platonic philosophy. The bond of union among the particulars comprised in a class, as understood by Plato, is not a mental Concept framed by abstraction,

* 'Such terms as Nature, Law, Freedom, Necessity, Body, Substance, Matter, Church, State, Revelation, Inspiration, Knowledge, Belief, are tossed about in the wars of words as if everybody knew what they meant, and as if everybody used them exactly in the same sense; whereas most people, and particularly those who represent public opinion, pick up these complicated terms as children, beginning with the vaguest conceptions, adding to them from time to time, perhaps correcting likewise at haphazard some of their involuntary errors, but never taking stock, never either inquiring into the history of the terms which they handle so freely, or realising the fullness of their meaning according to the strict rules of logical definition.' (*Max Müller's Lectures on the Science of Language*, Second Series, pp. 526, 527.)

* The transition in Plato's mind from the simple to the transcendental doctrine is represented in a tolerably intelligible manner in his Seventh Epistle, of which an abstract is given by Mr. Grote (vol. i. p. 223, *et seq.*)

and having no existence outside the mind, but a Form or Idea, existing by itself, belonging to another world than ours—with which Form or Idea, concrete objects have a communion or participation of nature, and in the likeness of which (though a very imperfect likeness) they have been made. When this mode of conceiving the process of generalisation had been received into Plato's mind, he was led to think that the Ideas were the real existences, which were alone permanent, alone the object of knowledge. Individual objects, if they could be said to be knowable at all, were only knowable through the Ideas, which, therefore, it was the characteristic function of the philosopher to cognize; thus exalting the philosopher to a region above nature and the earth, and making him of kin to the gods, who, being the possessors of supreme wisdom, must live in the perpetual contemplation of these glorious and superterrene existences. We have here reached the mystical and poetical side of Plato's philosophy; and the dialectic process being the only road by which an earthly nature can approach these divine essences (for he by no means regards their apprehension as intuitive), we begin to understand how that process acquires the poetical and religious halo which surrounds it in his mind; how the dialectician becomes a kind of divine person—the nearest approach possible for man to the celestial nature.

The real merits, however, of the Platonic dialectics are not dependent on this religious and metaphysical superstructure; and before we follow Plato farther on that slippery ground, we must dwell a little on the debt mankind owe to him for this, incomparably his greatest gift.

The larger half of the Platonic compositions is directly devoted to the exemplification and application of the dialectic art; the investigation, in conversation between two persons, of the definition of some term in general use, connected with emotional sentiments and practical impulses and restraints. Sometimes the inquiry takes the shape of confutation of an opinion maintained by some admired teacher or self-confident dogmatist; sometimes the interlocutor is a friend or companion, usually an ingenuous youth, who is encouraged to attempt a definition, and as the definitions he hazards are successively shown to be insufficient, looks out for another, free from the particular fault which has been pointed out. An idea of the variety of topics embraced by these inquiries may be conveyed to those unacquainted with Plato, by the following catalogue:—

*Euthyphron.*—What is Holiness?
*Laches.*—What is Courage?
*Charmides.*—What is Temperance (or self-restraint, or moderation, or orderliness, or sobriety)?
*Lysis.*—What is Friendship (or affection, or liking, or attachment, or attraction, or preference)? Or rather, what is the natural object of this sentiment?
*Hippias Major.*—What is the Beautiful (or the Honourable, or the Fine, or the Admirable)?
*Erastæ.*—What is Philosophy?
*Hipparchus.*—What is τό φιλοκερδές (meanness, sordidness, graspingness, greed of gain)?
*Minos.*—What is Law?
*Menon.*—What is Virtue?
*Theætetus.*—What is Knowledge?
*Sophistes.*—What is a Sophist?
*Politikos.*—What is a Statesman?

All these dialogues have for their sole object the investigation of Definitions, either in the way of confutation or of simple search. If we add those of which an important part is directed to this purpose, though the dialogue has other objects besides, we include the four greatest masterpieces of Plato's genius:—

*Protagoras.*—A manifold and magnificent display of the Sokratic and Platonic mind, a great part of which consists of an inquiry into the definitions of the cardinal virtues, and especially of Courage.

*Phædrus.*—Equally multifarious; part of which is a discussion respecting the nature and definition of Rhetoric.

*Gorgias.*—What is Rhetoric? With this inquiry the dialogue sets out, but leads through it into an ethical controversy on the superiority of the just over the unjust life.

*Republic.*—The inquiry, What is Justice? is the starting point of this great work, which widens out into a complete treatise on the Platonic ethics, and on the constitution of a perfect commonwealth.

A series of investigations worthy to be attributed to the philosopher who, as we hear from Xenophon, * 'never ceased considering, along with his companions, what each existing thing is,' being of opinion 'that those who know what each thing is, are able to exhibit it to other people; but when men know it not, it is no wonder that they themselves go astray and mislead others.'

In casting our eyes over this list, we are forcibly reminded what a curious thing Mixed Modes are; if we may venture to borrow from the Lockian psychology a phrase which has fallen into undeserved disuse, signifying those complex ideas which the

* Memor. iv. 61.

mind makes up for itself, not by directly copying an original in nature, but by combination of elements more or less arbitrarily selected from experience. Of this kind are the various concepts connected with praise and blame, which, being mostly compounded of elements having little to hold them together except a common emotion, are differently composed in different ages and countries, and the words which represent them in one language have no synonyms in another. We found it impossible to express the subjects of several of Plato's dialogues in English, except by heaping together a number of names, no one of which is an exact equivalent of the Greek word, and which even in combination are only an approximate expression of the same collection of attributes. The subject of the Lysis is *φιλία*, translated Friendship; and the inquiry into the nature of *φιλία* has to give an account of friendship, but it has also to give an account of a man's *φιλία* for horses, and dogs, and wine, of the *φιλία* of a sick body for health and medicine, that of a philosopher for wisdom, even the imaginary attraction of Dry for Moist, Cold for Hot, Bitter for Sweet, Empty for Full, and contraries in general for one another. *Σωφροσύνη*, the subject of the Charmides, is one of the most difficult words to translate in the whole Greek language. The common rendering, Temperance, corresponds to a part of the meaning, but is ridiculously inadequate to the whole. Continence, Modesty, Moderation, are all short of the mark; Self-Restraint and Self-Control are better, but imply the coercion of the character by the will, while what is required is rather a character not needing coercion. There is also in the Greek word an implied idea of order, of measure, and, as may be seen from this very dialogue, of deliberateness, which are wanting in the nearest English equivalents. Unobtrusiveness, too, is an essential part of the concept; and there is a connotation besides of Judgment or Intelligence, (let us say Reasonableness), otherwise Plato could not, as he does in the Protagoras, found an apparent argument on the antithesis between *σωφροσύνη* and *ἀφροσύνη*. Sobriety, a word used several times in this connexion by Mr. Grote, perhaps comes nearest to the Greek word in its variety of applications; but even this hardly admits of being substituted for it in discourse, without a perpetual running comment. A still more illustrative case, interesting as an example of the relation between national language and national character, is the Greek employment of the words which we translate by Beautiful and Ugly: *καλόν* and *αἰσχρόν*. These terms, derived from purely physical characteristics, and never ceasing to carry that meaning, became the symbols, both in speculation and in daily life, of the æsthetic or artistic view of human actions and qualities, as distinguished from the useful and the simply dutiful; an aspect prominent, and even predominant, in the susceptible Grecian mind, but which to our exclusively practical turn of thought, confirmed by monachism and puritanism, is scarcely intelligible, and our translators bungle with their 'honourable' and 'shameful' in a vain attempt to express the complicated sentiment of the Greeks on matters of conduct and character, or to understand what their writers meant. The French, whose ethical sentiment retains more of the æsthetic element, sometimes indeed out of due proportion to the prudential and the dutiful, realise better the Hellenic feeling, and can often, even in moral discussion, translate *τὸ καλόν* by 'le beau;' though there is no similar correlation of 'le laid' with *αἰσχρόν*.*

In spite, however, of these divergences between Plato's world and our own in the composition of the complex ideas to which emotions are attached, whoever has a due value for the Method will often learn as much from these cases, as from the more frequent ones in which the subject of inquiry is a Mixed Mode identical or very similar to one familiar to ourselves; as Virtue, Justice, Courage, Knowledge, Law.

In many of these investigations, the person questioned does not at first exactly know what is expected from him, and instead of a genuine definition, replies by specimens of particular things commonly included under the name; the pretentious and practised teacher Hippias, as represented in the dialogue, being as unfamiliar with the sort of investigation intended, and more inexpert and clumsy when he attempts it, than the respectable and competent man of action Laches, the opulent Thessalian patrician Menon, or the youth Theætetus. Sokrates labours, by a profusion of illustrative examples (showing how little familiar the notion then was), to make them understand that what is wanted is not any particular cases of the beautiful, or of virtue, or of know-

* We do not pretend that *καλόν*, any more than its French equivalent, was always used in a distinctly æsthetic meaning. As commonly happens, the fine edge of its signification was blunted by use, and it was often little more than an ornamental expression for *ἀγαθόν*, as when we speak in English of 'a fine thing;' so that Sokrates, in a conversation recorded by Xenophon (Memor. iii. 8) and referred to by Mr. Grote (vol. iii. p. 540), could maintain that everything is *καλόν* which is well adapted to its purpose, and that a well-made manure-basket is as truly *καλόν* as Virtue.

ledge, but what Beauty, or Virtue, or Knowledge, in themselves are. The respondent is then encouraged, or, if in an antagonistic position, compelled, to point out some feature or circumstance which is always present along with the notion or predicate into the meaning of which they are inquiring. The part of Sokrates is, to show either that this feature or circumstance is not present in all the cases, or, more frequently, that it is present in many more than the cases to which the word is applicable; thus obliging the respondent either to withdraw his definition and try another, or to limit the first by some circumstance intended to exclude the particulars which had been unguardedly left within the boundary. Many definitions are tried and shown to be untenable, and the dialogue often concludes without any result but the confession of ignorance. Even when one of the definitions examined seems to be accepted in one dialogue, it is often contested, and apparently refuted, in another; so that the result, on the whole, is rather one of method than of doctrine; though striking fragments of truth come to the surface, in the general turning up of the subject which the process involves. The confutations, too, though of marvellous ingenuity, are frequently, to us, obvious fallacies. Yet the process is the true and only mode of acquiring abstract notions which are both clear, and correspond to points of identity among real facts; and the manifold and masterly exemplification of it in the Platonic dialogues is a discipline in precise thinking, to which there is even now nothing *simile aut secundum* in philosophy. To suppose that dialectic training only trains dialecticians, is great ignorance of its power and virtue. Such training is an indispensable education for dogmatic thinkers: and it is quite in the course of nature that Plato should have been the master of Aristotle. But the many first-rate minds which have owed much of their clearness and vigour to the Platonic dialectic, have shown what it had done for them by the fruits it brought forth in themselves, rather than by creating any fresh models of it. The dialogues, therefore, are the still unrivalled types of the dialectic process; made captivating by all the grace and felicity of execution which gave to the author the title of the Attic Bee; and afford an example, once in all literature, of the union between an eminent genius for philosophy and the most consummate skill and feeling of the artist.

Much, however, as the modern world owes to the Platonic dialectics, it is seldom duly sensible of the obligation. The testing and cross-examining process is never popular.

'In the natural process of growth in the human mind, belief does not follow proof, but springs up apart from and independent of it; an immature intelligence believes first, and proves (if indeed it ever seeks proof) afterwards. This mental tendency is further confirmed by the pressure and authority of King Nomos; who is peremptory in exacting belief, but neither furnishes nor requires proof. The community, themselves deeply persuaded, will not hear with calmness the voice of a solitary reasoner, adverse to opinions thus established; nor do they like to be required to explain, analyse, or reconcile those opinions. They disapprove especially that dialectic debate which gives free play and efficacious prominence to the negative arm.' *

'Nothing can be more repugnant to an ordinary mind than 'the thorough sifting of deep-seated, long familiarized notions.' Scarcely any modern would endure to submit himself to the Sokratic interrogation, which, to Plato's apprehension, was so emphatically the only sufficient Elenchus or test, that he entertained a very poor opinion of the value either of long speeches, or of written discourse, where the discourser was not at hand to be questioned and to question—διδόναι καὶ δέχεσθαι λόγον. Even such approach to the Sokratic method as written composition admits of, the confutation of adversaries behind their backs, is seldom regarded with much favour; even those who agree with the writer caring little for it, beyond what pleasure they may take in seeing their opponents humiliated. For themselves, they are content to be convinced by their own reasons, without troubling themselves about counter-arguments which they are sure must be fallacious. Yet truth, in everything but mathematics, is not a single but a double question; not what can be said for an opinion, but whether more can be said for it than against it. There is no knowledge, and no assurance of right belief, but with him who can both confute the opposite opinion, and successfully defend his own against confutation. But this, the principal lesson of Plato's writings, the world and many of its admired teachers have very imperfectly learned. We have to thank our free Parliament and the publicity of our courts of justice for whatever feeling we have of the value of debate. The Athenians, who were incessantly engaged in hearing both sides of every deliberative and judicial question, had a far stronger sense of it.

The other, or positive half of the Platonic dialectic, is equally far from being appreciat-

* Grote, vol. i. p. 258.
† Ibid. vol. ii. p. 12.

ed; that, namely, whereby the vague generalities which serve as the standard of censure or applause in common discourse, are put on the logical rack, and compelled to declare what definite signification lies in them. This two-fold obligation, to be able to maintain our opinions against the criticism of opponents and refute theirs, and never to use a term in serious discourse without a precise meaning, has always been odious to the classes who compose nearly the whole of mankind; dogmatists of all persuasions, and merely practical people. Hence it is that human intellect improves so slowly, and even in acquiring more and more of the results of wisdom, grows so little wiser. In things that depend on natural sagacity, which is about equally abundant at all times, we are not inferior to our forefathers; in knowledge of observed facts we are far beyond them; but we cast off particular errors without extirpating the causes of error; the Idols of the Tribe, and even of the Den, infest us almost as much as formerly; the discipline which purges the intellect itself, protects it from false generalisation, inconclusive inference, and simple nonsense, on subjects which it imperfectly knows, is still absent from all but a few minds. We have been disabused of many false and pernicious opinions by the evidence of fact, but not by correcting the mental habits which engendered them; and we are almost as ready as ever to receive new errors, when our senses and memory do not supply us with truths which those particular erroneous opinions would contradict.

It is singular that Plato himself did not fully profit by the principal lesson of his own teaching. This is one of the inconsistencies by which he is such a puzzle to posterity. No one can read many of the works of Plato, and doubt that he had positive opinions. But he does not bring his own opinions to the test which he applies to others. 'It depends on the actual argumentative purpose which Plato has in hand, whether he chooses to multiply objections and give them effect, or to ignore them altogether.' * 'The affirmative Sokrates only stands his ground because no negative Sokrates is allowed to attack him.' † Or, what is worse, Plato applies the test, and disregards its indications; states clearly and strongly the objections to the opinion he favours, and goes his way as if they did not exist. If there is a doctrine which is the guide of his deepest speculations, which he invests with all the plausibility that his wonderful power of illustration can give, and clothes in the most brilliant colours of his poetic imagination, it is the theory of Self-Existent Ideas—the essential groundwork of some of his grandest dialogues, especially the Phædrus, the Phædon, and an important portion of the Republic. Yet there is in his writings no specimen of logical confutation more remarkable than that by which Parmenides, in the dialogue so called, overthrows this very doctrine, put into the mouth of the youthful Sokrates. Some of the Platonic critics consequently decide the Parmenides not to be a work of Plato, but one directed against Plato, by a disciple of the Eleatic school; forgetting that Parmenides, in the dialogue, gives an equally peremptory refutation of his own principal doctrine, the Unity of Being, and moreover winds up his refutation of the theory of Ideas by saying that, liable as it is to these great difficulties, philosophy and dialectics would be impossible unless it were admitted.* One would expect that so important a theory would not be left in this predicament, suspended between opposite reasons deemed equally irresistible. We should have supposed that the great master of dialectics, since he accepted the doctrine, would have held himself bound to refute its seeming refutation. Yet he never does this, and, we venture to think, could not have done it. The objections are repeated, in a more abridged form, in the Philebus, and are equally left unanswered, Sokrates merely remarking, that the subject will probably always continue to be a theme for the ingenuity of young dialecticians.† The dogmatic Plato seems a different person from the elenctic Plato:—

'The ‡ two currents of his speculation, the affirmative and the negative, are distinct and independent of each other. Where the affirmative is especially present (as in Timæus) the negative altogether disappears. Timæus is made to proclaim the most sweeping theories, not one of which the real Sokrates would have suffered to pass without abundant cross-examination; but the Platonic Sokrates hears them with respectful silence, and commends afterwards. When Plato comes forward to affirm, his dogmas are altogether *à priori;* they enunciate preconceptions or hypotheses, which derive their hold upon his belief not from any aptitude for solving the objections which he has raised, but from deep and solemn sentiment of some kind or other—religious, ethical, æsthetical, poetical, &c., the worship of numerical symmetry or exactness, &c. The dogmas are enunciations of some grand sentiment of the divine, good, just, beautiful, symmetrical, &c.,

* Grote, vol. ii. p. 108.
† Ibid. vol. i. p. 323.

* Plato, Parmenides, p. 155 B.
† Plato, Philebus, p. 15 D.
‡ Grote, vol. i. p. 270.

which Plato follows out into corollaries. But this is a process of itself; and while he is performing it, the doubts previously raised are not called up to be solved, but are forgotten or kept out of sight.' 'Plato* was sceptic, dogmatist, religious mystic and inquisitor, mathematician, philosopher, poet (erotic as well as satirical), rhetor, artist, all in one, or, at least, all in succession, throughout the fifty years of his philosophical life. At one time his exuberant dialectical impulse claims satisfaction, manifesting itself in a string of ingenious doubts and unsolved contradictions; at another time he is full of theological antipathy against those who libel Helios and Selênê, or who deny the universal providence of the gods; here we have unqualified confessions of ignorance, and protestations against the false persuasion of knowledge, as alike wide-spread and deplorable; there we find a description of the process of building up the Kosmos from the beginning, as if the author had been privy to the inmost purposes of the Demiurgus. In one dialogue the erotic fever is in the ascendant, distributed between beautiful youths and philosophical concepts, and confounded with a religious inspiration and *furor* which supersedes and transcends human sobriety (Phædrus); in another, all vehement impulses of the soul are stigmatised and repudiated, no honourable scope being left for anything but the calm and passionless Nous (Philêbus, Phædon). Satire is exchanged for dithyramb and mythe, and one ethical point of view for another (Protagoras, Gorgias). The all-sufficient dramatising power of the master gives full effect to each of these multifarious tendencies. On the whole—to use a comparison of Plato himself—the Platonic sum total somewhat resembles those fanciful combinations of animals imagined in the Hellenic mythology—an aggregate of distinct and disparate individuals, which look like one because they are packed in the same external wrapper.'

The most important, though not the whole, of these varieties of tone and sentiment, seem to us to be explained by the philosopher's advance in years, and growth in positive convictions. The first alone will account for much. There needs little argument to prove that the warfare against the intenser pleasures, and condemnation of all mental perturbations, of the Philebus, the Leges, and even the Republic, belong to a later time of life than the amatory enthusiasm of the Phædrus and the Symposion. Again, the works which bear the strongest marks of having been written in Plato's later years, show a great modification in his estimation of the Elenctic process. He had apparently met the not unfrequent fate of great reformers, so strikingly exemplified in the career of Luther, who, precisely because he had succeeded beyond all reasonable expectation in his original purpose, had to expend his principal energies during the latter part of his life in driving back followers who had outrun their leader. In the dialogues of mere Search, which were probably written by Plato while the influence of Sokrates over his mind was still predominant, there is nothing he oftener repeats, in the person of his hero, than that the mere awakening of a sense of ignorance, the mere destruction of the false persuasion of knowledge which is universal among mankind, is in itself, though nothing further come of it, a highly valuable result of Dialectics. But as he advanced in life, and acquired a persuasion of knowledge of his own; when, to use a metaphor of Mr. Grote's, he ceased to be leader of opposition, and passed over to the ministerial benches, he came to think that the Sokratic cross-examination is a dangerous edgetool. Already in the Republic we find him dwelling on the mischiefs of a purely negative state of mind, and complaining that Dialectics are placed too early in the course of education, and are taken up by 'immature youths,'* who abuse the license of interrogation, find all their home-opinions uncertain, and end by losing all positive convictions.' In the Platonic commonwealth, this pursuit only commences at the age of thirty, in order that Plato's own dogmatic opinions may have a long start before being exposed to the dangers of the elenctic test. Dialectic, with its logical cross-examination, is still, however, the grand instrument of philosophising, and those trained in it are alone considered fit to rule. But as Plato advanced still further in years and in dogmatism, he seems to have lost his relish and value for Dialectic altogether. In his second imaginary commonwealth—that of the Leges—it is no longer mentioned; it forms no part of the education either of the rulers or of the ruled, but in lieu of it is substituted a rigid and immutable orthodoxy of Plato's own making, any disloyalty to which, or any dream of trying it by the Elenchus, is repressed with Torquemada-like severity. With regard to his omission to fortify his opinions in his own mind, against the difficulties raised by himself, our suspicion is, that he had come to despair of the efficacy of the dialectic process as a means of discriminating truth; that his inability to solve his own objections had brought him to the persuasion that objections insoluble by dialectics could be made against all truths; and, the ethical and political tendencies of his mind becoming predominant over the purely speculative, he came to think that the doctrines which

* Grote, vol. i. pp. 214, 215.

* Grote, vol. iii. p. 103.

had the best ethical tendency should be taught, with little or no regard to whether they could be proved true, and even at the risk of their being false.

There are thus, independently of minor discrepancies, two complete Plato's in Plato—the Sokratist and the Dogmatist—of whom the former is by far the more valuable to mankind, but the latter has obtained from them much the greater honour. And no wonder; for the one was capable of being a useful prop to many a man's moral and religious dogmas, while the other could only clear and invigorate the human understanding.

There is, indeed, ample justification for the homage which all cultivated ages have rendered to Plato simply as a moralist—as one of the most powerful masters of virtue who have appeared among mankind. Amid all his changes, there is one thing to which he is ever constant—the transcendent worth of virtue and wisdom (which he invariably identifies), and the infinitely superior eligibility of the just life, even if calumniated and persecuted, over the unjust, however honoured by men, and by whatever power and grandeur surrounded. And what he thus feels, no one ever had a power superior to his of making felt by his readers. It is this element which completes in him the character of a Great Teacher. Others can instruct, but Plato is of those who form great men, by the combination of moral enthusiasm and logical discipline. 'Aristotle,' says Mr. Grote,* 'in one of his lost dialogues, made honourable mention of a Corinthian cultivator, who in reading the Platonic Gorgias, was smitten with such vehement admiration, that he abandoned his fields and his vines, came to Athens forthwith, and committed himself to the tuition of Plato.' It was not, we may be assured, by its arguments, that the Gorgias produced this striking manifestation of psychagogic efficacy; for they are nearly all of them fallacies, and could not have resisted the first touch of the cross-examining Elenchus, so unsparingly applied to their impugners. This great dialogue, full of just thoughts, and fine observations on human nature, is, in mere argument, one of the weakest of Plato's works. It is not by its logic but by its ἦθος that it produces its effects; not by instructing the understanding, but by working on the feelings and imagination. Nor is this strange; for the disinterested love of virtue is an affair of feeling. It is impossible to prove to any one Plato's thesis, that justice is supreme happiness, unless he can be made to feel it as such. The external inducements which recommend it he may be taught to appreciate; the favourable regards and good offices of other people, and the rewards of another life. These considerations, however, though Plato has recourse to them in other places, are not available in the Gorgias. The posthumous recompense he only ventures to introduce in the form of a mythe; and the earthly one is opposed to the whole scheme of the dialogue, which represents the virtuous and wise man as in every existing society a solitary being, misjudged, persecuted, and having no more chance with the Many against their adulators, than (to use Plato's comparison) a physician would have, if indicted before a jury of children by a confectioner for giving them nauseous drugs instead of delicious sweetmeats. It is precisely this picture of the moral hero, still *tenax propositi* against the hostility and contempt of the world, which makes the splendour and the power of the Gorgias. The Sokrates of the dialogue makes us feel all other evils to be more tolerable than injustice in the soul, not by proving it, but by the sympathy he calls forth with his own intense feeling of it. He inspires heroism because he shows himself a hero. And his failures in logic do not prevent the step marked by the Gorgias from being one of the greatest ever made in moral culture—the cultivation of a disinterested preference of duty for its own sake, as a higher state than that of sacrificing selfish preferences to a more distant self-interest.

In the Republic, the excellence and inherent felicity of the just life are as impressively insisted on, and enforced by arguments of greater substance. But, as Mr. Grote justly remarks, those arguments, even if conclusive, are addressed to the wrong point; for the life they suppose is not that of the simply just man, but of the philosopher. They are not applicable to the typical just man—to such a person as Aristeides, who is no dialectician, soars to no speculative heights, and is no nearer than other people to a vision of the Self-Existent Ideas, but who, at every personal sacrifice, persistently acts up to the rules of virtue acknowledged by the worthiest of his countrymen. It is not obvious what place there was for Aristeides in the Platonic theory of virtue, nor how he was to be adjusted to the doctrine of Plato and of the historical Sokrates, that virtue is a branch of knowledge, and that no one is unjust willingly. Aristeides probably had the same notions of justice as his contemporaries, and could as little as any of them have answered Sokratic interrogatories by a definition of it, which would have been proof

* Grote, vol. ii. p. 90.

against all objections. The conformity of his will to it, the never being unjust willingly, was probably the chief moral difference between him and ordinary men. Plato might indeed have said that Aristeides had the most indispensable point of knowledge—he knew that the just man must be the happiest. But Aristeides was not the kind of man of whom Plato has, more or less successfully, proved this; and the true Platonic doctrine is that it is impossible to be just, without knowing (in the high Platonic meaning of knowledge) what justice is.*

When we try Plato, as a moralist, by this test of his own; when, from the inspired apostle of virtue, we pass to the philosophic teacher of it, and ask for his criterion of virtue, we find it different in different works. In the Protagoras, it is completely utilitarian, in all that is stigmatised by some people as 'low' and 'degrading;' though justly condemned by Mr. Grote, from the utilitarian point of view, because destitute of the unselfish element. According to the Sokrates of the Protagoras, there is nothing good as an end except pleasure and the absence of pain; all other good things are but means to these. Virtue is an affair of calculation, and the sole elements of the calculation are pains and pleasures. But the elements computed are the agent's own pains and pleasures, omitting those of other people and of mankind. The system is thus a selfish one; though only theoretically, since its propounder would have held fast to the doctrine that the just is the only happy life, *i. e.* (according to the theory of this dialogue) the one which affords to the agent himself the greatest excess of pleasure over pain. The standard of the Protagoras agrees with that of the historical Sokrates, who throughout the Memorabilia inculcates the ordinary duties of life on hedonistic grounds, and recommends them by the ordinary hedonistic inducements, the good opinion and praise of fellow-citizens, reciprocity of good treatment, and the favour of benevolent deities. Even in the Leges, Plato affirms that people will never be persuaded to prefer virtue unless convinced of its being the path of greatest pleasure, and that whether it is so or not (though he fully believes that it is), they must not only be taught to believe this, but no approach to a doubt of it must be tolerated within the country. The Sokrates of the Gorgias, however, dissents both from the Sokrates of the Protagoras and from the real Sokrates. Good is, with him, no longer synonymous with Pleasurable, nor Evil with Painful. To constitute anything a Good, it must be either pleasurable or beneficial (*ὠφέλιμον*), and Justice belongs to the category of Beneficial; but beneficial to what end, is not explained, except that the end certainly is not Pleasure. Justice is assimilated to the health of the soul, injustice to a disease: and since the health of the body is its greatest good, and disease its greatest evil, the same estimate is extended by analogy to the mind. There is no attempt, in the Gorgias, to define Justice. In the Republic, which has this definition for its express purpose, and travels through the whole process of constructing an ideal commonwealth to arrive at it, the result is brought out, that Justice is synonymous with the complete supremacy of Reason in the soul. The human mind is analysed into the celebrated three elements, Reason, Spirit or Passion (*τὸ θυμοειδές*, another troublesome Mixed Mode) and Appetite. The just mind is that in which

* The historical Sokrates of the Memorabilia (iv. 4), being challenged by the Sophist Hippias to give over merely tormenting others, and commit himself to a positive opinion about justice, replies by a definition which would have included Aristeides, but not the Platonic ruler or philosopher: Justice, he says, is *τὸ νόμιμον*—conformity to the laws of the country. This definition, which exactly suited the unideal and practical Xenophon, does not satisfy the Sophist, who is here again represented as contending for a higher law. He objects, that the laws cannot be the standard of virtue, since the communities which enact them often change their mind, and abrogate the laws they have made. To which Sokrates makes the ingenious and not un-Sokratic answer, that communities also make war, and again peace, yet we do not disparage a good tactician or soldier because peace may come. The only work of Plato in which the vein of sentiment corresponds with this, is the Kriton, in which Sokrates, after his condemnation, refuses to accept an offer made to contrive his escape. He here insists powerfully on the duties which a man owes to his country and its laws, even when these are unjustly applied against himself, and personifies the laws as reproaching him, if he flies from his doom, for ingratitude in accepting through life all the benefits they gave, and now refusing to submit to their obligations. Judged by Plato's standard in other places, the answer of the Xenophontic Sokrates to the question of Hippias is very un-Platonic, yet we suspect that Plato would have given the same answer to some persons and in some circumstances; that King Nomos was in his mind the sufficient and proper ruler for the generality of mankind; that laws, together with established customs (the *ἄγραφοι νόμοι* of the same Xenophontic conversation, those common to all mankind) were his real rule of justice for the citizen, though the legislator and the philosopher required a more scientific standard. Among many passages pointing to this conclusion, we may refer to two in Theætetus (172 A and 177 D), and Leges (i. 637–8), where the point of view of the private citizen, taking the laws of his own country for the test of virtue, is distinguished from that of the philosopher, as represented by the characters in the dialogue, who are investigating what constitutes the virtue of the legislators themselves.

each of the three keeps its proper place; in which Reason governs, Passion makes itself the aid and instrument of Reason, and the two combined keep Appetite in a state of willing subjection. In the Philebus, which is professedly De Bono (or rather De Summo Bono), the subject is more discriminatingly scrutinised. After a long discussion, in which those who uphold Pleasure, and those who contend for wisdom or intelligence (*φρόνησις*), as the ultimate end, are both confuted; Good, or that which is worthy of being desired, is found to consist of five things, desirable in unequal degrees. We shall not quote the whole list, as, from the vagueness of some of the conceptions, and the extremely abstract nature of the phraseology, even Mr. Grote confesses how hard it is to be understood. The first four, however, have exclusive reference to the rational elements of the mind, while the fifth, placed far below the others, consists of the few pleasures which are gentle and unmixed with pain; all others, and especially the intenser pleasures, having been eliminated, as belonging to a distempered mental condition. All these theories lay themselves open to Mr. Grote's criticism, by defining virtue with reference to the good only of the agent himself; even justice, preeminently the social virtue, being resolved into the supremacy of reason within our own minds: in disregard of the fact that the idea and sentiment of virtue have their foundation not exclusively in the self-regarding, but also, and even more directly, in the social feelings: a truth first fully accepted by the Stoics, who have the glory of being the earliest thinkers who grounded the obligation of morals on the brotherhood, the *συγγένεια*, of the whole human race. The grand defect of Plato's ethical conceptions (excellently discussed in Mr. Grote's remarks on the Republic) was in overlooking, what was completely seized by Aristotle —that the essential part of the virtue of justice is the recognition and observance of the rights of other people.*

It is noticeable that even in the Republic, the governing and controlling principle of the mind, which we have translated Reason, and whose unresisted authority constitutes the essence of virtue, is *τὸ λογιστικόν*—literally the calculating principle (*λογιστική* being used by Plato himself in the Gorgias, to denote a portion of Arithmetic). This is the very doctrine of the Protagoras, except that the elements to be calculated are different. And, through the whole series of the dialogues, a Measuring Art, *μετρητικὴ τέχνη*, as a means of distinguishing the truth of things from their superficial appearance, is everywhere desiderated as the great requisite both of wisdom and of virtue. When, however, the test of Pain and Pleasure is abandoned, no other elements are shown to us which the Measuring Art is to be employed to measure. Of course it has to measure our minds and actions themselves; but we measure anything, to make it conform to, or agree with, the dimensions of something else; and Plato does not tell us of what else. Our life is to be regulated, but we are not told what it is to be regulated by. The measuring process is supposed to have a virtue in itself. The analogy used is that of the untrue magnitudes and proportions of objects as seen by the eye, and their rectification by measurement; Plato overlooking that it is not the act of measuring which rectifies them, but the perceptions of touch which the measuring only ascertains. The idea of Measure as a good in itself, independent of any end beyond it, seems to have grown upon Plato as he advanced in life. Mere conformity to a fixed rule, especially if accompanied by regularity of numerical proportion, became his principal standard of excellence. This answered to a powerful sentiment in the Hellenic mind, which, combining with vehement impulses a high sense of personal dignity, demanded harmonious proportion in mind and deportment as much as in architecture, and to which anything inordinate, dissonant, unrhythmical, even in voice or demeanour, was not only distasteful,* but seemed an indication of an ill-regulated mind; as it is expressly affirmed to be by Plato in the Republic.† In Plato's own mind we know that Measure and Regularity were the very footprints of divinity; that they, and only they, were the marks of design in the Kosmos, and where

* Grote, vol. iii. pp. 133-159. The only vestige we find in Plato of the conception of morality which refers it to the *general* happiness, is when, in answering the remark that the guardians of his ideal republic, being denied all the interests to which human life is generally devoted, would have a poor and undesirable existence, he says, 'Perhaps it may turn out that theirs would be the happiest of all; but even if what you say is true, our object is not that one portion of the community may be as happy as possible, but that the whole community may be so.'

* Tennyson, in one of his finest poems, the Eleanore, has entered well into this peculiarity of Grecian feeling:—

'For in thee
Is nothing sudden, nothing single.
Like two streams of incense free
From one censer, in one shrine
Thought and motion mingle,
Mingle ever. Motions flow
To one another, even as though
They were modulated so
To an unheard melody.'

† Plato, Rep. iii. pp. 400-402, and Grote, vol. iii. pp. 58, 59.

they ceased, the share of Deity ended too; the Kosmos altogether being but a compromise with ἀνάγκη or Necessity; which, by an inversion of the modern idea, stood for the capricious portion of the agencies in Nature —those in which the same consequent did *not* invariably follow the same antecedent.* In the Philebus, Measure and the Measured, μέτρον καὶ τὸ μέτριον καὶ καίριον, stand as the first elements of Good, even Intelligence being only the third, and Pleasure (limited to the unexciting pleasures) the fifth and hindmost. In Plato's later speculations, from the Republic to the Epinomis, the sciences of measure and proportion, Arithmetic, Geometry, and Astronomy, gradually take the place of Dialectics as the proper education of a ruler and philosopher. We learn from Aristotle that this was even more emphatically the case in his lectures, during the latter years of his life. Those which he delivered on the Ipsum Bonum, or Idea of Good, to the surprise of hearers, turned on transcendental properties of numbers. Number was resolved into two elementary factors—The One, and the Dyad or Two, this last being identified with the Indeterminate; and the Good was affirmed to be identical with the One, while Evil was the Unbounded or Undetermined, ἀόριστον and ἄπειρον.† Thus did the noble light of philosophy in Plato go out in a fog of mystical Pythagoreanism.

In this Pythagorean morass, we learn from the same authority, the brilliant doctrine of Ideas was submerged and quenched. Yet that doctrine stands, and will stand to posterity, as the purest type of the Platonic metaphysics. It is true of Plato, as of all his countrymen with the partial exception of Aristotle, that while their moral and political thoughts abound in a wisdom both practical and of permanent application, their metaphysical speculations are only interesting as the first efforts of original and inventive minds to let in light on a dark subject. The Platonic Ideas are nothing more; but, of all theories which have arisen in ingenious minds from an imperfect conception of the processes of abstraction and generalisation, they are surely among the most plausible as well as beautiful. Men already abstracted and generalised before Plato wrote, or they would not have been human beings; but they did so by an unconscious working of the laws of association, which resembled an instinct: no theory of the operations was in existence till Plato formed one, and the mere direction of consciousness upon the processes themselves was a new thing, which, as we see in many of the dialogues, even an intelligent pupil required to be assisted to do by a great prodigality of illustration. Now a contemplative mind soon perceived that all the objects of sense, whether substances, attributes, or events—and the noblest objects most—are that which they are, in only an imperfect manner, and suggest to the mind a type of what they are, far more perfect than themselves; a 'something far more deeply interfused,' which eye has not seen nor ear heard, but of which that which can be seen or heard is an imperfect, and often very distant, resemblance. Psychology in its infancy did not yet enable men to perceive that the mind itself creates this more perfect type, by comparison and abstraction from the imperfect materials of its experience; but they perceived that the types embodied the unattainable perfection of all other things, and were the models which Nature itself seemed to strive to approach. What, then, could be more natural than to regard the types as real objects, concealed from sense but cognisable directly by the mind—which, once conceived as external to us, seemed more real than anything else, all other things resembling imperfect attempts to copy them? The Self-Beautiful, the Self-Good, which not only were to all beautiful and good things as the ideal is to the actual, but united in themselves the separate perfections of all the various kinds of beauty and goodness—these forms or essences, from a participation in which all concrete things derive what they possess of goodness and beauty, but paled and disfigured by the turbid element in which they are immersed—these existences, so vastly more splendid than their feeble earthly representatives, and not, like them, subject to injury or decay—must not they be Realities in a far higher sense than the particulars which are within sensible cognisance? particulars which indeed are not realities: for there is no particular good or beautiful or just thing, which is not, in some case that may be supposed, unjust, evil, and unbeautiful. Was it not then to be presumed that the part of our nature which apprehends these Real Existences would perceive them far more clearly but for the veil of sense interposed; and that it is only when the veil is removed that we pass out of the world of images and likenesses into that of the Things themselves, and contemplate the splendid vision in all its brightness? But even in this world of shadows, the mind of the philosopher, trained by the dialectic process to see 'the One in the Many,' can achieve, by arduous labour, such a perception of the Ideal

* See the Timæus, throughout.

† Grote, vol. i. pp. 217, 218.

Forms, as qualifies him for admission to a nearer and more satisfactory view of them in a life after death.

The mode in which Plato was led, by the same train of thought, to another of his opinions, the famous doctrine of Reminiscence, is not left for us to divine. It is shown to us in the Menon, in which more that is characteristic of Plato is brought together in a smaller space than in any other dialogue: if the Phædon and the Gorgias are noble statues, the Menon is a gem. Why is it, asks Sokrates, that when we seek for something we do not know, we yet know what we are seeking? and how comes it that we are able to recognise it when found? This, it seems, had been one of the puzzles of these early thinkers, resembling others of which great notice is taken in the Platonic writings: not quibbles of captious sophists, as commentators and historians of philosophy pretend, but difficulties really embarrassing to those who were trying to understand their own mental operations. Why (asks Sokrates) does truth (so hard to find) when found, approve itself to us, often instantaneously, as truth? He can think of no explanation, but that we had known it in a former life, and need only to be reminded of our knowledge. Modern thinkers who have stopped short at Plato's point of view, resolve the difficulty by pronouncing the knowledge to be intuitive. But Plato could not put up with this explanation; he knew too well how slowly, painfully, and at last imperfectly, the knowledge is acquired. The whole process of philosophising was conceived by him as a laborious effort to call former knowledge back to mind. His doctrine is related to that of Wordsworth's ode, erroneously called Platonic, not as identical but as opposite: with Wordsworth our life here is 'a sleep and a forgetting,' with Plato it is a recollecting. We at once perceive the support which this doctrine gives to Plato's conception of the process of instruction (a conception supremely important in his own and in all time) that 'teaching and learning are words without meaning;' * that knowledge is 'to be evolved out of the mind, not poured into it from without.'† The intimate connexion between the doctrine of Reminiscence and that of Ideas, even were it not obvious, would be shown by the Phædon, in which the Reminiscence theory is maintained on the express ground that every existing thing, in itself incomplete, brings to mind a type of its own nature more perfect than itself; and as we can only be reminded of that which we once knew, we must have known the type in a former life. The two doctrines are inseparably blended in the poetic mythe delivered by Sokrates in the Phædrus; and when in Plato's later years the one doctrine drops out of his speculations, so does the other.

The doctrine of Pre-existence is naturally connected with that of Immortality; and in the Phædon the arguments for the latter are mostly grounded on the former. That wonderful dialogue, which divides, with perhaps the Gorgias alone, the honour of being the most finished and consummate prose composition in Plato, if not in all literature—which combines in itself more sources of the grandest interest, more artistically fused together than any other of Plato's works—contains not one argument which is not a fallacy, or which could convince any one not anxiously desirous to be convinced. Plato himself, when he approaches the subject in other dialogues, resorts to quite different arguments, more resembling those on which recent schools of metaphysics have grounded the doctrines of Spiritualism. For instance, in the Leges, he argues that Mind or Soul, the principle of Life, is the only thing which originates motion—inanimate objects only carrying on and transmitting force communicated to them from elsewhere; that Mind, therefore, rules Matter, and must be anterior to it (*πρεσβύτερον*), and not subject to its laws. This argument, though adduced only as proof of a Divine government, is available for the other purpose, and though we are far from thinking it conclusive, is worth all those of the Phædon put together. As Mr. Grote remarks, though the personal incidents of the Phædon are Sokratic, and are probably those which really happened, its doctrines and arguments are exclusively Platonic. Sokrates, it is well known, professed no dogmatic certainty about another life. It is all the more worthy of note, that Plato had not yet abandoned the Sokratic canon of belief—viz. that it ought to be the genuine, unbiassed, untampered with, conviction of the individual reason, after giving an impartial hearing to every argument that can be thought of. As the Gorgias proclaims, with an energy and solemnity never surpassed, the rights of the individual intellect, and the obligation on every one, though the whole world should be on the contrary side, to stand firm, he alone, in asserting what recommends itself to his own reason; so in the Phædon, as Mr. Grote observes in one of his many valuable remarks on that dialogue: *—

'Freedom of debate and fulness of search, the paramount value of "reasoned truth"—the

* Grote, vol. ii. p. 18. † Ibid. vol. i. p. 230, *note.*

* Grote, vol. ii. pp. 155, 156.

necessity of keeping up the force of individual reason by constant argumentative exercise—and the right of independent judgment for hearer as well as speaker—stand emphatically proclaimed in these last words of the dying philosopher. He does not announce the immortality of the soul as a dogma of imperative orthodoxy; which men, whether satisfied with the proofs or not, must believe, or make profession of believing, on pain of being shunned as a moral pestilence, and disqualified from giving testimony in a court of justice. He sets forth his own conviction, with the grounds on which he adopts it. But he expressly recognises the existence of dissentient opinions; he invites his companions to bring forward every objection; he disclaims all special purpose of impressing his own conclusions upon their minds; nay, he expressly warns them not to be biassed by their personal sympathies, then wound up to the highest pitch, towards himself. He entreats them to preserve themselves from being tinged with *misology*, or the hatred of free argumentative discussion, and he ascribes this mental vice to the early habit of easy, uninquiring, implicit belief; since a man thus ready of faith, embracing opinions without any discriminating test, presently finds himself driven to abandon one opinion after another, until at last he mistrusts all opinions, and hates the process of discussing them, laying the blame on philosophy instead of upon his own intellect. . . . Sokrates is depicted as having not only an affirmative opinion, but even strong conviction, on a subject of great moment; which conviction, moreover, he is specially desirous of preserving unimpaired, during his few remaining hours of life. Yet even here he manifests no anxiety to get that conviction into the minds of his friends, except as a result of their own independent scrutiny and self-working reason. Not only he does not attempt to terrify them into believing, by menace of evil consequences if they do not, but he repudiates pointedly even the gentler machinery of conversion, which might work on their minds through attachment to himself and reverence for his authority. His devotion is to "reasoned truth;" he challenges his friends to the fullest scrutiny by their own independent reason; he recognises the sentence that they pronounce afterwards as valid for them, whether concurrent with himself or adverse. Their reason is for them what his reason is for him; requiring, both alike (as Sokrates here proclaims) to be stimulated as well as controlled by all-searching debate, but postulating equal liberty of final decision for each one of the debaters.'

One of the things for which Plato has been most applauded by those modern schools which pique themselves on counting him among their precursors, is the warfare which he is supposed to have made on a sceptical philosophy, attributed, totally without evidence, to the Sophists generally, and considered, as one of the means by which they demoralised the Greeks. The doctrines meant are two. One is the special tenet of Herakleitus (who was not a Sophist, except in the loose sense in which all speculative thinkers were so called), that the universe is in a state of perpetual flux, in which nothing is, but all things *become* (εἶναι, γίγνεσθαι; the Hegelian Seyn and Werden). The other is the doctrine of Protagoras, that 'Man is the measure of all things: of things which are, that they are, and of things which are not, that they are not. As things appear to me, so they are to me: as they really appear to you, such they really are to you.' In other words, the doctrine of the Subjective nature of truth: which is a scandal to philosophers, as seeming to make all opinions equally true, and truth 'that which each man troweth.'

Now, what the Herakleitean doctrine affirms of all things, is what Plato himself believed of the phenomenal world—of things cognisable by sense. The only thing which he regarded as really existing, τὸ ὄντως ὄν, was the Intelligible World, the world of Self-existent Forms; the extramundane prototypes of that, in the visible universe, which seems, but is not, real existence, and which is considered by him as something intermediate between Ens and Non-Ens.* Herakleitus did not believe in these Forms, and that was the amount of difference between him and Plato. When they both refused to the world of sense what they called Real Existence, they did not mean to deny what we, but only what the ancient thinkers, understood by the term. What they denied of the visible universe, was Existence in a transcendent sense—the Existence *per se* which Plato ascribed to his Ideas, and Xenophanes and Parmenides to their Ens Unum. In modern phrase, Herakleitus denied the

* Such, at least, is the thesis maintained in most of the dialogues by the speaker who appears to be Plato's representative, and poetically symbolized in the famous simile of the Cave. But in one of the most important passages of his works, the parenthetical discussion in the Sophistes, the Eleatic Stranger directly impugns this doctrine, maintaining against certain thinkers who are called 'the friends of Forms,' that the Forms are not the only real existences; are not eternally and unchangeably the same, there being Forms of change itself; and that the objects of Perception as well as Conception really exist; Existence being here defined as consisting in Power. To exist, is to have a power of any kind—to be capable of acting, or even of being acted upon. Λέγω δὴ τὸ καὶ ὁποιανοῦν κεκτήμενον δύναμιν, εἴτ' εἰς τὸ ποιεῖν ἕτερον ὅτιουν πεφυκὸς, εἴτ' εἰς τὸ παθεῖν καὶ σμικρότατον ὑπὸ τοῦ φαυλοτάτου, κἂν εἰ μόνον εἰσάπαξ—πᾶν τοῦτο ὄντως εἶναι· τίθεμαι γὰρ ὅρον ὁρίζειν τὰ ὄντα, ὡς ἔστιν οὐκ ἄλλο τι πλὴν δύναμις.

We regard this as one of the most remarkable anticipations of the latest and best results of modern thought, to be found in all ancient philosophy. It is one of the most memorable of the striking *aperçus* which abound in Plato.

Absolute; though his doctrine of a really existent Principle of Change, and his other tenet of an Universal Reason apart from individual minds, a doctrine much in favour with some modern Transcendentalists, reintroduced an Absolute of another kind. Now it may safely be affirmed that no scepticism, limited to the Absolute, ever did anybody any harm, or made the smallest practical difference to any human being. The doctrine of Protagoras requires a little more consideration. Though we may reasonably suppose that Plato, in the Theætetus, gives it in that Sophist's words, we are ignorant by what reasons Protagoras defended it, or in what sense he explained it. Sir William Hamilton considered it to mean his own doctrine of the Relativity of human knowledge, and placed Protagoras at the head of his list of early authorities in support of that doctrine. Mr. Grote interprets the *Homo Mensura* in the same sense, but includes also in its meaning the autonomy of the individual intellect. That everything is true to me, which appears so to me, he understands to mean, that my reception of it as truth depends, and ought to depend, on the impression which the evidence makes upon my own mind. Mr. Grote, therefore, defends the Protagorean doctrine against the Sokrates of the Theætetus; but his defence, though useful and instructive, does not satisfy us, and is the only important point in the whole work on which we find ourselves differing from Mr. Grote. For the truth of an opinion, even to myself, is a different thing from my reception of it as true, since it implies reference to an external standard. My mind, on the evidence before it, may accept as truth that I am five miles from London; but when I set out to walk the distance, and find it ten, the ten miles were all along as true for me as for other people. Protagoras cannot well have intended to deny this, but he cannot be acquitted of an incorrect and misleading mode of expression. His proposition is valid as to our present feelings or states of consciousness, the truth of which has no meaning except that we are actually feeling them; and this is probably the reason why Plato (erroneously in Mr. Grote's opinion) indentifies it with the doctrine that knowledge is sensible perception (αἴσθησις), the truth of the one doctrine being coextensive with the sphere of the other. But it is not true of the past, the future, the absent, or anything present except the feeling in our mind. It is invalid as to all that are called matters of belief or opinion: for a belief or opinion is relative not only to the believing mind, but to something else—namely, the matter-of-fact which the belief is about. The truth of the belief is its agreement with that fact. Mr. Grote says: * 'To say that all men recognise one and the same objective distinction between truth and falsehood, would be to contradict palpable facts. Each man has a standard, an ideal of truth in his own mind; but different men have different standards.' Of the proof of truth, yes: but not, we apprehend, of truth itself. No one means anything by truth, but the agreement of a belief with the fact which it purports to represent. We grant that, according to the philosophy which we hold in common with Mr. Grote, the fact itself, if knowable by us, is relative to our perceptions—to our senses or our internal consciousness; and our opinion about the fact is so too; but the truth of the opinion is a question of relation between these two relatives, one of which is an objective standard for the other. Justice is not done to Plato's attack on 'Homo Mensura' without considering this aspect of the matter; the rather as he himself brings forward these very arguments. Sokrates asks, Since man is the measure of all things, and has the criterion of truth in himself, whatever he thinks or perceives being true to him, will the criterion serve for things yet to come? If he thinks he shall catch a fever and feels hot, and a physician thinks the contrary, will he be feverish and hot to himself, but not to the physician? A fair *reductio ad absurdum*, and a just criticism on Protagoras, though, if Mr. Grote is right in his interpretation of the Protagorean dictum, the error is in language, not in thought. But in philosophy, especially where it touches the ultimate foundations of our reason, wrong language is as misleading as a wrong opinion.

This dialogue, the Theætetus, though it ends without any conclusion, leaving the question proposed in it unanswered, is one of the most suggestive in all Plato by the number of points of view it brings forward, and is among the finest examples in his writings of genuine honest Search, in which the confutation of any one, even when it falls in his way, is only incidental, and even then the greatest pains are taken to put in the most forcible manner whatever the confuted person could say. In arguing against Protagoras (who is treated with a respect in marked contrast with the manner in which the Herakleiteans, and some materialistic philosophers, supposed to be the school of Demokritus, are referred to,) Sokrates laments the necessity of disputing his opinion when he is not present nor even alive to

* Grote, vol. ii. p. 512.

defend it; says that as he and his friends are not here to help their doctrine, the obligation lies on their adversaries to do it; and fulfils that obligation by a discourse of some length, which, like those of Glaukon and Adeimantus in the Republic, is a monument of the essential fairness of Plato's mind. The Theætetus contains some of Plato's acutest examinations of certain speculative questions which often recur in other dialogues: among others the difference between Knowledge and True Opinion, ὀρθή or ἀληθὴς δόξα. This distinction gave Plato great trouble, and the whole subject of the truth and falsity of opinions was full of intricacy and logical embarrassment to him and to his cotemporaries. Among other points, it appears to have been a serious puzzle to them, in what manner false opinions could be possible; how we can think that which is not—a non-entity—any more than we can touch, or eat, or drink that which is not. It is surprising how often Plato returns to this perplexity. More than half the Sophistes is devoted to the discussion of it, merely in a parenthesis. As a specimen of the stumbling-blocks which the early metaphysical inquirers found in their path, as well as a striking example of the diversity of the points of view of different dialogues, we will quote a passage from Mr. Grote on this subject: *—

'How is a false proposition possible? Many held that a false proposition and a false name were impossible, that you could not speak the thing that is not, or Non-Ens (τὸ μὴ ὄν): that such a proposition would be an empty sound, without meaning or signification; that speech may be significant or insignificant, but could not be false, except in the sense of being unmeaning. Now this doctrine is dealt with in the Theætêtus, Sophistês, and Kratylus. In the Theætêtus, Sokratês examines it at great length, and proposes several different hypotheses to explain how a false proposition might be possible; but ends in pronouncing them all inadmissible. He declares himself incompetent, and passes on to something else. Again, in the Sophistês, the same point is taken up, and discussed there also very copiously. The Eleate in that dialogue ends by finding a solution which satisfies him (viz. that τὸ μὴ ὄν = τὸ ἕτερον τοῦ ὄντος). But what is remarkable is, that the solution does not meet any of the difficulties propounded in the Theætêtus; nor are these difficulties at all adverted to in the Sophistês. Finally in the Kratylus, we have the very same doctrine, that false affirmations are impossible,—which both in the Theætêtus and in the Sophistês is enunciated, not as the decided opinion of the speaker, but as a problem which embarrasses him—we have this same doctrine averred unequivocally by Kratylus as his own full conviction. And Sokratês finds that a very short argument, and a very simple comparison, suffice to refute him. The supposed "aggressive cross-examiner," who presses Sokratês so hard in the Theætêtus, is not allowed to put his puzzling question in the Kratylus.

'How are we to explain these three different modes of handling the same question by the same philosopher? If the question about Non-Ens can be disposed of in the summary way which we read in the Kratylus, what is gained by the string of unsolved puzzles in the Theætêtus, or by the long discursive argument in the Sophistês, ushering in a new solution no way satisfactory? If, on the contrary, the difficulties which are unsolved in the Theætêtus, and imperfectly solved in the Sophistês, are real and pertinent,—how are we to explain the proceedings of Plato in the Kratylus, when he puts into the mouth of Kratylus a distinct averment of the opinion about Non-Ens, yet without allowing him, when it is impugned by Sokratês, to urge any of these pertinent arguments in defence of it? If the peculiar solution given in the Sophistês be the really genuine and triumphant solution, why is it left unnoticed both in the Kratylus and the Theætêtus, and why is it contradicted in other dialogues? Which of the three dialogues represents Plato's real opinion on the question?

'To these questions, and to many others of like bearing, connected with the Platonic writings, I see no satisfactory reply, if we are to consider Plato as a positive philosopher, with a scheme and edifice of methodised opinions in his mind; and as composing all his dialogues with a set purpose, either of inculcating these opinions on the reader, or of refuting the opinions opposed to them. This supposition is what most Platonic critics have in their minds, even when professedly modifying it. Their admiration for Plato is not satisfied unless they conceive him in the professorial chair as a teacher, surrounded by a crowd of learners, all under the obligation (incumbent on learners generally) to believe what they hear. Reasoning upon such a basis, the Platonic dialogues present themselves to me as a mystery. They exhibit neither identity of the teacher, nor identity of the matter taught: the composer (to use various Platonic comparisons) is Many and not One—he is more complex that Typhôs.'

There is a similar discrepancy in the view taken by Plato, in different dialogues, of the distinction between True Opinion and Knowledge. In the Menon, it would seem as if the two were much the same, except that Opinion* is 'evanescent, and will not stay in the mind, while Knowledge is permanent and ineffaceable.' True Opinion is converted into Knowledge, when bound down (δεδεμένον) 'by a chain of casual reasoning' (αἰτίας λογισμῷ). This binding process, it is added, is ἀνάμνησις, or reminding, and can only be accomplished by questioning, sufficiently repeated and diversified. What the ἀνάμνησις does is rather differently defined in the Phædrus; it there generates

* Grote, vol. ii. pp. 548–551.

* Grote, vol. ii. p. 10.

the apprehension of the general Concept,* which in that dialogue means the Self-existent Idea. In other dialogues the view taken is very similar, minus the idea of Reminiscence. Knowledge is that of which a rational explanation can be given; that which is guaranteed by both arms of the dialectic process, being able to resist all confutation, and having been arrived at by a correct use of the logical process of Division, *διαίρεσις κατ' εἶδη*, terminating in an unimpeachable Definition. Anything short of this is only Opinion. We here have what is rightly regarded as the characteristically Platonic view of the subject; but it is remarkable that this very definition of knowledge, *ἀληθὴς δόξα μετὰ λόγου*, is one of those propounded by Theætetus, and, after a long discussion between him and Sokrates, abandoned. The most elaborate, but the obscurest expression we find of this subject, is in the sixth and seventh books of the Republic. We cannot give it at length, but its leading point is, that knowledge is of Forms or Ideas, while Opinion relates to the world of sense, composed of mere images of those Forms.† But the knowledge of Forms is only to be acquired by Dialectics.‡

Among views so contradictory, and in which no common conviction or purpose appears, what worth, it may be asked, is there to us in the investigations? Besides the worth of their Method, they have, though in unequal degrees, a value in their substance; 'not § in the conclusion, but in the premises for and against it. In this sense all the dialogues have value, and all the same sort of value, though not all equal in amount. In different dialogues, the subject is set before you in different ways; with remarks and illustrations sometimes tending towards one theory, sometimes towards another. It is for you to compare and balance them, and to elicit such result as your reason approves. The Platonic dialogues require, in order to produce their effect, a supplementary responsive force, and a strong effective reaction, from the individual reason of the reader: they require moreover that he shall have a genuine interest in the process of dialectic scrutiny (*τὸ φιλομαθὲς, φιλόλογον*), which will enable him to perceive beauties in what would be tiresome to others.'

As regards Plato himself, the probability is that there was a period in his life when he was, on merely speculative points, a real Seeker, testing every opinion, and bringing prominently forward the difficulties which adhere to them all; and that during this period many of his principal dialogues were written, from points of view extremely various, embodying in each the latest trains of thought which had passed through his mind on the particular subject. That the difficulties of his own suggesting, even after he had definitively identified himself with the opinions to which they apply, are hardly ever solved, seems only explicable on the supposition that he had ceased to care about solving them, having come to think that insoluble difficulties were always to be expected. He certainly, if we trust his Seventh Epistle, was then of opinion that no verbal definition of anything can precisely hit the mark, and that the knowledge of what a thing is, though not attainable till after a long and varied course of dialectic debate, is never the direct result of discussion, but comes out at last (and only in the happier natures) by a sort of instantaneous flash. He probably became indifferent to speculation for its own sake, ceased to expect that any theoretical position would be found unassailable, and no longer cared for anything but practical results. In his latest compositions there is no abatement of ethical earnestness, but 'the * love of dialectic, and the taste for enunciating difficulties even when he could not clear them up, died out within him.' He almost became infected with the misology so impressively deprecated in his own Phædon, and an example among many, that this misology is not always, as there represented, the road to scepticism, but still oftener to the most intolerant affirmative dogmatism.

The ethical and political doctrines of Plato are really the only ones which can be regarded as serious and deeply-rooted convictions. At the head of these, or only second after his faith in the exclusive eligibility of the just life, must be placed the opinion common to him with Sokrates, that Virtue is a branch of Intelligence, or Knowledge. His best argument for this opinion is, that not only all the external things we value, such as health, strength, and pecuniary means, but all that we regard as virtues—courage, temperance, and the rest—may be so used as to do harm instead of good: they all require a discriminating faculty to decide when they ought to be employed and when not; and this, which is the distinctive element of virtue, is a part of Knowledge. Though the premises of this argument are profoundly true, they only prove that the knowledge in question is one of the condi-

* Ξυνιέναι κατ' εἶδος λεγόμενον, ἐκ πολλῶν ἰὸν αἰσθήσεων εἰς ἓν λογισμῷ ξυναιρούμενον. (*Plato, Phædrus*, p. 249.)

† Grote, vol. iii. pp. 84–93.

‡ Ibid. pp. 101, 102.

§ Ibid. vol. ii. p. 551.

* Grote, vol. ii. p. 394.

tions of virtue, but not that it is virtue itself; something else besides the knowledge of what is right being necessary to induce us to practise it. We know what would have been Plato's answer to this objection. He would have said, that the further condition required is also a knowledge, the knowledge that to do right is good; no one desires evil knowing it to be evil; it is desired because it is believed to be good. But even if Plato had proved, as completely as he thought he had, that to do wrong is the greatest evil which can befall the wrong-doer, it would have remained a question whether the habitually vicious man is capable of having this belief impressed upon him; whether the evidence that happiness is to be found in virtue alone, can reach a mind not prepared for it by already possessing the virtues of courage, temperance, &c., not to mention justice, the most fundamental of all.

This exaltation of Knowledge—not Intellect or mere mental ability, of which there is no idolatry at all in Plato, but scientific knowledge, and scientifically-acquired craftsmanship, as the one thing needful in every concern of life, and preeminently in government—is the pervading idea in Plato's practical doctrines. He derived it from Sokrates, who (says Xenophon*) 'considered as kings and rulers not those who wield the sceptre, or those who have been chosen by the incompetent (*ὑπὸ τῶν τυχόντων*), nor those who have drawn the successful lot, or who by force or deceit have got into the highest place, but those who *know how* to rule.' What constitutes the man who knows how to rule, is the subject of an important dialogue, the Politikos. We there learn that he is one of the rarest of human beings; that the greatest concern of a State is to obtain such a man, and place him at the head of it; that when so placed, his power cannot be too absolute; to limit him by laws, even of his own making, being as absurd as if a scientific physician were required never to deviate from his own prescriptions. This exclusive right of the most capable person to rule—a principle strenuously asserted by Plato against the theory and practice of all governments (modern as well as ancient); and the doctrine that when this Capable Person has been obtained, the rest of the community have nothing to do but to obey him, form a theory of government which must be quite to the taste of Mr. Carlyle; but he is probably less pleased with the further proposition added by Plato, that the depositary of this divine right is not found, but made, and that his qualification in Science; a philosophic and reasoned knowledge of human affairs—of what is best for mankind. When this is possessed, it is a far surer guide than laws, which cannot possibly be adapted to all individual cases; but when this scientific wisdom cannot be had, laws are better than any mere counterfeit of it:—

'The * true government of mankind is the scientific or artistic; whether it be carried on by one, or a few, or many—whether by poor or rich, by force or consent—whether according to law, or without law.' But 'true science or art is not attainable by many persons, whether rich or poor; scarcely even by a few, and probably by One alone; since the science or art of governing men is more difficult than any other science or art. But the government of this One is the only true and right government, whether he proclaims law or governs without law, whether he employs severity or mildness—provided only he adheres to his art, and achieves its purpose, the good and improvement of the governed. He is like the true physician, who cuts and burns patients, when his art commands, for the purpose of curing them. He will not be disposed to fetter himself by fixed general laws; for the variety of situations and the fluctuation of circumstances is so perpetual, that no law can possibly fit all cases. He will recognise no other law but his art. If he lays down any general formula or law, it will only be from necessity, because he cannot be always at hand to watch and direct each individual case; but he will not hesitate to depart from his own formula whenever Art enjoins it. That alone is base, evil, unjust, which he with his political science or art declares to be so. If in any particular case he departs from his own declaration, and orders such a thing to be done, the public have no right to complain that he does injustice. No patient can complain of his physician if the latter, acting upon the counsels of his art, disregards a therapeutic formula. All the acts of the true Governor are right, whether according or contrary to law, so long as he conducts himself with art and intelligence—aiming exclusively to preserve the people, and to render them better instead of worse. How mischievous would it be . . . if we prescribed by fixed laws how the physician and the steersman should practise their respective arts; if we held them bound to peremptory rules, punishing them whenever they departed from those rules, and making them accountable before the Dikastery, whenever any one accused them of doing so—if we consecrated these rules and dogmas, forbidding all criticism or censure upon them, and putting to death the free inquirer as a dreaming, prosy Sophist, corrupting the youth and inciting lawless discontent! How absurd, if we pretended that every citizen did know, or might or ought to know, these two arts; because the matters concerning them were enrolled in the laws, and because no one ought to be wiser than the laws! Who would think of imposing any such fetters on other arts, such as those of the general, the painter, the hus-

* Memor. ii. 9, 10.

* Grote, vol. ii. pp. 483–6.

bandman, and carpenter, the prophet, the cattle-dealer? To impose them would be to render life, hard as it is even now, altogether intolerable. Yet these are the trammels under which in actual cities the political Art is exercised.

'Such are the mischiefs inseparable, in greater or less degree, from fixed and peremptory laws. Yet grave as these mischiefs are, there are others yet graver, which such laws tend to obviate. If the Magistrate appointed to guard and enforce the laws, ventures to break or contravene them, simulating, but not really possessing, the Art or science of the genuine Ruler, he will make matters far worse. The laws at any rate are such as the citizens have been accustomed to, and such as give a certain measure of satisfaction. But the arbitrary rule of this violent and unscientific Governor is a tyranny, which is greatly worse than the laws. Fixed laws are thus a second-best; assuming that you cannot obtain a true scientific, artistic Governor. If such a man could be obtained, men would be delighted to live under him. But they despair of ever seeing such a character, and they therefore cling to fixed laws, in spite of the numerous concomitant mischiefs. These mischiefs are indeed so serious that when we look at actual cities, we are astonished how they get on under such a system; and we cannot but feel how firm and deeply-rooted a city naturally is. We see therefore . . . that there is no true polity—nothing which deserves the name of a genuine political society—except the government of one chief, scientific or artistic. With him laws are superfluous, and even inconvenient. All other polities are counterfeits; factions and cabals rather than governments, delusions carried on by tricksters and conjurors. But among these other polities or sham-polities, there is a material difference as to greater or less badness; and the difference turns upon the presence or absence of good laws. Thus, the single-headed government, called monarchy (assuming the Prince not to be a man of science or art) is the best of all the sham-polities, if the Prince rules along with and in observance of known good laws; but it is the worst of them all, if he rules without such laws, as a despot or tyrant. Oligarchy, or the government of a few, if under good laws, is less good than that of the Prince under the same circumstances—if without such laws, is less bad than that of the despot. Lastly, the government of the many is less good under the one supposition, and less bad under the other. It is less effective, either for good or for evil. It is in fact less of a government; the administrative force being lost by dissipation among many hands for short intervals; and more free play being thus left to individuals. Accordingly, assuming the absence of laws, democracy is the least bad or most tolerable of the six varieties of sham-polity. Assuming the presence of laws, it is the worst of them.'

The ideal of government expressed in this passage, though expanded and minutely applied in other works, is never materially varied. Of the two detailed treatises on Government, in the dialogue form, which we have from Plato, the Republic and the Leges, the former is a delineation of his best form of society, under the unrestricted authority of one or a very small number, scientifically trained and fitted for the function of rulers. The Leges must be understood (and that is its best excuse) as a set of directions for the construction and preservation of his second-best State, in which, the scientific ruler not being forthcoming, an imperfect substitute is provided in the form of laws, which he seems to have thought would only answer the purpose by being not only inviolable but unalterable. Accordingly, in the ideal commonwealth of the Republic, there is no responsibility of any kind, no provision for written laws or courts of justice, the wisdom of the scientific rulers being wholly trusted to for doing without such things, or providing them as far as required. The whole energy of Plato's constructive intellect is concentrated on the means of sifting the most gifted natures out of the body of citizens, and educating them from the earliest infancy to the age of fifty, by which time, and not before, it is expected that a very few, or at least one, competent scientific governor may be met with among them. This, and the intellectual and emotional training of the remainder of the people, so that they shall willingly obey and second these rightful chiefs, compose the whole machinery of the Republic. In Leges, on the contrary, where no such scientific rulers are looked for, there is an elaborate and minute system of positive laws, carrying legal regulation down to the details of common life, and accompanied by all the ordinary apparatus of courts of justice; magistrates of various kinds chosen for short periods, by processes from which even the democratic Lot is not wholly excluded, and systematic accountability of all persons in office, in the Athenian manner, after the expiration of their term, to an authority in which the whole body of citizens have a qualified participation. The author does not disguise that his government is not the abstractedly best; and records his persistence, on some principal points, in those doctrines of the Republic which are put in abeyance in the Leges, where the community ostensibly contemplated is an actual Cretan colony.

While Plato has thus two independent plans for the constitution of a political society, his notion of the end to be aimed at never varies. The business of rulers is to make the people whom they govern wise and virtuous. No political object but this is worth consideration. Respecting the other things usually desired by men and communi-

ties, he does not indeed always maintain the scornful tone assumed in the Gorgias, where all the statesmen of Athens, even the eminent ones of old—Miltiades, Themistokles, Kimon, Perikles—are reproached for having 'filled the city with harbours, and docks, and fortifications, and tributes, and similar rubbish' (φλυαρῶν), instead of improving their desires, 'the only business of a good citizen.' * In other places (as in the Second Alcibiades, Euthydemus, Menon, Leges,) he contents himself with saying, that it is better not to have such things at all, than to have them, if devoid of the wisdom without which they cannot profit the possessor; or, with Sokrates in the Apologia, that wealth does not produce virtue, but virtue wealth, and all other things that are desirable. But, either as the sole desirable thing, or as the means of obtaining all others, the wisdom and virtue of the citizens (considered as identical) are the only proper end of government.

In the political theory thus conceived by Plato,—confining ourselves to his scheme of the ideally best, and neglecting his compromise with existing obstacles in the comparatively tame production of his decline,—there are two things specially deserving of remark. First, the vigorous assertion of a truth, of transcendent importance and universal application—that the work of a government is a Skilled Employment; that governing is not a thing which can be done at odd times, or by the way, in conjunction with a hundred other pursuits, nor to which a person can be competent without a large and liberal general education, followed by special and professional study, laborious and of long duration, directed to acquiring, not mere practical dexterity, but a scientific mastery of the subject. This is the strong side of the Platonic theory. Its weak side is, that it postulates infallibility, or something near it, in rules thus prepared; or else ascribes such a depth of comparative imbecility to the rest of mankind, as to unfit them for any voice whatever in their own government, or any power of calling their scientific ruler to account. The error of Plato, like most of the errors of profound thinkers, consisted in seeing only one half of the truth; and (as is also usual with such thinkers) the half which he asserted, was that which he found neglected and left in the background by the institutions and customs of his country. His doctrine was an exaggerated protest against the notion that any man is fit for any duty; a phrase which is the extreme formula of that indifference to special qualifications, and to the superiority of one mind over another, to which there is more or less tendency in all popular governments, and doubtless at Athens, as well as in the United States and in Great Britain, though it would be a mistake to regard it in any of them as either universal or incurable.

But though Plato had no hesitation in allowing absolute power to the scientific ruler when he had got one, the superiority of his genius is displayed in his clear perception of the difficulties with which this scheme of government was beset, and in the boldness with which he grappled with the problem; daring all things, however opposed to the common notions of his time (and of ours), if he could see his way to removing the rocks and shoals which threatened to be fatal to his commonwealth. The mental superiority which gives the divine right to rule, did not, in his opinion, consist in being able forcibly to seize the powers of government, and retain them by sternly repressing all active opposition and silencing every disapproving voice. This was a common enough phenomenon in Plato's time, not quite unknown in ours; but the superiority which Plato required in his ruler was of a very different kind. According to him, it was precisely the young men most gifted by nature, and most capable of being trained to the character of genuine rulers, that when perverted by the false standard of good and evil prevailing in existing society, and delivering themselves up to selfish and lawless ambition, fall into the deep-dyed iniquity of the Tyrannus. In that combination of profound philosophy with sublime eloquence and rich poetic imagination which composes the later books of the Republic, there is a moving picture of the mode in which society, by its temptations and its wrongly-placed applauses and condemnations, corrupts these originally fine natures: and the portraiture of the full-blown Tyrannus, in the consummation of his guilt, his hatefulness to gods and men, the depth of his inward misery, and the retribution that awaits him, generally in this life, but certainly in a world to come, is one of the best known and most impressive passages in Plato. The Platonic ruler or rulers, as already remarked, are not found, but made; and the problem of making them was conceived by him in all its magnitude and difficulty. It could only be achieved by centering upon them, and upon the class from whom they were to be selected, every kind of tuition and training, intellectual, emotional, and practical, that could help to form the character required, and withdrawing them utterly from the influence of those conditions of ordinary life, which give rise to inclinations and to a type of character

* Plato, Gorgias, pp. 517 C, 519 A.

disqualifying for the pure and noble use of irresponsible power.

To this purpose belongs the proscription of all such tales and legends of the gods (legends as sacred to the Greeks as the narratives of the Old and New Testaments to the ordinary Christian) as represented them to be the authors of any evil, or imputed to them unjust commands, or human weaknesses, or ascribed to them, or their descendants the Heroes, any acts which would be wicked or disreputable if done by ordinary human beings. These stories, Plato affirms, are not true; but were they so, they should not be suffered to be repeated and believed. Other legends, of a moral and elevating character, should be composed (a thing considered by him quite within the competence of Government), and the people brought up in the belief of them from their first childhood. To the same head belongs the exclusion from the Republic, not (as is sometimes asserted) of all poets, but of those who will not consent to the expurgation from their poems of all sentiments and opinions which the philosophic rulers deem injurious: for instance, that death, or the life after death, is fearful and horrible; and especially that most pernicious opinion, that there can be happiness without virtue, or that virtue is not itself the summit of happiness. Certain kinds of poetry however, the epic and dramatic, are absolutely banished, in common with all other indiscriminately mimetic or imitative arts. Art ought not to represent, either to the senses or to the mind, the likeness of anything but what is good and noble; nor ought the citizens to recite, or read, or hear recited, an imitation of the thoughts, feelings, or conduct, of bad, or degraded, or weak and foolish persons. The same severe restrictions were placed on music, a most important agent of good or evil in the estimation of Greeks, whose popular education (except the gymnastic and military elements) was chiefly emotional. No tunes or measures were tolerated in the Republic, but such as were licensed by the authorities, by whom all that were of a wailing, a relaxing, or a voluptuous character must be forbidden, those only being retained which soothe and mitigate the violent emotions, or which inspire active energy. To the same educational purpose belong the peculiar institutions of Plato respecting property and marriage, which have given some scandal to posterity, and would probably have given much more, if Plato had been suspected of a *penchant* for scepticism and materialism, instead of being admired as their chief enemy. The explanation of this portion of his scheme is very simple. It was not intended for the citizens generally, but for the φύλακες or military profession, from whom the prince or the ruling elders were selected, and who were the executors of their orders and the instruments of their government. This armed body having the remaining citizens entirely at their mercy, all was lost if they preferred their private interest to that of the public; and Plato well knew, even with the most perfect education he could give them, how little chance they had of escaping this perversion. Since it did not consort with his idea of scientific government to give the unscientific multitude even a joint authority in their own affairs, there was only one mode of protection left; those in command must have no private interests of their own to care for. The other citizens have each their family and property, but the guardians must have nothing which they can call their own. Their maintenance must be temperately provided at a common table by the State; they must have no private possessions, and must not know their own children. The object is that which the Catholic Church seeks to obtain by the celibacy of its clergy, and the communism of its monastic orders; exclusive devotion to the purposes of their institution. Whatever else may be justly said against this Platonic conception, it deserves any name rather than that of a toleration of licentiousness; for it leaves less to individual inclination than any existing practice, the public authorities deciding (within the age appointed for 'producing children for the city') who should be united with whom. Mr. Grote truly remarks, that with the customs of the Platonic commonwealth, and the Platonic physical and mental education common to both sexes, the passion between them would be likely to be reduced to its very lowest degree of power; a result decidedly intended and calculated on by Plato in the Leges.

Though not expressly remarked, it is continually visible in Mr. Grote's book, as well as in the works themselves, how strong a hold the idea of the Division of Labour had on Plato's mind. He propounds it as explicitly as Adam Smith, at the beginning of his delineation of the natural constitution and growth of a State; and it governs all the arrangements of his ideal Republic. To use his own phrase, there shall be no double or triple men in the commonwealth; each does one thing, and one only; in order that every one may have that to do for which he has greatest natural aptitude, and that each thing may be done by the person who has most studied and practised it. Civil justice in a commonwealth, which furnishes him with the type and illustrative exemplar of justice in an individual mind, consists in

every person's doing his own appointed business, and not meddling with that of another.* An artificer must not usurp the occupation of another artificer; rulers alone must rule, guardians alone fight, producers alone produce and have the ownership of the produce. When these limits are observed, and no one interferes in the legitimate business of some one else, the community is prosperous and harmonious; if not, everybody has something which concerns him more nearly than the true discharge of his own function; the energies of the different classes are distracted by contests for power, and the State declines into some one of the successive gradations of bad government, which a considerable portion of the Republic is employed in characterising. The demand for a Scientific Governor, not responsible for any part of his conduct to his unscientific fellow-citizens, is part of this general conception of Division of Labour, and errs only by a too exclusive clinging to that one principle.

It is necessary to conclude; though volumes might easily be occupied with the topics on which Plato's compositions throw light, either by the truths he has reached, by the mode of his reaching them, or by his often equally instructive errors. We would gladly also have quoted more copiously from Mr. Grote, having said little or nothing of the important discussions, on all the principal topics of Plato, which he has incidentally contributed to the philosophy of the age from the stores of his richly endowed mind. The point of view from which these topics are treated, as all acquainted with Mr. Grote's writings would expect, is that of the Experience philosophy, as distinguished from the Intuitive or Transcendental; and readers will esteem the discussions more or less highly, according to their estimation of that philosophy; but few, we think, will dispute that Mr. Grote, by this work, has placed himself in a distinguished rank among its defenders, in an age in which it has been more powerfully and discriminatingly defended than at any former time. For further knowledge we must refer to the work itself, which will not only be the inseparable companion of Plato's writings, but which no student, of whatever school of thought, can read without instruction, and no one who knows anything of philosophy or the history of philosophy, without admiration and gratitude.

* It must be noted as one more of the contradictions between different dialogues, that when this same requisite, the exclusive attention of every person to the thing which he knows, is suggested in the Charmides as the essence or definition of *σωφροσύνη*, Sokrates not only objects to it as such, but doubts whether this restriction is of any great benefit, since it does not bestow that which is the real condition and constituent of well-being, the knowledge of good and evil. (See Grote, vol. i. p. 489.) Mr. Grote's remarks on the Platonic Republic are perhaps the most striking and admirable part of his whole work—full of important matter for study.

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Art. II.—1. *Miltoni Comus.* Græcè reddidit Georgius, Baro Lyttelton. Cantabrigiæ et Londini: 1863.

2. *Translations.* By Lord Lyttelton and The Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone. London: 1861.

3. *Tennyson's 'In Memoriam.'* Translated into Latin Elegiac Verse. By Oswald A. Smith, Esq. [Printed for private circulation only.] 1864.

4. *Folia Silvulæ*, sive Eclogæ Pöetarum Anglicorum in Latinum et Græcum conversæ, quas disposuit Hubertus A. Holden, LL.D., Collegi SS. Trinitatis quondam Socius, Scholæ Regiæ Gippesvicensis Magister Informator. Volumen prius continens fasciculos I. II. Cantabrigiæ: 1865.

5. *The Agamemnon of Æschylus and the Bacchanals of Euripides, with passages from the Lyric and Later Poets of Greece.* Translated by Henry Hart Milman, D.D., Dean of St. Paul's. London: 1865

The present age may, without hyperbole, be called an age of translations, both *in* and *from* the classical and the modern languages. In spite of all that has been said of the alleged decline of classical studies, because classical attainments have ceased to be the *sole* test of literary culture, never has scholarship more sound and varied prevailed in our Universities and schools; never have more accomplished scholars entered annually into the academical arena. The study of language has assumed a broader and more scientific character; and our sense of the beauties of the great masterpieces of classical literature has been rendered more acute by more extended knowledge of their spirit and significance. Many of the problems of interpretation which had been confined in former times to the higher ranks of scholarship, are now brought down, by good editions of the classics and careful instruction, to the capacity of every fifth-form schoolboy.*

* For example, Mr. Hayman's elaborate edition of the first six books of the 'Odyssey'—a work of great critical scholarship and complete knowledge of the Homeric poem. But although Mr. Hayman is described as 'late Fellow of St. John's College, Oxford,' and head-master of a well-known English school, we doubt whether he can be reckoned among English scholars, so strange and inaccurate is his use of the English language. In the very first page he speaks of the moral sense of the poet 'as not benumbed by any overruling agency, 'coercive from without, *to evacuate the will of its freedom;*'

And whilst it appears to us that the study of the languages of antiquity has lost nothing in precision, it has certainly gained largely in its scope and purview. To this cause may be attributed the numerous efforts of the present time, not only to popularise Homer and Virgil by English translations, but to throw into Greek or Latin forms some of the most cherished productions of our own literature. To these last translations we are about more especially to direct our attention. The general improvement in exact scholarship which has marked the last half century in England, commenced with the discoveries made by Porson in the structure of the Greek Iambic measure, and has kept pace with the attention paid to the art of Greek versification. This is a fact, which not even the stoutest assailants of Greek Iambics will venture to deny, although they may ascribe to fortuitous coincidence, what we assign to a subtle relation of cause and effect. The very trammels of metre necessitate the exertion of a great deal of mental ingenuity, and repeated trials of various words and constructions, before the desired end can be attained, a process which reacts upon the converse process of interpretation.

It deserves to be remarked that the study and practice of Greek verse composition in this country has been mainly confined to the imitation of the Attic writers. Homer, certainly the greatest Greek poet, and, in the estimation of many, the greatest poet that ever lived, is studied rather as an author to be read and enjoyed, than with a view to the imitation of his language. Nothing is to him *aut simile aut secundum*. Still the imitation of the grand Homeric verse would not, like the imitation of the Attic writers, materially conduce to a more exact acquaintance with the niceties of the Greek language. These must be sought for in the literature of a more cultivated age, and it is from the poets, philosophers, and orators of the most advanced period of Greek civilisation, that we derive the critical acquaintance we now possess with the language of the New Testament. It was, no doubt, one of the errors and eccentricities of Walter Savage Landor, to suppose that his own pure Latinity would hand his fame down to future ages, uncorrupted by time, long after his writings in the vulgar English tongue should be forgotten. But it was not less the error of Petrarch, who conceived that his 'Africa' would survive his sonnets. The truth is that even the original compositions of modern writers in the ancient languages have the defects of copies. They are modelled on old shapes. They want the instinctive power which at once suggests and evolves idea into expression; and they are read and remembered as curious or pleasing exercises, rather than as creations. The same remark applies, of course, *à fortiori*, to translations. In the preface to Mr. Dayman's elaborate translation of the 'Divina Commedia' which has recently been completed with success, that gentleman quotes, with approval, the distinctions originally drawn by A. W. Schlegel between the *mechanical* form, which may be given from without, and the *organical* form which is innate and unfolds itself from within. Translations like those before us, from the living into the dead languages, are triumphs of mechanical skill, but it would be vain to seek in them that vital power which stamps an original work of genius in its native growth. The greatness of Milton's English poetry procures a perusal for his Latin poems, which they undoubtedly deserve, but which they would rarely obtain, were it not for this adventitious support. Original modern Latin is in fact at the present day but the shadow of its former self, while translations into and from both Latin and Greek are the mark of the scholar, the amusement of learned leisure, the relaxation of the statesman and the philosopher, and one of the best methods of drilling and exercising the minds of the young for any intellectual exertion requiring acuteness, ingenuity, neatness, or versatility.

Such being our views as to the merit of these exercises, we should have pardoned Lord Lyttelton, if he had occasionally stolen a few hours from the graver duties of life to devote them to the Grecian Muses, instead of informing us, in the elegant preface to his translation of Milton's 'Comus' into Greek verse, that he had composed the latter half of it in the course of his rides and walks about the classic groves of Hagley. And we doubt not that in the wide circle of our readers a certain number will be found grateful to us for placing before them some of the well-known beauties of the English Masque in their Greek form. 'Comus,' though essentially a romantic drama in its plot and its diction, is cast in the form of the Greek drama. It is evident that it could only have been written by a poet familiar as Milton was with classical tragedy—of which, indeed, he has given us a still nobler monument in the 'Samson Agonistes.' The dialogue is

in the fifth page he says, 'Greek scholarship is first uninterruptedly 'luminous among us *from the almost yesterday period of Porson;*' and, in his postscript, 'I should have preferred making *the entire work one of two volumes.*' This is the sort of English which might be written at Göttingen by a German Professor, but it is deplorable if it really proceeds from the pen of a scholar educated at Oxford.

somewhat cold and measured; but the lyrics, having, in effect, their parallel in the choral movements of the Greek drama, are exquisitely genial and animated. We begin our quotations with a passage from the song 'The star that bids the shepherd fold,' which has been admirably represented by Lord Lyttelton in dancing anapæsts. The English runs :—

'Meanwhile welcome Joy and Feast,
Midnight Shout and Revelry,
Tipsy dance and Jollity.
Braid your locks with rosy twine,
Dropping odours, dropping wine.
Rigour now is gone to bed,
And Advice with scrupulous head,
Strict Age and sour Severity
With their grave saws in slumber lie.'

The Greek translation is as follows :—

χαῖρ' οὖν Θαλία, χαῖρ' Εὐφροσύνα,
Κῶμοί τε Βοά Ϝ' ἁ μεσονύκτιος,
οἰνοπλάνητόν τ' ὄρχημ' ἄπονον·
πλέκετ' ἐν ῥοδίῳ πλέγματι χαίταν
χρίσμασιν ὑγρὰν, ὑγρὰν Βρομίῳ·
νῦν γε τὸ Σεμνὸν κατακοιμᾶται,
τό τε Νουθεσίας ὄμμα περίσσοφρον·
*ἀπαράμυθον δ' εὖδει Γῆρας,
χἁ Σωφροσύνα, δριμεῖα Θεὰ,
σοφίαν ϑρυλοῦσα ματαίαν.

In translating line 30 of the Prologue of the Attendant Spirit, it appears to have escaped Lord Lyttelton's observation, that there is an obvious imitation of a passage of the 'Supplices' of Æschylus (254, 255), in the words, 'And all that tract that fronts the falling sun.' The text with which Milton was acquainted, viz. :—

καὶ πᾶσαν αἶαν, ἧς δι' Ἄλγος ἔρχεται
Στυμών τε, πρὸς δύνοντος ἡλίου, κρατῶ·

—might easily have suggested a line more closely resembling the words of the 'Comus' than what we actually find in Lord Lyttelton's translation, viz. :—

πεδίον δὲ τοῦτο πᾶν, πρὸς ἑσπέραν βλέπον.

But we think it will be more interesting to our readers, if we place before them a few of the most frequently quoted passages of 'Comus,' along with their Greek representatives. The beautiful passage—

'A thousand fantasies
Begin to throng into my memory,
Of calling shapes and beck'ning shadows dire,
And aëry tongues that syllable men's names
On sandy shores and desert wildernesses,'—

is thus elegantly rendered :—

μυρί' ἐν μνήμης βάϑει
μορφαῖσι φάσματ' ἀϑρόαις ἀγείρεται,
εἴδωλα προσκαλοῦντα, κοὐκ ὄντων σκιὰ
δεινόν τι προσνεύουσα, καὶ καταπτέρων
ψιϑύρισμα φωνῶν, αἵ τ' ἐπιῤῥήδην λιγὺ
κλήζουσιν ἄνδρας, ἐννύχους κατ' ἠόνας,
ψάμμου τε πεδία κἀβτότους ἐρημίας.

The following well-known passages will be read with interest in their classical dress :—

'But such a sacred and homefelt delight,
Such sober certainty of waking bliss,
I never felt till now,'—

ἀλλὰ τέρψεως τόσον
ἐσωτάτης ὕπαρ τε κοὐκ ὄναρ γάνος
οὔπω τὸ πρίν γ' ἔγνωκα.

'I know each lane and every alley green,
Dingle or bushy dell of this wild wood,
And every bosky bourn from side to side,
My daily walks and ancient neighbourhood.'

ἐγῷδα χλωρῶν πάντας ἀτραπῶν στίβους,
ἄγκη βαϑείας τ' ἀγρίας ὕλης νάπας,
βησσῶν τε πάσας πάντοσ' εὐδένδρων πτύχας,
ὡς γείτονάς μοι τοῦ καϑ' ἡμέραν τρίβου.

'And Wisdom's self
Oft seeks to* sweet retired solitude,
Where with her best nurse, Contemplation,
She plumes her feathers and lets grow her wings,
That in the various bustle of resort
Were all-to ruffled, and sometimes impaired.'

συχνά γοῦν Ἑρημίας
Σοφία ματεύει τὴν ἀπάνϑρωπον χλιδὴν,
κἀκεῖ τιϑήνην ἀμφέπει τὴν φιλτάτην
Θεωρίαν ξύνοικον, οὐδ' ἴσχει πτερῶν
βλάστημ', ἄκοσμα δ' αὖϑι καλλύνει πτίλα,
τὰ δῆτ' ἐν ὄχλων ξυγχύσει πολυῤῥόϑων
λίαν διασπασϑέντα, κοὐκ ἄνευ βλάβης.

We now proceed to give a longer specimen from the passage commencing—

'Within the navel of this hideous wood,
Immured in cypress shades, a sorcerer dwells.'

Ὕλης ἔσωϑεν ὀμφάλου τῆς ἀγρίας
κυπαρισσίνοισι σκότιος ἐν φραγμοῖς γόης,
ὁ Κῶμος, οὗκ Βάκχου τε καὶ Κίρκης μέγας
γόνος, πολεύει· κάρτα δ' ἐν μαγεύμασι
μητρὸς δαήμων, διψίοις ἑκάστοτε
ποτῆρ' ὀδίταις, δολοφόνῳ σαίνων τέχνῃ,
ὀλέϑριον δίδωσι, συμπεφυρμένον
πολλαῖς ἐπωδαῖς· οὗ τὸ ϑυμηδὲς γάνος
ὅλως τὰ τοῦ πίνοντος ἀλλάσσει ῥέϑη,
ἀνϑ' ὧν τίϑησι δυσκλεῆ ϑηρός τινος
τὴν εἶκον', ἐγχαραχϑὲν ἄμβλυνον τὸ νοῦ
ϑνητῷ 'ν προσώπῳ κόμμα· τῶν δ' ἐπῃσϑόμην
ποίμνας νομεύων ἐν γεωλόφοις πέλας
τοῖς ἡμένῃ τῇδ', ὀφρύος δίκην, νάπῃ
ὑπερταϑείσιν· ἐνϑάδ', εὖτ' ἀναστρέφει

* *Vide* Blomf. ad Æsch. Prom. 195.

* It is singular that the expression '*seek to*,' which is used by Massinger as well as Milton, should have been denounced as incorrect English by a journal conducted with the ability of the 'Pall Mall Gazette.' But the use of the dictionary is as repulsive to some minds as the *limæ labor et mora* to others, and a smart sentence is often accounted well worth a considerable blunder.

*ἡ νὺξ ἑκάστοτ', αὐτὸς αἴσχιστοί θ' ὁμοῦ*
*ὄχλοι γεγωνίσκουσιν ὠρυθμὸν, λύκων*
*τρόπον κατ' ἄντρ', ἢ τιγρίδων πληρῶν βορᾶς.*
*οἱ δ' οὖν ἐσωτάτοισι τῶν σπεῶν ἐνὶ*
*μυχοῖς ἀφεγγῶν, τῶν καταπτύστων θεᾶ*
*ῥέζουσιν Ἑκάτῃ προσφορὰν μυστηρίων.*
*πολλὴν δὲ πρὸς τοῖσδ' αἰόλων σοφισμάτων*
*ἴυγγ' ἐφεῦρον, ἥτις ἄσκοπον στίβων*
*τούτων ἀπείροις ἂν σαγηνεύσαι φρένα.*

It is not so very often that plebeian censors find themselves in a position to pass the productions of a patrician author under review, and we shall endeavour to vindicate the democratic independence of the republic of letters by picking as many holes in them as we possibly can. In this passage then, amongst much that is elegant and scholar-like, we must take a little exception to the position of the article in *ἀνθ' ὧν τίθησι δυσκλεῆ θηρός τινος τὴν εἰκονα* and *τῶν σπεῶν ἐνὶ μυχοῖς ἀφεγγῶν*. And we think that the acc. fem. sing. of *δυσκλεὴς* would rather be *δυσκλεᾶ* than *δυσκλεῆ*. Such occasional oversights are, however, naturally, if not necessarily, incident to a work accomplished *subsecivis operis*, and it does not materially interfere with the general effect of the whole, 'siquando bonus dormitat Homerus.'

We will now give a specimen of Lord Lyttelton's trochaics, in which, however, he appears systematically—or it may be purposely—to neglect the rule, that the fourth foot must always conclude with the end of a word, and never run into the fifth. The Attendant Spirit exclaims :—

'What, have ye let the false enchanter 'scape?
O, ye mistook; ye should have snatch'd his wand
And bound him fast; without his rod reversed,
And backward mutters of dissev'ring power,
We cannot free the lady that sits here
In stony fetters fix'd and motionless.
Yet stay, be not disturb'd; now I bethink me,
Some other means I have which may be used,
Which once of Melibœus old I learnt,
The soothest shepherd that ere piped on plains.'

*Ἆρα δὴ λέλῃθεν ὑμᾶς ἀπατηλὸς ἐκφυγὼν,*
*τήν τε ῥαβδὸν ἁρπάσαντες αὐτὸν οὐκ ἐδήσατε;*
*τήνδε δ' οὐκ ἔχουσιν ἡμῖν, ὡς ἔδει, παλίντροπον,*
*ἆσματός τε πάντα διαλύοντος ἄψορρον μένος,*
*πῶς ἂν εἴη τὴν γυναῖκα τὴν λίθῳ πεπηγμένην*
*κἄπορον λύειν; ἐγὼ δὲ τῶν φόβων ἀκέσφορον*
*τοῦ γέροντος ἄλλο τι ξυνῆκα Μελιβοίου μαθὼν,*
*ὃς κατ' ἄγρους ποιμένων ἄριστα μαντεύειν ἔφυ.*

In the fifth and last lines of this passage, there is another trifling metrical error which we notice at the risk of being accused of borrowing the spectacles of Zoilus. Πῶς ἂν εἴη and ὃς κατ' ἄγρους are scarcely legitimate commencements of the Tragic trochaic tetrameter, which requires a trochee or tribrach in the second place, when the first dipodia ends with a word not adhering closely to the ord following. A few lines farther on we think a clerical error must have been committed and overlooked. In lines 967 and 968 we find :—

*ἄμβροτόν τ' ἔχευ' ἔλαιον εἰσόδους πάντας δία,*
*οἷσιν αἰσθέσθαι βρότεια σωμάτων ἔχει μέλη.*

These lines were probably—εἴσοδος being feminine—intended to stand as follows :—

*ἄμβροτόν τ' ἔχευ' ἔλαιον εἰσόδους πάσας δία,*
*οἷσιν αἰσθέσθαι βρότεια σωμάτων ἔχει μέλη.*

We will conclude our specimens of Lyttelton's translation of 'Comus' with a vigorous song in Aristophanic anapæsts.

'Back, shepherds, back, enough your play,
Till next sunshine holiday,
Here be, without duck or nod,
Other trippings to be trod
Of lighter toes, and such court guise
As Mercury did first devise
With the mincing Dryades,
On the lawns and on the leas.'

*ἄπιτ' ἐκ τούτων, ποιμένες, ἐδρῶν τάγε παίγνια νῦν*
*τετέλεσται,*
*κωμάζοντες δ' ἄλλοι ἔπεισιν, θαλερὰν ὄρχηστιν*
*ἄγοντες,*
*γενναιοπρεπὲς σχῆμ' ἀρίδηλοι, μελάθροισιν ἂτ' ἐν*
*βασιλείοις·*
*εὐρυστέρνων ἐπὶ λειμώνων, Δρυάδεσσι μεθ' ἁβρο-*
*βάταισιν,*
*τοιάδ' ὁ Μαίας ἐξεῦρε πάλαι, τερπνᾶς φίλ' ἀγάλματ'*
*ἑορτᾶς.*

The only question that occurs to us in considering this excellent version is, whether there is sufficient authority for the use of the form *ἁβροβάτης* in the feminine gender.

We pass on now to a work in which Lord Lyttelton appears in conjunction with our greatest living orator, if not our greatest living statesman. In this volume we have portions of the translation of 'Comus,' which we have just been reviewing, and the whole of Tennyson's 'Lotus-Eaters' in Greek; a passage from Goldsmith's 'Deserted Village,' in Latin elegiacs, and Tennyson's 'Œnone' and 'Godiva' in Latin hexameters. We give a specimen from the 'Lotus-Eaters' in a metre which might well receive a little more encouragement at the Universities :—

'They sat them down upon the yellow sand,
Between the sun and moon upon the shore;
And sweet it was to dream of fatherland,
Of wife and child and slave: but evermore
Most weary seem'd the sea, weary the oar,
Weary the wand'ring fields of barren foam.
Then some one said, "We will return no more;"
And all at once they sang, "Our island home
Is far beyond the wave; we will no longer roam.'

*Οἱ δ' ἐκάθηντο*
*μεσσηγὺς Φοίβου τε φάους δίας τε Σελήνης,*
*ξουθοῦ ἐπ' αἰγιαλοῦ· πέρι τ' ἄσμενοι ἐμνήσαντο*
*πατρίδα καὶ δμῶας, φίλα τέκνα, φίλας τε γυναῖκας·*
*κῦμα δὲ δυσφόρεον, καὶ ναυστολίην ἀλεγεινὴν,*

καὶ πελάγη ἀφροῖο πολυπλανῆ ἀτρυγέτοιο.
ὣδε δέτις εἶπεσκεν. "Ἅλις πεπλανήμεθ', ἑταῖροι."
αὐτίκ' ἄρα ξύμπαντες, "Ἀλίβροχον ἠμέτερον δῶ
εὖ μάλα μακρὸν ἄπεστιν, ἑκὰς ἐνὶ οἴνοπι πόντῳ·
ὣδε μένειν ὄχ' ἄριστον· ἅλις πεπλανήμεθ', ἑταῖροι."

This is an elegant translation of an elegant original; but, unless there is some authority for the application of *ξουθὸς* as an epithet to *αἰγιαλὸς*, of which we are not aware, we should have preferred to see the ordinary word *ξανθὸς* in its stead. After a tolerably careful examination of authorities, we have been led to the conclusion that, in almost every passage in which the word *ξουθὸς* occurs, it is explicable with reference to *sound*, as when it is applied to the jug-jug of the nightingale, the buzzing of the bee, the twittering of the swallow, and the whistling of the wind, whereas comparatively few passages admit of any reference to colour. The word is properly one of those formed in imitation of sounds, although the phrase *ξουθὸς ἱππαλεκτρύων*, which is twice used by Aristophanes, prevents us from denying *in toto* its co-existence as a bye-form of *ξανθός*. In this sense it appears, however, to be restricted in practice to *animals*, real or imaginary.

We wish we could do more than merely refer the lovers of Greek anapæstic verse—a metre in which Lord Lyttelton appears peculiarly to excel—to the conclusion of the 'Lotus-Eaters.' But we must proceed. The softness of Tennyson's versification is beautifully reproduced in Latin hexameters in both 'Œnone' and 'Godiva,' and sometimes the Latin idiom has a terseness and force beyond even the force of the original. Thus we have been greatly struck by the version of a line at the opening of the 'Œnone:'—

'Topmost Gargarus
Stands up and takes the dawn.'

'Gargarus ingens
Præripit auroram.'

But we give a longer specimen from this poem:—

'O mother, hear me yet before I die!
I will not die alone, for fiery thoughts
Do shape themselves within me more and more,
Whereof I catch the issue, as I hear
Dead sounds at night come from the inmost hills,
Like footsteps upon wool. I dimly see
My far-off doubtful purpose, as a mother
Conjectures of the features of her child
Ere it is born; her child!—a shudder comes
Across me: never child be born of me,
Unblest, to vex me with his father's eyes.'

'Extremam, genitrix, mors advenit, accipe vocem.
Non ego Lethæas ibo incomitata per undas:
Namque mihi, arcanis siquando oriuntur inanes
Montibus, ut pressa in tacitam vestigia lanam,
Nocte soni, fervet dubii mens præscia fati.
Auguror incertum facinus, ceu conscia mater
Visa sibi ignotæ formam prænoscere prolis:
—Ut dixi, ut tremui! Ne sit peperisse, paternum
Qui referat vanâ male natus imagine vultum!'

We now come to the second half of the volume, comprising translations by Mr. Gladstone. Here we would remark, at the outset, that in rendering into English verse the lighter and more trifling effusions of the classic muse, Mr. Gladstone appears to us, comparatively speaking, to fail, while in translating poetry of a higher class he takes rank beyond the possibility of controversy in the forefront of the very best translators. The first specimen that we shall select is 'The Lion's Cub' from the Agamemnon of Æschylus (696-715), which the curious reader may compare with another translation of the same passage from the elegant volume of translations recently published by the Dean of St. Paul's:—

'Even so, belike, might one
A lion-suckling nurse,
Like a foster son,
To his home a future curse.
In life's beginnings mild,
Dear to sire and kind to child;
Oft folded in his lord's embrace,
Like an infant of the race;
Sleek and smiling to the hand,
He fawn'd at want's command.

'But in time he showed
The habit of his blood.
The debt of nurture he repaid;
The lowing herds he tore,
A fierce-unbidden feast he made,
And the house was foul with gore.
Huge grief its inmates overshed,
Huge mischief, slaughter widely spread!
A heaven-sent priest of woe
In the palace did he grow.'

The only criticism that we would venture on here is to suggest that 'bleating flocks' would represent the words *μηλοφόνοισιν ἄγαισιν* more closely than 'lowing herds.'

In the following stanzas Dr. Milman has rendered the same passage:—

'That king within his palace nurst
The dangerous lion cub, at first
Taking his bland and blameless feast
Of innocent milk from the full breast;
Gentle with whom a child might toy;
He was the old man's sport and joy;
Oft in their arms, tired out with play,
Like a new-born babe he lay,
Or fondly fawning would he stand,
And hungry licked his food from the caressing hand.

'Time passes—quickly he displays
His ruthless kind's bloodthirsty ways;
And this was the return he made:
Thus the fond forbearing care repaid:
Upon the innocent flocks to feast
Insatiate, an unbidden guest,
And all the house reeks thick with blood;
The unresisting servants stood
Shuddering before the unconquered beast;
Heaven willed, so in that house was nursed fell
Ate's priest.'

Between the Damætas of Downing Street and the Menalcas of St. Paul's, the critic may be permitted to relax for an instant the awful severity of his judicial duties—*et vitulâ tu dignus, et hic* is our verdict. But if we are called upon to give a more discriminating sentence, we say that the Dean appears to us to have more of the grace and rhythm of an English poet, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer to have retained more of the rude force and grandeur of the original.

The description of the Greeks moving to war in the fourth book of the 'Iliad' is magnificent in both the Greek and the English. Mr. Gladstone has selected the metrical system and manner of the most Homeric of British poets, Sir Walter Scott, and we think that the result fully justifies his selection:—

'As when the billow gathers fast
With slow and sullen roar
Beneath the keen north-western blast
Against the sounding shore;
First far at sea it rears its crest,
Then bursts upon the beach,
Or with proud arch and swelling breast,
Where headlands outward reach,
It smites their strength, and bellowing flings
Its silver foam afar;
So, stern and thick, the Danaan kings
And soldiers march'd to war.
Each leader gave his men the word,
Each warrior deep in silence heard;
So mute they march'd, thou couldst not ken
They were a mass of speaking men;
And as they strode in martial might,
Their flickering arms shot back the light.'

The presentation of the arms to Achilles by Thetis is very good, although scarcely equal to the passage last quoted, which we do not remember to have seen excelled, if equalled, by any translation in the English language:—

'The goddess laid them on the floor,
They rattling shot a thousand rays.
With trembling and bewilder'd gaze
The Myrmidons beheld the blaze;
But when Achilles saw them shine,
The glorious handiwork divine,
Then hotter flamed his smouldering ire,
Then shot his eyes their lightning fire,
And, while the gorgeous gift he held,
With deadly joy his bosom swelled.'

The dialogue between Horace and Lydia (Od. iii. 9) is fairly, but not strikingly rendered, and the lively ode of Catullus ('Ille mî par esse deo videtur') in imitation of Sappho is, in our opinion, too light a piece of filagree-work for the manipulation of Mr. Gladstone's stately muse. 'Ugolino,' from the 'Inferno' of Dante, takes rank with the best specimens of translation from Homer, but it is too long to quote in full, and a brief extract would not do it justice. The original of the following stanza from Manzoni's ode on the 'Cinque Maggio' (Death of Napoleon) will be familiar to every one who is conversant with modern Italian literature:—

'How often, as the listless ray
In silence died away,
With lingering eye deprest,
And arms across upon his breast,
He stood, and Memory's rushing train
Came down on him amain:
The breezy tents he seem'd to see,
And the battering cannon's course,
And the flashing of the infantry,
And the torrent of the horse,
And the quick ecstatic word,
Obeyed as soon as heard.'

Mr. Gladstone's translations into Greek and Latin, although good, do not appear to us by any means equal to his translations into English, although we cannot deny that our judgment of the former may possibly have been somewhat affected by the juxtaposition of pieces of such remarkable excellence, as several of the latter. We think there must be a misprint in the first line of his first translation into Latin verse (p. 137), and that its commencement, 'Tu quoque neve putes aliam quam prospicis urbem Romuleâ rerum dominâ,' must have stood in his manuscript, 'Tu quoque ne reputes,' &c. The following version of Bishop Heber's 'Verses to his Wife' is pleasing and elegant:—

'I spread my books, my pencil try,
The lingering noon to cheer,
But miss thy kind approving eye,
Thy meek attentive ear.

'But when of morn and eve the star
Beholds me on my knee,
I feel, though thou art distant far,
Thy prayers ascend for me.

'Then on! then on! where duty leads,
My course be onward still,
O'er broad Hindostan's sultry meads,
O'er bleak Almorah's hill.'

'Cum neque aspectu recreer benigno,
Nec probâ vox accipiatur aure,
Displicent libri; malè penicillis
Fallitur æstus.

'Rite mî flexis genibus precanti,
Supplices et te sociare palmas
Stella nascentis videt et diei
Stella cadentis.

'Proinde quo virtus jubet ire pergam,
Almoræ scandens gelidum cacumen,
Seu juga Indorum sequar, atque campos
Sole perustos.'

Mr. Oswald A. Smith's translation of the whole of Tennyson's 'In Memoriam' into Latin elegiac verse, although printed for private circulation only, is well worthy of a public notice. It is a model of closeness of translation and continuous *μάχη σταδαία* with the difficulties of a very difficult original. The only fault that we are inclined to find with it, in a general way, is, that a heaviness is frequently given to the versification, especially in the hexameters, by a collocation of the words, both at the commencement and about the fourth foot of the verse, which often appears to be studied, but which, to our mind, detracts from the general effect of the whole, as Latin poetry, although it is well known to be peculiarly characteristic of the style of Mr. Tennyson himself. We would never reject a spondaic, or partially spondaic rhythm, when energy or exactness is to be gained by it; but when a choice lies before us, *cæteris paribus*, we should always prefer a dactylic rhythm at the commencement of a verse. We think that Ovid or Tibullus would have written 'Sola fides nobis contingit,' instead of 'Nobis sola fides contingit, and 'Da veniam verbis,' instead of 'Verbis da veniam quæ sint contraria vero,' and so forth in many other instances. Having premised thus much, we have great pleasure in proceeding to show, by specimens, how great a loss has been sustained by the lovers both of Latin verse and of Tennyson, in that the Laureate has not consented to sanction the publication of these translations, because he appears to have conceived that they would interfere with his own copyright. In p. vi.,

'Our little systems have their day;
They have their day and cease to be;
They are but broken lights of thee,
And thou, O Lord, art more than they,'

is thus closely rendered:—

'Paulisper florent humana negotia, sed mors
Omnia communis, finis et una, manet;
Sunt diffusa velut divinæ lumina flammæ,
O Deus, et quantum luce minora tuâ.'

No. xxxix. p. 60 of 'In Memoriam,' is very beautiful, and is very beautifully translated:—

'Could we forget the widow'd hour
And look on spirits breathed away,
As on a maiden in the day
When first she wears her orange-flower!

'When crown'd with blessing she doth rise
To take her latest leave of home,
And hopes and light regrets that come
Make April of her tender eyes;

'And doubtful joys the father move,
And tears are on the mother's face,
As parting with a long embrace
She enters other realms of love;

'Her office there to rear, to teach,
Becoming as is meet and fit
A link among the days, to knit
The generations each to each;

'And, doubtless, unto thee is given
A life that bears immortal fruit
In such great offices as suit
The full-grown energies of heaven.

'Ah me, the difference I discern!
How often shall her old fireside
Be cheer'd with tidings of the bride,
How often she herself return,

'And tell them all they would have told,
And bring her babe and make her boast,
Till even those that miss'd her most
Shall count new things as dear as old.

'But thou and I have shaken hands,
Till growing winters lay me low;
My paths are in the fields I know,
And thine in undiscovered lands.'

'O utinam obliti possemus lugubris horæ
Manes præteritos commemorare modo,
Quo contemplamur sponsali luce puellam,
Quam niveis primum floribus ornat Hymen!

'Cum virgo surgens, et votis aucta benignis,
Effundit caræ verba suprema domo;
Et teneris oculis risus lacrymasque vicissim
Dant, velut Aprilis, spesque levisque dolor;

'Atque incerta patris pertentant gaudia pectus,
Matris et humectat lucida gutta genas;
Dum virgo, producta abiens post oscula, regnum
Diversi, quod * non novit, amoris init:

'Fiet ubi primum nutrix, et deinde docebit,
Sic peragens vitæ debita jura suæ;
Sæclaque connectens sæclis antiqua futuris,
Ipsa suam prolem consociabit avis.

'Haud aliter credo nova jam tibi tempora vitæ,
Fructum immortalem progenitura, dari;
Talibus officiis magnis dum fungere, vires
Qualia perfectas Cælicolasque decent.

'Hei mihi nunc harum cerno discrimina rerum!
Gaudebit quoties illa relicta domus,
Adveniente aliquo sponsæ rumore, paternum
Ah! repetet quoties ipsa marita focum!

'Cunctaque narrabit, quotquot narranda re gabunt,
Infantemque, suâ prole superba, feret,

* An potius 'quem'?

Dum, ceu prisca, illis etiam nova vita placebit,
Qui desiderii * non posuere modum.

'Sed donec series hiemum et me straverit ætas,
Heu tanget dextram non mea dextra tuam;
Nota explorati tractûs ego prata pererro,
Tu per inexpertos ire videris agros.'

We give also part of No. xcv. p. 143:—

'Perplext in faith, but pure in deeds,
At last he beat his music out,
There lives more faith in honest doubt,
Believe me, than in half the creeds.

'He fought his doubts and gather'd strength,
He would not make his judgment blind,
He faced the spectres of the mind
And laid them: thus he came at length

'To find a stronger faith his own;
And Power was with him in the night,
Which makes the darkness and the light,
And dwells not in the light alone,

'But in the darkness and the cloud,
As over Sinai's peaks of old,
While Israel made their gods of gold,
Altho' the trumpet blew so loud.'

'Anceps ille fide, sed ab omni crimine purus,
Effecit tandem ut consona chorda foret,
Plus fidei Dubio, mihi crede, existit honesto,
Quam quæ plerumque in Relligione latet.

'Fortior est factus contra Dubia ille reluctans,
Judicio cæco noluit ille frui;
Sustinuit coram mentis simulacra tueri,
Vertit et in celerem præcipitata fugam.

'Deinde fides magis audacem nutrivit; et illi
Se comitem in mediâ Vis Sacra nocte dedit;
Vis ea, quæ pariter noctis lucisque creatrix,
Non semper lucis regna serena colit,

'Nubis at interdum et caliginis incola vivit,
Qualis Sinæis astitit antè jugis;
Dum sua Judæi faciebant numina ab auro,
Tam claro litui non prohibente sono.'

The following is very classically rendered (No. cxx. p. 188):—

'Sweet Hesper-Phosphor, double name
For what is one, the first, the last,
Thou, like my present and my past,
Thy place is changed, thou art the same.'

'Hespere, diversum seu mavis, Phosphore, nomen,
Ultima qui rutilas, primaque flamma poli;
More meæ vitæ præsentis, more peractæ,
Stella novo fulges una eademque loco.'

This cannot be excelled. There are, however, one or two little matters that we must remark upon with the same freedom with which we have noticed the occasional oversights of the writers we have already criticised. In No. iii. p. 3, we question whether any good classical authority can be produced for 'O tu qui' in the line, 'O tu, qui Mortis curas arcana sacerdos.' 'O tu,' 'Tu qui,' and 'O qui' are common enough, but we do not remember seeing the three words in question employed together. 'O tu quæ' also occur together in No. cxxx. p. 202. In No. viii. p. 10:—

'A happy lover who has come
To look on her that loves him well,'

is translated:—

'Qui lætus properat nympham visurus amator,
Nympham, cui gremium mutuus implet amor.'

'Gremium' is the *lap*, not the *bosom*. A very similar error is sometimes made, conversely, in translating Propertius III. VII. 11 and 12:—

'Cynthia non sequitur fasces, non quærit honores,
Semper amatorum ponderat illa sinus.'

Here 'sinus' is sometimes supposed to signify the *affectionate feelings* of Cynthia's lovers, whereas it really means their 'pockets' or 'purses.' 'Verum operi longo fas est obrepere somnum.'

Dr. Holden, of Queen Elizabeth's Grammar School, Ipswich, has given us an extremely handsome volume, as a first instalment of translations into Latin and Greek of his own selections of English passages for that purpose, which are in considerable use at schools and in the Universities, and are well deserving of their popularity. The plan of the work almost necessitates the presence of pieces of unequal merit, against which may be set the fact, that *laudatores temporis acti* will find the scholars of the past represented in it as well as those of the present day, and will certainly be constrained to admit that the latter are not affected by any degeneracy in point of Latin versification. We proceed to give one or two specimens from the pens of Dr. Holden's contributors. The second translation (p. 25) of one of Wordsworth's most exquisite little poems is very close and graceful. It is by Mr. C. B. Scott, the present Head Master of Westminster School:—

'She dwelt amongst the untrodden ways
Besides the springs of Dove,
A maid whom there were none to praise,
And very few to love.

'A violet by a mossy stone,
Half hidden from the eye,
Fair as a star, when only one
Is shining in the sky,

'She lived unknown, and few could know
When Lucy ceased to be;
But she is in her grave, and O!
The difference to me!'

* An potius 'desiderio'?

'Virgo recessus incolebat avios
Nascentis ad Dovæ caput,
Nullius unquam nobilis præconio,
Unique tantum et alteri
Dilecta; saxum viola muscosum prope
Ceu pæne fallit lumina:
At pulcra, qualis prima cer crepuscula
Cum stella fulget unica.
Ignota vixit Lucia; a terristrebus
Ignota concessit plagis,
Et nunc sepulcro dormit: at superstiti
Ah! vita quam dispar mihi!'

In pages 73 and 74 we have no less than three translations of Herrick's 'Gather ye rosebuds while ye may,' in every one of which either 'pejor' or 'in pejus' is used to represent the word 'worse' in the lines:—

'That age is best which is the first,
When youth and blood are warmer;
But being spent, the *worse* and *worst*
Times still succeed the former.'

We cannot think that any great difficulty would have been experienced in introducing 'deterior' or 'in deterius' in place of the words actually used, and we are surprised that not one of the writers appears to have thought of so obviously close a method of representing the degeneracy of a thing originally good.

It is interesting to compare the translations of the commencement of the 'Lay of the last Minstrel' by Mr. Munro of Trinity College, Cambridge, and Professor Conington of Oxford (pp. 135, 136). Each translator has his points of superiority and inferiority; but it would be difficult to decide to which, on the whole, the palm ought to be assigned, and we think that most people would be very well content to place them in a bracket. Want of space alone prevents us from quoting both pieces at length with the original English.

Mr. Clay, of the Cambridge University Press, has given a most exquisite translation into Asclepiads of Shakspeare's

'Orpheus with his lute made trees,
And the mountain tops that freeze,
Bow themselves, when he did sing;
To his music plants and flowers
Ever sprung, as sun and showers
There had made a lasting spring.

'Every thing that heard him play,
Even the billows of the sea
Hung their heads and then lay by;
In sweet music is such art,
Killing care and grief of heart
Fall asleep or, hearing, die.'

'Vates Threïcius lyrâ
Arbusta et rigidum flectere montium
Ad cantum potuit caput:
Flores et frutices fudit humus novos,
Ceu ver perpetuum foret
Alternis vicibus solis et imbrium.
Nil non succumbuit lyræ
Auditis numeris; vel tumidum mare
Undarum posuit minas
Demisitque caput; vis ea carminis,
Curas carnifices potest
Sopire aut placito tradere funeri.'

A slight transposition would, in our opinion, have rendered this little piece absolutely perfect. A modified *synaphea* runs through the Asclepiad system, which is violated by a short vowel at the end of one line preceding a vowel at the commencement of the next. Thus—

'Auditis numeris; vel tumidum mare
Undarum posuit minas,'

is metrically incorrect, but there is no reason why the words 'mare' and 'minas' should not have been transposed, and we own to a little surprise that this has not been done by so careful and exact a scholar as Dr. Holden.

Of Dr. Holden's own performances, as well as those of his cousin, Dr. Holden of Durham, we will only say that they are uniformly good, and we recommend his work most warmly to all who are interested in Latin and Greek versification. Indeed this work appears somewhat opportunely to remind the public that the highest scholarship is not confined to the so-called 'great' schools, but will more commonly be found in perfection among the head masters of smaller grammar schools. Always excepting Dr. Kennedy, of Shrewsbury, we doubt whether many of the head masters of the 'great' schools could stand in competition in point of scholarship and power over the Greek and Latin languages with those of Ipswich and Durham.

We think that the specimens of both Greek and Latin verse, which we have given will, in the estimation of our readers, fully bear us out in the opinion which we expressed at the outset, that classical scholarship has by no means degenerated in our country. Nay, we will venture the assertion that no country produces so many good and promising scholars annually as our own, although we must admit that other vocations and other paths of life carry them off in too large numbers from their allegiance to the muses of Greece and Rome.

A few words we must say, before we conclude, on a phenomenon which has doubtless not escaped the notice of our readers, in one of the works which we have been reviewing, but our remarks on which, on account of its important practical bearing, we have reserved for our final paragraphs. We allude to the mixture of translations from modern with those from ancient languages, which

appears in Mr. Gladstone's pages. Although as mere instruments of education the two classical languages may justly claim a superiority, and although our highest interests, as immortal beings, are bound up with the Greek language, yet, if we leave the seclusion of academic shades and cast our eyes on what is actually going on around us in practical life, we must be blind indeed if we fail to discern the vast and increasing proportions assumed by the importance of modern languages. Are our Universities to continue either to ignore this undoubted fact, or by a grudging and niggardly acknowledgment of it, to repel from their bosoms those to whom a mastery over several modern languages is a practical object, beside which almost all other educational questions sink at once into comparative unimportance? Why should not the Universities strike into the path thus indicated by Mr. Gladstone, and by the institution of schools or triposes for honourable competition in modern languages, attract to themselves a class of men, that of all others would be most benefited by a residence within their precincts? Examinations, conducted as those for classical honours are at present, would allow but a trifling advantage to that superficial and merely conversational knowledge which is gained by a residence abroad during boyhood, and modern languages would soon be studied in so exact and scientific a manner, as to produce intellectual and educational results only second to those of the systematic study of the classical languages.

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Art. III.—1. *Report from the Select Committee on the Thames River, together with the Proceedings of the Committee, Minutes of Evidence, &c.* London: 1865.

2. *Metropolis Water Supply. On the Supply of Water to London from the Sources of the River Severn.* By John Frederic Bateman, C. E., F. R. S. London: 1865.

3. *Another Blow for Life.* By George Godwin, Esq. London: 1865.

While the sources and limits of the supply of some of the prime necessaries of our physical existence have at different times engaged public attention, the distribution of one of the most indispensable of them all, namely, pure water, has been less the subject of inquiry than most others. We have acquired pretty accurate statistics of the amount of our production of coal, and we are continually learning more and more of the quantities remaining for future consumption. We know, too, not a little of our national commissariat, we can estimate our bread-stuffs, our flesh-meats, our fish-supplies, our tea and coffee, and milk, and many other minor articles of daily consumption; but when we arrive at fresh and pure water, we are at once in the domain of general ignorance and conjecture.

When the country was but thinly peopled, and when men had all the land before them where to choose their dwellings, for the most part they searched for springs and streams and rivers, before they settled down in any considerable numbers. Even dwellers apart, and especially the founders of convents and religious houses, appear to have sought water before they erected an abode, so that a good spring or well will invariably be found in or near the old convents and castles whose venerable ruins impart interest to so many well-known localities in our land. When, moreover, our towns and cities were inhabited by comparatively small numbers, water was always and easily obtained from an adjacent river, or from full wells, or copious springs, and often from all these together. In the early times, even of our Metropolis, there was no lack of good water, and little labour in getting it. A few famous springs, conduits, or pumps, and, best of all, the great and then unpolluted river, yielded vastly more than Londoners could need or desire.

But in the course of years our rapidly augmenting population threatens to drink up the springs, exhaust the pumps, and diminish the very river which forms a highway for our commerce, and has borne wealth to our enormous Metropolis. It may be said without exaggeration that if so many millions are to be collected over a few square miles of ground, they can find there neither water to drink, nor air to breathe, nor earth to bury their dead. All over the country, too, vast numbers of residents are crowding together, and multitudinous houses have arisen, so that now we no longer have freedom of choice in selecting the sites of our dwelling-places. These have long been fixed, and the increase of population is visible in accretions, not in dispersions. Hence we have this great and perplexing problem to solve:—How are the gathering and growing millions of inhabitants of England and Wales to be provided with a sufficient amount of pure and soft water, ready at their doors and running through their houses? It might with some propriety be affirmed that this is a topic of European interest, for the great cities of Europe have in many instances to solve the same problem. Parisians and Florentines complain of the impurity and insufficiency of water. Berlin

has been compelled to get water by the help of a public company originated in England. Vienna has very recently been agitated by a serious controversy on the supply of that city from three copious springs. Rome itself, the city of great aqueducts—the best supplied city of all antiquity—even in her very desolation, utters the cry for good water; and it is rumored that one English company has entered into an engagement to bring water down from Subiaco, one of its ancient sources of supply.

The present is a period peculiarly opportune to this inquiry, since we have had a succession of comparatively dry summers from 1861, and the last two summers have been, at least in some districts, the driest of all. In fact, had it not happened that a very wet autumnal month and a rainy winter have followed a singularly dry September, we should have suffered severely from drought. In October last there were twenty-six rainy days, and the total quantity of rain which fell within them exceeded half the rainfall of the previous six months. Should equally dry summers recur in quick succession, many parts of the country will be greatly inconvenienced. Last year numerous villages were parched for want of sufficient water, and impure ponds were necessarily drawn upon. Some of these villages were in such a condition of drought as to favour the approach of cholera. Agriculturists were in sore and similar need, and even towns and cities began to apprehend a serious deficiency of water. The condition of many of our large manufacturing towns from this cause has been appalling. Mills have stopped work, trade has been injured, and thousands of artisans have been thrown out of employ. Nor is this altogether the aggravated result of a few dry summers; it is in some degree the chronic complaint of the time. Liverpool, after spending immense sums in storage, reservoirs, and wells, is still short of an adequate supply of good water. Chester has a very inferior supply, and Birkenhead depends on a few wells alone. We know that last year the Metropolis suffered greatly in particular districts, and that some of the water companies scarcely knew how to provide the requisite deliveries, so that they even ventured to infringe upon forbidden parts of the Thames. An observant clergyman who has been conversant with the Thames for more than forty years has always given this advice, 'Be sure that you economise the water, for there are many towns in England now growing which appear to me to have ruin staring them in the face for want of a proper supply of water. That may seem an extravagant statement: I believe, however, that it is strictly true; certainly it is with reference to the Valley of the Thames.'* It is remarkable that many towns have been so tardy in attempting to provide enough water, that we ask with surprise how they can have existed and flourished so many years with so little of that essential commodity. Nor does this observation hold good merely of manufacturing and proverbially filthy towns; on the contrary, some stately and wealthy ones are open to the charge. What town, for instance, is more eligible as a residence than Tunbridge Wells, and what town presents a greater proportion of superior houses and easily circumstanced inhabitants? Yet even while we write we notice advertisements relative to additional waterworks there, and we learn that to furnish the present supply has been a matter of no small difficulty.

'In the first instance,' says Mr. Denton, 'the springs which burst out on the present site of the town, and flowed by a small channel to the river Medway (some five miles off), providing the population along its banks, such as it was, with excellent water, were intercepted at their head and appropriated for domestic purposes. This water, after serving the houses for which it was abstracted, was returned in its polluted state into its old channel, and thus it flowed to the Medway a foul and corrupted sewer. The supply so procured is now found to be insufficient, and last year the authorities applied to Parliament for powers to extract springs from lands some distance away, and thereby absorb streams not in the valley of which Tunbridge Wells is the head, but in an adjoining valley, from which the water when taken will have to be raised over interposing high ground in a supply reservoir near Tunbridge Wells. Thus has one large town not only converted a clear stream into a dirty sewer, but it has obtained Parliamentary power to take the water it requires from another stream, and deprive the valley through which that stream flowed of any prospective value attached to a good and copious supply of water.'†

Here is a town famous for its mineral springs, yet long imperfectly provided with abundant pure water, and now about to take the water from poor districts in order to supply the rich. It is not a little singular that we find another of our wealthy and luxurious towns, celebrated for its mineral springs, has long been suffering for lack of common drinking water. In his evidence on the Cheltenham Waterworks Bill last year, Mr. Thomas

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* The Rev. J. C. Clutterbuck, in evidence to the Select Committee on the Thames River, on 16th March, 1865.

† Journal of the Society of Arts, No. 679. We have noticed a recent trial in the courts of law on this matter.

Hawkesley, an experienced hydraulic engineer, stated that to supply the 50,000 inhabitants of Cheltenham with water to the amount of 25 gallons per head per diem, about 1,000,000 gallons a day, on the average of the whole year, would be required. 'Our present supply,' added he, 'including the Sandford Mead supply, is about '250,000 gallons per diem; and we ought to have six times as much as we have got.' Who would traverse the beautiful walks of Cheltenham, and note its elegant mansions, and yet suppose that so imposing a town required *six times its present supply of water* to come up to the recognised needs of its population?

A succession of dry seasons may, however, be followed by a sequence of wet years, and therefore occasional droughts will not lastingly influence the question of water supply. But other circumstances threaten to affect it seriously. The problem before us is not merely how to provide for some twenty millions of inhabitants, but how to provide for the natural increase of these millions according to the ascertained ratio of addition, for every flourishing town must meet an annually increasing demand. The population of Birmingham, for instance, according to the census of 1861, was 296,076. Suppose all these inhabitants supplied, still as 5,000 are annually added, it is said, to the previous population, water must be found for these additions. This natural increase will be most strikingly displayed when we come to speak of the increasing population of London. The populousness, too, of our chief towns is often not merely the consequence of natural multiplication, but also of immigration to these principal seats of manufactures. In all such towns there will likewise be an increased demand for water in manufacturing processes. An additional 10 gallons per head per diem is thought to be necessary for manufacturing towns. Great factories consume a very large amount of water. In the celebrated brewery of the Messrs. Guinness in Dublin, about 300 men are employed, through whose hands no less than 500,000 gallons of water daily pass, either in its natural or manufactured state. As breweries and other trades using ample water multiply, so will the necessity for water be more urgent, while every potable stream that moves or ministers to new mills upon its banks will, to that extent, be the less potable. Thus the advance of mechanical industry will destroy the purity of our rivers and at the same time increase the number who draw water from them.

Besides these causes there is another and important one which adds to the cry for more water. Not only does every additional person want a certain quantity, but every additional individual tends to require more water than any of his predecessors. The diffusion of care and cleanliness of body makes one man use perhaps twice as much water as any of his ancestors; and the more confidently men believe that cleanliness is next to godliness, the more ample will be their ablutions. Probably our forefathers used as little of the pure liquid as some of the less cultivated nations of Europe at this day; but although it is impossible to discover what have been the actual rate of increase in ablutions and detergent processes, yet we trace the effect in the remarkable diminution in certain once-prevalent diseases. A very short time ago the amount of water deemed necessary per individual was far less than at present. In the case of Glasgow, we find that in 1838 the quantity of water used per head per diem over the whole population was 26 gallons, and that was thought at the period to be a liberal supply. In 1845, however, the quantity rose to 30 gallons a day. In 1852 it increased to 35 gallons per head on the north side of the river supplied from the Glasgow works, and to 38 gallons per head on the Gorbals side. This last was regarded as a large supply, and when the Loch Katrine scheme was adopted, 40 gallons per head was viewed as the extreme. Yet now the amount delivered is 45 gallons per head per diem. In all, no less than 20,000,000 gallons were daily supplied two or three years ago, and in 1864 the total supply during the first six months of the year averaged 19,100,000 gallons per diem from Loch Katrine, and on the south side of the river 3,400,000 gallons from the Gorbals waterworks, amounting together to 22,500,000 gallons of water every day distributed to a population of about 485,000 persons. After 45 gallons were distributed to each individual, 3½ gallons were sold by meter for purposes of trade, leaving 41½ gallons to each person for domestic use. It is fortunate that we can obtain these details respecting so important and so quickly increasing a city as Glasgow, as they clearly show the rapid ratio of augmentation in the demands for water in a flourishing and manufacturing city. Much the same will be the effect of increase in all similar cities and towns, and, doubtless, every one of them will have to consider their reserved capital of water, and to estimate the consequences of multiplied draughts upon it in the years to come.

Confining our attention primarily to the great problem of supplying abundant soft and pure water to the Metropolis, we shall merely advert in passing to other cities and towns. In the first place, we shall proceed to consider the rapid increase in the demands

of the Metropolis, and the sufficiency or insufficiency of the supply delivered during recent years and at the present period, subsequently glancing at the probable necessities of the Metropolis of the future.

In 1850, the Report by the General Board of Health on the Supply of Water to the Metropolis stated, as the result of numerous inquiries and investigations, that the total daily quantity required was 44,000,000 gallons; and the total daily quantity actually delivered by the various companies appears to have been 40,383,332 gallons. In 1856 the daily delivery had reached 81,000,000 gallons, having nearly doubled itself in the short space of six years.* Various Acts of Parliament were passed in 1852, authorising the withdrawal of water from the Thames to the maximum amount of 100,000,000 gallons per diem. There are now many days, as Mr. Bateman believes, in which between 60,000,000 and 70,000,000 gallons are abstracted from the river, although the average daily abstraction, including Sundays, does not amount to 60,000,000 gallons. But the entire eight water companies at present jointly pour every day into the Metropolis and its immediate suburbs, on an average, not much less than 100,000,000 gallons of water† —a quantity which any curious calculator might render appreciable by comparing it with the capacity of our largest public buildings. It would probably more than twice fill the interior of St. Paul's Cathedral.

Is this great delivery of water sufficient for all the wants of our large Metropolis? This question can only receive an approximate answer. The water companies are, and have been, engaged in meeting not a fixed but a continually increasing demand. Enough water for any one or two years may be far from enough for succeeding years; and, as already shown, these companies are annually approaching nearer to the limits of their powers and privileges. They are not merely providing for a fixed ratio of natural increase in population, but for a rapid acceleration of demand, depending not simply on the expected additional number of individuals in the population, but also on the additional requirements of each coming generation beyond those of its predecessor; so that in 1856 the companies thought they achieved much when they delivered from 20 to 25 gallons per head per diem. In January last they returned their daily average delivery as 206 gallons per house (including manufactories), or 26 gallons to each person. Perhaps as far as concerns the first and second class dwellings, in and around the Metropolis, the several companies furnish on the average a fair supply. They have peculiar difficulties to contend with in their respective distributions of water, arising from the frequently varying density of population. In reference to certain localities they have to engage their resources to meet altering circumstances, and these resources must be proportionately ample in order to be readily applicable.

If we confine our attention to the superior residences and wealthier quarters of London and its suburbs, and point to our bath-rooms and high-service water arrangements as fair specimens of the improved supply of water in our day, we shall grossly deceive ourselves by selecting the very best, and ignoring the worst. The deficiency of water in many, if not most of the poorest and most thickly peopled districts in the Metropolis is notorious, or ought to be made notorious. Every benevolent visitor, every town or city missionary, every medical practitioner in such districts can testify to this deficiency. Many have done so, but their voice is scarcely heard by the great public. It is only when a professional man like Dr. Horace Jeaffreson (late resident medical officer to the Fever Hospital) investigates the course and cause of fever, and gives the result to the world, that it really learns what should arrest attention. Let this gentleman's testimony on the subject, as recently given, be read by all who have not already perused it.

'Guided by my knowledge of the main centres of the typhus infection, I have lately made, as closely as it was possible for one person to do, a house to house inspection of the worst quarters of Lambeth, St. George's, Southwark; Bermondsey, Rotherhithe, Bethnal-green, St. Luke's, Middlesex; St. Pancras, and St. Giles.

'First, as regards the water supply of these typhus nests. This is extremely deficient. Those houses the best supplied have each a butt, holding about 80 gallons, into which water flows from a stand-pipe for from ten minutes to half an hour each day, and is supposed to supply the wants of 20 persons for cooking, the washing of their persons, house, and linen, and for the rinsing down of the w. c. at such times as it may suit the caprice of any one of the inmates.

'At other places a larger butt, but in relation to the number of persons proportionally smaller, supplies a whole court of ten or more three-roomed houses, which have no back yards, and

* Report on Water Supply to Right Hon. William Cowper, 21st July, 1856. Mr. Mylne, in a note to his Map of the London Water Companies in 1856, gives 87½ millions as the maximum.

† In an approximate estimate for 1865, by Mr. Bateman, the gross daily quantity is stated to be 108,500,000 gallons. In the returns made by the Water Companies for January, 1866, to the Registrar-General, the average daily supply is 78,588,211 gallons. Both computations include the supply for manufactories and for various purposes besides domestic consumption.

a population of 150 people—members of 30 different families. On Sundays even this supply is absent, the water of the day before is gone, and in many houses that for the Sunday cooking has to be begged from neighbours who may have provided themselves with a larger butt, who are more provident or more dirty. Sometimes for part of Sunday and Monday a whole court has to borrow for their scant necessities from a "Public" at the corner. Thus the day of all others, when the homes of the poor are crowded, the means of cleanliness and comfort are even less than on the working days, while in those instances where continuous week-day toil precludes the house-wife from cleaning on any day but Sunday she finds it impossible to make up the compulsory neglect of the week. More than nine-tenths of these water-butts have no covers, and fully half are so placed as to catch the drippings from the foul eaves of the houses, and are lined internally with scum and slimy vegetation. More than a few are so rotten that one's finger can be pushed through them, and they allow the water to run rapidly off—an evil for which there is some consolation, as it is better than that the water should be swallowed after it has imbibed the soppy sewage, sometimes of the foulest description, in which the water-butts not unfrequently stand. In some courts and alleys not even such appliances are to be found. Several such containing say eight two-roomed houses and 64 inhabitants are thus supplied:—A half-inch pipe projects a few inches through the wall of the court, so that any small can or tub may be placed under it, on the soppy ground, by such of the inhabitants as possess them, for the purpose of catching the water which flows for 20 minutes only in the course of the day. Those who have no vessels, or are out, or not up as early as the water flows, must go entirely without. Large numbers of the poor are indignant and complain of such a state of things, while others, a minority, I am glad to say, have come to acquiesce in that for which they see no hope of remedy.' (*Letter in the 'Times,' 3d January*, 1866.)

We fully believe that similar conditions would be found to prevail in nearly all the similar districts of London, and sometimes in places where they would not be expected. From the inquiries we have recently made, we conclude that in respect of water, the rookeries, courts, alleys, and narrow streets of old London are miserably defective. Twelve years ago, Mr. George Godwin laid before the public some information on this subject in his 'London Shadows.' Referring to the disgraceful condition of the 'Coal Yard,' at the top of Drury Lane—a spot near which the Great Plague of 1665 made its first appearance, this gentleman says:—

'At a recent visit the place seemed even worse than formerly. At one end of these dwellings is a building occupied by the parish poor, and here a fire-engine is kept. At the time of our visit, about four o'clock on one Saturday evening, the people opposite this place complained of their neglected condition and inadequate supply of water. They had none in their tank. Suddenly a cry of fire was raised, and the engine was brought forth for use. "*Thank God!*" said one of the women, "*there is a fire: we will soon get some water.*" Presently the water ran into the empty tank, the turncock not being able to prevent it from coming into the houses at the time he supplied the engines. Surely they must be ill supplied with water—one of the greatest necessaries of life—when they "*thanked God for a fire.*"

The same observer adds:—

'At 18 Rose-street (a place near Covent Garden, with several narrow passages, thickly inhabited by a poor and bad class) they said, "We don't have a drop of water on the Sunday; we have to go to Covent Garden." There are eight rooms in this house, each let to separate families: although we did not get at the exact numbers, we may at the very least put the population, even at present, as five in each room; that will give forty persons; the water-cask would contain 120 gallons, and is filled on each Saturday afternoon between three and four o'clock. There is then no further supply until Monday about the same hour—about forty-eight hours! "But," says an inhabitant, "go to the other house, sir; the poor craters there are actually starving for want of water." The premises in which these water-starved people live belong to eminent brewers. Inquire in this description of neighbourhood where you please, and the answer will be, "We have no water on Sunday; we are obliged to beg for it." "The poor creatures," said one, "do not know what to do for water on a Sunday; it is very troublesome, but one cannot refuse them water: bless you, they come begging and begging until I am often without myself."

In Wild-passage, Drury Lane, the people said they had 'a very bad supply of water, and on Sundays no water at all.' They 'have to hunt for it on Sundays,' and even on the week-days they are often without water.' In one house they had not had water for six weeks, and in another house the water-cask, dust-bin, and closet, were found in a cellar. Such instances might be multiplied, and let it be understood that to this day many of the dense clusters of poor inhabitants flanking our most populous thoroughfares, and lying at the back of our intended new law courts and the districts for lawyers' chambers, are ill supplied with water on week-days and totally unsupplied with incoming water on Sundays.

Those who wish to become acquainted with the actual state of the metropolitan hovels to which we have alluded cannot do better than refer to Mr. Godwin's more recent publication, entitled 'Another Blow for Life,' from which we cite the following instructive passage (p. 53):—

'In most of the courts and narrow passages which are teeming with human life, the manner of the water supply, notwithstanding all that has been said, is in most respects not better that it was seven or eight years ago. In the afternoon those who pass that way may see, in looking up the narrow entrances of these courts, crowds of women and children; and on making a closer inspection will find that there are from twenty-five to thirty people, provided with bottles, pails, tubs, tea-kettles, broken jugs, and other vessels. These people will tell you that they have not a drop of water in their houses; if you seem to doubt their word they will take you to their miserable homes and show you that this is the fact; and you might examine twenty of those rooms at from two till past three o'clock and not find any water in nineteen of them. The groups to which we have referred are waiting for the turncock to make the water flow from the main; and it is necessary to be in time, for many want to be supplied, and it only runs twenty minutes. At length the water issues from a lead pipe of not more than half an inch in diameter. So small is the stream that it is difficult even for those who are provided with proper vessels to get what is wanted; and some are so ill off in this respect that they are not able to collect more than a gallon of water. How can the skin, the clothes, or the rooms be kept decent under such circumstances? At the best these arrangements are bad; for, as our readers know, even if there be enough water taken into these apartments, the atmosphere is so vitiated that the water is spoiled and rendered unwholesome in a few hours. Even the placing of cisterns in such situations is not good, for the air is loaded with pollution. It is surely time that the disgraceful state of affairs to which we have pointed was ended. The loss, if any, to the water companies by adopting better arrangements would not be felt. It is, however, more the duty of those who own and let these premises to ensure a proper supply of water by the payment to the companies of a sufficient sum for the purpose. Drinking fountains have been placed in our highways and byways; but in some of the dark courts and lanes pure water is as scarce as it is on board an emigrant-ship during a long voyage. Careful inquiry in various districts shows us that this evil is extensive, and that it needs a speedy remedy.'

Even in the City proper, where the authorities may be presumed to be omnipotent and omnipresent, similar conditions obtained up to a period of fifteen years ago. We may adduce the testimony of Mr. Simon when he was medical officer of health to the City, as not merely descriptive of the past, but of the present also in some of the worst London localities. In 1849 he reported thus: *—

'In the city of London the supply of water is but a portion of what it should be. Thousands of the population have no supply of it to houses where they dwell. For the possession of this first necessary of social life such persons wholly depend on their power of attending at some fixed hour in the day, pail in hand, beside the nearest standcock; where, with their neighbours, they wait their turn—sometimes not without a struggle, during the tedious dribbling of a single small pipe. Sometimes there is a partial improvement on this plan; a group of houses will have a butt or cistern for the common use of some scores of inmates, who thus are saved the necessity of waiting at a standcock, but who still remain most insufficiently supplied with water. Next in the scale of improvement we find water-pipes laid on to the houses; but the water is turned on only for a few hours in the week, so that all who care to be adequately supplied with it must be supplied with very spacious receptacles. Such receptacles are sometimes provided; and in these, which are often of the most objectionable description, water is retained for the purpose of diet and washing during a period which varies from twenty-four to seventy-two hours. One of the most important purposes of a water supply seems almost wholly abandoned—that, namely, of leaving a large quantity daily devoted to cleanse and clear the house drains and sewers; and in many cases, where a waste-pipe has been conducted from the water-butt to the closet, the arrangement is one which gives to the drainage little advantage of water, while it communicates to the water a well-marked flavour of drainage.

'I consider the system of intermittent water supply to be radically bad; not only because it is a system of stint in what ought to be lavishly bestowed, but also because of the necessity which it creates that large and extensive receptacles should be provided, and because of the liability to contamination incurred by water which has to be retained often during a considerable period. In inspecting the courts of the City, one constantly sees butts for the reception of water, either public or in the open yards of the houses, or sometimes in their cellars; and these butts dirty, mouldering, and coverless, receiving soot and other impurities from the air, absorbing stench from the adjacent cesspool, inviting filth from insects, vermin, sparrows, cats, and children, their contents often augmented through a rain-water pipe by the washings of the roof, and every hour becoming fustier and more offensive. Nothing can be less like what water should be than the fluid obtained under such circumstances, and one hardly knows whether this arrangement can be

* Report on the Sanitary Condition of the City of London for the Year 1848–9, by John Simon, F.R.S. Special investigations were made in February 1850 into the domestic water supply of houses within the City, when the various returns showed that there were 505 houses which had no separate supply, but were dependent on stand-pipes or 'common cocks;' and that 65 houses which had separate and distinct water supply were without cisternage of any description, making a total of 570 houses out of the 16,300 houses within the city of London, or about 3½ per cent. of the whole, which were without fixed receptacles for storage of water between the hours of daily supply.

considered preferable to the precarious chance of scuffling or dawdling at a standcock. It may be doubted, too, whether even in a far better class of houses the tenants' water supply can be pronounced good. The cisternage is better, and all arrangements connected with it are generally such as to protect it from the grosser impurities which defile the water-butts of the poor; but the long retention of water in leaden cisterns impairs its fitness for drinking, and the quantity which any moderate cistern will contain is very generally insufficient for the requirements of the house during the intervals of supply.'

Let no one be deluded into the opinion that all these evils are cured in the City. So lately as 1863–4, Dr. Letheby reports:—

'At present the denizens of the worst districts of the City are so little accustomed to a decent home that their habits are but little removed from those of the untutored savage, and all our efforts at sanitary improvement are frustrated by ignorance and carelessness. Every sanitary appliance is abused, water-butts and cisterns are broken, pipes and taps stolen, drains purposely stopped up, closets intentionally fouled, and the dust and refuse of the house cast into every out-of-the-way corner.'

Even as recently as September 1865 we find that the water supply of the City was not perfected, for in his Report for the quarter ending in that month Dr. Letheby states that he had given forty-two orders for amendment of water supply.

Wherever the blame of inadequate water supply to the London poor may rest (and it appears to rest with the proprietors more than the water companies), the undeniable fact is that notwithstanding the vaunted 26 gallons per head per diem, declared to be furnished to Londoners, thousands of the poor get but little of it directly any day, and none at all on Sundays. Precisely those places which ought to be abundantly supplied are those which have least, and precisely upon that day of all the seven when the poor and labouring population may be supposed to be most willing to wash, they have little or no water.

Yet to say that the chief remedy for these evils is a more abundant supply, would but render our argument more cogent in relation to the necessity for larger aqueous resources. Whenever, if ever, the poor of these densely thronged spots are copiously provided with water, just so much more water will be required. The present scarcity is the measure of future need, unless a strict and conscientious economy in the household use of water (a thing greatly to be desired) should prevent that large waste of which authorities complain.

If there be insufficiency in the present supply, and if the water companies have been yearly approaching nearer to their existing limits as respects the Thames, they must necessarily have been expending more capital; and accordingly we find that since the year 1852, when they were compelled to resort to higher parts of the river, and to effect various improvements, they have laid out nearly 4,000,000*l.* in the extension and alteration of their works. This additional outlay has not yet met with the reward their shareholders desire—enlarged dividends; for, with one or two exceptions, the percentage rate of their dividends remains nearly unaltered, notwithstanding a largely increased consumption. Their officers attribute this to the great immediate cost of the works and the slow rate of return by consumption. It is not, therefore, to be expected that these companies will proceed much further in additional expenditure at the present rates. The pecuniary interests, however, which they represent are very large: the annual gross revenue of the seven principal London companies in 1864 was 702,059*l.*, the working expenses were 275,547*l.*, and the amount actually paid in dividends, and interest on borrowed money was, in the same year, 404,585*l.* The magnitude of the enterprise of these companies is a commercial wonder little regarded. Last year they are supposed to have delivered daily 108,500,000 gallons of water in the gross, to have supplied 470,000 houses through mains and branches extending over 3,290 miles, and to have had at their command an aggregate nominal steam power equal to 10,790 horses. It is needless to add that no parallel to this is to be found elsewhere in the world.

In looking forwards, what can the existing London companies, with all their means and appliances, expect to accomplish for the future London and its suburbs? Let this be seriously considered, and let us conjecture what the demands upon these companies will become? And first, what will be the numbers of the population to be supplied?

Now the year 1861—the date of the last official census—the population within the Metropolitan Police District* was 3,110,654 persons. In the City of London Police

* Including the whole of Middlesex, exclusive of the City or Municipal London, and the surrounding parishes in the Home Counties, of which any part is within 12 miles from Charing Cross, and those also of which any part is not more than 15 miles in a straight line from Charing Cross. At present the population within the area of a radius of 15 miles from Charing Cross, or the district patrolled by the Metropolitan police, is 3,469,771.

District it was 112,063 persons. In all, therefore, the entire Metropolitan population amounted to 3,222,717 souls. It has been found that this population has doubled itself in forty years, and that the mean annual ratio of increase is about two per cent. Unless there be retarding elements in the future progress, we may fairly assume that about the commencement of the next century the entire Metropolitan population will be between 5,000,000 and 6,000,000. The present inhabitants are supposed to be inadequately supplied with water, and, from what has been said, it is presumed that they daily consume, in round numbers, 100,000,000 gallons. In forty years more, therefore, we may need about 200,000,000 gallons of water daily, at the most moderate computation. Looking, however, at the continuously increasing amount of water which house-baths and advancing cleanliness and luxury require, we may perhaps assume that an additional 10,000,000 or even 20,000,000 gallons must be allowed in every future twenty or forty years, beyond what is required for the natural increase of population. We shall not err, then, in predicting that, at no very distant period 220,000,000 gallons of water must be daily at our command for the future Metropolis.

Two hundred million gallons of good pure water to be delivered to the Metropolitan population every day, within a period to which some of us may expect to live, is surely a momentous matter; and we may naturally and anxiously ask—Where is this vast amount of water to come from? and then, How will our successors deal with their largely augmented numbers and requirements? Now, as the New River Company already delivers the largest quantity of any —namely from 23,000,000 to 30,000,000 gallons—much more cannot be obtained from the same sources. Nor can the rivers Lea and Ravensbourne be much more deeply drawn from than at present. With reference to the Thames, let us now carefully inquire whether it is feasible to take considerably greater supplies from that river, even if permitted. The five great companies which draw their supply from the Thames, and which are supposed to take an average approaching to 60,000,000 gallons every day, must, as we have intimated, sooner or later arrive at the maximum up to which they are at present empowered. What then will remain? We must measure the quantity passing over Teddington Weir to obtain an answer. Now, the Engineer to the Conservators of the Thames tells us that he believes the smallest quantity which fell over the Weir in the dry season of 1864, in one day, was about 380,000,000 gallons, after the water companies had taken their supply. But during last year, and in the month of September, the river was carefully measured above the Waterworks at Hampton, and it was found that, for a considerable period, the daily quantity had scarcely exceeded 300,000,000 gallons. Presuming that the abstraction of the water companies varies between 50,000,000 and 60,000,000 gallons, there would remain from 40,000,000 to 50,000,000 gallons before the maximum allowance to the companies is withdrawn. After the withdrawal of that maximum, there would seldom remain, in similar seasons, above 300,000,000 gallons of water at Hampton, or falling over Teddington Weir. Although this is an extreme case, it suggests the peril of an increased demand upon a river where its waters are certainly not increasing. Even the amount now daily withdrawn would have sensibly lowered its level in summer, had not the Corporation of London commenced, and the Thames Conservators completed, certain works with the special object of preventing such lowering. They built three locks at a lower level, and dredged the river, and the water companies make agreed payments to reimburse their outlay. Had these measures not been taken, the daily abstraction of water would have so reduced the depths in the channels, that the navigation of the river could only have been carried on with difficulty.

But apart from dry seasons, there is reason to think that, from various causes, our great river is lessening in volume. Navigators upon it and millers near it believe this, and evidence to this effect has recently been given before the River Commission upon the pollution of rivers. A combination of causes may tend to this diminution of volume, the Thames being a very free and unprotected river. The Conservators have only authority over that portion which runs between London Bridge and Staines—that is, thirty-six miles of the upper navigation. The works for navigation above Staines are generally in a most dilapidated state, and some in a highly dangerous condition. The stoppage of the navigation might lead to the silting up of the channel of the river; and if the channel were silted up, the escape of flood-water would be impeded, the river would find what channels it could, and uncertain and much abridged supplies of the flowing volume must follow. No less than 152 miles of the river are subject to the action of weirs, in which insufficient provision is made for the escape of land-floods; nor is it a trifling evil that, in the less navigated portions of the river an extraordinary

and luxuriant growth of weeds follows upon the decline of the barge traffic. In some localities the weeds have grown so rank as to cover the whole bed and surface of the river; indeed it is not improbable that, if this evil growth is suffered to continue unchecked, it may lead to the silting up of channels and affect the purity of the water. A certain occasional bitter taste may be due to these weeds, and their decay in autumn cannot but be prejudicial. Stop or impede the navigation, leave things as they are, do nothing to purify or improve, and soon the noble classic Thames would, in its upper stream, become little better than a great ditch.

More water might, indeed, come down in winter time, but certainly less would flow in summer; that is, when most is wanted least would come. The floods, like those which were experienced at the commencement of this year, would far and wide overspread the lands, and in seasons of drought there would be no reserves. If the water companies purpose to draw more water from the Thames, let them look in time to the formation of storage reservoirs. These, indeed, have been desired by the Engineer to the Chelsea and Lambeth Water Companies as 'one of the greatest gifts for this river we could have; we should by that means prevent the excess of floods and increase the normal flow, and instead of having that extreme shortness of water we now experience, we should have (I think I am not too sanguine in what I say) from fifty to sixty million gallons a day, which would be an immense gift to the river.'* The absence of such reservoirs is too plain a proof of the neglect of our noble river. As to expense, an outlay of about 100,000*l.* would go far to the formation of sufficient reservoirs, by which the navigation would be improved, and the supply of water to London economised and equalized.

Even supposing that a sufficient quantity of water could be procured from the Thames without serious diminution of the volume of the river, the further and highly important question arises—Would such water be desirable and safely drinkable? What has already been advanced upon the condition of the upper Thames in respect of navigation strongly tends to a negative reply, and this will be confirmed by a little more detail of what has been lately ascertained. Although the upper Thames is not so disgracefully foul as some of our other principal rivers, yet as compared with any standard of pure drinking-water it cannot be commended. A vast and increasing quantity of sewage falls into it from the towns adjacent to it. It is known that there are fifty-six towns within the basin of the Thames above the Chelsea and other west-end metropolitan waterworks' pumping stations at Hampton. Unfortunately, the more these towns improve in sanitary arrangements the more sewage do they discharge into the Thames. The river becomes more impure in proportion as these towns become less impure. Reading and Oxford may be rendered all that sanitarians could desire, but then the Thames must bear the whole obnoxious burden which the zealous townsmen have dislodged and cast upon it.

Here we have a striking instance of the partial evil which may spring from even our most laudable ameliorations. Gigantic efforts have been recently carried forward to relieve the Thames of the huge pollutions of the Metropolis, and now that the Main Drainage works are approaching completion, and that the great river is about to be purified at a cost of nearly four-and-a-half millions of money; now that our citizens are boasting of its approaching purity, and His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales has inaugurated the undertaking by publicly opening the Main Drainage works in the presence of a brilliant assembly; at this very time we are beginning to see that only half our work is in hand, and that the fifty-six towns upon the upper Thames are to some extent rendering nugatory the great undertaking below them. They are sending their sewage into the river above its tidal influence, and fouling at one end while the Board of Works are purifying at the other. Evermore polluting this stream, and draining more or less directly their dejections into it, are about 1,000,000 of unheeding people, of whom 600,000 or 700,000 are congregated in large towns and villages. The population of these may increase in time, so too will their sewage, and so in like manner the pollution of our great drinking-fountain.

No doubt the higher the water companies go up the Thames for their supply, the freer from artificial contamination will the water be; but this is only a question of degree. Particularising the several water companies and the precise locality of their supplies as taken from the Thames and other rivers in 1854, Dr. R. D. Thomson said:—

'Of all these waters it may be generally premised that they were characterised by the formation of a deposit on standing, consisting principally of vegetable organisms mixed with abundance of animal life, when examined with microscopical assistance. By the examination of the waters, satisfactory evidence has been obtained that living growths exist in the waters supplied to the Metropolis in the interval be-

* Mr. Simpson, in evidence to the Select Committee on the Thames River, May 1864.

tween the filter and the consumer, and, therefore, beyond the influence of engineering talent to check or stay by the present arrangements. The conclusion seems inevitable that the water of the Thames, even when purified as we may expect by the most delicate and refined adaptations of modern mechanism, still retain in their chemical constitution, a condition which renders them fertile creative sources of vegetable and animal life.'

When these words were written the companies had taken water below Thames Ditton, but were anticipating limitations to send them all above that place. Referring to this, Dr. Thompson adds:—'Even water derived from the Thames at the point from which the water of that river is soon to be entirely taken for the supply of London, contains matters which show that it is subject to contamination by most objectionable impurities. The water distributed to the Metropolis, when compared with that of many other towns, stands low in the scale of purity and wholesomeness.' *

The most important and the most noxious impurity in water is that arising from organic matter—which may exist in several forms or states—either as dead or living matter, as vegetable or animal, solid or fluid. No constituents enter into the composition of chemically pure water out of which living organic productions can be developed, or sustained if developed. Therefore the presence of these is evidence of contamination with nitrogenous matter—nitrogen being the distinguishing characteristic of organic and especially of animal bodies—and, as a consequence, evidence of impurity. Since, likewise, the majority of organic productions are nourished by imbibition, their existence in water implies the presence of organic matter in a fluid state, capable of being absorbed into and of sustaining their systems. Animalcules indicate a greater degree of positive impurity, because they contain a much larger proportion of nitrogenized material than vegetables. As water consists of hydrogen and oxygen chemically combined in a definite proportion, whatever matters besides these two elements are contained in it are really extraneous to it, and may be injurious in proportion to their amount and character. It becomes of great importance not only to ascertain the total impurities of water but especially the amount of organic impurity, that being the most perilous and pernicious to the human frame by imbibition.

Dr. Hassall affirmed in evidence on the Cheltenham Water Bill, that waters contaminated with sewage were totally unfit for human drinking, and further remarked,—

'I entertain, also, the opinion that river waters in general are very unfit for drinking purposes, and for this reason, first, rivers are required as the common sewers of the places through which they pass, and are exposed to a great variety of sources of contamination. There is another reason—river water contains organic matter; and as to one sample of the water sent to me, I am satisfied I should not be exaggerating if I were to say this, that two gallons of water contained a sufficient number of organic matters to furnish materials for the writing of an octavo volume; one of these is in the form of a worm, and I think the fact of the presence of any such worm in water alone ought to condemn its use for drinking purposes. I had two samples of filtered Severn water, and both of those contained many organic productions, and contained a good many of these worms that I have spoken of.'

Three other samples of filtered Severn water from the main at Worcester had been in like manner examined by Dr. Hassall, and pronounced as certainly unfit for human consumption.

An instructive series of observations on the pollution of rivers by the sewage of towns has been undertaken by Dr. Stevenson Macadam*, with special reference to the contamination of the water of Leith by the sewage of Edinburgh and Leith, such sewage coming from about one hundred thousand inhabitants. The object was to

* On consulting a table exhibiting the degrees of impurity in waters used for the supply of various towns, we observe that, starting from distilled water at zero, the water of Loch Katrine had 2 degrees of impurity, that of the Tay at Perth 5·5 degrees, that of the Clyde 9·57, that of the Tyne at Newcastle 11·16, and that of the Thames at Thames Ditton, 15·52 degrees, when examined in 1854. These figures represent the total impurity, and this has been represented in a table by Mr. Bateman, showing the analysis of the waters as supplied to the Metropolis by the water companies in 1856, 1862, 1863 and 1865; from which we learn that the highest total impurity was rather more than twenty-two grains per gallon, and the lowest rather more than sixteen grains per gallon, a general decrease taking place in the later years. Of this total the included organic impurity was from two grains to one grain per gallon, some of the companies being in 1863 considerably below the one grain. One advantage of a long-continued drought is that it improves the quality of the water, while rain brings an opposite result. In the analysis of the London water for February last we see that the amount of organic and other volatile matter had increased and was in two instances as high as 2·0 and 2·59. This technical tabulation may be thus explained:—Taking 100,000 pounds of Chelsea water in February, they contained 31·14 pounds of solid matter, from which two pounds of organic and other volatile matter were driven off by the process of incineration. Twenty-one pounds were carbonite of lime, or its equivalent.

* Report of British Association, 1864.

discover if any, and what, diminution of oxygen followed the influx of the sewage. All healthy waters contain an amount of oxygen dissolved therein equal to 29 per cent. of the entire volume of gases held in solution. This is true of spring-water supplied to Edinburgh, and also true of the sources of the water of Leith. Such oxygen dissolved in pure ordinary waters assists in the decomposition of any organic matter that may pass into them, and is a natural purifier. Now, when the sewage of the hundred thousand people had mingled with the water of Leith, the observer found that the oxygen in the main stream, instead of approaching to 29 per cent. of the volume of gases, had fallen to 10·20, and even as low as 4·10 per cent.; that is, in one place it was about one-third only of its full normal amount, and in another place only a little more than one-seventh of the same. Here then were waters so befouled by sewage as to be thoroughly corrupted.

Although there is much delicacy in chemically analysing and precisely determining the amount of organic impurity in different waters, fortunately the microscope presents us with a certain method of ascertaining, and also of representing visibly to others, the prevalence and the character of aqueous organism. This Dr. Hassall effectively did in his inquiries and in his Report in 1854, with relation to Metropolitan drinking waters. He obtained samples of water from the cisterns of houses in which one or more deaths from cholera had occurred; the samples being in many cases procured from localities in which the disease was at its height, and from districts most severely assailed by the epidemic. These specimens included the waters of several different companies; some coming from the sources of supply, some from service-pipes, and some from wells and pumps at the time and in the neighbourhood in which cholera was prevalent; some were procured from deeper springs in and near London, in order to serve as standards of comparison. A few samples, finally, were taken from tanks, water-butts, and cisterns, with a view of showing the effect of those receptacles on the state of the water stored therein. Numerous illustrations make manifest the result of these examinations,* and so well performed do they appear that no more instructive inquiries of a similar nature can be desired. The conclusion was that the waters supplied by the different Metropolitan water companies, both during the period when the cholera epidemic prevailed and subsequently, 'were very far from possessing the requisite purity in consequence of the large quantity of organic matter (which is the worst contamination to which water can be subjected) contained in them. Even in the water supplied by the Lambeth Company, which is comparatively the purest of the whole, organic productions, dead and living, animal and vegetable, are found in not inconsiderable numbers; and this water furnishes the type of that with which, in 1855, the greater part of London and its vicinity will be supplied in accordance with the recent Act by which the water supply of the Metropolis was regulated. The Metropolis then, after that year, will still continue to be supplied with river waters containing various kinds of organic matter, including numerous living productions.' The observer further remarks, that the present condition of the water supply of the Metropolis is not satisfactory, and that it is but little probable that it will be so at the expiration of the period above referred to. Referring to the entire samples of water taken from the Thames, the New River, and the Lea, Dr. Hassall repeats,—

'Organic matter, both dead and living, animal and vegetable, was present in very considerable amount. Living animal and vegetable productions were present in great numbers, and these not merely in deposit, but in nearly every drop of each of the waters after they had stood the usual time, and after all but the lightest solid matter and the more active living infusoria had subsided. Nearly all, if not the whole, of the living productions noticed, infusoria, diatomaceæ, and diomedeæ, belonged to genera and species which have been long known, and which have been described in systematic works for years; moreover, the great majority of them are present in impure waters at nearly all times and seasons.'

While guarding himself by stating 'that in none of the waters was anything observed which could be supposed to exert any specific effect in the production of cholera,' Dr. Hassall proceeds to remark,—

'Some idea of the quantity of organic matter present in the water of the Thames near London may be obtained in the following simple manner:—If a little of the sediment, after being well dried, be held up for a minute or two over the flame of a candle, it will emit an odour which is most disagreeable and disgusting, arising from the evolution of gases from the decomposition of the organic matter.'

These quotations will sufficiently demonstrate the dangerous impurity of Thames water near the Metropolis. The citations preceding these will also show that, although

* General Board of Health, Appendix to Report of the Committee for Scientific Inquiries in Relation to the Cholera Epidemic of 1854.

we escape some pollution by ascending the river, we by no means escape it all. While the lower Thames is decidedly undrinkable, the upper Thames is at least questionable. Receiving the sewage of so many towns, and the refuse of so many mills, were its waters subjected to an equally rigorous chemical and microscopical examination by equally competent observers, it appears extremely doubtful whether we should be content to drink them. True, out of the total quantity delivered each individual may drink but little, yet that little, like small doses of poison often repeated, may work considerable though unsuspected evil.*

Let it be remembered, also, that this is a daily increasing evil while the river-side populations exercise a right of discharging their sewage into the Thames. As before hinted with reference to Reading and Oxford, the advantage gained by these towns in making a sewerage outfall into the river will be counterbalanced by the loss to the still larger public below them. The change is merely from an unwholesome house to a polluted water service, and that which would have been poison to inhale returns as poison to drink. This is an exchange which at present affects considerable populations. The stress and stimulus of modern sanitary reform has been towards house drainage at the cost of river pollution. The latter has been the last mischief to excite attention; and unless a stringent remedy be devised, just as town drainage extends, the various populations dwelling by the sides of the receiving rivers will obtain continually deteriorated water. The only apparent remedy is the systematic employment of diverted sewage in agriculture.

There is now no occasion to repeat further details of the investigations made by the now defunct General Board of Health when in full activity, or of the Report of its Committee for Scientific Purposes during the cholera epidemic in London in 1853-4, but the results of all these investigations firmly established both the impurity of our water supply and the importance of its purity. One passage of the Report will support this opinion:—

'The admixture of decomposing organic matter in the water supply of the Metropolis being attested equally by chemical analysis and by the microscopical evidence just adduced, we do not hesitate to speak of this contamination as one that may have exercised great influence on the spread of cholera among the population. The general history of this disease establishes its decided preference for localities that are fœtid with organic impurity; and it is impossible to conceive either any specific chemical changes arising in the air of a district, or any morbid action excitable by it in the living body, such changes or such action being due to its contamination by dead organic admixture, without recognising that the water of the district likewise—great solvent of air as it is—must, if similarly polluted, be liable to undergo the same alteration, and to originate the same effects, as the atmosphere around it. The present state of scientific knowledge does not justify dogmatic assertions on this subject; but there are many reasons for believing, in respect not only of cholera, but of many kindred diseases, that the means and agencies of morbid infection stand in intimate relation to decaying animal products within and without the body; and the slightest taint of organic decomposition within the drinking water of a large population therefore constitutes a danger which we cannot but regard with as much alarm as disgust.'

No evidence of the truth of such views could be more convincing than that which was derived from the facts relating to the visitation of cholera in London in 1853-4, when it was clearly ascertained that a very large population drinking foul water suffered from the epidemic more than three times as much as a similar population drinking cleaner water. The facts deserve to be cited in brief. The Lambeth Company pumped from a higher part of the river, but the Southwark and Vauxhall Company from the lower part. The former company furnished water as good as any at that time distributed in London; the other company provided what Mr. Simon termed 'perhaps the filthiest stuff ever drunk by a civilised community.' It was found to be not only 'brackish with the influence of each tide, but also contaminated with the outcomings of the Metropolis, swarming with infusorial life and containing unmistakable molecules of excrement.' In 24,854 houses supplied by the Lambeth Company, comprising a population of about 166,906 persons, there occurred 611 deaths from cholera, being at the rate of 37 to every 10,000 living persons. But in the 39,726 houses supplied by the Southwark and Vauxhall Company, comprising a population of about 268,171 persons, 3,476 deaths took place, being at the rate of 130 to every 10,000 living. In effect, then, the drinkers of foul water suffered three and a half times as much mortality as the drinkers of superior water.

This conclusion was carefully arrived at, and the whole circumstance excited much attention at the time. A curious confirmation of the correctness of the deduction was derived from a contrast of the same two companies at a previous date, 1848-9, when

* In January last (and we believe at other times) the waters of the Chelsea, Southwark, Lambeth, New River, and East London Companies, were turbid when drawn from the Companies' mains.

the epidemic prevailed in the same districts. At that time the condition of these companies was reversed, for then the Lambeth Company was furnishing even a worse water than the Southwark and Vauxhall Company.

An examination and analysis of the death-registers showed that while in 1853-4, the Lambeth population did not suffer one third as much as its neighbours who drank the most polluted water, it likewise did not then suffer one third as much as it did at the time of its unreformed water supply. On the other hand, the Southwark and Vauxhall Company pumped in 1853-4 even a worse water than it pumped in 1848-9—worse because the larger population and more extended drainage had conveyed to it a denser sewage, and imparted a more injurious character. Therefore, as a consequence, the houses supplied by this latter company suffered about a 10 per cent. higher mortality in 1853-4 than 1848-9. Reporting upon this inquiry, Mr. Simon remarks:—

'Scarcely under any circumstances are the physiological sciences capable of greater certainty than that which seems to be here justified. An experiment at which mankind would have shuddered if its full meaning could have been prefigured to them, has been conducted during two epidemics of cholera on 500,000 human beings. One half of this multitude was doomed in both epidemics to drink the same fecalised water, and on both occasions to illustrate its fatal effects; while another section, freed in the second epidemic from that influence which had so aggravated the first, was happily enabled to evince, by a double contrast, the comparative immunity which a cleanlier beverage would give.

'By this experiment it is rendered in the highest degree probable that of the 3,476 tenants of the Southwark, and Vauxhall Company who died of the cholera in 1853-4 two-thirds would have escaped if their water supply had been like their neighbours'; and that of the much larger number, tenants of both companies, who died in 1848-9, also two-thirds would have escaped if the Metropolis Water Act of 1852 had been enacted a few years earlier.'*

Touching the impurity of our great Metropolitan river, we must record, as we have already hinted, our belief, that as compared with some other main British navigable rivers, it is by no means the worst. Certainly, in its upper portion it is almost purity itself, when contrasted with the befouled and sluggish rivers in some English counties. There are rivers near which immense factories have been planted, and from these come forth all imaginable refuse—all that is abominable goes directly into the water, and the more frequent the factories the fouler the rivers. Poisonous rejections, deadly chemicals, cinders, ashes, dust and dirt of all kinds, contaminate and discolour the adjacent streams. To dream of drinking from such waters is absurd; yet in some cases they are drawn upon for water supply—with what danger may be inferred from what we have already said.

Respecting one of our largest and finest rivers, the Severn, we fortunately had an opportunity of gathering information by the evidence offered in committee on the Cheltenham Water Works Bill last year. The portions of this evidence relating to the impurity of the Severn are so directly in point, that we shall advert to them, in confirmation of the views already expressed. The Severn in its course receives the drainage of Newtown, in Montgomeryshire, of Welshpool, Shrewsbury, Iron Bridge, Bridgenorth, Bewdley, Kidderminster, indirectly through the Staffordshire and Worcestershire Canal, Stourport, Worcester, and Upton. What must be its impurity after receiving the drainage of all these towns? It is in fact the main arterial sewer for the whole district of its watershed and its tributaries above Tewkesbury. The extent of this district is estimated as nearly approaching 6,000 square miles, while the population within it is estimated as about 950,000 persons. Here, then, is a great river into which eight tributaries enter above Tewkesbury, each of these eight having six or seven emptying themselves into it, and the whole pouring themselves unitedly into a vast main arterial district sewer for nearly a million of people dwelling all around this system of rivers. Is it possible that any great towns can drink from this river?

Let us listen to a witness who, from a professional connexion with it, has known the river for thirty-eight years. What said Mr. Leader Williams in March 1865 before a Committee of the House of Commons on the Cheltenham Water Works' Bill? Referring to its dimished state during the summer months, he observed:—

'The water is more free, of course, from matters in suspension, because the matter in suspension is brought down by the freshes, but it becomes very much more impure in conse-

* Report on the late Two Cholera Epidemics of London, as affected by the Consumption of Impure Water, &c., 1856. Dr. Farr, likewise, in his Report on Cholera, 1848-9, testifies to the same truth. Arranging the group of districts in London in the order of mortality, he found that the mortality from cholera was *lowest* in districts which had their water chiefly from the Thames so high in its course as Hammersmith and Kew, while it was *greatest* in those districts which derived it from the Thames so low down as Battersea and Hungerford Bridge.

quence of the quantity of the sewage discharged into it not being carried away. The sewage is retained in the pounds. The fact is that these pounds become very much charged with sewage matter. I could speak as to the four months from May to September, that the sewage discharged into the Severn immediately below my garden (and therefore I have every opportunity of judging of it) made the whole surface of the river there so impure that in the warm weather the gases were being discharged from the surface into the atmosphere in a way most serious. Last autumn the heavy fresh which came down after the four months of drought disturbed the sewage that had been brought down during these four months into these quiescent ponds, to such an extent that one-half of the stream of the river for 500 yards below the ventfall of the sewer before my garden was as black as this table, and the other half was pretty much the colour of the oak, being highly charged with the matter in suspension brought down from above. There was a line of demarcation between the two sufficiently distinct to be very remarkable. In the summer time the smell is very offensive; it may be to all appearance perfectly pure, and free from any earthy matter, but if it is left for twenty-four hours in hot weather it gives off an odour which indicates the presence of animal impurity in a way that there could be no mistake about. During the hot weather of the summer months last year, it was throughout the whole width of the channel boiling up and discharging gases upon the surface, as I have seen upon the Thames.'

When Mr. Williams was asked, 'In your opinion is that water safe for persons to drink in the summer time?' he replied, 'No; certainly not.' In answer to other questions, he stated that he thought the water at Worcester not fit for domestic purposes, and that he believed it to be 'very slovenly engineering to take water from a navigable river for the supply of a large population, when there are any other sources to be obtained. But the people of Worcester were so badly off for water that even the Severn water is a boon, though it is so bad that the people cannot drink it.'

Returning to the Metropolis, and having demonstrated the inadequacy of the Thames to afford sufficient and sufficiently pure water for the increasing consumption of the great city, we turn to a brief consideration of other sources of supply. Most educated men know that London is situated upon a vast mass of tertiary strata disposed in the form of a basin, and that these strata are successively—1, the Bagshot sands; 2, the London clay—an immense argillaceous accumulation of ancient marine mud, now forming that tenacious bluish-black clay through which Highgate Archway road was cut, and the new Metropolitan Railway is channelled and tunnelled; 3, the Woolwich and Reading beds, and the Thanet sands. Underneath these last comes the great chalk formation, and then successively the upper greensand, a dense blue clay, termed 'gault,' and the lower greensand. The formations from the chalk downwards are secondary, and the formations above the chalk are tertiary deposits. If, within defined areas, we could discover how much water these several strata hold, and are likely to yield, we should at once dispose of some important questions arising out of our geological position in relation to our present subject. At best, however, we can but form a few guesses, nor can we offer anything more than conjectures of the vaguest kind respecting what is concealed by thousands of feet of clay and sand or rock. *

Some years since, in 1850, the General Board of Health entertained and supported the opinion, that an adequate supply of water for the Metropolis—namely, 40,000,000 (it should have been 44,000,000) gallons per diem—could be obtained from gathering grounds of sand at Bagshot, Farnham, Leith Hill, &c., and from certain tributaries to the river Wey. The reports were minute and circumstantial, and the scheme was advocated with great zeal and some show of knowledge. With the gaugings of the springs and the table of the sectional area and estimated daily discharge of the spring-water streams in the Farnham and Hind Head districts now before us, it must be admitted that, on paper, the project appeared sound. It was examined and reported upon by Mr. J. F. Bateman in 1852, who concluded that, together with additional sources of supply, and with some modifications, there might be delivered to London a daily supply of about 40,000,000 gallons of pure soft water under three degrees of hardness, and at a cost of about 1,200,000*l*. This scheme, however, encountered opposition and some ridicule, and therefore fell to the ground; and with reference to it Mr. Bateman now adds in his present pamphlet: 'A more intimate acquaintance with all the circumstances and difficulties of the county, which a residence in it of several years has afforded, has convinced me that, in a succession of such dry years as we have just passed through, the springs would be less than was at that time anticipated, and I would not

* Whoever may desire to see what could be inferred as to water supply fifteen years ago from the natural position of the Metropolis, should consult the carefully compiled book of Mr. Prestwich, entitled 'A Geological Inquiry respecting the Water-bearing Strata of the Country around London, with reference especially to the Water Supply of the Metropolis.'

recommend the adoption of the scheme which was then advocated.'

For our present purpose it will be superfluous to discuss the aqueous resources of those strata, which, on the whole, can but yield moderate quantities of water. These are only of local consequence, and would only become of importance if there were a scarcity of water in general. The principal water-bearing formation we need further refer to is the chalk, which occupies a large extent of country surrounding the tertiary basis of London, to the estimated extent, indeed, of 3,794 square miles. From the breadth of its denuded surface, its great porosity and absorbent powers (dry chalk will absorb water to nearly one-third of its bulk), together with the number and abundance of its springs, it has for many years been a favourite source of water supply, at least in the imaginations of engineers and geologists.

There can be no doubt that a considerable quantity of soft water might be derived from wells sunk in the open surface of the chalk, and by other means, such as intercepting a portion of the large amount of water received by the exposed surface of the chalk in Kent, as it passes down to the lower beds along the Thames. By local search, several water sources may be found in this great formation, and we learn that from the large chalk-pits at Grays, no less than 2,000,000 gallons of good water have regularly flowed, and have enabled the South Essex Company to deliver daily upwards of 161,000 gallons. Several towns situated upon chalk get their water from it. Thus Brighton is supplied with 1,080,000 gallons daily from wells sunk in it. Croydon, Surrey, is supplied from two wells sunk into the upper chalk, and water has been raised from each well at the rate of 1,000,000 gallons a day. In truth, the chalk in many respects fulfils the conditions requisite for a good water-bearing stratum; but there are no grounds for supposing that it would afford enough to supply the entire present, much less the entire future London. A certain quantity of water, be that quantity what it may, can be pumped up from the chalk without sensible diminution, because the quantity thereby extracted is apparently equalled by the fresh influx; but when once that amount is exceeded, the level of the reservoir is lowered. Whenever the level is not lowered, the influx exceeds the extraction. Several discussions have been held on the well-supply in and around London, during which it has been elicited that a serious and progressive depression of the water-level of deep springs under London has been taking effect for a period of many years. Unquestionable facts prove this:—one well, for example, in which the water rose to within 113 feet of the surface in 1831, afforded in 1849 water only to within 163 feet 6 inches of the surface, thus showing a depression of 50 feet 6 inches. The greater number of wells yield less and less, and the great London brewers have found their wells a continual source of trouble to them. Several professional well-sinkers admit that the level of the water in the wells of London and its vicinity has fallen fully 20 feet. In 1822, the water in ten of the principal wells in London stood at the level of Trinity high-water mark; but in 1843, the water did not rise to within 50 feet of that level, thus indicating a depression of more than 2 feet per annum.

A moderate study of the geological and meteorological conditions which affect the surface of the subterranean reservoir in the great chalk beds beneath us, would make these fluctuations intelligible. In wells sunk to the chalk in the vicinity of London the water would rise to somewhere about the level of a line drawn from the river Colne at Watford to mean tide level in the Thames below London, in seasons of a full rainfall. But this level is rendered variable by varying rainfalls, and by irregular draughts upon the London wells. So great is the variation of level at different seasons that in the higher districts it has equalled fifty vertical feet. The nominal line of level, however, may be, and probably is, permanently depressed as just explained. There are, in addition, certain periodic changes corresponding to periodic causes. Daily pumping during the entire week reduces the water proportionately, but the rest during Sunday is marked by an increased height on Monday morning; and it is affirmed that similar ascents distinguish the holidays at Christmas, Easter, and Whitsuntide. It is curious that the measurements of a London chalk-well should indicate the labour of man, his day of rest, and his holidays.

A considerable replenishment of the hidden reservoirs takes place between December and the end of March, and during these generally rainy months the water accumulates in proportion to the distance from the vent below London, and sometimes rises above the usual height, so that the streams make their appearance at higher points in the valleys. Various attempts have been made to estimate the quantity of rain that enters into the chalk, but we fear no precise result can be given. One observer stated that during the two-thirds of the year in which rain falls less copiously, it rarely penetrated three feet into the ground, but that from November to February it passed down into the chalk to various considerable depths, and therefore

probably reached the interior reservoir of the chalk formation. It has been argued that with an average rainfall of 30 inches per annum near London, 10 inches would flow into the Thames, another 10 would be evaporated or absorbed by the soil, and the remaining 10 would find its way into the deep springs. But there is hardly sufficient allowance for evaporation in this estimate. In certain periods and places there is a heavy rainfall, attended with little percolation, and in such cases the evaporation and outflow must be nearly equal to the rainfall. With a rainfall of only 20 inches, which is by no means an uncommon issue of dry seasons in and around London, how much rain would enter the chalk? In very dry years it has been thought that we cannot calculate on an absorption of more than 4 inches on the surface of our chalk; and in estimating water supply we should always proceed upon the minimum—not, as is too commonly the case, upon an average—for it is evident that in extreme droughts we can only rely upon the minimum.

A scheme was proposed about the year 1847 to supply London with water on the system of Artesian wells. These are usually bored through strata which are impermeable by water (such as the London clay) until a permeable or water-bearing stratum is reached, when the water is forced upwards by hydrostatic pressure due to the superior level at which the water was received on the outcrop of the basin. The most familiar examples of Artesian wells in London are those of Trafalgar Square, where the water is obtained from the chalk, and also from some sand springs. The project alluded to was to supply London with about 140,000,000 gallons of water per diem, by sinking eighty wells on the north side and forty wells on the south side of the Metropolis. Numerous pamphlets were published in support of this scheme; but it was not adopted, nor could any such constant supply be counted upon from any such number of wells, for the reasons already advanced. It will be at once seen that all these wells would be simultaneously drawing upon the same reservoir; that if the line of saturation is now deficient, at the rate of about one or two feet a year by the present amount of pumping, it would become still more and more rapidly deficient by so large an additional extraction; and that if it has been already found that any new well diminishes the full supply of its next neighbour, the result of one hundred and twenty wells, all regularly yielding water from the same reservoirs, could be readily anticipated. There would, in commercial language, be a run upon the bank—no reserve fund, and bankruptcy must ensue.

Besides, there is a positive uncertainty in the yield of Artesian wells near London, arising from our very imperfect knowledge of the actual condition of the lower subjacent formations. This was strikingly displayed in a boring for water by the Hampstead Water Company commenced at Kentish Town, at the foot of Highgate Hill, in June 1853, and abandoned at the end of 1855. We watched the progress of this work with great interest, and with several geologists fully expected that good water would be found in the chalk. A bore-hole of 12 inches' diameter was made at the surface, and was subsequently reduced to 10 and then to 8 inches' diameter. The Tertiary beds were passed through for 324 feet, afterwards the chalk for no less than 586 feet; then a greensand for 22 feet, gault for 130 feet, and, finally, a very numerous and varied series of sands, sandstones, and clays, about sixty-eight in number and amounting to 188 feet in thickness. Altogether the borings passed through 1,302 feet, and were unsuccessful, for no good water was reached. Thus 7,500*l.* were fruitlessly expended upon a fair previous presumption. From what we now know of dislocations of strata, and from what we conjecture as to the absence of some of them from the normal order of succession, it would be most unreasonable to dream of supplying the whole Metropolis from any number or combination of Artesian wells.

Clearly, then, we cannot rely upon the great river that flows over the chalk—the Thames—nor on the great reservoir that lies under the chalk. We must go much further a-field, and as the growing opinion amongst hydraulic engineers is that rivers running through agricultural districts and large populations are in general unsuitable for the supply of towns, we ask—to what sources can we have recourse for large, regular, and unfailing supplies of good soft water? The answer will be, to great lakes, or remote rivers, or to the high grounds which form the first receptacle of the waters of heaven, yielding them unpolluted to the lower levels, and feeding the great rivers.

With this view Mr. Bateman, whose large experience, as he affirms, in this special branch of engineering has made him acquainted with almost every available source of supply in the kingdom, and with all the conditions and circumstances which are essential to the carrying out of projects of this nature, proposes, as the nearest district from which 200,000,000 gallons per day of unexceptionable water can be obtained *the flanks of the mountain ranges of Cader Idris and*

*Plynlimmon in North Wales*, from which the river Severn is supplied—the very river whose impurities we have just described.

'Here,' says he, 'the direction of the mountain chains, the heights of their summits, their proximity to the sea, their geographical position, and physical peculiarities, entitle us to expect a very large fall of rain. A summit ridge or line of watershed of irregular height and direction, extending from north to south, is crossed and broken by several parallel ranges of mountains extending from south-west to north-east, the intervening valleys on the west side of their irregular summit being quite open to the westerly winds. The valleys on this side, walled in as they are by mountains rising at their peaks to 2,500 and 2,900 feet in height, and so raising their heads above the general level of the rain clouds, form, as it were, so many funnels, up which the clouds are driven over the low passes at the summit line of watershed into the valleys on the east, where, sheltered from the wind, they discharge the bulk of their watery contents.'

Assuming 45 inches of rainfall as the annual net produce of two or three successive dry years upon this drainage ground, but in order to come within the limits of perfect safety, basing his calculations on 36 inches only, as the assured annual rainfall, the engineer determines his drainage areas, and tabulates them with their produce in an Appendix. They consist of two principal districts, one of 66,000 acres in extent is situated a little to the east of the range of mountains, of which Cader Idris and Aran Mowddy are the highest summits, and form the drainage ground of the rivers Banw and Vyrnwy, which join the Severn about half way between Welshpool and Shrewsbury. We ourselves know from a ramble along its banks how clear and limpid a stream the Vyrnwy is, and how free from the ordinary sources of pollution. The other district of about an equal area is situated immediately to the east of Plynlimmon, and forms the drainage ground of the upper portion of the river Severn proper. From the two rivers just named, together with the river Severn branch of the scheme, about 222,223,665 gallons of water per diem could be obtained for 120 days of a year, or about 190,477,767 gallons per diem for 140 days of a year. By a system of vast reservoirs, forming lakes of four or five miles in length, an aqueous reserve would be found sufficient for 140 days' supply, in case of long dry weather.* Amongst the reservoirs on the Severn would be one which by an embankment 75 feet in height, might contain 2,230,000,000 cubic feet; this single reservoir being considerably greater than the entire available water in Loch Katrine.

These waters might be readily conveyed by engineering science to London. They would start with a good heading, the discharge pipes of the lowest reservoir in each district being placed at an elevation of about 450 feet above the level of Trinity high-water mark. Mr. Bateman proposes to bring them by separate aqueducts, respectively of 19 miles and 21½ miles in length, to a point of junction lying north-east of the town of Montgomery, whence the joint volume of water might be brought by a common aqueduct crossing the river Severn close to Bridgnorth. Then, after pursuing its level way through various towns, it would extend to the high land near Stanmore, where capacious service-reservoirs must be constructed, at an elevation of at least 250 feet above Trinity high-water mark. From the reservoirs the water could be delivered to all London at high pressure, and upon the constant supply system—that advantage which so many persons have been for so many years loudly demanding. The length of the common aqueduct would be 152 miles, and it would be capable of carrying the entire 220 million gallons per diem. The total distance from the lowest reservoir on the Vyrnwy would be 171 miles, and the total distance from the reservoirs on the Severn 173½ miles. Adding the length of piping from the service-reservoirs to London, namely, about 10 miles, the entire distance would be 183 miles. There will be no engineering difficulties, the works all being exceedingly simple in their construction. No embankment of a reservoir will be more than 80 feet in height, and they will be placed in situations where either hard impervious clay or solid Silurian rocks afford the means of making perfectly safe and water-tight reservoirs.

The total cost for the first supply of 130

* One-fourth of the assumed rainfall has already been deducted from the above quantities as sufficient to afford compensation to the rivers thus affected. This is a fair allowance for such useless rivers. Generally in the manufacturing districts, where the water of rivers is largely utilised, about one-third of the rainfall is allowed for water compensations. It should also be mentioned that about 20,000,000 gallons per diem, in addition to the amounts specified, would probably flow from sundry streams into the reservoirs. Without entering minutely upon the question of the rainfall, we will only observe that it is not too high when compared with the average in the Cumberland and Westmoreland Lake districts; and Captain Mathew, a local observer for six months, in 1865, found a rainfall of 27·77 inches at Festiniog, in North Wales, the elevation being only 600 feet above the level of the sea.

million gallons per diem, sufficient for the commencement, would be about 8,600,000*l.* Mr. Bateman enters rather minutely into the items, and aims to justify his estimate and its practicableness. In this we shall not follow him, confidently believing that if, on all other grounds the scheme is commendable, and capable of being satisfactorily executed, finance would not be a final obstacle to its adoption. Some suggestions on this point might be added to those of Mr. Bateman; but it is sufficient at present to notice that while he estimates the total first cost at 8,600,000*l.** and the total annual expenditure (composed of interest upon the above sum at 4 per cent., cost of management and working expenses, together with payment of dividends to existing companies, &c.) at 944,000*l.*, he also calculates upon a total annual income, to meet the above charges, of 950,000*l.*† This would be the revenue at the commencement, but every succeeding year would bring an increase of the area of taxation in proportion to the extension of the Metropolis, and at the same time an increase of revenue, while the annual expenses would remain nearly stationary until the full quantity of water capable of being brought by the aqueduct might be exhausted. And one great advantage of such a project is that there would be no fear of exhausting the sources, as in the case of a river, for coincident with enlarged demands would come enlargement of supply by having recourse to contiguous mountain districts. The whole district referred to abounds in good drainage areas, nor would it be necessary to abolish the existing supply of the New River Company, which, being deliverable by gravitation, and comparatively pure, might be regarded as an auxiliary to the great supply from the Welsh mountains.

While in engineering aspects the supplying of the entire Metropolis by gravitation would be of conspicuous mechanical advantage, for domestic considerations an abundance of soft water would be a universally appreciated benefit. The total hardness of the water of the river Vyrnwy at a selected point is 1·8 degree*; that of the other rivers about the same or rather less. True there is even less hardness in the Bala Lake and in Loch Katrine water, where it is only ·8, or almost absolutely soft. But what is one and a half degree as compared with the 12, 13, and 14 or more degrees of total hardness in the waters delivered by the London companies? In January last the total hardness was still greater, and varied from 19·8 to 27. Even the New River water then had 27.4 degrees of hardness.

Every one is practically aware of the inconvenience of hard water, but few know that each degree of hardness destroys 2½ ounces of soap in each 100 gallons of water used for washing. Therefore soft water is commercially of more value than hard water, in proportion to the worth of 5 ounces of soap to each 200 gallons for each degree of hardness. By estimating the cost of the total soap and soda employed by the laundresses of London in one year, and reducing this by the saving arising from the reduction of each degree of hardness in the water, we might arrive at the remarkable economy in washing which the Metropolis would gain by having really soft water. If, as was once estimated, the washing bills of the Metropolis amount to upwards of 5,000,000*l.* per annum, taking the average at 1*s.* per head per week, then a very sensible saving would follow upon the exclusion of every degree of hardness in the water used. It is supposed that the saving in soap in Glasgow obtained by supplying that city with the excellent water of Loch Katrine amounts to 40,000*l.* per annum. This is equivalent to a gift to the city of one million of money, a greater sum than the entire cost of the new works. The population of Glasgow at the last official census was nearly 395,000 persons. How much greater would be the saving in a population of 3,000,000! Mr. Bateman computes it at a minimum of 400,000*l.*

We might specify some conspicuous ben-

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* Mr. Bateman observes that this estimate is not more in proportion either to the quantity of water to be obtained, or the ability of the inhabitants to pay for it, than has been expended in Glasgow, Manchester, Liverpool, and many other towns, while it is far below the cost incurred by many towns which could be mentioned.

† The value of property within the Metropolitan district has of course increased concurrently with population. The total annual value in 1865 was assessed at more than 14,000,000*l.* If seven years elapsed before the completion of the proposed works, by that time the assessable value of property within the Metropolitan district may rise to 18,000,000*l.* or 20,000,000*l.* Assuming the value of the dwellings at that period to be only 12,000,000*l.*, Mr. Bateman would raise by a compulsory rate of ten pence in the pound, for water for domestic purposes, an income of 500,000*l.* But if any such scheme be adopted, its magnitude and importance may entitle it to Imperial consideration.

* This is, in fact, *soft water*, for water is so called at and below six degrees of hardness, above which range it is technically *hard*. Hardness in water really implies one grain of carbonate or sulphate of lime, or its equivalent, in each imperial gallon. This equals 1 part in 70,000. 'Total hardness' indicates that of the water in its natural state. Several degrees disappear after boiling for a shorter or longer time, and what then remains is called 'permanent hardness.' In Thames water after one hour's boiling, the permanent hardness is 3 to 4 degrees.

efits resulting from a constant as well as an abundant supply of water to the Metropolis. One is the revision which might take place in the system and adaptation of the distribution. It is known to engineers and plumbers that a considerable proportion of the water delivered by city water companies is absolutely wasted without advantage to any person. This waste arises partly from the neglectful habits of the tenants of houses, and partly from imperfect water-fittings. An experienced engineer has expressed to us his opinion that one-half the water in London is wasted. In Glasgow the official engineer reckons that probably 15 gallons out of 39 gallons per head per diem runs to waste. In Birmingham a visitation from house to house led the visitors to believe that a considerable and needless waste took place, that it could be prevented, and that if prevented water could be supplied at from one-half to one-third its present cost. Wherever there is an intermittent supply and a waste-pipe there should be some punishment for gross waste of water by the pipe. A water meter would be a very useful instrument for the measurement of water delivered under pressure. There are about 500 in use in Glasgow, and the revenue derived from the sale of water to manufacturers and others, as ascertained by these meters, is 15,000*l.* per annum. It has lately risen by 6,000*l.* a year, and is still increasing.

As a matter of course the constant supply in cases of fire is of the last importance. No company in London now gives a constant supply, and the details of lack of water at the commencement of most London fires are only what we should expect. Some of the fire-plugs are placed upon the principal mains, which are always charged, but these are not the mains of distribution, and may be distant from the precise site of a fire, or not immediately accessible. Other fire-plugs are placed upon the mains of distribution, but those are shut off, excepting for about the space of one hour daily. Practically at the breaking out of a fire we are shut up in our houses and shut off from water. In the dense waterless haunts of the destitute, a fire is a devouring foe. Could we but first get the poor inhabitants away, it would be a blessing in disguise.

The last special benefit we can now instance would be the shutting up of those corrupted and corrupting surface wells which are the abominations and receptacles of the abominations of crowded and uncleanly communities. Thrice and again these, and the pumps about them, have been denounced and condemned. The horrible Broad Street pump near Golden Square was shown to have been so foul as to have caused death to the drinkers therefrom in the cholera epidemic of 1854. Dr. Letheby, a few years since, denounced many of the City pumps. Unfortunately the worst wells in London, and those which contain the largest amount of nitrates, produced by the decomposition of organic matter, yield the brightest and the most popular waters; waters that sparkle and have a body in them, and yet deceptively carry disease into the frame of the unsuspecting drinker.*

In a larger treatment of this subject than is here practicable, we should advert at length to the already realised and recognised advantages flowing from the introduction of lake water into Glasgow, and pure hill-drainage water into other towns, and hence we should deduce the desirableness of looking to these great and bountiful natural reservoirs for the rapidly increasing populations of our great seats of trade and manufacture. The bringing of the pleasant and pure water of Loch Katrine to Glasgow has been an invaluable achievement for Glasgow, and as it was effected under the superintendence of Mr. Bateman, he is entitled to respectful attention when he propounds a far grander scheme for a far larger population.

The engineering works involved in that undertaking were considerable, though not difficult. The aqueduct from its commencement at Loch Katrine to the Mugdock Reservoir is close upon twenty-six miles long, thirteen of which were tunnelled. Of these thirteen miles, for nearly four there are iron pipings across valleys, and for the remaining thirteen there are open cuttings and bridges. The total cost of the aqueduct was 468,000*l.*, or an average of 18,000*l.* per mile. The entire work cost 761,000*l.*; the land and compensation, 70,000*l.*; and the parliamentary expenses, engineering, and sundries, 87,000*l.*, making together a total of 918,000*l.*

Such was the cost of the works, and we have previously stated the delivery of water by means of them. The financial results of this well-matured enterprise may be inferred from the following brief statement:—Twenty-five years ago, the gross revenue of

* Dr. Farr, in his Report upon the Mortality of Cholera in England 1848–9, remarks:—'To warn any class of men against the use of unclean excremental waters, even filtered, may appear useless. But it is now known that it enters into the supply of some of the principal cities of Europe, and contaminates the *eau sucrée* of Paris as well as the house water of London. The disagreeable revolting nature of this truth has probably been a cause of its suppression, and the consequent perpetuation of an insufferable nuisance.'

the two Glasgow water companies was a little less than 25,000*l.* per annum. Now the annual revenue of the Water Commission is 90,000*l.* So rapidly have the population and manufactures of the City increased, that since 1856 the Commissioners have been able to expend nearly a million in executing the new water-works, and at the same time to pay large annuities guaranteed to the water companies, without adding materially to the amount of the water-rate. It appears, indeed, certain that a few years of similar prosperity will enable the Commissioners to reduce the rates even below the amounts levied by the old water companies.*

It cannot but be lamented that so large an amount of capital has been fruitlessly expended in many inefficient public water-works. Only of late years do we seem to be well informed on the most copious, pure, and attainable sources. Only, too, of late years can we have become sensible of the positive pollutions to our streams caused by the very improvement in the drainage of towns adjacent to them. Agricultural improvements have their share in the pollution, by drainage from lands manured with the refuse of towns and with noxious chemical compounds. We are therefore rejoiced to find that we can resort to the rain-receiving mountains, and avail ourselves of their liquid treasures, even with ultimate financial advantage. We believe that, when the public are acquainted with the value of these resources, and with their availableness at an ultimately remunerative expenditure, they will be prepared for their more extended adoption.

We have now before us the outline of a proposal recently made by Mr. Thomas Dale, Engineer to the Hull Corporation Water-works, for the supply of water to various towns from the lake districts of Cumberland and Westmoreland. The exposure of the high mountains in this district to a seaward aspect, occasions an immense amount of rainfall on an area of several hundred square miles. The details of rainfall at Seathwaite from 1845 to 1853 clearly show this abundance, and exhibit an annual average of 140 inches. Two of the lakes, Ulleswater and Haweswater, from their altitude, great volume and purity of water, and the extensive precipitous area of rainfall, are the best adapted for supplying towns. Ulleswater is about nine miles in length, and varies in breadth from a quarter of a mile to two miles. The colourless transparency of its waters is remarkable, and their level is 477 feet above the mean tidal level, as determined by the Ordnance Survey Observations at Liverpool. Haweswater is less in area, but of a greater altitude, being 694 feet above the datum mentioned. Mr. Dale assumes the drainage area of the two lakes at 100 square miles, and the depth of annual average rainfall at 140 inches. Thence he calculates upon an average discharge of $5\frac{1}{2}$ million gallons per square mile, every twenty-four hours daily throughout the year (allowing for evaporation and absorption), being at the rate of 550,000,000 gallons average total discharge into the two lakes. From these he would supply the under-mentioned principal towns with a gross quantity of 131,000,000 gallons, at the rate of supply affixed to each town:—

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Lancaster | 2 | millions |
| Preston | 8 | " |
| Wigan | 4 | " |
| Dewsbury | 3 | " |
| Wakefield | 3 | " |
| Liverpool | 40 | " |
| Leeds | 15 | " |
| Bingley | 1 | " |
| Kendal | 2 | " |
| Bolton | 8 | " |
| Blackburn | 6 | " |
| Keighley | 2 | " |
| Huddersfield | 4 | " |
| Brinsley | 4 | " |
| Rochdale | 4 | " |
| Halifax | 4 | " |
| Colne | 1 | " |
| Bury | 8 | " |
| St. Helens | 2 | " |
| Total | 131 | " |

He estimates the total expenditure and revenue as follows:—

| | |
|---|---|
| Cost of the works | £11,960,000 |
| Annual expenditure | 1,187,200 |
| Annual revenue | 1,195,375 |

If the total capacity of supply be assumed as 150,000,000 gallons daily, and this could be distributed at sixpence per thousand gallons, then the total annual revenue would be 1,368,750*l.*

We have thus given an outline of the plans by which the mighty Metropolis and seventeen northern manufacturing towns might be copiously supplied with unexceptionable water. It requires no particular sagacity to foresee that the satisfaction of the exigencies of London primarily, and several other important towns secondarily, will become the great engineering problem of the day. Without doubt even now the domestic water economy of our country is seriously defective and demands attention. Our great consolation is, that in this sea-girt isle, and

* Paper on the Glasgow Waterworks, by James M. Gale, C.E. Glasgow, 1864.

with the copious rainfall of some of our districts, there need be no irremediable deficiency. The mountains, the lakes, the unpolluted and many minor streams, are unfailing depositories of excellent water, if only our science, our toil, and our capital are perseveringly directed towards them.

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Art. IV.—1. *Maria Theresia und Marie Antoinette, Ihr Briefwechsel während der Jahre* 1770–1780, herausgegeben von Alfred Ritter von Arneth. Paris und Wien: 1865.

2. *Correspondance inédite de Marie Antoinette.* Publiée sur les Documens originaux par le Comte Paul Vogt d'Hunolstein. Troisième édition. Paris: 1864.

3. *Louis XVI, Marie Antoinette, et Madame Elisabeth.* Lettres et Documens inédits publiés par F. Feuillet de Conches. (Second Tirage.) Trois Tomes. Paris: 1864.

If the authenticity of these several collections of letters of the last Queen of France and of her nearest connexions could be irrefragably established, we should without hesitation assign to them the highest place among the innumerable memorials of the French Revolution. They bring Marie Antoinette before us in the freshness of her girlish royalty, when she passed, at fifteen, from the domestic circles of Schönbrun and Laxenburg to the depraved Court of Louis XV. and the pestilent intrigues of Versailles. They follow her through the earlier years of her reign, when the refinement of her tastes and the vivacity of her affections were struggling with the severe exigencies of her actual position and the dark harbingers of her tremendous destiny. They contain, lastly, a large addition to the evidence already in our possession of her courage and contrivance—her noble bearing and her devoted energy in defence of those she loved—when the ranks of her enemies were closing around her, and the realm over which she had reigned was narrowed to the miserable turret of the Temple and the dungeon of the Conciergerie. These letters illustrate, in the most remarkable manner, her qualities and her defects, her virtues and her faults, her strength of purpose and her errors of judgment. We rise from a careful and repeated perusal of them with the conviction that the whole character of the Queen is now before us, and not only of the Queen, but of her husband, her sister, and her nearest friends. The stately figure of Maria Theresa ushers in the group, not without impressive warnings of the impending tragedy; and the humorous scepticism and shrewd sense of Joseph II. complete the singular picture. So much, at least, of these letters is beyond all question true and authentic, that the omission of all the suspected documents would not materially alter or injure the general effect of the correspondence; and we regret that publications of such deep historic interest should require at our hands in the first instance the investigation of a charge of literary forgery. Such, however, is the case. Soon after the appearance of M. d'Hunolstein's and M. Feuillet de Conches' collections in Paris, another volume was published by Ritter von Arneth in Vienna, extracted from the archives of the Imperial family; and a comparison between these different versions of the correspondence between Marie Antoinette and her mother, which has been set on foot and conducted with great ingenuity by M. von Sybel, an eminent German critic, has led him to impeach the authenticity of the earlier papers produced by the French editors, and consequently to throw a shade of suspicion over the whole of their work.

To put the reader in possession of the elements of this controversy, we must, first, briefly describe the nature and pretensions of the three collections: and we begin with that of Ritter von Arneth, because its genuineness being indisputable, it has been applied as the text or canon to determine the genuineness of documents found elsewhere. The following is the Vienna editor's account of his materials:—

'The correspondence of Maria Theresa and her daughter which is here published is at this moment, and, most probably, always has been, preserved in the private library of the head of the Imperial family. The volume which contains it is inscribed, "1770—1780. Correspondance de S. M. l'Impératrice-Reine avec la Reine de France." The whole collection consists of ninety-three letters of Marie Antoinette to her mother, of which thirty-seven are the originals, the remainder are copies, which were evidently made to the order of Maria Theresa, by her confidential cabinet secretary, Charles Joseph Baron von Pichler, in his own handwriting. Several of Marie Antoinette's letters exist, both in the original and, at the same time, in Pichler's well-known handwriting. These are, therefore, the best proofs of the conscientious diligence with which Pichler performed his task. The seventy answers of Maria Theresa exist, as might be inferred from the nature of the case, only in copies made by Pichler. It may be inferred from one of Marie Antoinette's own letters (that of July 12, 1770), that the originals were probably

destroyed by her to whom they were addressed.' (P. ix.)

It is contended that these letters form but a part of the correspondence between mother and daughter in ten years of separation; and one of the mysteries in this inquiry is, why these particular letters were preserved so carefully, when others have disappeared. However, such as they are, the Vienna letters have now been published with scrupulous fidelity by M. von Arneth; and he has added to his volume photographs from four of them, as specimens of the Queen's handwriting at different periods. Here then we have a certain number of documents of unquestionable authenticity. The custody in which they have been preserved is that of the august family to whose head they were addressed. The gilt-edged paper on which they are written is that which the Queen was known to use. The handwriting of the first letter in July 1770 is that of a child hardly able to form her letters, and confirms Madame Campan's statement that when Marie Antoinette arrived in France they had to assist her imperfect penmanship, so wretchedly had her education been neglected. In two or three years her hand improved and gradually formed itself. Lastly, the confidential and intimate tone of the letters is precisely what might have been expected to pass between the writers. This then is an undoubted portion of the correspondence in question; but strange to say, although M. d'Hunolstein publishes forty-five and M. Feuillet de Conches twenty-one letters of the same period, alleged to have been exchanged between the Empress-Queen and her daughter, only *one of them* is identical with those which exist at Vienna, many of them are essentially different, and some of them are contradictory and incompatible, not only in point of dates, but in substance.

The courier of the Imperial Embassy, by whom Marie Antoinette sent her letters, started from Vienna about the beginning of every month, and from Versailles on his return about the 15th; and as he generally carried a private letter from each sovereign, about twelve letters must have been sent every year on each side. In the space of nearly ten years this would amount to 240 letters. Only 153 are published by M. von Arneth, but with some allowance for occasional interruptions, omissions, or losses, this is not very far below the estimated number. In the earlier years the correspondence was less frequent and regular. In 1778 no less than thirty letters were exchanged, owing to two peculiar occurrences in the spring of that year—the disputes on the Bavarian succession and the first pregnancy of the Queen. These circumstances led to an increase in the number of couriers, which did not take place on any other occasion. But the incredible part of the story is that while this correspondence was going on at regular intervals—the Empress always writing at the beginning of the month, and the Queen always answering in the middle of the month—*another series* of letters should have passed at *irregular dates*, wholly unnoticed in the authentic correspondence. In M. d'Hunolstein's volume many of the Queen's letters are dated *early* in the month,—a time at which she appears never to have written, as her letter would then have crossed her mother's letter on the road.

The volume for which M. d'Hunolstein is responsible has been ushered into the world without any pretension to editorial care. That gentleman contents himself with informing his readers that all the documents comprised in it have been copied from and collated with the originals—that some of these letters had appeared elsewhere, because the Queen was in the habit of making drafts and keeping copies of her correspondence—but that all the letters now published by him are printed from *bonâ fide* originals collected by himself. It does not seem to have occurred to M. d'Hunolstein that to establish the authenticity of these originals something more is needed than the mere inspection of them by a few 'serious amateurs.' Where did they come from? How came it to pass that letters addressed for the most part to the near relations of the Queen at Vienna and in other parts of Europe, should nevertheless have been removed from the depositories where they would naturally be preserved, and offered for sale in Paris? We know indeed that in 1809 Napoleon obtained at Vienna copies of some of the remarkable letters written by Marie Antoinette to her brother, the Emperor Leopold, in 1791, which he brought to Paris, and which were published in 1835 in the 'Revue Rétrospective.' But the possession of these precious documents was an affair of state. Nevertheless, M. d'Hunolstein boasts that *he* is the possessor of the originals of some of these same papers, and has republished them in this volume. The mere fact that several autograph copies exist of a very lengthy and confidential document throws suspicion on it. The improbability that such a paper would be repeatedly copied by the writer, when the discovery of a single copy might have cost a life, is extreme. Every collector of autographs knows that without extrinsic evidence no absolute reliance can be placed on the apparent identity of handwriting. But in this

case the extrinsic evidence is against the authenticity of M. d'Hunolstein's collection.*

These adverse facts have been collected with much ingenuity, but far too much acrimony, by M. von Sybel, the editor of the 'Historische Zeitschrift' of Munich. He pointed out that the style of the series of letters to Maria Theresa published by M. von Arneth is simple, dry, childish, and natural—that of her letters in the French editions far more elaborate, sentimental, and artificial; that no new facts are adverted to in the French collections, which were not already known by Madame Campan's Memoirs or the Gazette of Paris; that the Dauphiness always signs her letters 'Antoinette' in the Austrian series, and always 'Marie Antoinette' in the French series; that with reference to the letters said to be addressed by the Queen to her sister Marie Christine, Duchess of Saxe-Teschen, whom she calls her dearest friend, there was, in fact, no such intimacy between them; the Arch-Duchess was thirteen years older than the Queen, that is, almost twice her age at the time of her marriage, and Marie Antoinette was in the nursery when Marie Christine left Vienna. It appears, moreover, that the papers of this lady and her husband the Duke Albert (with his diary) have been carefully preserved, and that they contain no allusion to any intimate correspondence with the Queen of France. Upon an actual inspection of the Hunolstein letters by M. Sybel, these suspicions were augmented. All the Austrian letters are on gilt-edged paper—all the French letters are plain. The writing of the former varies considerably with the advancing years of the young Princess—that of the latter is uniform.

To these and many other similar considerations must be added some remarkable inconsistencies in the two correspondences supposed to be simultaneous. For instance: in the very first authentic letter of Marie Antoinette to her mother (9th July, 1770, Arneth Collection) she says:—

'Le Roi a mille bontés pour moi, et je l'aime tendrement; mais c'est à faire pitié la faiblesse qu'il a pour Madame du Barry, qui est la plus sotte et impertinente créature qui soit imaginable. Elle a joué tous les soirs avec nous à Marly; elle s'est trouvée deux fois à côté de moi, mais elle ne m'a point parlé, et je n'ai point tâché justement de lier conversation avec elle; mais, quand il le fallait, je lui ai pourtant parlé.'

In several of the letters of Maria Theresa, that politic princess, whose moral dignity did not stand in the way of her interest, recommended her daughter to beware of affronting the King's favourite, who was notoriously the bitterest enemy of the Duc de Choiseul's party, and to conceal her abhorrence of so contemptible and profligate a personage. More than once the Empress reverts to this subject with great severity, and scolds her daughter (the word is not too strong) for not having spoken to the Du Barry with sufficient politeness. 'Vous ne devez connaître ni voir la Barry d'un autre œil que d'être une dame admise à la Cour et à la société du Roi. Vous êtes la première sujette de lui, vous lui devez obéissance et soumission; vous devez être l'exemple de la Cour aux courtisans, que les volontés de votre maître s'exécutent.' Marie Antoinette received these remonstrances with spirit, and did not disguise her distaste at the part she was told to play. 'Vous pouvez bien croire,' she replied, 'que je sacrifie toujours mes préjugés et mes répugnances, tant qu'on me proposera rien d'affiché et contre l'honneur. . . . Je puis bien vous assurer que quoique je vous ai montré vivement ma sensibilité, ce n'était que de la sensibilité: on me laisse assez tranquille sur cet article, les amies et amis de cette créature n'ont pas à se plaindre que je les traite mal.' The subject, in short, recurs continually in the letters of both mother and daughter, and it was one on which they evidently both felt strongly, though in a very different manner; and it must be admitted that Marie Antoinette, young as she was, had a truer sense of her own dignity than her experienced parent.

Nothing, however, of all this appears in any of the letters of the French editors; but, on the contrary, in a letter from the Dauphiness to her mother of the 7th December 1771, published by M. Feuillet de Conches, the following passage occurs:—

'Reste Madame Du Barry, dont je ne vous ai

* It is the more remarkable that so many of the private papers of Marie Antoinette should recently have turned up in Paris, as Madame Campan expressly states that they were burnt immediately after the 14th of July, 1792. 'La crainte d'une nouvelle invasion des Tuileries fit faire les recherches les plus exactes dans les papiers du Roi; *je brûlai presque tous ceux de la Reine.* Elle mit dans un portefeuille, qu'elle confia à Monsieur de J., ses lettres de famille, etc., et ses réponses dont elle avait fait des copies. M. de J. n'a pu conserver ce dépôt; il a été brûlé.' (*Mémoires de Madame de Campan*, vol. ii. p. 207.) Supposing, however, that Madame Campan was mistaken in this last particular, and that this 'dépôt' had not been burnt, that would explain the possibility of the discovery of the papers. We hear that some of these documents have been procured from a person formerly in Madame Campan's employment. On the other hand, the statement that these papers did exist, and were confided to her, may have encouraged persons to supply by forgery the lost originals.

jamais reparlé.* Je me suis tenue, devant *la foiblesse*, avec toute la réserve que vous m'aviez recommandée. On m'a fait souper avec elle, et elle a pris avec moi un ton demi-respectueux et embarrassé et demi-protecteur. Je ne me départirai pas le vos conseils, dont je n'ai pas même parlé à M. le Dauphin, qui ne peut la souffrir, mais n'en marque rien par respect pour le Roi. Elle a une cour assidue, les ambassadeurs y vont, et toute personne de distinction demande à être présentée. On fait foule comme chez une princesse: elle fait cercle, on se précipite, et elle dit son petit mot à chacun. Elle règne. Il pleut dans le moment où je vous écris: c'est probablement qu'elle l'aura permis.' (*Feuillet de Conches*, vol. i. p. 27.)

It is evident that the tone and statements of the Vienna letters (which are certainly authentic) on this subject are totally at variance with the language of the letters in the French collections, and the passage just quoted may serve as a specimen of the epigrammatic turn of the French letters, which is amusing enough, but very unlike the style of a girl of sixteen writing to her mother on a matter of so much delicacy and difficulty.

We proceed to another example of these inconsistencies. M. d'Hunolstein publishes eight letters from Marie Antoinette to her mother, dated between the 30th of April and the 18th of May, 1774. The death of Louis XV. took place on the 10th of May, and was of course followed by the immediate accession of his grandson to the throne. These letters, therefore, describe the progress of the King's illness and its fatal termination. At the moment of assuming the crown, the following letter is attributed to the youthful Queen by both the French editors; for, oddly enough, each of them has a copy of this document in the Queen's own handwriting—that belonging to M. d'Hunolstein we have not seen, but we presume that it purports to be the original—that of M. Feuillet de Conches (which we have ourselves examined) is a draft with corrections in the same hand. The draft formed part of the papers of the Abbé de Vermond, the Queen's reader. It runs thus:—

'Madame et très chère Mère,—Que Dieu veille sur vous! La Roi a cessé d'exister dans le milieu du jour. Depuis la matinée du 8, son état n'avait fait qu'empirer, et il a démandé l'extrême onction, qu'il a reçue dans des sentiments de piété admirables. Il avait conservé toute sa connaissance et sa présence d'esprit pendant toute sa maladie, avec un courage inouï. Mon Dieu! qu'allons-nous devenir? Monsieur le Dauphin et moi, nous sommes épouvantés de régner si jeunes. O ma bonne mère, ne ménagez paz vos conseils à vos malheureux enfants.'

* It was *parlé* in the first edition, but that was a misprint.

The sentimental tone of this composition first awakened our own suspicions as to the authenticity of the French correspondence. This is the language of the drama or of romance—not at all the simple matter-of-fact language of Marie Antoinette, who, in her own undoubted letters, never aims at any effects of style, and was indeed at that time incapable of producing them. It is true that, admitting the letter not to be the production of the Queen, the draft, which we have carefully examined and which bears all the external signs of genuineness, might have been prepared by the Abbé de Vermond and never used. In discussing the letters of royal and eminent persons, it must be borne in mind that a considerable portion of the correspondence written in their names is not their own at all, but is the work of a confidential secretary, who frequently acquires, by habit and imitation, an undistinguishable similarity or identity of handwriting. This officer was known at the Court of Versailles by the title of *Sécrétaire de la Main*. 'Avoir la plume,' says St. Simon, 'c'est être faussaire public, et faire par charge ce qui coûteroit la vie à un autre. Cet exercice consiste à imiter si exactement l'écriture du roi qu'elle ne se puisse distinguer de celle que la plume contrefait.' President Rose (to whom the foregoing observation is applied) filled this office to Louis XIV. for fifty years. The Abbé de Vermond appears to have stood in very nearly the same confidential relation to Marie Antoinette. He had been recommended by M. de Brienne, then Archbishop of Toulouse, to be her preceptor at Vienna, and he was chosen by M. de Choiseul, at the time of her marriage, to form part of her escort into France. He never left her; he appears to have lived in her presence, and to have been employed in all the little transactions of daily life, a silent, humble, scarcely-perceived, but ever-present friend. He took no part in politics; he mixed in no court intrigues; and if he did no great good, he had at least the merit of doing no harm. Madame Campan, who probably disliked this little Abbé with a *jalousie de métier*, complains that he gave himself airs. But this is an exaggeration: the long continuance of his services is the best proof of his inoffensive disposition. Yet Louis XVI. disliked him. Vermond was the man of Choiseul, the creature and representative of the Austrian alliance. He was allowed to remain in the Queen's apartment like a piece of furniture she might have brought with her from Vienna; but for *eighteen years*, though the King probably saw him daily, his Majesty never addressed a word of civility to him, or

indeed took any notice of his presence. It was not till 1788, at the time of the affair of the necklace, when the Abbé had executed with address a delicate and important negotiation, that the King once said to him on leaving the room, 'You have done the Queen a service, Sir, I thank you.' But the devotion of the Abbé to his royal mistress stopped short on this side of martyrdom, and it gives one a low impression of his courage to know that he took an early opportunity of escaping to Brussels in the first flight of the emigration. In several of the Queen's letters to M. de Mercy she inquires for the Abbé with great interest.

It is admitted on all hands that the Abbé de Vermond did actually write a great many of the Queen's letters, as it was his business to do. Marie Antoinette at fifteen was wholly incapable of composing, or even of copying in a legible hand, the formal and complimentary letters to different persons which figure in these volumes. In February 1771, her mother says to her: 'I can't help observing that the handwriting of your letters is daily worse and more incorrect. You ought to have improved in the last ten months. I was ashamed to see the letters you have written to several ladies handed about. You ought to write exercises with the Abbé or some one else to form your hand, to make it more even.' The photographs of the first letters in M. von Arneth's volume establish this fact, and we may infer from it that at the time at which we are now speaking, the Abbé had a large share in the correspondence. This circumstance opens the door to fresh uncertainty, for no one can tell with precision where the Queen begins and the Abbé ends; and it may very well have happened that drafts prepared by the Abbé were never used or sent by the Queen at all.

But to return to the letter of the *10th of May*, in which the young Queen is represented to have conveyed the news of the death of Louis XV. in this tragical and hyperbolical language. The truth is, that a letter exists in the Vienna collection of the *14th of May*, the date of the usual courier in the middle of the month, which begins in the following simple and matter-of-fact sentences:—

'Madame ma très chère Mère,—Mercy [the Austrian Ambassador] will have informed you of the circumstances of our misfortune. Happily this cruel malady left the King in possession of his faculties to the last moment, and his end was very edifying. The new King seems to have the heart of his people; two days before his grandfather's death he caused 200,000 francs to be distributed to the poor, which produced a great effect. Since the demise he works incessantly, and answers, with his own hand, the Ministers whom he cannot yet receive, and many other people. What is certain is that he has a taste for economy, and the greatest desire to make his subjects happy. In all things he has the desire as much as the need of instructing himself. I hope God will bless his good intentions. The public anticipated many immediate changes; the King has contented himself with sending "the creature" to a convent, and banishing from court all that bears that name of scandal.' *Von Arneth's Collection*, p. 98.

The letter goes on to speak at some length on indifferent subjects—the disgrace of a young Esterhazy—the illness of the late King's daughters who had taken the small-pox while attending their father's death-bed—the new appointments in the Queen's household, &c. It then concludes thus:—

'Though God caused me to be born in the rank I now occupy, I cannot but admire the order of His providence, which has selected me—me, the last of your children, for the finest realm in Europe. I feel more than ever what I owe to the tenderness of my august mother, who took so much pains and care to procure for me this great establishment. I never so strongly desired to place myself at her feet, to embrace her, to pour out my soul before her, and to show her how filled I am with respect, affection, and gratitude.

'P.S.—The Abbé is at your feet [we suspect there is a touch of his pen in the last sentence]; he is as full of respect and gratitude for your goodness as of attachment to me.'

Here follow a few lines in the King's writing:—

'I am very glad to find an opportunity, ma chère Maman, to prove to you my tenderness and attachment. I wish I could have your advice in these moments, which are so embarrassing. I should be charmed to satisfy you, and so to show all the attachment and gratitude I feel to you for giving me your daughter, with whom I am as pleased as it is possible.'

Marie Antoinette seems to have felt that this little paragraph was not worthy of the occasion, and adds:—

'The King would not let my letter go without adding his scrap. I feel that he would have done no more than is proper if he had written a letter on purpose. I entreat my dear Mamma to excuse him, as he has so many things on his hands, which occupy him, besides being naturally timid and shy. You see, dear Mamma, by the end of his compliment, that though he is very fond of me, he does not spoil me by saying sweet things.'

This letter strikes us as very interesting, and if we cast a glance onwards to the close of the reign which had just commenced, its simplicity and homeliness are touching. It

bears the stamp of reality. There is not a trace of affectation about it. The 'O ma bonne mère!' of the French editors becomes simply 'ma chère maman'; and between the two compositions there is just the difference which exists between the language of a person of high breeding in a great position and the language of a vulgar person endeavouring to act up to a great part. The King's 'scrap,' and the postscript in which the Queen makes the best excuse she can for the bluntness and brevity of her husband, are perfectly characteristic. We seem to see the writers of that page before us. The contrast between this plain letter and the romantic cry of the 'malheureux enfans' called to 'régner si jeunes' is complete; and the undoubted genuineness of the letter of the 14th seems to us to deprive of all credit the pretended letter of the 10th of May.

A formal autograph letter was addressed by Louis XVI. to Maria Theresa on the 5th of June, to notify his accession to the throne. It still exists in the Imperial Library of Vienna, and is published by M. Feuillet de Conches in his third volume. The answer of Maria Theresa to the authentic letter of the 14th of May is published both by M. von Arneth and by M. Feuillet de Conches in the Supplement to the 2nd vol. p. 441. The Empress refers in the following terms to the passage we have just quoted:—'I cannot tell you how much I was touched by the lines the King chose to add to your letter. This is a cordiality I prefer to everything, and his attention in telling me that he is pleased with my dear daughter, and that he thought of me, in the first moments of his trying situation, brought tears into my eyes. He even says he wishes for advice: *que cela est respectable à son âge.*' She then proceeds to give the advice asked for, not forgetting to recommend the pardon of M. de Choiseul and his sister (Mdme. de Grammont), and entire confidence in Mercy, 'who is as much your Minister as my own.'

The more the letters published by M. d'Hunolstein are examined, the more evident it becomes that they are precisely such as an ingenious person might compose from the incidents and the gossip recorded in the memoirs and old newspapers of the time. Thus, they frequently contain verses supposed to be copied by the Queen, and notices of occurrences of more interest to us than they could have been when they happened; such as the illness of M. de Buffon, the visit of Glück to Paris, &c. The Austrian collection of the Queen's letters contains nothing of the sort, but, on the contrary, abounds in private details (very fit to be addressed by the Dauphiness to a mother) on her own health and her natural desire to bear children. There is no surer test of the genuineness of a document than the fact that it contains matter of deep interest to the writer, but of no interest at all to future generations. The introduction of details which subsequent events have invested with peculiar interest to posterity is in itself a ground of suspicion.

In another of M. d'Hunolstein's letters there occurs a blunder which is of itself decisive. The Queen says (25th of February, 1774), to her sister, 'J'ai pris intérêt à votre *Lammerfest*, pour laquelle Noverre a fait des merveilles;' and the editor subjoins to this expression a note, to inform the reader that 'Lammerfest' means '*Fête des Agneaux.*' Now, it appears that no such *lamb-feast* as this either is, or ever was, known at the Court of Vienna, but the German critics have taken the trouble to ascertain that at this very time a *Kammerball* or *Kammerfest* (as the smaller court entertainments are usually called), did actually take place there, under the auspices of the ballet-master Noverre. It is evident that whoever framed the letter meant to refer to this entertainment, but the writer (whom we therefore take to be another person) wrote an *L* instead of a *K*, and converted the word into 'Lammerfest,' which M. d'Hunolstein interprets the 'Fête des Agneaux.'

We are chiefly indebted to M. von Sybel and the German reviewers for the points which have thus far seemed to throw doubt upon a portion of these letters. We are now about to advert to a blunder, which has not been noticed in Germany, and which is naturally more apparent to an English eye. Several of the letters in M. d'Hunolstein's collection bearing the date of 1791, and written by the Queen to her brother, the Emperor Leopold, and his ambassador Mercy, during the trying circumstances of that eventful year, are undoubtedly genuine; copies of some of them exist in the Imperial Archives of Vienna, where of course the originals ought to be found, and some others have previously been published in the 'Revue Rétrospective.' Amongst the letters of this date, one only is assigned to the correspondence between Marie Antoinette and her sister Marie Christine, Duchess of Saxe-Teschen, and it is the more remarkable as no other letter appears to have been addressed by the Queen to that Princess in the five preceding years.* This letter gives

* M. von Sybel argues that as only one letter from the Queen to her sister has been found in the Saxe-Teschen papers, no such correspondence could

an account of the distressing situation of the Royal Family, and of the implacable hostility of the Duke of Orleans, which the Queen attributes to the exile to Villers-Cotteret, extorted, she says, from the King by the Garde des Sceaux Laimoignon. It contains a touching and prophetic phrase, which has been largely quoted and commented on in France:—'They will kill me, my dear Christine; after my death defend me with all your heart. I have always merited your esteem, and that of worthy persons in all countries. I am accused of horrors of which it is needless to say that I am innocent—and the King happily judges of me like a good man. He knows I have never been wanting in what was due to him and to myself.' One would fain believe that these noble and dignified expressions are not the work of a literary forger; but unluckily that which follows renders this belief untenable. The Queen goes on to speak with affection of the Princess de Lamballe, who, she says, had secretly, and to oblige her mistress, made an arduous voyage to England. And then occurs the following remarkable phrase:—

'The Queen and her daughters received her (Madame de Lamballe) favourably: *but the mind of the King is deranged.* It is the Chancellor of the Exchequer who governs, and he said cruelly and almost in express terms to the Princess that we have brought our misfortunes upon ourselves.' (*Hunolstein*, p. 293.)

It is not credible that the Queen of France writing at the time could have committed such an anachronism, or could have been so misinformed. George III., as is well known, became deranged in October 1788; but on the 10th of March 1789 he formally resumed the reins of Government by opening Parliament. The King was not afflicted by any serious return of his dreadful malady for several years, and he was certainly in full possession of his faculties in August 1791. It is therefore evident that this passage was inserted by some one who had a vague knowledge of the King's insanity, without having ascertained when it ceased. It is also extremely improbable that the Queen would have described the First Minister of the Crown as the Chancellor of the Exchequer, for though Mr. Pitt held that office he was known as the First Lord of the Treasury; and it is wholly inconsistent with his character or with the feelings he entertained towards the Royal Family of France, that he should have made a brutal speech to Princess de Lamballe, who was herself so nearly connected with those illustrious victims. In our judgment, therefore, this passage stamps the letter in which it occurs as a spurious production. It is scarcely necessary to quote authorities to prove how entirely the writer of the sentence in question has misconceived the real views of the English Ministry and of the King at that time. But there is a passage in a letter from Mr. Burke to his son dated the 16th of August 1791, which is so clear and conclusive on the point that it may be worth while to cite it. Burke says:—

'Since I wrote the two first sheets I have seen Mr. Dundas, and have received a complete and satisfactory assurance of the neutrality, at least amicable, of this Court. To say the truth, I asked him his opinion directly and without management. But he set me quite at my ease, not only with regard to himself, but to every sub-division of the Ministry, who all agreed, and very heartily, in this point. The King is himself (and I confess, considering everything, it is very generous, and wise, too, in him) most earnest in favour of this cause of sovereigns. He is constantly asking whether the King of France will be firm and reject the Constitution.' (*Burke's Correspondence*, vol. iii. p. 274.)

It is therefore highly improbable that the Princess de Lamballe or any competent agent should have conveyed to the Queen the false impression contained in her supposed letter.

But this is not all. The second volume of M. Feuillet de Conches' collection furnishes still more conclusive evidence on this point. In August 1791 the Count de Mercy made a short visit of curiosity to London: upon his return to Brussels on the 4th of September he writes to Prince Kaunitz, then Minister at Vienna, an account of what he saw there. He terms it a visit of curiosity, but as the Declaration of Pillnitz was actually signed at the very same moment, it may fairly be supposed that Mercy went to London to sound the disposition of the British Government on the great question of intervention in the affairs of France. He relates that King George III. desired that he should be presented to him, and he infers from the silence affected by Mr. Pitt

have existed. But that fact does not warrant the inference, and we have no doubt at all that some correspondence did take place between Marie Antoinette at Versailles and Marie Christine at Brussels. When the Duke and Duchess of Saxe-Teschen fled from the Low Countries after the battle of Jemmapes, their papers and other valuables were embarked on two vessels, one of which was lost, and a portion of the Duke's journal was lost in it. The two volumes of the original journal which were saved are still stained with sea-water. The fact that the letters have not been found does not prove that they never existed: but we very much doubt whether the letters published by M. d'Hunolstein are the documents.

and Lord Grenville that the English Cabinet was resolved to watch the course of events in a free and passive attitude, and to take advantage of such measures as might be adopted by the other Powers in so important a conjuncture. He also saw Mr. Burke, and on the 20th of August he sent to the Queen a copy of Burke's advice and opinion. Marie Antoinette knew that Mercy had been to London, for on the 5th of September she writes to him, 'La personne que vous avez vue à Londres est arrivée;' and it appears from another letter of Mercy's that this person was charged by him with a full oral explanation of the state of affairs, to the effect that most of the other Powers had attached to their proposed intervention the condition that England should take part in it. He adds, 'On se rappellera sans doute qu'il avoit été prévu depuis longtemps que les plus grands obstacles proviendraient de ce côté-là. Malheureusement on ne s'est point trompé, et on s'est mis à même de s'en assurer.' * These passages are extremely interesting on other grounds, because they demonstrate the reluctance of Mr. Pitt and his colleagues to interfere in the affairs of France. But they also establish that Marie Antoinette had at that very moment accurate information from London through far better channels than the Princess de Lamballe, and that she could not possibly have supposed that the King of England was at that time out of his mind.

We have now done with M. d'Hunolstein. His collection of autograph letters appears to us to merit no confidence, and, as we have shown, several portions of them are demonstrably false. No vindication of the authenticity of his publication has been attempted, and before he gave his name to a volume of such questionable pretensions he was bound, we think, to have exercised far more circumspection than he appears to possess.

The case of the collection edited by M. Feuillet de Conches is widely different, and it is an act of great injustice on the part of the German critics to have confounded the two publications together, and to have used against the larger publication arguments suggested by the imperfections and contradictions of the smaller one. M. Feuillet de Conches is a gentleman well known in the society of Paris and in the world of letters. He fills an important position at the French Court and in the French Foreign Office. He is the possessor of one of the finest collections of autographs in existence, which serve not only to gratify curiosity but to illustrate history; and he has devoted his life to the critical study of documents of this nature. The correspondence of the Royal Family included in the three volumes already published, consists not only of letters of Marie Antoinette, but of a large number of papers and letters of Louis XVI. and his sister Madame Elisabeth, as well as of other persons of note. These papers are not by any means the exclusive property of the editor, though a portion of them are in his collection, where they are readily shown and may be examined by persons interested in the subject. We have ourselves had the advantage of examining a great many of them. But the bulk of the collection published in these volumes consists of inedited letters extracted and copied by M. Feuillet de Conches in the Imperial Archives of Paris, Vienna, and Moscow, and also at Stockholm. In the 'second tirage' of the work, which is now before us, the place of deposit or history of almost every document is carefully noted—a precaution which was unfortunately omitted in the first edition, and which is indispensable to works of this nature. It is certain, therefore, that we are indebted to M. Feuillet de Conches for a collection of the highest interest, and there can be no doubt at all that the vast majority of the letters published by him are perfectly authentic.* But before we pass to the consideration of these historical materials, it is necessary to consider whether M. Feuillet de Conches has not been imposed upon to a certain extent by the same ingenious falsifiers who palmed off so many spurious papers on M. d'Hunolstein. In a certain number of instances this must be the case, for some of the controverted letters appear in both collections; and indeed the fact is at once suspicious that two collectors of autographs, both in Paris and both endeavouring to procure papers of the same period, should, without knowing it, have been enabled to procure duplicates of the same papers, both

* M. de Mercy knew perfectly well that the neutrality of England was not at that time the sole, or even the principal, obstacle to the intervention of foreign Powers. In a letter from him to M. de la Marck of the 6th September, the following passage occurs:—'Dans le nombre de ces intéressés il en est un qui se refuse de partager les chances qu'il s'agit de courir; par cela même on peut le regarder, et on le regarde en effet, comme un opposant d'autant plus suspect, que, sous différents rapports, ses convenances contrastent avec celles des autres.' The person here alluded to was *the Count's own sovereign*, the Emperor Leopold, on whom the Queen's hopes of a foreign intervention principally rested!

* A special permission was given to him by the present Emperor of Austria, with the concurrence of the Comte de Chambord and the Duchesse d'Angoulême, to take copies of the letters of Marie Antoinette in the Imperial Archives.

purporting to be in the handwriting of Marie Antoinette. Drafts and duplicates of important political letters may, no doubt, have been kept, though it deserves remark that the Queen expressly adds in a note to the most remarkable of her letters to her brother, 'Keep this, as I may one day like to see it again:' she therefore had no copy of it at hand. But that similar duplicates copied by herself of the familiar notes supposed to have been addressed by her to her mother or her sister, should be in existence, is highly improbable.

Nevertheless, it requires no light evidence to impose on the critical sagacity and experience of such a collector as M. Feuillet de Conches. No one knows better than he does how artfully such documents are fabricated. The world is full, as he says himself, after Madame du Deffand, of '*trompeurs, trompés, et trompettes.*' In these very pages he exposes the hoax which led Miss Helena Williams, in 1803, to publish a volume of imaginary letters of Louis XVI.; and he expresses doubts (which we do not share, after having examined the document) of Lord Houghton's celebrated letter (first published by Louis Blanc) from the Comte de Provence to the Marquis de Favras, by which the Prince is implicated in the conspiracy for which that person suffered. * M. Feuillet de Conches is perfectly sincere in his own convictions: he is not credulous; he is not unskilled in the mysteries of autographs. We therefore receive with respect whatever he says upon the subject; and the elaborate care with which he has edited these papers is the best proof of the importance he attaches to them.

We shall now leave the disputed question of the authenticity of a portion of these papers, and proceed to extract from those which are of unquestionable authority some of the passages which throw a fuller light on the characters of their authors and the events of the period.

It is worth while to notice how essentially the marriage of Marie Antoinette was a political marriage, and how fatally that circumstance turned to her disadvantage. The system of policy of the Duc de Choiseul consisted mainly in the alliance of France with Austria, by which he hoped to hold in check the Empress of Russia on the one hand, and the Crown of England on the other. In this combination he sought for a system of alliances to compensate in some degree for the losses and humiliations of the peace of 1763, and Marie Antoinette was still an infant when she was already marked out to seal the union of the two States by her marriage. The Empress-Queen, in a letter to her young son-in-law, written just before the nuptials, expressly says, 'I have brought her up with this design; for I have long foreseen that she would share your destiny.' She did indeed share the destiny of that luckless prince, but in a sense very different from that which her mother foresaw or imagined.

Yet, brilliant as the early fortunes of the young Archduchess were to the outward eye, it is recorded that sinister presages had attended her from her birth. She came into the world on the very day of the great earthquake at Lisbon. At Kehl the gorgeous pavilion prepared for her reception was hung with tapestry which represented the ill-omened nuptials of Jason and Creusa. The personage who received her on the French shore was the Prince Louis de Rohan, worthless and profligate at all times, and afterwards, as Cardinal and Grand Almoner of France, the chief actor in the scandalous intrigue of the diamond necklace. At Paris the rejoicings appointed for the marriage cost twelve hundred lives. Scarcely had the Dauphiness taken her place at Versailles, when M. de Choiseul was thrust out

* The letter in question purports to be written by the Comte de Provence to the Marquis de Favras on the 1st November, 1789, and it refers to a project for carrying off the King in the following terms: 'Ce plan a en outre l'avantage d'intimider la nouvelle Cour et de *décider l'enlèvement du soliveau.*' M. Fueillet de Conches thinks this expression cannot have proceeded from the pen of the first Prince of the blood, who was one day to mount the throne of France. We are not satisfied with this argument. The expression 'le Roi Soliveau' or King Log is obviously taken from Lafontaine's well-known fable, and it is applied (not without reason) to Louis XVI. in a caricature of the time, of which a copy is in our own possession. This design represents the frogs asking for a king—Lafayette and Bailly answer the appeal. On the apprehension of the Marquis de Favras the Comte de Provence displayed the utmost eagerness to disclaim all participation in his plot, and at the same time to get possession of his private papers. The letter in question was purchased in London by Lord Houghton, not very long ago, from a mass of old documents relating to the French Revolution. It bears strong marks of authenticity. The handwriting is apparently that of Louis XVIII.: the paper has been most carefully and ingeniously repaired; and below the signature is a red stamp partly effaced, with the words 'Papiers secrets du procès Favras.' It is written in pale ink. Whatever may be the mystery attached to this document, it certainly bears very strong internal marks of authenticity on the face of it. The existence of this paper is, however, directly opposed to the statements made by the Comte de Provence to the Assembly of the Representatives of the Commune on the 26th of December, when he positively declared, 'Je n'ai point vu M. de Favras: *je ne lui ai point écrit.*'

of office by a cabal in which Madame du Barry took the most active part, and the young Princess found herself at a strange Court, without a political friend in the land of her adoption, married to an uncouth lad of sixteen, whose secret prepossessions were certainly adverse to the Austrian connexion, insulted by the presence and the gibes of the King's mistress, and thrown upon the doubtful society of her aunts and her sister-in-law—the former bigoted old maids, the latter an unmanageable though affectionate child.

Maria Theresa felt, no doubt, the extreme difficulty of her daughter's position, and urged her (as we have seen) to propitiate the Du Barry, and to regulate her own conduct entirely by the advice of M. de Mercy, the Imperial Ambassador. The language addressed to Marie Antoinette by her mother is incredibly severe, but it sounds prophetic:—'You must play your part, if you wish to be esteemed: you can do it if you will put some constraint on yourself, and take the advice which is given you; but if you give way, I foresee great misfortunes before you—nothing but quarrels and vexations, which will render your life unhappy. .....All this makes me tremble. I see you going on with a certain assurance and carelessness to total ruin or, at least, into a false track.' But in spite of the solemnity of this language, and the deference Maria Theresa exacted and obtained from her children, the marriage of her daughter to the Dauphin failed to give the Empress any political influence at Versailles. Marie Antoinette herself had no such influence; but she was made to expiate the crime of the Austrian alliance as bitterly as if she had been its most powerful patroness. It was that circumstance which, for several different causes, first directed against her the malignant intrigues of the Court, and showed an immense crop of hatred and injustice among the people against an innocent and amiable woman. Maria Theresa was injudicious in inculcating on her daughter, as the first of her duties, the maintainance of the ties with her own country, which her marriage had in fact dissolved, and in constituting the Austrian Ambassador chief adviser of the Queen of France. Mercy, indeed, performed that delicate task with tact and circumspection. The time came when in the whole kingdom of France there was not another man whom Marie Antoinette could really confide in. Nevertheless, it would have been better for her if she had been left to her own impulses; become, as she herself expressed, 'Française jusqu'au bout des ongles,' and not lived to hear that ferocious cry of 'L'Autrichienne!' for ever mingling with the crash of the Revolution. In this respect the policy of Maria Theresa did unintentionally conduce to the fatal termination of the reign of Louis XVI. and of her daughter.

M. Feuillet de Conches informs us that many of the autograph papers and letters of Louis XVI. which occur in his collection were obtained by himself from the descendants of two of the members of the Convention appointed to ransack the King's private repositories. They probably kept a portion of what they found there for their own use, and since the death of these persons the autographs have been sold. Some of them are of high interest, such as the draft of the Declaration made by the King to the Assembly at the moment of the flight to Varennes, and the confidential letter to his brother, in which he explains his own motives for accepting the Revolutionary Constitution of 1791. The melancholy fate of Louis XVI., the dignity with which he bore the keenest sufferings and turned aside the grossest insults, the piety of his last moments, have contributed to throw over his name something of the radiance which encircles the martyr and the saint. No doubt, in some of his letters, in domestic life, and in the political transactions which cost him his head, it must be acknowledged that he often showed himself a very narrow-minded, ill-mannered, and incapable personage; but these defects are compensated by his genuine desire to improve the condition of his people and to save them from the consequences of their own follies and crimes. Many of the earlier acts of his reign do the utmost credit to his heart. The following extract of a letter from the King to Turgot will be read with interest:—

'Versailles (February, 1776).

'I have read with care, Monsieur Turgot, all the Reports you submitted to me at the Council, and the six Drafts of Ordinances, which I had previously approved in general terms. I was very glad to make myself master of the details, alone, and in my cabinet. The want of unanimity in my Council on these measures, and the hostility they encounter out of doors, have given me much matter for reflection: but they appear to me to be so useful and so conformable to the welfare of the people, that I cannot hesitate to publish them and to support them with my whole authority. Thus I approve the edict for the suppression of forced labour (*corvées*) by causing the high roads of the kingdom to be repaired at the common cost. To take the time of a labourer, without his own consent, would be equivalent to a tax, even if he were paid for it: much more if he is not paid for it at all. That is an exorbitant charge on a day-labourer living by his time. You say very wisely that a man who is forced to work and who works

without remuneration, works ill. These considerations are palpable, and I regret that an edict so well founded in reason and equity should have excited so much opposition and distrust, even before it was known: but there are so many private interests opposed to the general interest. The more I think of it, my dear Turgot, the more I repeat to myself, that there is nobody but you and I that really love the people. Have this edict engrossed: I will sign it in Council.' (*Feuillet de Conches*, vol. i. p. 79).

When M. Turgot was not at his elbow, the King was not always so wise. The *naïveté* of the following passage, in a note to the Garde des Sceaux, Miroménil (written in the year 1775), can hardly be surpassed:—

'Have you read the Memorial of the Protestants? It is very well drawn up; but by what right do they dare to print a Memorial and send it to everybody? There may be persons of a misapplied zeal who harass them, which I do not approve, but, on the other hand, they ought to keep within the bounds prescribed to them. *They have a sure way to become like all other citizens, and that is to acknowledge the true religion.*' (*Feuillet de Conches*, vol. i. p. 66).

Whatever Louis XVI. might have been in tranquil times, it is evident that when the tempest of the Revolution was howling about him, his faculties became confused, his irresolution increased, and, like most weak men exposed to dangers he could not surmount, he had recourse to deceit. It would be extremely interesting to trace with minuteness in M. Feuillet de Conches' second volume the fluctuations of the King's mind —the motives which led him to accept the Constitution of 1791 (from a conviction, as he acknowledges, that it would not work)— the attempts made to control the Royalist party at Coblentz, and especially the Comte d'Artois—and, nevertheless, the secret conviction of the King that the only hope of salvation for himself and the Queen lay in escape and foreign intervention, though he continued to the last to dread and deprecate civil war. But our limits forbid us on the present occasion to enter fully into these curious details, and we must content ourselves with recommending the whole series of the papers, to which no suspicion is attached, to the careful examination of every student of the French Revolution.

There are, however, two short documents in the same volume of this collection, which are so conclusive as to the bad faith of the King in his dealings with the Assembly, that we must find room for them in this place. The Royal Family had been stopped in its flight at Varennes, on the 21st June. And here it may be mentioned that M. Feuillet de Conches relates, on the authority of the Marquis Louis de Bouillé, the anecdote that the actual cause of the failure of the whole escape was that the King, whose appetite was insatiable, insisted on stopping for some time at a house of M. de Chamilly, to eat a meal. That meal cost the King his head, and probably changed the tenour of events in Europe. On the 25th June the Royal Family was brought back to Paris. In the interval the King had been virtually deposed by the Assembly. The catastrophe was all but complete: and the letters relating to it in these pages are of a thousand times greater interest than the laboured attempts to describe it in all the daubs and blotches of Mr. Carlyle. At this crisis, then, or a few days later, on the 7th July, the King addressed to the Constituent Assembly the following message:—

'Gentlemen,—I learn that several officers who have passed over to foreign countries have invited the soldiers of their regiments to quit the kingdom and join them abroad, and that this has been done in virtne of certain full powers, directly or indirectly, emanating from myself. I think it right to contradict this assertion, and to repeat on the present occasion, what I have already declared, that in leaving Paris my sole intention was to go to Montmédy, whence I should have addressed to the National Assembly the observations I deem necessary on the difficulties attending the execution of the laws, and the administration of the kingdom. I positively declare that every person who may say that he is charged with any such powers on my behalf is a most culpable impostor.' (*Feuillet de Conches*, vol. ii. p. 514).

At a preceding page of the same volume (p. 163), we find the following document, *also dated the 7th July*, 1791, and headed 'General Powers, which the King, after his arrest at Varennes, sent to the Princes, his brothers, by M. de Fersen!' This autograph paper was given to M. Feuillet de Conches by his friend the Vicomte de Fontenay. It runs as follows:—

'I absolutely rely on the affection of my brothers for me, on their attachment to their country, on the friendship of Sovereign Princes, my kinsmen and allies, and on the honour and generosity of the other Sovereigns, to agree together on the manner and the means to be employed in negotiations, designed to restore order and tranquillity in the kingdom: but I think that all employment of force ought only to be placed in the rear of negotiations. I give full powers to my brothers to treat in this sense with whomsoever they choose, and to select the persons to be employed for these political objects.'

So that on the very same day that the King denied to the Assembly, in terms of

apparent indignation, that he had given any powers to promote the emigration of troops, he did in fact send to the heads of the emigration full powers to negotiate with foreign Powers for their intervention in the affairs of France. Two months later, on the 14th September, he signified to the Assembly his acceptance of the Constitution—with what sincerity may be inferred from these documents. In forming a judgment on the terrible events of the French Revolution, it must never be forgotten that this disposition of the Court to rely on foreign aid and to subdue the Revolution by foreign influence, was the inexpiable crime of the King and Queen. It was ridiculous to talk of Louis as a tyrant. It was an outrage to ascribe to the Queen, as a woman, any single action which would not have become the noblest of her sex. Whatever may have been the shortcomings of her Austrian education and the frivolity of her early habits, misfortune and danger awakened in her a force of will, a clearness of intelligence, a power of language, and a strength of soul, which speak with imperishable eloquence in every line of the letters written after the commencement of the Revolution. But although these qualities of the Queen do her the highest honour, and in this respect the publication of her most private correspondence can only exalt her reputation, yet these papers render still more apparent the fact that she had but little political judgment, and that neither she nor the King ever conceived the possibility of dealing honestly with the Revolution. At each successive stage in that protracted tragedy, there was a secret policy always at work in the opposite sense, and that policy, relying mainly on external support, was their destruction. A single instance must suffice to explain our meaning. We select it from a letter in cipher, addressed by the Queen to Count Mercy, on the 28th Sept., 1791, about a fortnight after the King had accepted the Constitution, and a momentary turn in his favour had been given to affairs, if it had been honestly and ably employed. The language of Marie Antoinette demonstrates the entire insincerity of their acquiescence :—

'It is most important for us to know the exact extent of the engagements of the Emperor and the other Powers with the King's brothers, the measure of their good will, and the time at which they may effect it. As for this last point, it appears to me from all your letters, and by the dictates of reason, that the time is at least remote. It is this, therefore, which decided us take, at this moment, the course we have adopted [acceptance of the Constitution].

'Anyhow, it was necessary to have the air of uniting in good faith with the people. If public opinion does not change, no human power can govern in despite of it. If then it be necessary to adopt the present system, at least for a time, (and it will destroy itself if it be adopted,) it is essential that we should be united to that great majority which is the people, and to inspire it with sufficient strength to resist the machinations of the republicans who are seeking every means of influence and found all their hopes on the next legislature.

'There is another advantage in having the air to adopt the new ideas—that is the safest mode of defeating them. When the factious will no longer be able to tell the multitude that the King opposes its welfare by opposing the Constitution, it will be more conscious of the calamities that surround it.

'If, on the other hand, as I dare not flatter myself, the Powers find some prompt and imposing manner to make themselves heard here, and to exact the things they have a right to demand for the safety and balance of power in Europe, it is still necessary to inspire confidence. The fear of external force, though it should use no language but that of reason and the common rights of sovereigns, would mitigate the first shock here, and might decide them to entreat the King to act as mediator,—the only part fitted for him, as much for the love he bears his subjects as for the purpose of controlling the faction of the emigrants, who by the tone they assume (which would be raised still higher if they contributed to another order of things) would only plunge the King into a fresh slavery. The wisdom of the Powers must therefore restrain them as much as possible. Anything they could do alone or without a paramount force, would destroy them, ourselves, and the whole kingdom.' (*Feuillet de Conches*, vol. ii. p. 392.)

Bertrand de Molleville relates in his Memoirs that the King and Queen accepted the Constitution in a very different spirit. The King said to him, 'I should have liked to introduce some modifications into the Constitution, but it is now too late; I have accepted it as it is, I have sworn to maintain it. I must keep my engagement; and the more so as I think the exact execution of the Constitution is the surest method of convincing the nation that some changes are required in it. I have no other plan than this, and I shall certainly not deviate from it.' The Queen added to the same Minister, 'The King has acquainted you with his intentions relative to the Constitution; do you not think that the only plan to pursue is to be faithful to his oath?' 'Certainly, your Majesty,' replied Bertrand. 'Well,' said the Queen, 'be sure they will not make us depart from it.' This version of the policy of the Court in September, 1791, has been adopted by Thiers and other historians. The letter just quoted demonstrates the insincerity of these assurances, and that the hopes of the Queen were entirely fixed on the intervention of foreign Powers, *with* a paramount force, to put down the Revolution. Yet that

was the most fatal error the Court could then commit; for, as Brissot declared in his Journal two years afterwards, 'Without the war there would have been no 10th August; without the 10th August there would have been no Republic.'

But even the simulated confidence of the King in the Constitution was of short duration. He was grossly insulted on his first appearance in the Assembly by an attempt to refuse him the titles of *Sire* and *Your Majesty;* and when he 'vetoed' the law against the *Emigrés*, in November 1791, that act occasioned a definitive rupture.

When Marie Antoinette was brought to her trial, the first question put to the jury was this:—'Is it proved that manœuvres and intelligences with foreign Powers and other external enemies of the Republic have existed, tending to aid and abet their designs? and is Marie Antoinette of Austria convicted of having participated in these manœuvres and intelligences?' This was the crime punishable by death under the article of the Penal Code which Fouquier applied to her. The trial of the Queen was no doubt a mockery of justice. She was outraged and insulted by false and indecent charges, irrelevant to the main issue. No real evidence on the main charge of high treason was adduced against her. But if the letters and papers contained in these volumes had been in the hands of her judges, as they are in the hands of posterity, it is impossible, even for those who are most deeply affected by her melancholy fate, to deny that the Queen had actively engaged in the foreign intelligences ascribed to her; that she had used her influence and her resources abroad to arm Europe against France; and that when apparent concessions were made to the new Constitution of the French Monarchy, the Queen never relinquished her uncompromising hostility to the Revolution. 'She was,' to borrow the language of M. Mortimer Ternaux, * 'afflicted by the most cruel perplexities, but these perplexities were not those of the King. Louis XVI. knew not whether he ought or ought not to be a constitutional king. Marie Antoinette knew that she chose he should never be one. Hesitating as to the means she should employ, but never as to her object, she had no fixed system of conduct; she was firm only in repugnance and resentment. . . . She dreaded whatever aid came from the interior, because an account must one day be rendered to those who afforded it. She turned her eyes to the armies of the Coalition, without having formed a clear conception of what she needed or what she desired.'

* Histoire de la Terreur, vol. i. p. 20.

This sentence may seem severe, but it is that of a writer thoroughly versed in the history of the Revolution, full of respect for the Queen's character and of compassion for her unmerited sufferings. And, in our judgment, it is confirmed to demonstration by the voluminous letters extracted by M. Feuillet de Conches from the Austrian Archives and by many of the documents in his own possession. From similar sources he has exposed to the light of day the restless intrigues of the *émigrés*, more especially of the Comte d'Artois and Calonne; the crafty and insincere expedients by which the Emperor Leopold kept alive the expectations of the Court of France without taking any serious engagement; the impetuous but abortive zeal with which Gustavus III. of Sweden was ready to advance, like a knight of old, to the rescue of the Queen; and the artifices by which Catherine of Russia sought to turn the confusion of Europe and the downfall of the French Monarchy to her own advantage. These materials are of the highest interest, and they exhibit the honesty and sagacity of what was termed the Coalition in a light not more creditable to the sovereigns of Europe than the honesty and sagacity of the Court of France in its relations with the popular party. On these questions M. Feuillet de Conches has rendered services to the secret history of the revolutionary period which are only equalled by the publication of the correspondence of the Comte de la Marck, given to the world in 1851 by M. de Bacourt.

We shall take leave of this part of the subject by citing two interesting letters from the Queen to her brother. The first relates to the negotiations which had been carried on through M. de la Marck between Mirabeau and the Court. It is well known that in order to conceal the game he was playing, that unscrupulous tribune made use of language of increased violence in the Assembly, at the very time he was advising Louis XVI. to countermine the opposition of that body to the existing Ministry; but this inconsistency had the effect of destroying the confidence of the King and Queen in the advice he was giving to them. The following letter relates to this subject:—

'This 22d October, 1790: St. Cloud.

'We have fallen back into chaos and all our distrust. M. [Mirabeau] has sent in some papers, warmly expressed but well argued, on the necessity of preventing the usurpations of the Assembly, and of resisting its pretensions to interfere in the nomination of Ministers. He had proposed several names, and the King was disposed to examine the question, when, àpropos of some disturbances which have occurred in the fleet, he delivered a most violent demagogi-

cal speech, such as to terrify all honest men.* Here then all our hopes in this quarter are again overthrown: the King is indignant and I in despair. He has written to one of his friends [M. de la Marck] in whom I have great confidence, and who is a most trustworthy gentleman, a letter of explanation which has just been shown to me, and which appears to me very little calculated to explain or excuse anything. This man is a volcano who would set fire to an empire: are we to rely on him then to extinguish the conflagration that consumes us? He will have much to do to regain our confidence. At bottom, the King himself felt how important it is to resist the encroachments of the Assembly, which aims at nothing less than the subversion of the royal authority: but how can we induce him to take advice from those who are bursting into fresh excesses? However, a good counsel is always good, and I am urging the Archbishop (Brienne) to speak. Lam. defends Mir., and maintains that though he has occasional outbreaks, he is sincere in his wish to serve the Monarchy, and will repair this flight of his imagination, which did not come from his heart. But the King will not believe it. I saw yesterday he was very angry. Lam. says he doubts not that Mir. thought he was doing right in speaking thus, in order to deceive the Assembly and gain credit with it in more momentous circumstances. Oh! God, if we have committed faults, we have keenly expiated them.' (Vol. i. p. 376.)

The last letter of the Queen for which we can find room is also addressed to her brother. M. Feuillet de Conches prints it from the draft in the Queen's handwriting in his own collection. It is extremely touching and characteristic:

'This 27th December, 1790.

'Yes, my dear brother, our situation is dreadful. I feel it, I see it, and your letter has divined every thing. Human nature is very wicked and perverse, and yet this nation—I have singular proofs of it—is not bad at heart. Their fault is that they are too impulsive. They have generous movements which do not stay: they are inflamed like children, and once excited they are led to commit every crime, though they may repent of them afterwards in tears of blood. What is the use when the evil is done? You remind me that I had looked forward to the *Etats Généraux* as a source of trouble and the hope of the factious—but since then, what ground we have lost! I am daily outraged by insults and threats. On the death of my poor Dauphin [the Queen's eldest boy died in June 1790,] the nation seemed totally unconscious of the event. From that day, the people are mad, and I am in constant terror. After having undergone the horrors of the 5th and 6th October, anything may be expected. Assassination is at our doors. I cannot show myself at a window, even with my children, without being insulted by a drunken mob, to whom I have done no harm, and amongst whom there are doubtless unfortunates whom I have myself relieved. I am prepared for any event, and I can now, unmoved, hear them crying for my head. My anxieties are increased, my dear brother, by the state of your health; I cannot tell you how much I was affected by the long letter you wrote me from your bed of sickness. I acknowledge your tenderness and I thank you with all my heart; but forgive me, I entreat you, if I still refuse your advice to leave; remember that I am not my own mistress; my duty is to remain where Providence has placed me, and to oppose my own body, if need be, to the daggers of the assassins who would attack the King. I should be unworthy of our mother, who is as dear to you as to myself, if danger could induce me to fly far away from the King and from my children.' (Vol. ii. p. 402.)

Before we take leave of these interesting collections, one class of letters remains to be noticed, which are, from their singular freshness, vivacity, and originality, the most captivating of all. We mean the copious correspondence of Madame Elisabeth, the King's sister, with her two ladies-in-waiting and confidential friends, Madame de Bombelles and Madame de Raigecourt. The authenticity of these letters cannot be questioned, for they proceed directly from the custody of the representatives of the ladies to whom they were addressed. The three sons of Madame de Bombelles entered the Austrian service, and the youngest of them (who had possession of his mother's letters) became the third and last husband of the Empress Marie Louise. Through Countess de Flahault, when Ambassadress of France at Vienna, these letters were communicated to the present editor, and they have since been collated with another copy of them belonging to the Marquis de Castéja, who married Madame de Bombelles' daughter in 1819. Some of the letters of the Princess to her other friend, Madame de Raigecourt, had already been inaccurately given to the world by M. Ferraud; but they have now been revised and published in their integrity by M. Feuillet de Conches from the original documents in the possession of the present Marquis de Raigecourt. We are thus particular in explaining the history of these papers because they are wholly exempt from the suspicions which have been thrown on some other parts of the collection; and it would

* The entire history of this transaction may be found in the correspondence of Count de la Marck with Mirabeau, vol. ii. p. 251. On the 16th October Mirabeau advised the King to anticipate the vote of want of confidence threatened by the Assembly by dismissing his own Ministers and having a Cabinet taken from the advanced leaders of the Revolutionary party. The King hesitated. On the 18th Mirabeau suspected that the Court was acting under the counsels of a foolish person named Bergasse, whose advice was directly opposed to his own. Irritated by this sign of distrust, he attacked the Court in the Assembly with great bitterness on the 21st, and proposed the substitution of the tricolour flag in the navy for the old *drapeau blanc*. It is to this circumstance the Queen refers in her letter.

be desirable to obtain an equally clear and explicit account of every paper to which a great name has been affixed.

No character in modern history lives in a purer light than that of Madame Elisabeth. She shared the sufferings of her brother; she refused to forsake him when she might have left France; she was of all the victims of the Revolution the purest and the most innocent. But without at all diminishing the admiration inspired by her virtues, these letters exhibit her character from an entirely new and unexpected point of view. Far from being the resigned and half-celestial creature who sacrificed herself to the tenderness of her affections and the ardour of her faith, Madame Elisabeth was of all the Royal Family of France the most remarkable for the extreme vivacity of her disposition, for her brilliant humour, for her high spirits and enjoyment of life, and for a proud sense of what was once her own great position. Born a Princess and a child of France, she exulted in the pleasures she possessed and the pleasures she could confer on others. To her tastes, her habits, and her ardent convictions, the Revolution, with its brutality and its irreligion, was abominable. From the first day when the storm broke on the marble galleries of Versailles, she retained no illusions, she advocated no concessions. Her courageous heart would have found it easier to break in a bold resistance, than to temporise and exhaust the slow torments of lingering destruction. Yet that was the fate to which she was doomed by the fault of others, rather than by her own; and with a complete knowledge of the extent of that hopeless sacrifice, undeceiving and undeceived, she made it, not only without a murmur, but with a gaiety and gallantry of heart, tempered only by her profound faith in the justice of God and the truth of His religion. She met those perils—she describes those scenes of horror—with a light and unshrinking touch. Even when you trace in the animated irregularity of her style, the *flutter* of the keenest emotion, half concealed from the friends she was addressing, she shows not a sign of fear; and she allows nothing to check the natural flow of her spirits, except the consciousness of her own imperfections, measured by the standard of divine endurance and divine purity. Yet, with these elevated thoughts and motives ever present to her mind, she is not a whit the less a woman of the world, eagerly sharing in every pursuit and enjoyment and passion of the hour, and owning that it costs her more to relinquish her horses, her gardens, her dairy, and her freedom, than she cares to admit. This strong infusion of youthful gaiety and active tastes, mingled with the fervour of her religious sentiments, gives a new aspect to the character of Elisabeth; but it only renders her more attractive and more original.

We can hardly hope to preserve in a foreign language the peculiar playfulness of her style in these letters, but the following extracts may give some idea of them. The first in the series was written to Madame de Bombelles the day after the capture of the Bastille:—

'15th July, 1789.

'How kind you are, dearest! All the dreadful events of yesterday had not made me cry; but your letter, which gives me the consolations of your friendship, has cost me a flood of tears. I should be grieved to go away without you. I don't know whether the King will leave Versailles. I would do whatever you wish, if that were to happen. I don't know what I really desire on that point. God knows what is best to be done. We have a pious man at the head of the Council, perhaps He will enlighten him. Take care of yourself, and pray don't come out—though, *ma petite*, I make the sacrifice of seeing you. I love you more than I can tell. At all times, at every moment, I shall feel the same. I hope the evil is not so great as one imagines. What makes me think so is the quiet of Versailles. We were not quite certain yesterday that M. de Launay had been hanged: somebody else had been taken for him. I shall cling, as you advise me, to the chariot of *Monsieur* (the Comte de Provence), but I am afraid the wheels are good for nothing. Adieu, dearest, I embrace you as fondly as I love you.' (*Feuillet de Conches*, vol. i. p. 233.)

Here follows an outburst from the brave little fanatic, whose religion was not always of the most saintlike temper:—

'Paris, 20th January, 1790.

'As this letter will not see the post-office in France I may write to you rather more at my ease. The Assembly has crowned the measure of its follies and impieties by giving to the Jews admission to all offices. The debate was long, but the rightminded people had, as usual, the worst of it. As yet they have only admitted the Jews who had privileges; but you will see the whole nation will soon have the same advantages. It was reserved for our age to receive in friendship the only people whom God has marked with a sign of reprobation, to forget the death inflicted on our Saviour by that people, and the benefits that Saviour has ever scattered over France. I can't tell you what a rage I am in at this decree. But we must wait and submit with resignation to the punishment reserved to us by Heaven, for this offence will never be allowed to remain unavenged. Our present position proves that God has His days of vengeance, and that if He is long-suffering of evil, He does nevertheless punish it with force, when the ingratitude of mankind has reached its height. . . .

'You will see, or you have already seen, what the Assembly has done to prevent its members from holding offices. [The Assembly

had just decreed the non-re-eligibility of its members.] I don't know that it is a good thing. I am afraid it will only render them more violent. Since the King has taken this step which puts him, as they say, at the head of the Revolution, and strips him, as I say, of the little remaining Crown he had still on his head, the Assembly has not done a thing for him. It is fiercely bent on the destruction of the Clergy. To-day they are going to decide that there are to be no eldest sons. Every sort of extravagance is going on, and no good will come of it.' (Vol. i. p. 304.)

'1st March, 1790.

'We are not yet sure that the Emperor (Joseph) is dead. But one might lay a wager it is so. How Europe will be knocked about! They say his niece has died in her confinement: the happier she, though I am not envious of her lot. As I have always been extremely curious, I should like to see the end of this Revolution. Yet if the days of persecution for the faith were to return, ah! I would ask Heaven to release me from the world first, for I don't feel I have at all the courage to support it. It is true that there is an old proverb which says "God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb," and I doubt not that we should experience it, if the time came. You will think me rather mad. For fear you should find out that you are not erring in thinking so, I leave you and embrace you with all my heart.' (Vol. i. p. 313.)

These touches must suffice to give an impression of the Princess's character—ardent, intolerant sometimes, resolute in opposing danger, dauntless in exposing deceit, foreseeing more clearly than others the track that lay before her, shrinking at times from the shadows that crossed it, but pursuing it at last to the bitter end, in faith and love not unworthy of her Divine Master.

Whatever may have been the errors of judgment and the defects of character of the members of the Royal Family of France—and, as we have seen, they are unreservedly laid bare, by themselves, in these confidential letters to their nearest connexions—it can never be forgotten that their unparalleled misfortunes plead like angels' tongues in their favour. No doubt it may be easy to trace even those misfortunes, in part, to the singular want of tact and resolution exhibted by the King in all the important emergencies of his life—to the wilfulness of the Queen, her inexperience of politics, and her foreign extraction—to the total want of intelligence of the time and of the Revolution, from which even the acuteness of Madame Elisabeth did not exempt her. But with the whole evidence now before the world, which enables us to follow them into the recesses of their thoughts and feelings, we rise from the perusal of these papers with increased sympathy with sufferings, borne in so noble and Christian a spirit.

ART. V.—1. *The Irish Church: its History, with Statistics.* By WILLIAM SHEE, Serjeant-at-Law, M. P. for the County of Kilkenny. Second edition. 1863.

2. *Remarks on the Irish Church Temporalities.* By MAZIERE BRADY, D. D. Dublin: 1865.

3. *Facts Respecting the Present State of the Church in Ireland.* By the Rev. ALFRED T. LEE. London: 1865.

4. *The Irish Church: an Historical and Statistical Review.* By HERBERT S. SKEATS. London: 1865.

5. *The Income and Requirements of the Irish Church, being a Reply to Serjeant Shee.* By Archdeacon STOPFORD. Dublin: 1863.

IRELAND occupied in the sixteenth century a position without parallel in European history. While the Reformation was affecting the whole breadth of society in other nations, altering political and social relations, correcting theological doctrines, and going hand in hand with literary and scientific advancement, the most western country of Europe, isolated for centuries from all the liberalising culture of the Continent, and steeped in inconceivable misery and degradation, felt no quickeing within, not even a sympathetic movement in connexion with Protestant impulse. Unlike other nations, it had no period of religious inquiry, no spiritual insurrection against the corrupt formalism of Rome, no Celtic Luther to give voice, direction, and triumph to the principles of a new movement. In the utter absence of that rising and vigorous middle class, with its compact force, its self-consistency, and its hardihood of character, to which England and Scotland owed their reforming activity, the sister country remained a stranger to all the new social forces that were then stamping themselves upon the expanding civilisation of Britain. The Reformation which was imported in the middle of the sixteenth century was an entirely foreign and artificial system, which at once arrayed itself against the strong nationalism of the island, and never at any period exhibited that social expansiveness which was so much needed for moulding into religious unity races so widely different in all their traditions and training. The new hierarchy merely displaced the old, but proposed to itself no quiet career of diffusion and growth, and devised no wise and proper methods for the conversion of the native population. Thus it came to pass that the mass of the people kept to their old dogmatic pathways, and followed from generation to generation the guidance of the old

proscribed hierarchy, which still remained the chief political and social agency in the country—(even when banished working still by the most dexterous disguised communications)—touching the life of the nation at every point, and binding it together in all its relations; while the new hierarchy, though strongly entrenched behind the guardianship of English law, was confronted at every step in countless forms, and found itself spiritually powerless before the organising and commanding spirit of Rome.

It is idle now to speculate on what might have been the religious and political destiny of Ireland at the present hour, if the new Protestant Church, so amply endowed with the spoils of the ancient establishment, had at once devised a bold and liberal measure for the education of the natives—for people must be taught to read before they can be taught to think, and they must learn to think before they can discern truth from error—if she had prosecuted her evangelising work in such a spirit as to disarm the exasperation of an oppressed people—if she had given them the Scriptures in their own tongue, and made the Irish language a vehicle of secular as well as religious instruction—if she had placed herself as a mediating power between an injured people and their foreign rulers, disregarding herself the odious distinctions of race, with a view to their ultimate assimilation—thus, by the creation of one law of opinion, drawing the conflicting elements of Irish life into all the beauty and strength of a homogeneous national existence. If the Established Church has signally and admittedly failed in these various aspects of her responsible mission, the blame must, no doubt, largely fall upon those statesmen, royal and ministerial, who made her in a subject-country the instrument of political exclusion and the symbol of a hated domination; who equipped her too formidably for her work, and surrounded her with safeguards which incapacitated her from exercising her powers of usefulness; so that for centuries she was in the condition of King James I. in his armour, when he said of himself, 'Now, nobody can hurt me, and I can hurt nobody.' But we are far from believing that the Irish Church herself has been wholly blameless in this matter, or that she has even now wholly reversed the leading principles of her ancient ecclesiastical policy. If she had done her duty three hundred years ago, or had even shown a disposition in more modern times to recognise the altered relations of Irish society, to throw her energies into national education in a way that the activity and expansiveness of the age so imperatively demanded, and in accordance with the only plan that was possible in a country religiously divided, and had ceased to be the political engine of a party and the consistent enemy of every liberal enactment that could raise the Catholic people in the scale of social well-being, politicians and journalists would not now be discussing the question of her disendowment, and she herself would not be lamenting her hard fortune that for thirty years past she has been deserted by the Tories, condemned by the Whigs, threatened by the Radicals, hated by the Roman Catholics, and envied by the Dissenters.

No doubt, if a fair calculation were made of her advantages and disadvantages, as compared with those of her English sister, it would be found that she has had a considerable preponderance of the latter, though we must ever lament that she seems to have possessed at no period sufficient wisdom or courage to turn her opportunities to account, or to neutralise the force of those unquestionable difficulties which surrounded her from her first establishment. There can be no question that, notwithstanding the revived vigour of the last thirty years, her numerical inferiority is but the sign of her moral weakness in the country—a weakness of which she seems to be hardly conscious herself, but for which she is really in a very large degree responsible. Let us view her present position. This weakness has sprung in a measure from her geographical distribution. Episcopacy does not lie in a compact dense mass, like Presbyterianism in Ulster, but stretches its meagre and starving length over the whole island, appearing here and there in a series of detached outposts and unconnected fragments, while the enveloping mass is intensely Romish. The consequence has been that, while the active and enterprising Presbyterianism of the North has written its character on the broad acres of its peculiar province, and is strong in that peculiar element of strength—a territorial existence—Episcopacy, with its far more extended area and its greater tenuity, has not only been more exposed to the proselyting inroads of Romanism at a thousand ill-guarded points, but never has been sufficiently strong, at any one point, to give a Protestant tone to the community, or to create an atmosphere of Protestant opinion such as pervades the society of Ulster. The social atmosphere of the South is unmistakeably Catholic; that of the North is Presbyterian, for nowhere, out of Scotland itself, is the discharge of religious duty so fully recognised as a condition of social existence, and nowhere else is there a greater amount of active convic

tion upon religious questions. Episcopacy, though strong in the vantage-ground of law, with absolute possession of the churches, the university, and the endowed schools, and though secured, by its external points of contact with the people, in the command of the leading avenues to public office and distinction, has had the disadvantage of comprising in its membership that large neutral mass which subsists in the composition of all communities, and which gives them little or no portion of their form, cohesion, or strength. Except in Dublin—and even there to a comparatively insignificant extent—it has given no commanding tone to the public morality of the country. The Irish Church has also laboured under the singular disadvantage of never having been confronted, except in Ulster, by a strong and vigorous branch of Protestant Dissent, such as in England and Scotland has quickened the zeal and stimulated the energies of the Established clergy. The consequence has been that, in the three southern provinces, the clergy, contented to lead quiet and unimpressive lives, with relaxed vigilance and diminished ardour, have been totally unfit to grapple with men displaying all that untiring energy and transcendent zeal which distinguish the Catholic priesthood. The Establishment has never suffered from either disruption or secession, such as often gives a powerful impetus to religious communities, for the Presbyterians are no more Dissenters from the Church of Ireland than the Church of Ireland is from them. They made no breach or rent in a Church of which they were members, like the Dissenters of England, for they were but a branch of the Scottish Establishment. It is almost needless to refer for the thousandth time to the odious tithe-system which, by making the clergy the reluctant instruments of endless litigation and implacable animosities, utterly destroyed their moral influence in the community. We all know how it often set the duty and the interest of kind-hearted clergymen in opposition to each other; so that, as Grattan tersely remarked, 'It made the clergymen's income to fall with his virtues and to rise with his bad qualities, just as it made the parishioner to lose by being ingenuous and to save by dishonesty.' The clergy trusted to the power of England to maintain them in possession of their tithes, and often looked upon the people, either as avowed and dangerous enemies whom they had grievously wronged, or as semi-savages whom it was hopeless to attempt to civilise. The system inflicted more injury upon their office than the efforts of all the infidels and sectaries in the kingdom could have done.

It is equally needless to do more than allude to the politics of the Church, as illustrating the decline of its influence, for it has been uniformly identified with that party in the State which deemed it just and politic to deprive an individual of his political rights and constitutional privileges because he happened to say mass and believe in purgatory. Ever since the time that the whole bench of Irish Bishops vindicated, as Carte (vol. i. p. 121) tells us in his Life of Ormond, the tyranny of Strafford's administration, the Church has presented the natural and only rallying-point of the whole Tory feeling of the country, and through all the political changes of the last thirty-five years, has borne an almost unwavering testimony against that course of liberal legislation which has been fraught with so much material and moral advantage to the kingdom. But nothing contributed so much to her weakness as the conduct of her clergy on the Education question. Thirty years ago they flung their moral power wantonly away. The Catholic clergy, as well as the Presbyterians, were wise and patriotic enough to discern the advantages of a system which, for breadth and completeness of organization, for the variety and liberality of its appliances, and for the wisdom of its provisions for religious instruction in a divided country, could hardly be paralleled; while the strange spectacle was seen of a bigoted Protestant clergy, who had, up to that period, kept almost the entire education of the country in their own hands, allowing the best teaching power and appliances of the State to pass over into the hands of their greatest enemies. The National system offered no advantage to the Protestant over the Catholic or to the Catholic over the Protestant; and as the one party had always been accustomed to inferiority and the other to ascendancy, the priests as eagerly accepted as the others angrily repudiated, a system which was not based upon a recognition of superior or exclusive claims. The Churchman, however, was only standing upon his ancient ecclesiastical policy of allowing no education whatever that was not distinctively Protestant—that is, of allowing no education whatever except upon conditions that the masses of the people would indignantly repudiate; and he would have kept them to this hour ignorant and demoralised, if the State had not undertaken to do—in the only way possible in Ireland—what it ought at least to have attempted three hundred years ago.*

* And now the extreme Church Educationist joins hands with the Ultramontane Catholic in de-

While we believe that we have not in the slightest degree exaggerated in the foregoing statement either the difficulties or the shortcomings of the Irish Church, let us not be understood for a moment to overlook the gratifying improvement that has taken place within the last thirty years both in the moral character of the clergy and in the general efficiency of the Establishment. Before that period, nearly one-half of the whole clerical body were non-resident, absenting themselves habitually from their religious duty chiefly on the ground that they had no suitable residences, as if such an idle excuse ever justified a minister of the Gospel, or even a public officer, in the neglect of duties for which he was handsomely remunerated. At present only 205 incumbents—and they are far too many—are non-resident, but their places are supplied by curates. It is pleasant to reflect that the old Orange parson, so strong in his theological grudges, has almost gone out of date, and that we are no more to be stirred by the edifying ardour of his Protestant vituperation; for his place is now mostly supplied by a person of another type of spiritual power, distinguished by the vigour and efficiency of his parochial ministrations, and by the breadth of his social and Christian sympathies. The passive, easy-minded men of other days, as well as the drinking, fox-hunting, and sporting clergy, have undoubtedly disappeared with the long ages of their guilty neglect; and the Church of Ireland is strong, especially in the towns, in zealous and energetic men, popular in the style of their public addresses, incessant in pastoral visitation, paternal in their care of the poor, and pursuing, under all the disadvantages of a bad system, the education of the young. The country districts, however, still lag far behind the towns. As a class, the Irish clergy cannot be said to be conversant with the higher and riper scholarship of the day; they have given no impulse to theological thought; and they are undoubtedly far behind their English brethren in the reception of new and liberal ideas, and in turning to account the latest results of criticism and physical science. They are evidently bent upon throwing all their energies into purely parochial work; and, perhaps, for the present, they are better employed in this sphere than in pursuing speculations which, if pushed to excess, might rather weaken, discredit, and divide them. The increase of churches and clergy of late years is in itself an indisputable evidence of the aggressive zeal and strenuous activity of the Establishment, even though, as the Voluntaries remark, the churches have been built out of a new appropriation of ecclesiastical property.* But it must be remembered that this revived vitality has only come at a time when the great Romish adversary, strong already in numbers and in position, has been likewise extending his lines and taking up fresh positions of strength. We desire to see Irish Protestantism no longer an artificial institution, a dry and lifeless trunk thrust into the ground and sustained by external and artificial props, but a real living tree drawing its sustenance naturally from the soil; and therefore it is that we are compelled to raise a voice of protest against the continuance of the Establishment in its present external proportions and in its existing relations to the great mass of the Irish people.

The question of the Irish Church Temporalities has within the last two or three years again been brought into active controversy as one of the secondary questions of

manding the destruction of that system which was at once the most equitable in its basis, and the most beneficial in its influences upon Irish society, that they may establish upon its ruins the system of denominational instruction, which will only strengthen and perpetuate the sectarian animosities of the country and mar the sense of common citizenship and equal patriotism. But the Irish clergy are now so blind and infatuated that, with the view of recovering their lost influence over education, they are prepared to accept a system which will make the Catholic priest supreme and absolute in the Catholic school—in other words, hand over to the hierarchy the secular as well as the religious instruction of more than two-thirds of the Irish people. No measure, not even the endowment of the Catholic priesthood—an idea so abhorrent to their prejudices—could do so much to confirm sacerdotal authority. The Protestant clergy do not see that they can never maintain, under a denominational system, separate Protestant schools in many districts of the south and west, where their adherents do not number half a dozen families. We trust that the Government will strongly resist the demand of the two extreme parties in the interests of education itself, as well as of common citizenship, for the multiplication of separate schools in districts that are now amply supplied under the mixed system, can hardly be carried out without risk of deterioration. Churchmen may affirm, as they have often done, that the three leading denominations are at present as thoroughly isolated as they can be. The fact is far otherwise. The attendance in national schools is fairly mixed where there is a mixed population. In Tyrone, Londonderry, and Fermanagh, in which the population is mixed, between 84 and 95 per cent. of the schools have a mixed attendance, and from 84 to 93 per cent. of all the children in attendance on national schools are in mixed schools.

| A.D. | CLERGY. | CHURCHES. |
|---|---|---|
| * 1806 | 1253 | 1029 |
| 1829 | 1950 | 1307 |
| 1863 | 2281 | 1633 |

(*Lee's Pamphlet.*)

the time. Happily, the most material facts of the case are admitted on all hands, Churchmen themselves being no longer afraid to confess the demerits of the system. No object can now be served by denouncing reformers as infidels or Jacobins, as Papists or fanatics; for statesmen and politicians of every party and sect have long ago condemned it as an utterly indefensible institution. It is thirty years since Lord Macaulay put the following hypothetical case, which still applies with some degree of exactness to the Church in its present proportions:—'If there were in any part of the world, a National Church regarded as heretical by four-fifths of the nation committed to its care, a Church established and maintained by the sword, a Church producing twice as many riots as conversions, a Church which though possessing great wealth and power, and though long backed by persecuting laws, had in the course of many generations been found unable to propagate its doctrines, and barely able to maintain its ground, a Church so odious that fraud and violence, when used against its clear rights of property, were generally regarded as fair-play, a Church whose ministers were generally preaching to desolate walls, and with difficulty obtaining their lawful subsistence by the help of bayonets; such a Church, on our principles, could not, we must own, be defended.' It could not certainly be defended on the principle of that religious equality before the law which is the governing principle of modern statesmanship. Of course, we acknowledge the force of that sound maxim of practical politics, so apt to be forgotten by theorists, but without which the world cannot be governed—*Quod forsan fieri non debuit, factum tamen valet;* but this ancient maxim was never intended to justify the perpetual continuance of an institution which had lost all relation to the ends of its original appointment, much less to protect it from the hand of thorough and judicious reform. We are glad to observe the alacrity with which Irish Churchmen themselves have taken up the question of internal reform—involving the re-adjustment of clerical incomes on a more equitable scale, the reduction of the number of bishops and of their incomes, the restriction of benefices to a certain amount, and the increased stipend of curates; but, strange to say, none of these clerical reformers mingles with his discussions an appeal to the undeniable interests and strong feelings of the Catholic population, or seems to recognise the anomaly of a Protestant Church, representing half a million of adherents, supported exclusively out of the lands of a Catholic country. It was this peculiarly anomalous feature of the case that suggested to Sydney Smith the well-known illustration of the State establishing butcher-shops in all the villages of our Indian Empire at the expense of the Hindoes—not for the benefit of the natives who eschew beefsteak as sacredly offensive—but of some stray European who might happen to pass through the village and must have his meat diet. The time has surely come to recognise the importance of the Catholic element in Irish society, and to make such alterations in existing ecclesiastical arrangements as will, in some measure, re-adjust the social inequalities of the different sects.

We sometimes underrate the real progress of the Roman Catholic community, which has been very remarkable of late years. The aggressive spirit of the priesthood and the religious feeling of the people have vastly increased. How else can we account for the marvellous energy employed in restoring the ancient eclesiastical edifices of the country in far more than their former glory; for the expenditure of five millions sterling within the last thirty-one years in church-building alone; for the intense desire to subject all secular instruction to exclusive ecclesiastical superintendence; for the extent to which the gentry and professional classes have yielded to sacerdotal ideas, and for their utter lack of moral courage in not more openly denouncing or opposing that policy of exclusion, separation, and social war which is so unrelentingly enforced by an Ultramontane hierarchy; for the immense zeal in education, especially through the instrumentality of the regular orders of clergy; and for the disposition generally, on the part of the masses, to view all questions whatever from the habitual stand-point of creed, party, or country? With an improved social position, a considerable growing intelligence, and a rising and eager middle-class, Romanism has become a visible force in the country, of far greater magnitude and importance than before; and it is not to be wondered at that its priesthood and people—always opposed to the Protestant Church from historical recollections, from ancient suffering, and from disappointed hope, and still more opposed in modern times, on account of the social prestige, the political and moral weight, the Establishment gives to its hierarchy—should entertain the idea of overthrowing an institution which not only stands in the way of the complete political equality of all Irishmen, but, as they expect, of their own ultimate ascendancy as a religous sect. The revived energy of the Catholic clergy as a proselytising party is a great and conspicu-

ous fact of Irish society, and Protestants themselves have admitted that they cannot maintain their ground—even with all the advantages of a well-paid Establishment, especially in purely Catholic districts—against the ceaseless abrasion of the surrounding mass of Romanism. We may admit all this, but it furnishes no reason whatever for maintaining Protestantism in a position in which it is totally unfit to grapple with error, but should rather supply abundant reasons for altering the clerical instrumentality and the conditions of its exercise in such a way as to make it answer the ends of its existence.

Let us in the first place observe the numerical strength of the different religious denominations. The population of Ireland is five millions and three quarters. Of these four millions and a half are Roman Catholics, and one million and a quarter are Protestants. One-half of the Protestants are members of the Established Church, and one-half are Dissenters. The following table represents the numbers at two distinct periods :—

| | 1834 | 1861 | Dec. | Inc. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Established Church, including Methodists | 853,160 / . . | 693,357 / 45,399 | 13·4 | . . |
| Roman Catholics . . | 6,436,060 | 4,505,265 | 30·4 | . . |
| Presbyterian . . . . | 643,058 | 523,291 | 18·6 | . . |
| Protestant Dissenters* | 21,822 | 76,661 | . . | 251·3 |
| | 7,954,100 | 5,843,973 | | |

According to these figures, which are taken from the two census returns of 1834 and 1861, while the whole population of the country has declined 27·1 per cent. in 27 years—or more than one-fourth—the Roman Catholics have declined nearly one-third; the Presbyterians, between one-fifth and one-sixth; and the Episcopalians (not including the Methodists) between one-seventh and one-eighth. It should also be remembered that in 21 out of 32 dioceses, the Episcopalians have increased since 1834, in proportion to the whole population of the country, have remained stationary in 2, and have fallen only in 9. There can be no question, then, that the Established Church has actually declined less than any other body in the country, and that its revived evangelical vigour during the last thirty years, together with its pastoral care for the poor, has enabled it to maintain its ground better than the other sects. We are quite prepared to give the advocates of the Irish Church all the advantage of this comparative superiority in their arguments for continued endowment, though they might be reminded that it covers only the twenty-seven last years of their history, and that ever since 1671, when according to the enumeration of Sir W. Petty, the Protestants were 300,000 and the Roman Catholics 800,000, they have been losing ground, even in the face of successive Protestant immigrations from Great Britain.

Let us now briefly describe the ecclesiastical position of the Church, and the provision made for the support of its clergy. There are 2,428 parishes and 1,510 benefices in Ireland. The net annual value of the ecclesiastical revenues (exclusive of the annual value of episcopal palaces and glebe-houses) is 559,763*l.* The income of two archbishops and ten bishops is 55,110*l.* 2*s.* 9*d.*, distributed according to the following table :—

| | Net Value. |
|---|---|
| Armagh . . . . | £8,328 3 6 |
| Meath . . . . | 3,664 16 4 |
| Tuam . . . . | 4,038 19 3 |
| Down and Connor . . | 3,524 10 11 |
| Derry . . . . | 5,939 3 0 |
| Kilmore . . . . | 5,246 17 0 |
| Dublin . . . . | 6,569 15 1 |
| Ferns and Leighlin . | 3,867 9 6 |
| Cashel and Emly . . | 4,402 13 4 |
| Limerick and Ardfert . . | 3,961 14 9 |
| Killaloe and Kilfenora . | 3,261 16 10 |
| Cloyne . . . . | 2,304 3 3 |
| | £55,110 2 9 |

The net income of all the beneficed clergy is 390,659*l.*, and of the Ecclesiastical Commission, 110,820*l.* Of the 1,510 benefices, there are 276 with incomes under 100*l.* per

* This return of 'Protestant Dissenters,' which is totally incorrect, has led the English Voluntaries to boast that while the Established Church and the Presbyterian Church—both supported by the State have declined, since 1834, to the extent, respectively of 13·4 and 18·6 per cent., the Protestant Dissenters, without Government aid, have increased 251·3 per cent. The fact is far otherwise. They have actually declined to the extent of 4,892. The census of 1861 represents the 'Protestant Dissenters' as having been 21,882 in 1834, and 76,661 in 1861; but the signal mistake is committed of including the Methodists among the 'Protestant Dissenters' of 1861, when they were mostly included among the Episcopalians in 1834, and of including 10,073 'Other Presbyterians' among the 'Protestant Dissenters' now, though they were reckoned among the 'Presbyterians' in 1834, and of setting down 4,103 persons with religion 'unascertained' as 'Protestant Dissenters,' when they ought unquestionably to be included among the Episcopalians. Thus the Protestant Dissenters, after all these just and necessary deductions, must appear, in 1861, with a decrease in their membership of 22·4 per cent. In 1861 there were thirty-one Independent ministers in the country; now there are only twenty-five. Three of their chapels have been finally closed within the last few months, namely, those of Tralee, Mallow, and Youghal. These facts point very significantly to their decline.

annum; 353 under 200*l.*; 426 under 300*l.*; and no less than 455 over 300*l.* Of these 455 benefices, 226 are by a late return represented as under 400*l.* per annum. The unequal distribution of income and labour—one of the worst anomalies of the Irish Church—is forcibly illustrated by the following table:—

BENEFICES WITH LESS THAN 100 CHURCH POPULATION.

| | Church population | Net Revenue |
|---|---|---|
| | | £ |
| *Armaghh Diocese:* | | |
| Ballymakenny | 31 | 166 |
| Barnstown | 88 | 266 |
| Clonkeen | 51 | 221 |
| Clonmore | 12 | 162 |
| Derver | 34 | 159 |
| Dromiskin | 91 | 333 |
| Dunleer | 72 | 268 |
| Foghart | 11 | 183 |
| Heynestown | 13 | 254 |
| Jonesborough | 88 | 194 |
| Killencoole | 30 | 198 |
| Moylary | 33 | 213 |
| Rathdrummin | 10 | 227 |
| Stabannon | 55 | 154 |
| *Clogher Diocese:* | | |
| Inniskeen | 91 | 265 |
| Killaney | 62 | 393 |
| *Meath Diocese:* | | |
| Agher | 78 | 197 |
| Almoritia | 7 | 171 |
| Ardagh | 80 | 195 |
| Athlumney | 49 | 60 |
| Ballymaglosson | 14 | 115 |
| Ballymore | 82 | 199 |
| Balrathboyne | 40 | 268 |
| Bective | 78 | 95 |
| Benowen | 49 | 192 |
| Castlejordan | 64 | 90 |
| Castlerickard | 56 | 153 |
| Churchtown | 93 | 298 |
| Clonard | 71 | 222 |
| Clongill | 19 | 199 |
| Clonmacnoise | 94 | 257 |
| Colpe | 94 | 101 |
| Donaghpatrick | 30 | 205 |
| Drakestown | 26 | 376 |
| Drumcree | 89 | 210 |
| Dumraney | 39 | 100 |
| Dunboyne | 94 | 186 |
| Dunshaughlin | 43 | 263 |
| Enniscoffy | 74 | 90 |
| Galtrim | 13 | 94 |
| Girley | 55 | 89 |
| Kentstown | 43 | 279 |
| Kilbrixy | 9 | 99 |
| Kilbride | 11 | 312 |
| Kildalkey | 96 | 108 |
| Kilmessan | 40 | 244 |
| Kilmorn | 57 | 286 |
| Kilmore | 53 | 255 |
| Kilskier | 90 | 296 |
| Knockmark | 12 | 250 |
| Moyglare | 38 | 173 |
| Newtown | 51 | 298 |
| Nobber | 37 | 194 |
| Raddanstown | 38 | 204 |
| Rahau | 83 | 99 |
| Rathbeggan | 12 | 117 |
| Rathconrath | 39 | 208 |
| Rathkenny | [illegible] | 141 |
| Ratoath | 73 | 408 |
| Stackallen | 90 | 322 |
| Stonehall | 62 | 93 |
| Syddan | 54 | 215 |
| Tara | 80 | 289 |
| Tryvitt | 12 | 226 |
| *Derry Diocese:* | | |
| Clonmany | 59 | 331 |
| Desertgray | 89 | 147 |
| Inchisland | 91 | 83 |
| *Down Diocese:* | | |
| Dundonald | 78 | 184 |
| Kilclief | 84 | 99 |
| Kilaney | 34 | 99 |
| Sullinakill | 63 | 101 |

Let us view the disproportion in another aspect. The diocese of Meath contains an Episcopal population of 16,289; yet for the spiritual supervision of this number a bishop receives 3,664*l.* 16*s.* 4*d.* per annum, 105 beneficed clergymen 24,504*l.* 12*s.* 7*d.*, and 26 curates 2,177*l.* In the diocese of Tuam, which is situated in the poorest of the four provinces, the bishop receives 4,038*l.* 19*s.* 3*d.*, 73 beneficed clergymen 17,410*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.*, and 17 curates 1,550*l.*—making a total sum of 22,999*l.* 12*s.* 7*d.* paid annually for the religious instruction of 17,157 Episcopalians, in addition to the large sums contributed by English Protestants for the support of the Irish Church Missions in the West. The diocese of Cashel, Emly, Waterford, and Lismore, with a Protestant population of 13,853, draws no less than 38,828*l.* 5*s.* 5*d.*—or, nearly at the rate of 3*l.* per head—from the lands of Ireland, the bishop of this happy seat enjoying a pleasant income of 4,402*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.*, the 106 beneficed clergymen dividing among them a sum of 31,010*l.* 17*s.* 1*d.*, and 40 curates 3,414*l.* 15*s.* Nearly the same state of things exists in the dioceses of Limerick and Killaloe, except that, in point of pecuniary emolument, the Waterford diocese is the most fortunate.

This, then, is the provision made for the religious instruction of one-tenth part of the whole population of Ireland, while four millions and a half of Catholics, without State aid, are compelled to maintain at their own expense their 3,014 priests and build their own edifices. It is important to remember that nearly one-half of Irish Protestantism has no share whatever in this 600,000*l.* a year of Episcopal revenues. There has been a manifest disposition on the part of Churchmen to ignore in their discussions the

existence of Irish Dissent—and especially the strong and vigorous Dissent of Ulster—as if Episcopacy represented the whole Protestantism of the country, and its disendowment would be the virtual extinction of the latter. But it is impossible to overlook the importance of the non-Episcopalian element, which represents 599,952 of the whole population. Here are the Presbyterians alone, numbering 523,291: a religious body without prelates, or prebendaries, or pluralities, or a richly-endowed university, or liberally-endowed schools, with their 591 ministers, strong in zeal and in unity of doctrine, smitten with no blackletter mania, without dogmatic or rubrical quarrels, and with no tendencies or provocatives to Romanism, maintaining their ecclesiastical position satisfactorily in the country with a paltry grant from the State of 40,000*l.* a year to their clergy.*

These, then, are the material facts of the case, and the advocates of the Irish Church must be able to produce very convincing arguments indeed, on the ground of justice, expediency, or necessity, to vindicate its peculiarly anomalous position in the country. Let us patiently and candidly examine their arguments.

The first argument usually employed is of a purely historical character. It is affirmed with a large measure of confidence that the Irish Church is not by any means a new one introduced into the country in the sixteenth century, but the old Catholic Church of Ireland, which had already existed for many centuries; that it is the true successor of the Church of St. Patrick; that it was first formally established by the State in the twelfth century; that it reformed itself in the sixteenth century; that the bishops of the Church before the Reformation became the bishops of the Church after the Reformation; that the present Romish hierarchy is a foreign Episcopate introduced by the Roman pontiff in opposition to its ancient and lawful Episcopate; and that therefore the Church, which now possesses the tithes and glebe-lands, is the identical ecclesiastical body which possessed them before the Reformation. This series of assertions is usually sustained by a great parade of ecclesiastical learning. Now, there can be no doubt that all the Roman Catholic prelates except two adopted the Reformation, but the whole mass of the people were still strongly attached to the ancient religion; and we cannot for a moment allow that a Church consists only of its bishops any more than an army of its generals and officers. But we hold the argument to be quite untenable on ecclesiastical grounds. The Pope has power to confer orders or he has not. If he has no power, then the bishops from the twelfth century to the Reformation had no spiritual authority, for they claimed to possess no orders that they did not derive from the See of Rome; and how could they transmit to their Protestant successors—namely, to the twenty bishops conforming at the Reformation—what they did not possess themselves? But if the Pope has power to confer orders, then, unquestionably, the Roman Catholic bishops of the present day possess them, and are invested with spiritual authority over their flocks. The argument is quite unanswerable on High Church or Tractarian grounds. But the claims of Irish Episcopacy to represent the primitive Christianity of the country are far from being unquestioned, though all her writers tacitly assume the point as definitively settled or conceded in her favor. It is well known, however, that the Irish Presbyterians make a substantially similar claim on behalf of their ecclesiastical system. And when it is candidly considered that 'before 1110' (says a living historian of the Irish Church) 'there were in Ireland no such things or persons as dioceses, cathedrals, deans, chapters, rural deans, vicars-general, archdeacons, parishes, parsons, rectors, vicars, curates, or tithes or rent-charge'; that Dr. Todd, a Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin, in his elaborate but very uncritical 'Life of St. Patrick,' has admitted that 'there were frequently two or more contemporaneous bishops in the same

* It is well known that the progress of Ulster has been largely owing to the Presbyterians. They have been called 'the vertebral column of Ulster, giving to it at once its strength and uprightness.' The Census Commissioners express their inability to account for the fact, that, while the Presbyterians have a smaller proportion of the proprietors, and of the learned professions and the public offices, than the Episcopalians and Roman Catholics, they stand highest of the three in respect of the small percentage of ignorant. Only 11 out of every 100 persons above five years of age are unable to read or write against 16 of the Established Church, and 45 of the Roman Catholics. The statistics of crime are equally favourable to Presbyterian morality; for, according to the latest return (1865), the Presbyterians had 3 per cent., the Episcopalians 10 per cent., and the Roman Catholics 86 per cent. of criminals in the Irish goals. We wish we could speak as highly of their political intelligence and liberality. It is a singular circumstance, that in spite of all their antecedents, they are actually arrayed at this hour on the side of High Church Toryism. They have not a single Liberal representative of their own persuasion and country in Parliament. When we consider the noble stand made for Liberal principles by Presbyterian Scotland, as well as by the whole body of the English Dissenters, we cannot but express our amazement that Irish Presbyterians should throw all their power into the hands of that High Church party, which has sometimes persecuted, often insulted, and always despised them.

place,' and that 'the martyrology of Donegal mentions seven such groups of bishops in seven such places,' and quotes the charge of St. Bernard against the Irish Church, even of the twelfth century, that 'it permitted almost every separate church to have its separate bishop;' it is very hard to resist the conclusion that these primitive bishops were not, like modern prelates, the rulers of clergy, but the presiding pastors of independent congregations, on a footing of ministerial parity. It is really, then, worse than ridiculous for the advocates of the Irish Church to represent the Catholics as the real invaders, and the introduction of a Protestant clergy as nothing more than the restoration of property to its destined and legitimate possessors. Much stress has been laid upon the fact that the temporalities were conferred upon the Irish Papal Church by one English king in the twelfth century, and were confirmed to the same Church turned Protestant by another English king in the sixteenth century; and that, as the first act of royal favour was good, so was the second. There is a very wide distinction, however, between the temporal provision made by Henry II. for the religious instruction of the whole nation—then totally Romanist—and the same provision being now applied to the instruction of only one-tenth of the same nation. On every principle of justice and right reason, it does appear as if the Reformation was the sheer robbery of one religious sect upon another religious sect; for it is not denied that the Catholic Church had enjoyed this property—considerably augmented by private munificence—by the strong and sufficiently long prescription of at least three or four hundred years. It is admitted, however, on all hands, that the Irish Church is the creature of an Act of Parliament; and how can Churchmen meet the argument that the endowments one Act of Parliament gave, another may take away?

But it is argued further, that the tithe is now a landlord's tax, and as ninety per cent. of the land is the property of Protestant landlords, the Catholics have no right to complain of Catholic landlords being compelled to pay only one-tenth of the tithe. It is agreeable to observe that the clergy have generally given up the doctrine that the tithe is a divine, indefeasible, inherent right, as if they held directly under the Levitical institutions, though there are many still who seem to regard it as the *articulum stantis vel cadentis ecclesiæ*. But their arguments generally display a remarkable ignorance of the first principles of political economy. Tithes operate as an addition to the price of raw produce, and, like all other taxes, must be paid by consumers—that is, by the country in general. They increase in amount according as cultivation is extended, and according as the difficulty of raising raw produce increases, and are more burdensome in a year of scarcity than in a year of plenty. It is urged that tithe rent-charge is a composition for tithe, and is of the nature of a reserved rent, which never belonged to either landlord or tenant. This definition makes no account of the well-known fact that the landlord's tax is recovered from the tenant in the form of a higher rent, that a higher rent implies a higher price for produce, and that the eventual incidence of the tax must thus be upon the consumers of produce. No doubt tithes are very correctly described as neither landlords' nor tenants' property. But it is perfectly ridiculous to talk of Church property being as inviolable as private property, and of the title of the bishops to their lands being as good as that of dukes and earls to their vast estates; for there is surely an important difference between trust property whose application is regulated by Act of Parliament, and property granted absolutely to individuals and their heirs forever to do with it as they think proper. Besides, all parties recognise the right of the State to redistribute the revenues of the bishops and clergy, but there can be no recognition of a similar right on the part of the State to redistribute the wealth of several hundred landed proprietors. We are seriously warned against laying a sacrilegious hand upon the patrimony of the Church, inasmuch as a large portion of her present endowments is derived from the munificence of private individuals. This argument would have applied with equal force to the transfer of Church property from the Catholics to the Protestants at the Reformation, for all the private and testamentary property passed over into the hands of the Protestants, together with the tithes and glebe-lands. There is, however, an important element of difference in the case. Henry VIII. displaced the old hierarchy without making the slightest compensation to either bishops or clergy for the loss of their incomes. Modern legislation will deal more fairly with the members of disendowed establishments. But the advocates of the Church plead that, according to the Act of Union, the continuance and preservation of the Church was declared to be an essential and fundamental part of that solemn arrangement. It will not, surely, be argued that if the 600,000 Churchmen of Ireland should, in the course of one or two generations, dwindle down to 600 or to 60, the

temporalities are not to be touched. Civilisation knows nothing of irrevocable laws which would become an intolerable evil to all parties from the constantly shifting attitude of human affairs. Parliament has again and again abolished in one generation what it had established in another, and to question its right to make necessary and useful changes is to bind over the present irrevocably to the past in a 'Mezentian coupling of life and death,' which is simply monstrous, and to put an end to all possibility of future progress. The Act of Union has not debarred us from modifying or removing other things which it prescribed as essential articles; for all compacts of this nature are only obligatory so long as the contracting parties do not think proper to modify or annul them. We know that heritable jurisdiction in Scotland was secured to the owners by the Act of Union in 1707, but abolished forty years afterwards in the very teeth of this arrangement, and to the evident promotion of the public good. The Act of Union, therefore, cannot prevent Parliament from remodelling the Irish Church, or adopting such reforms as the interests of religion or of the country at large seem imperatively to demand. We are also reminded of the Coronation Oath of the Queen, which binds her to maintain for ever the integrity of the Irish Establishment. The Sovereign binds herself to preserve the Constitution; that is, she is not by any separate act of her own to infringe upon it, or make herself a party to illegal changes, but to give effect to the constitutional decision of the Lords and Commons. George III. persisted till his death in opposing all liberal legislation on behalf of the Catholics from a narrow and erroneous interpretation of his Coronation Oath; though his Protestant Majesty had no scruple in undertaking an obligation of an exactly contradictory nature in Corsica, when he swore to observe the constitution which made the Roman Catholic the only national religion of that island. The science of constitutional government is too well understood in these days for us to expect a recurrence of such royal blunders. There is nothing, therefore, in the obligation undertaken by the Sovereign inconsistent with her proper assent to any measure of ecclesiastical reform, of re-adjustment or reduction of revenues, or even of absolute disendowment, which Parliament in its combined wisdom might enact.

We cannot see the force of the argument that the reform or even the disendowment of the Church would be fatal to the stability of the British rule in Ireland, though impassioned orators speak of that event as the easiest way of opening a defile through which the enemies of the Constitution will find their way to the heart of the citadel. We are strongly disposed to believe that the army, and not the Church, has been for three centuries the mainstay of British rule in the sister-country; that the Church often endangered its stability by keeping up in the Roman Catholic mind a constant irritation against the State, which not only tolerated but supported such an obnoxious institution; and that but for the army, the clergy would have had great difficulty in getting their tithes or the landlords their rents. It will be hard, too, to convince the Protestants of Britain that the disendowment of the Church, as some strongly affirm, will be the virtual extinction of Protestantism in the country. It would certainly be a very serious thing to weaken, not to speak of subverting, the Protestant religion, in presence of a system which has, of late years, shown such increased vigour in all the prevalent modes of propagandism and proselytism. But we have always learned to believe that the efficiency of a Church to grapple with systems of error and maintain its own position depended, not on its political incorporation, but on the learning, piety, and faithfulness of its clergy. Those who employ this argument must surely entertain a very low idea of the Irish Church as a spiritual institution and of its hold upon the sympathies of half-a-million Protestants, including the wealthiest members of the community. The Irish Dissenters would laugh to scorn the idea of Episcopal disendowment paving the way to the final and territorial supremacy of the Roman Catholic faith. One clergyman gives Dissenters a six months' lease of existence after the removal of the Church. But when we consider that the Northern Presbyterians, who constitute nearly one-half of the whole Protestantism of the country, have held their ground for two centuries, in spite of High Church opposition and political exclusion, and that they present at this hour a far more compact and solid front than their brethren of the Establishment to the disciplined unity of Romanism; that the preservation of Episcopacy in large districts of the South has been mainly owing to the unwearying labours of the Methdists; and that the Church of Rome has increased its membership and gathered its recruits, high and low, not from the ranks of Nonconformity, but from the Church of Ireland itself; it displays no ordinary assurance on the part of clerical pamphleteers to represent the Establishment as the bulwark of religious freedom. We entertain no such cowardly fears for the stability of Protestantism in

Ireland; for its revived vigour, its nascent evangelism, and its growing adaptation to the altered circumstances of the country, are the surest and best guarantees for its permanence. It has been affirmed that the Episcopalians could not support their own clergy without external aid, as the great mass of the humbler class of Protestants belong to their communion. They have no doubt been taunted by the English Voluntaries for their want of spirit and liberality, as contrasted with the liberal and independent support of the Dissenting ministers. The Voluntaries, however, may well spare their taunts till they leave their Irish brethren entirely to their own shifts. It is a fact, which has been often overlooked on both sides, that the 25 Independent ministers of Ireland receive no less than between three and four thousand pounds annually from the English Independent body to augment the insufficient stipend they extract from their 5,062 adherents; that the 25 Baptist ministers receive between two and three thousand pounds, in addition to the meagre allowance of their 4,165 adherents; that the Wesleyan Methodists, with their 169 ministers, derive 1,500*l.* annually from the English Conference; and that the Primitive Methodists, with their 81 ministers, obtain a yearly sum of 700*l.* from England and Scotland. We make no account of the smaller bodies of Presbyterians who receive no external aid from any quarter, for their ministers mainly subsist by agriculture and keeping grammar-schools, and are, after all, insufficiently supported. It is impossible to overlook the weight of the following considerations that might be fairly advanced on the other side:—first, that a mere redistribution or even reduction of the present revenues of the Establishment—judging by past precedent—will not diminish, but rather increase its efficiency; secondly, that even in case of a total disendowment, the clergy have nine-tenths of all the wealthy landed proprietors, and more than half of the professional classes on their side; thirdly, that there is nothing to hinder English Churchmen, who already subscribe 40,000*l.* annually for the support of Irish Church Missions, from subscribing as liberally for ministerial sustentation; and lastly, that, as the rights of all existing incumbents would be sacredly respected, the disendowment would thus become so gradual in its operation, that, at the end of thirty years, with an improved agriculture, an extended commerce, growing manufactures, and a diminished population, the Church of Ireland, in common with the other denominations, would be fully able to make a respectable and independent provision for its own clergy.

Having thus examined the leading arguments of Churchmen, we now come to the great question: WHAT IS TO BE DONE WITH THE IRISH CHURCH? It is unquestionably one encompassed by much difficulty and doubt, and demands an impartial and dispassionate consideration. If the principles of political justice were allowed to regulate its decision, the alternative would undoubtedly be that ALL the ecclesiastical bodies in Ireland should be endowed or NONE. But the operation of other principles, partly political and partly theological, must necessarily influence and control the ultimate settlement. It becomes, then, an important question to parties who are anxious, amidst conflicting interests and claims, to reach a just and satisfactory conclusion, whether it is possible to reform the Establishment, by reducing its external proportions and diminishing its revenues, to such an extent that a surplus can be created sufficiently ample to satisfy the reasonable demands of other ecclesiastical bodies, in relation either to distinctly religious, educational, or charitable purposes? We believe that it is possible to answer this question in the affirmative; and we shall now proceed, with all needful brevity, to explain the mode in which the thing can be done.

We submit, then, that the reform of the Irish Church is to be sought in following out that plan of reduction and amalgamation which, in the opinion of Churchmen themselves, has already been the means of strengthening the working part of her system. Let us begin with the bishops. The salutary legislation of 1834 swept away ten bishoprics, and reduced the episcopal incomes from 151,127*l.*,—distributed among twenty-two archbishops and bishops—to 55,110*l.* 2*s.* 9*d.*, the net amount received at present by two archbishops and ten bishops. We see no reason, then, why one archbishop should not do for the whole country, and four bishops for the four provinces. Dioceses have already been united more than once: we should like to know the reason why this precedent should not again be followed on the death of the present incumbents till all the dioceses are reduced to four. The income of the archbishop should be 5,000*l.*, and of the bishops 3,000*l* each, subject to no ecclesiastical imposts or taxation. The whole income of the five dignitaries would then be 17,000*l.*, leaving a surplus of 38,110*l.* 2*s.* 9*d.* at our disposal. We believe that these sums are quite large enough, in the existing state of the country, to support the dignity of the episcopal order; and they are not much less than eight of the present bishops receive of net annual income. There are 32 deans and 34 archdeacons, with

average incomes of 481*l.* and 341*l.* respectively. Their positions are mostly sinecures, for there are several deans without cathedrals, and no less than seven deaneries without any duties, or emoluments whatever attached to them. These cathedral dignities are not conferred, according to common opinion, as the rewards of learning and scholarship, or as the retreats of clergymen who have spent their energies in the service of the Church, but are held, in almost all cases, by clergymen who possess parochial benefices and officiate as ordinary parish ministers. The misfortune is, that they are usually conferred on incumbents with large incomes instead of being annexed to parishes without income at all. The archdeacons, who are supposed to be the *oculi episcopi*, though the bishops' chaplains now generally perform their work, are just like the deans, ordinary parish clergymen. We propose, then, that the number of deans and archdeacons should be reduced to 15 of each order, and that they should receive 400*l.* a year of net income as parish clergymen. The provision for the beneficed clergy is now to be considered. There are, as we have seen, 1,510 benefices, which represent an annual income of 390,659*l.*, or, in other words, a sum of 264*l.* to each clergyman. But no Churchman will have the hardihood to say that the number of these benefices could not be reduced by a further amalgamation of parishes. A thousand parishes were swallowed up in 1834; and it would not be a difficult task to ascertain how many more might be extinguished, in order to bring the number of the clergy into a fair ratio with the number and distribution of the Episcopalian population. It must surely be admitted that 1,510 clergymen and 457 curates are far too large a body for the spiritual instruction of little more than half a million of souls, even making a generous allowance for their wide dispersion, when the Roman Catholic Church can superintend four millions and a half with 3,014 ecclesiastics. The Established Church of Scotland has about 1,100 clergymen, who minister to about a million souls, and receive nearly 300*l.* annually. If the Irish Church were cut down to similar proportions she would have about 600 instead of more than 2,000 ministers.

The amalgamation of livings will mostly take place in the south and west of the country. There are some districts with four or five richly paid rectors who reside within three miles of each other and minister to scarcely a hundred souls in all. These contiguous parishes can be easily united, and instead of the 2,000*l.* which these clergymen obtain of annual income, a simple clergyman, with an income of 250*l.* a year, could easily undertake all the spiritual necessities of the district.* There are also large Presbyterian parishes in the North, in which clergymen with 600*l.* and 800*l.* per annum officiate to a dozen or a score of Episcopalians. Several of these parishes could be advantageously united under the care of a single rector with a couple of curates. We believe, then, that, taking into account the number of clergymen that must necessarily be withdrawn from the sparse Episcopalian districts of the South and West, and from the densely Presbyterian districts of the North, 1,000 clergymen, with the requisite corps of curates, would be quite a suitable and sufficient provision for the religious instruction of Irish Churchmen. In other words, let the 1,510 benefices be reduced to 1,000; let each clergyman receive an average income of 250*l.* a year; let the 457 curates (we suppose this number to be still retained) have 100*l.* a year; and the whole amount of clerical emolument will be 295,700*l.* This sum will create a surplus, after thus making provision for the curates, of no less than 96,959*l.* The figures will then stand thus:

| | |
|---|---|
| Surplus from Bishops' incomes | £38,110 2 9 |
| Do. from benefices . . . | 96,959 0 0 |
| Ecclesiastical Commission . . | 110,820 0 0 |
| | £245,889 2 9 |

Thus we have a surplus of nearly 250,000*l.* We have made no allowance for the building or repairing of churches, or for the payment of parish clerks and sextons, and other general expenses, for the wealthy laymen of the Church ought surely to be as able to meet these necessary charges as the members of the Roman Catholic and Presbyterian Churches, who build their own edifices, and defray all congregational expenditures out of their private resources.

But another proposal of a comprehensive character is needed to complete this work of reform. Let all the church-property and the whole amount of the tithe-rent-charge be made over into the hands of the Ecclesiastical Commission, and let the bishops, deans, archdeacons, and parish clergymen be paid, according to a given scale, certain fixed incomes without any deduction. One effect of this measure will undoubtedly be that the church-property at present in possession of the various sees will be enhanced in value by better and more disinterested manage-

* Sir Hugh Cairns, M.P., and Archdeacon Stopford, propose to settle missionary curates in such places, at a salary of 120*l.* per annum.

ment. It is a well-known fact, that there are dormant Episcopal revenues virtually lost to the Church through the neglect or cupidity of the bishops, and that nearly all the church-lands are subject to the evil of fines, and to the waste which fines must always occasion where the possessor has only a passing interest in the property. The annual value of the Episcopal estates would, it is calculated, be enhanced from one-third to one-half by their direct resumption by the State, and in the course of twenty or twenty-five years, would yield far above 100,000*l.*, instead of the much smaller sum which they return to their present possessors of gross annual income.

We now approach the consideration of a far more difficult question—How shall this surplus of 245,889*l.* 2*s.* 9*d.* be appropriated? The solution of this problem, that would naturally suggest itself to any just and unbiassed politician, would be, that it should be applied in some form to the benefit of the Roman Catholic Church. We know that such a proposition will necessarily rouse great political hostility, as well as theological hatred, and the interested animosity of all who are actually implicated in existing abuses. The question then arises, In what form should the Roman Catholic clergy or people receive the benefit of the surplus? The endowment of the priesthood would be the most natural answer. For, independently of the security it would give to the Irish Protestant Establishment, it would probably soften that peculiar spirit of animosity which distinguishes the Irish from all other priesthoods in Europe, and it would place the priests, no longer solely dependent upon their flocks, above the necessity of complying with their prejudices or fostering their bad passions. But two questions are here to be settled. First, is it probable that the Protestants of the United Kingdom would consent ever so reluctantly to the endowment of Romanism in this form? And, secondly, would the priesthood themselves accept of endowment? We have already alluded to the governing principle of modern statesmanship, which tends to the destruction of all monopolies and exclusive privileges, and the eventual establishment of a perfect religious and civil equality before the law. Now, this is the principle which the Voluntaries, who comprise the whole body of English and Scotch Dissenters, eagerly hope to see carried into modern legislation, but only in the sense of a complete and final disendowment of all established churches. They would unquestionably be opposed, sternly and unanimously, to the endowment of the priesthood, not merely because it would be an extension of existing endowments, which they are now raising a fund of 25,000*l.* to destroy by a course of persistent agitation, but because it would be, in their opinion, a flagrant violation of their consciences to endow the teachers of error. When we consider, besides, the strong animus which exists in the minds of Protestants in England, Scotland, and Ireland, occasioned less, perhaps, of late years, by the mere influence of theological prejudice and ecclesiastical rivalry than by the domineering and exclusive policy of an Ultramontane hierarchy, by the sympathy of the Catholic clergy and people with the obsolete despotisms of Italy, by their seemingly inextinguishable opposition to all liberal ideas out of Ireland, and by the deep, sullen, and rancorous animosity to England which no efforts of English conciliation can at all subdue, it is hardly possible to imagine any combination of political parties which could enable a Government, either Whig or Tory, to carry through such a measure of political justice. Presbyterian Scotland would be likely to oppose it as one man; and English Episcopalians, who have never been very ardent in their admiration of the Irish Establishment, would prefer its total overthrow to a measure which has always been abhorrent to their own religious convictions.

The next question is—Would the Roman Catholic clergy accept of endowment? No doubt, they have never received a formal offer from any Government, and they entertain no conscientious or doctrinal scruples on the subject; but the question of acceptance would necessarily present itself to their minds in two distinct aspects. In the first place, what would be the amount of endowment? It is generally believed that the priesthood receive an average income from their people of nearly 200*l.*, and many in large town parishes receive as much as 400*l.* and 500*l.* a year. When we remember, then, that there must be a handsome provision made for thirty archbishops and bishops, and a reasonable stipend allowed to 3,014 priests, we fear that the surplus of 245,819*l.* 2*s.* 9*d.* (even if the Presbyterians should receive no increase to their *Regium Donum*, and it would certainly be the wisest plan to endow their ministers out of the liberated surplus,) would be very far from satisfying their pecuniary expectations. Of course Parliament could augment this sum out of the public taxes, but the Protestant taxpayers of the United Kingdom—whatever opinion they might form as to the justice of appropriating Irish state funds to Irish purposes—would be very strongly opposed to the application

of the public revenues to such an object.* But there is still another aspect of the question. The Catholic clergy are at present modestly, and in many instances liberally, supported by their flocks; they know that the disendowment of the Irish Church will liberate from ecclesiastical uses a sum of 600,000*l.*, and that four-fifths of this sum, at the very least, must find its way into Catholic hands, either for educational or charitable purposes; and they expect, moreover, that a total disendowment will lead to the almost immediate extinction of the Protestant religion in many parts of the South, and to the ultimate recovery to Romanism of the ground lost in three hundred years. Can it be expected, then, that for the sake of a sum which would be, in their opinion, an inconsiderable instalment of their old tithes, they would consent to a compromise which would perpetuate in Ireland the existence of a Church so unpopular on grounds both religious and political, when their rejection of all pecuniary terms must lead to its eventual overthrow? We are forced to the conclusion that the idea of endowing the Catholic clergy must be abandoned.† The reply of Earl Russell on the 26th of February to the question of Lord Lifford, expresses the present policy of the Government exactly in this sense:—'I believe,' said the noble Earl, 'that it would be most unadvisable on the part of any Government in the present day to propose such a grant, when we consider, not only the indisposition of the Protestants to make such a grant, but when we also consider the disposition of the Roman Catholics themselves. I do not say that some future Government may not find it advisable to propose a measure of this kind; but at the present time I think that such a course would be most impolitic, and I have no hesitation, therefore, in saying that the Government have at present no intention of making any such proposal.'

The question then recurs once more, What shall be done with the surplus? Is it possible to apply it in some other way—even indirectly—to Catholic objects, so that the majority of the Irish people might enjoy it? A Scotch Dissenter suggests that all the ecclesiastical revenues accruing from the lands of each parish in Ireland should be applied primarily for its own benefit, in some secular form, such as schools, public charities, or poor-rates. It has been suggested that the application of the surplus to poor-rates would be attended by fewer difficulties than any other; and though 245,889*l.* 2*s.* 9*d.* would not liquidate more than one-third of the annual account, which amounts to 744,897*l.*, collected from the 163 Unions (1864), even this reduction would very sensibly affect the comfort and position of the humbler class of Catholic occupiers. Such an appropriation, besides, would be ecclesiastically proper; for in the earlier ages of the Church, and we believe in Ireland up to the Reformation, the revenues, whether derived from lands, or fisheries, or tithes, were divided into four shares (*quartula pars*), of which one went to the bishops, one to the clergy, one to religious fabrics, and one to the poor. But there are two objections to this proposition—one is, that such an appropriation would almost necessarily involve a looser administration of the Poor-Law funds; the other, that the landlords would be the chief and ultimate gainers. But still another plan has been suggested, by which the Catholic population could be benefited:—we refer to the development of a higher education by the establishment of Intermediate Schools to connect the National Schools and the Queen's Colleges, and supply the missing link between them. It is well known that the primary schools have become the instruments of a widely-diffused superficial intelligence, and that till fifteen years ago there were no institutions, practically accessible to the people, which could give a higher education and supply guidance and nourishment to the more active moral life of the community. This want is now amply supplied by the Queen's Colleges of Belfast, Cork, and Galway; but a link is still needed to connect them with the National Schools, so as to promote their full efficiency and success. The establishment of the primary system destroyed a superior class of private schools which formerly afforded the youth of the country opportunities of acquiring a scientific and classical education by means of which they prepared themselves to enter some college or otherwise to rise by their

* The 'Times' suggests that the priests should receive half a million out of the public taxes; with the understanding, we presume, that the Irish Church should retain the whole amount of its present endowments.

† Archbishop Leahy has repudiated the suggested endowment, and states his belief that he represents the opinions of all the bishops and priests in the declaration, that 'they would be opposed to any measure that would make the Catholic bishops or priests of Ireland the stipendiaries of the State in any shape or form.' Archdeacon O'Brien, of Limerick, has also expressed himself in the same sense, on the ground that an endowment would separate the priests and the people. A higher dignitary still—Archbishop Cullen—says: 'As to a state pension, the clergy of this diocese, recollecting the maxim, *Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes*, will not hesitate for a moment to reject it;' and he affirms that the Holy See has been always opposed in principle to such an arrangement.

talents to a higher position in life. Let the State—it is now suggested—rectify this unintentional mistake by the establishment of a complete system of intermediate instruction like the gymnasia of Germany, and it will have only carried into effect the strong recommendation of the very committee to which we owe the Queen's Colleges themselves. This subject has already occupied the attention of the Government, and we all know that the late Endowed Schools Commission was specially appointed to ascertain whether the resources of this class of schools could be made more fully available, by a better adaptation to the existing condition of society, for the supply of a superior middle-class education. Their report upon this head was unfavorable. The Commissioners, with the Marquis of Kildare at their head, expressed their opinion that the redistribution and different application of the endowments of the Royal, Diocesan,* and other schools, would not at all supply the existing deficiency; and recommended the establishment of a system of intermediate instruction to be sustained by the union of local funds, under the management of local trustees, with grants of public money. If the State should now apply the surplus of 250,000*l.* to this indispensable object, it would certainly confer an immense boon upon all classes of Irishmen, but especially upon the Roman Catholics, who would thus be made to share in the advancing culture of the age, while the Queen's Colleges would attain an increased vigour and a stronger hold upon the affections of the country. A proposition of this nature is at all events entitled to grave and careful consideration. Earl Russell has recently expressed his deliberate opinion that 'the application of the funds of the Protestant Church to the purposes of education in which the whole of the people could participate, might possibly do much to establish peace in Ireland,' though he is apprehensive that 'the introduction of such a measure would be the signal for much animosity and heart-burning.' But his lordship's remark applied to the supposed appropriation of all the ecclesiastical revenues to educational purposes. We are disposed to think that a qualified proposition such as that we have described would be likely to engender less sectarian rancour than is generally to be expected upon any question affecting the status of the several religious denominations. We can hardly anticipate any rational objection or opposition to such an appropriation, and least of all from Irish Churchmen; for it would come with but an ill grace from the members of a denomination which, for more than two hundred years, has kept the entire machinery of advanced education—intended for Churchmen and Dissenters alike—locked up in its own jealous and exclusive possession. They themselves would partake of the advantages such an independent provision would secure for the whole community,* while they would have received fresh security for the possession of their residuary endowments.

We trust that all the parties who are so deeply interested in the settlement of the Irish Church question—though with such diverse aims and conflicting pretensions—will be prepared to make large and mutual concessions. It is the character of our statesmanship, ever distinguished by sobriety of aim and practicability of result, to reach, through the full and thorough discussion of opposing claims, a broad foundation for liberal compromise and mutual conciliation. This, in all probability, will be the method in which the difficult and complicated question before us will be arranged. There will be no place, we believe, either for the extreme Churchman or the extreme Catholic in its ultimate settlement—the one bent upon preserving the Church in its present parochial and financial dimensions, the other equally bent upon its total and final

* The Royal schools and Diocesan schools are by their constitution essentially non-exclusive. They were never intended for the pupils of only one religious persuasion, and the masters have no power to compel all pupils to receive religious instruction in their own tenets. Yet they have been employed for more than two hundred years as seminaries for the sons of the Episcopalian gentry and as nurseries for Trinity College; exclusively committed to the superintendence of the Established Church, and made subservient to the increase of her congregations by imparting an exclusively Protestant education. The Erasmus Smith schools were projected by a London alderman of that name in the year 1657, the time of the Protectorate. The original indenture was discovered in 1858 by Professor Gibson, of Belfast, in the Birmingham Tower of Dublin Castle. Smith was a wealthy Puritan. The indenture contains the names of eighteen trustees—six Independent ministers and twelve Independent laymen, of whom three held high positions under Cromwell—and was signed by Erasmus Smith, and duly registered; but the charter was not obtained for twelve years afterwards, when its powers and privileges were vested entirely in Episcopalian hands, and the appointment of all teachers and ushers made subject to the approval of the bishops of the Irish sees. The aggregate amount of Irish non-exclusive endowments, which are now held exclusively by the Irish Church, is about 68,000*l.* per annum.

* The Roman Catholics would necessarily obtain the largest share of the funds for intermediate, as they do at present for primary, education. Of the 800,000 children on the rolls of the National Schools, no less than 668,243 are Roman Catholics.

disendowment. Fortunately for herself, the Irish Church possesses some liberal and enlightened men, like Dr. Maziere Brady, who utterly repudiate the notion that the existence of a Church depends upon the continuance of a State provision for its bishops and clergy, and who can contemplate the existing agitation in a reasonable spirit:—'Though some men (he says) may believe, with some show of reason, that the Irish Church, for years to come, may retain her endowments and baffle her enemies, all men who are anxious for the true vitality and real progress of the Church will confess that her best interests are unlikely to flourish in the arena of political and religious strife, and that her powers for spiritual good may be seriously impaired in the struggle for retention of her temporalities.' He evidently refers to a class of his brethren who have raised the old cry—*The Church in danger*—a cry that was never uttered by any voice however feeble or for any object however base, without being caught up in all the dark nooks where bigotry nestles with corruption—but the time is now past for that peculiar species of strategy which consists in boldly and persistently ignoring all the anomalies, abuses, and defects of an institution. People of this class are blind to all the indications of public opinion—gathering force year by year against them—and they may well spare us that pamphleteering scurrility which is the last resource of a party which cannot answer and will not submit. It is our earnest hope that, whatever may be the character and extent of the changes introduced into the Irish Church, or the measure of concession to Roman Catholic claims, the people of the sister-country will fully recognise the disposition of English statesmen to redress every injury, to repeal every injustice, and to mitigate if not remove every anomaly. We have been advancing securely and steadily in the path of Irish reforms for more than a generation, never allowing political resentments or theological jealousies to traverse the even tenour of our way, and we are surely justified in expecting some recognition of this just and kindly policy on the part of those most largely benefited. We cannot bring ourselves to believe that the present temper of a portion—we hope, not a large portion—of the population is anything but a mere transient revival of the old Celtic restlessness, or that Irish enmity is to be as evergreen as the national shamrock. The middle-classes have of late years become less retrospective—greatly to their benefit and peace—and applied themselves with energy, temper, and foresight, to turn to account the solid advantages conferred by wholesome laws, equal justice, and impartial government. We trust that the time is not far distant, when all classes of Irishmen, Protestant as well as Catholic, will become more self-reliant and independent—ceasing to look to Government for every blessing and to blame it for every misfortune—and will grow up into a healthy and robust unity, forgetting the desperate antagonisms of the past, and employing their powers and opportunities in a new career of social progress. It is, at all events, the interest of England to see the sister-island nurtured into a new and abiding strength, and the two nations bound more closely together by the strong and powerful ties of mutual advantage and reciprocal obligation.

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Art. VI.—*Mémoires de mon Temps.* Dictés par S. A. Le Landgrave Charles Prince de Hesse. Imprimé comme manuscrit. Copenhague: 1861.

Prince Charles of Hesse was a younger son of Frederic, hereditary prince and afterwards reigning Landgrave of Hesse, and Mary, daughter of George II. He was born on the 19th of December, 1744, and died in 1836. His Memoirs, dictated in 1816 and extending from his earliest recollections to 1784, comprise the most remarkable events of his life, especially his close relations with the Court of Denmark during the rise and fall of Struensee; his government of Norway when Gustavus III. was scheming to annex it to Sweden; and his personal attendance as a volunteer on Frederic the Great during the campaign of 1778, when many characteristic incidents were seen and noted down by him which apparently were never brought under the notice of Mr. Carlyle. These Memoirs are prefaced by an advertisement, from which we learn no more than how the unnamed editors have dealt with the text; namely, that their rule has been 'to change the solecisms and particularities of style too liable to create misunderstandings, but in other respects fully to preserve the individuality flowing from the personal taste and character of the august author.' In some places they have also 'thought right to add a point of interrogation to avert the reproach of not having performed their task conscientiously.'

The book was printed for private circulation in a very distinguished circle; and for the honour of receiving a copy we are indebted to the condescending kindness of an illustrious personage at the Court of Denmark. We have reason to believe that no

objection will be taken to the use we are about to make of it; for there is absolutely nothing in it which can hurt the feelings of the living or injuriously affect the reputation of the dead; whilst there is much that illustrates social progress, and much that properly belongs to history. It would be unreasonable to expect any writer of autobiography to be divested of self-esteem. But if Prince Charles reverts with pardonable self-complacency to the scenes in which he figured advantageously and the praises he received, we feel sure, from internal evidence, that the most implicit reliance may be placed in his accuracy and good faith. As he states that his parents exercised a more than ordinary influence on his course of life, we may as well begin by mentioning what we have ascertained from independent sources concerning them.

His father was a remarkable man in many ways; a strange compound of good and bad qualities, in which the bad predominated. His marriage with the Princess Mary took place in 1740, he being then twenty and she seventeen years of age. During a visit to England in June 1746, he is described by Walpole as 'tall, lusty and handsome, extremely like to Lord Elcho in person, and to Mr. Hussey in what entitles him more to his freedom in Ireland, than the resemblance of the former does to Scotland. By seeing him with the Prince of Wales, people think he looks stupid; but I dare say in his own country he is reckoned lively, for though he don't speak much, he opens his mouth very often.' . . . 'His amours are generally very humble, and very frequent; for he does not much affect *our* daughter. A little apt to be boisterous when he has drunk. Men go to see him in the morning before he goes to see the lions.' It may be collected from this account of his Serene Highness' habits that he made an indifferent husband, and Dr. Vehse states that the marriage was an unhappy one. It was not, however, till after fourteen years from its celebration, and the birth of three children (sons), that a complete and final separation resulted from an event which Walpole likewise commemorates in his mocking and sarcastic way. In a letter to Bentley, dated November 20, 1754, he writes:—'The Queen of Prussia is not dead as I told you in my last. If you have shed many tears for her, you may set them off to the account of her son-in-law, the Prince of Hesse, who is turned Roman Catholic. One is in this age so unused to conversion above the rank of a housemaid turned Methodist, that it occasions as much surprise as if one had heard that he had been initiated in the Eleusinian mysteries. Are you not prodigiously alarmed for the Protestant interest in Germany?'

Others were alarmed if Walpole was not, and Frederic the Great, in particular, took active measures to prevent the future subjects of the neophyte from being affected by the conversion; for which he thus accounted in a letter to d'Alembert:—'The Protestants often turn Catholic merely out of fondness for fast days, ceremonies, and fine church music; for example, the Landgrave of Hesse, Pöllnitz, &c.' An Act confirmatory of the established religion was passed in Hesse, and guaranteed by all the Protestant Powers. The Kings of England, Prussia and Denmark assumed the protectorship of the children, who were placed under the immediate guardianship of the mother; and she took up her residence with them at Göttingen, within the electoral dominions of their grandfather. The revenues of the Lordship of Hanau, which Dr. Vehse estimates at 500,000 florins, were assigned for their support. She lived till 1772, sixteen years after the separation, but she was never reconciled to the Prince, nor ever saw him again. His three sons, also, were totally estranged and kept aloof from him until 1783, when they repaired to his court under circumstances narrated in the Memoirs.

He succeeded to the sovereignty in 1760, and did his best to promote the cultivation of literature and the fine arts. It was his ambition to raise Cassel to the rank of a first-rate Residenz or capital; he spent large sums in architectural improvements and embellishments; and to raise money for his accumulated expenses, he resorted to an expedient which has given him an ominous place in history and an unenviable association with genius. He set the example of what Germans term *Seelenverkäuferei* (soul-traffic): he was the principal contractor with the British Government for the supply of German troops to serve in the American war; he sold 12,800 of his subjects at an average price of 100 thalers a head; and his Court of Hesse undoubtedly suggested the striking scene in Schiller's 'Cabale und Liebe' between Lady Milford and the chamberlain who brings her the diamonds, the blood-bought wages of sin. But it was a Frenchwoman, not an Englishwoman, who was the favourite, and it is nowhere recorded that she had any compunctions of conscience touching the sources from which her ostentatious prodigality was supplied. Prior to the formation of this tie, he had married a second wife, a Princess of Brandenburg, with whom he lived on no more satisfactory terms than with the first. At the same time, it appears from the accounts given by occa-

sional English visitors, especially by Dr. John Moore (the author of 'Zeluco'), that he kept a princely table and neglected none of the ceremonial observances of his rank. He died in 1785.*

In consequence probably of the very early age at which the Princess Mary married and left England, there is a complete dearth of intelligence regarding her. Walpole mentions her once, and Lord Hervey not at all. Her son says: 'We were placed under the guardianship of my mother, the ornament, and if I may venture to say so, the perfection of her sex.' The Seven Years' War made a prolonged residence at Göttingen unsafe, and in 1756 she removed with her three sons to Copenhagen, where they were brought up under the protection of Frederic V., King of Denmark, their uncle-in-law, his first wife (who died in 1751) having been Louisa, youngest daughter of George II. 'We were brought up,' says the Prince, 'from our infancy a little differently from the manner then pursued. My mother took as much part in our education as was possible for her, and it was *à l'Anglaise*. We had assigned to us, from the time when we got out of the hands of the women, a governor and a tutor (*informateur*), both Swiss, and far removed in their sentiments from the principles then in fashion.' Their governor was wont to say to them: 'Think nothing of your being princes; know that you are made of the same clay as everybody else, and that it is merit only which makes the man.' The seed fell on good soil, so far as the narrator was concerned. No one, he says, was more convinced than himself of the truth thus inculcated. 'The formalities of etiquette, the vanities of birth and rank, have always been objects of ridicule in my eyes. From childhood I put my trust in God. I regarded all men as equal in His eyes, except by their attachment to Him and to their duty. This is the principle upon which my character was unconsciously based; and therefore at the age of twenty-one, when I received the order of the Elephant, I took for my device, *Omnia cum Deo*.'

He gives a glowing account of the Court and Government of Denmark under Frederick V. But the details added in confirmation of his theory show that the standard of administrative excellence and national prosperity, towards the middle of the eighteenth century, differed widely from our own. The Court, he tells us, was directed by Count Moltke, the declared favourite of the King, who, having risen from the rank of a page to that of field-marshal, loved and perfectly understood his sovereign. M. de Bernstorff was Minister for Foreign Affairs, which he managed to the admiration of all Europe. 'He was frequently consulted by foreign courts. Never minister made his master speak more becomingly than he.' The Danish fleet had been put upon a respectable footing under Christian VI., and was the honor and glory of the country. The army, a less popular service, was in an inefficient state, notwithstanding the marked preference of the King. It amounted to 70,000 men on paper: the infantry, composed of German recruits or deserters, and militia who received no pay and was only exercised on Sundays between the services; the cavalry, a kind of yeomanry, whose pride and merit lay in the sleekness of their horses, which were never pushed beyond a trot; and an artillery not worth mentioning, or to use the Prince's precise expression, *peu de chose*. Nearly half these troops were quartered in Norway, then a province of Denmark; and the refuse of the officers were sent there. 'The same course was pursued in the civil service: men of tarnished reputation received places which they made lucrative by the aid of the cudgel, and ground down this kindly people, who might have been happy without the bad functionaries put over them, without the tyranny to which the traders of the great towns subjected them by the price of provisions, and without the strict prohibitory law against the import of any grain but that of Denmark.'

Pretty well for a paternal government under the guidance of pattern ministers! But then Norway, as he goes on to explain, was treated as a colony; it was rarely, if ever, visited by Danes, and no one thought or cared about its wrongs. 'Besides,' and the admission is startling, 'things were almost everywhere the same: except Prussia, hardly any country had thought of a better order of finance or of developing the national resources. The machine went on. There were no complaints; all were believed to be doing well; the general contentment was assumed. Little revenue was received, just enough for the wants of the State. Any extraordinary expense necessitated a loan, to be repaid as it best might. The people muddled on; they neither advanced nor wished to advance: all change, all improvement, was held in dread.'

The obvious inference would be that a certain degree of grovelling comfort was

* The fullest account of the Court and Princes of Hesse is contained in 'Geschichte der Höfe der Häuser Baiern, Würtemburg, Baden und Hessen,' by Dr. Edward Vehse, forming part of this voluminous work 'Geschichte der Deutchen Höfe,' &c.

enjoyed by the bulk of the population. But the very opposite was the fact:

'Justice was precarious enough. The peasant in Denmark was a serf in the fullest acceptation of the word. There was no justice for him, no protection against his landlord. Many of the proprietors had been the stewards of the former owners. They had ruined their absentee masters, and had ended by purchasing their lands. The wretched Danish peasant found himself under the pitiless scourge of this breed; at the mercy of his master, who forced him, against his will, to take a bad farm and put it in order; and when, by the sweat of his brow and his industry, he had brought it round, ejected him and forced him to take another. The master forced him to marry whomsoever he (the master) chose. At the least opposition he gave up the wretch to the militia, to serve in it perhaps twenty-four years, or sold him, for from forty to fifty crowns, to the chief of a company or squadron, on condition that he should never be permitted to set foot on his natal soil or even in the province.'

It was only, he goes on to say, by the abolition of serfdom thirty years afterwards, a Herculean labour carried out by Frederick VI., that this state of things was remedied. Yet everything and everybody was against the royal reformer and the two or three wise councillors who cordially co-operated with him.

'Public protests, intrigues, clamour, nothing affected him. He overcame all, without a single explosion of vivacity, leaving the law to act, and never putting himself forward more than the emergency required. Few victories have been as memorable as the tranquil enfranchisement of an unhappy people from the most degrading bonds to which man can be subjected, and the proof given to the entire nation that the proprietors lost none of their advantages; nay, gained in the end by an arrangement so just, so satisfactory for the master and his dependents.'

The Prince's description of the commercial state of Denmark at the time is equally striking. There was a board called the College of Commerce, but its duties must have been slight; for commerce was in its infancy, and industrial enterprise was unknown. The cargoes of the few Danish vessels then engaged in the carrying trade were procured from France:

'France was then (1756) considered as the seat of taste, of knowledge, of human grandeur, where the arts were pushed to the highest point. French manufactured goods were the first in the world. Their beauty and their cheapness caused them to be in general demand, even in the East. They kept out English goods which, although more solid than the French, cost more and did not satisfy the wants of the Orientals. I will here mention a fact which may give an idea of what determines commerce. Every pacha, every great officer, every Turk of distinction, clothes his household and his suite in new dresses annually. Light stuffs and bright colours are in demand; and in contrast to our uniforms or liveries, the Turk likes every individual of his establishment to glitter in a different colour. I adduce this to show the necessity under which the Danish vessels were placed of being loaded with French stuffs and goods, which at that time at least were exclusively in fashion in the East.'

The home-produce of Denmark was limited to grain and cattle, of which it exported just enough to procure a moderate amount of foreign luxuries. Even fruit and vegetables of a superior quality were imported from Hamburgh; and the inhabitants of Copenhagen and the neighbourhood were only just beginning to turn their attention to horticulture. In his speculations on protected industry, it is curious to mark how near his Highness comes to the true doctrine, without mastering it.

'Many people who have but superficial ideas of commerce, are angry at the export of productions, which, say they, should first have been worked up in the country. They do not see that these raw materials, converted into manufactured goods, might not fetch a price sufficient to cover the cost of the additional labour. . . . Commerce is a gift of the Divinity to men. It brings them together, it unites them, and forces them into bonds of friendship and interest. When we try to make everything at home and exclude everything which is foreign, we remain in our shell, like the Chinese, we isolate ourselves, and we are scarcely gainers.'

We are demonstrably losers, as the Prince would have been the first to admit, had (what hardly any one seems to have understood in his time) the true causes of manufacturing prosperity been explained to him.

Towards the conclusion of his summary of the agricultural and industrial state of Denmark, he declares: 'After all these details I cannot help considering the reign of Frederick V., and more particularly the ministry of M. de Bernstorff, as the aurora of Denmark, as its first awakening. What has not been done since in agriculture, in police, in internal order?' There was certainly ample scope for improvement; and the contrasted condition of the rest of Northern Europe suggests the only plausible solution of such admiring enthusiasm.

Denmark had observed a prudent neutrality in the war that was rapidly approaching her frontiers, but her tranquillity was seriously menaced about 1758 from the same quarter

which proved so fruitful a source of oppression and humiliation to her in 1864. On the death of Charles XII. Sweden was partially dismembered and a portion of the Duchy of Schleswig, claimed as a fief of the Crown of Denmark, was reunited to it by Frederick IV. The Duke of Holstein, nephew of the Empress Elizabeth of Russia, vowed vengeance, and contemptuously refused to barter or compromise what he conceived to be his rights. More than once, when the good offices of France had brought him to the very verge of signing a compact by which he was to be compensated with Oldenburg, he started back and with a look of horror flung aside the pen. He became Czar in 1761 by the title of Peter III., and lost no time in announcing his fixed determination not only to reconquer the States lost by his forefathers, but to take the rest of the duchies and the whole of Jutland by way of indemnification. M. de Kerff, Russian Minister at the Danish Court, towards which he was personally well disposed, was charged to announce the will of his imperial master. Frederick V. asked, 'What do you advise me to do?' M. de Kerff replied, 'On my conscience I believe that your Majesty ought to perish at the head of your army.' The King rejoined, 'Then I will have no other thought.'

To carry out this heroic resolution an army of 40,000 men was rapidly assembled and pushed forward to encounter the Russians, who were advancing from Pomerania 60,000 strong. No confidence being placed in the Danish officers, the command-in-chief was intrusted to the Comte de St. Germain, a French General of reputation, who had quitted France in consequence of repeated quarrels with the Marshal Duke de Broglie. Prince Charles commanded a regiment in the ensuing campaign, which was abruptly cut short before anything decisive had occurred by the assassination of the Czar; on hearing which the Danish army was withdrawn into winter quarters. It was broken up in the spring, leaving so bad an impression of its efficiency that in the course of the year the Comte de St. Germain, who had loudly complained of the discipline and equipment of the troops, received *carte blanche* for a thorough military reform. 'Do as you propose,' were his instructions from the King's own mouth, 'and give such a plan of formation as shall seem to you most conducive to the public good.' The Count set to work accordingly; but his military science, such as it was, stood him in little stead when he had to begin from the beginning, teach the rudiments, and see to the execution of details, as well as draw up comprehensive schemes or expound theories. His mode of proceeding, according to the Prince,

'Might be all very well in France where the commissaries and so many others are charged with the details, and the general has only to issue his orders. But their arrangement in a country ill understood is always difficult, and was not his forte. He was a French general, who, at that time at least, was always more or less superficial. He did not trouble himself about drill, and was not fond of seeing the troops manœuvred. When they were reviewed before him, he would enter the tent where the ladies chanced to be and say: "Ah, I have seen troops enough pirouette in my life: I am here for the service of the ladies."

Universal confusion and discontent ensued: the King was speedily obliged to take the matter into his own hands; and the disappointment of an eagerly cherished hope was thought to have accelerated his death.

Promising to return to this subject of military reform, in which he afterwards took an active part, the Prince carries us off to Hanau, which, since the death of the Landgrave, his grandfather, was governed in full sovereignty by his mother, by virtue of the cession comprised in the terms of separation.

'My mother had reigned since the death of my grandfather, which occurred in January 1760. I think I ought not to pass over in silence the great qualities of this respectable man. He was highly esteemed by his contemporaries; even the great King of Prussia told me more than once that my grandfather had been his sincere friend. He was adored by his people, whom he governed with wisdom, justice, and kindness. He often travelled in the country, spoke to the peasantry, and made little expeditions in a phaeton and pair. He sought to establish a good breed of horses, especially in the districts adapted for their increase. The peasants knew he preferred light bay horses, and took a pleasure in showing him that all the country had done their best to have all the horses of his favourite colour.'

Prior to the French Revolution there were about three hundred sovereign Houses in Germany, and the pettiest ruler, by a small sacrifice of his independence, could make himself despotic within the circle of his dominions if he thought fit. He had only to place himself under the protection of a powerful neighbour, and his subjects were compelled to submit to any amount of exaction or injustice he could inflict. A striking example was afforded by Hesse-Cassel in 1850, when the entire population rose as one man to expel the detested Minister, Hassenflug, and were compelled by Prussia to take him back. But far worse

things are known to have occurred in smaller States, withdrawn from public observation, and protected from public opinion, by their insignificance. We may judge of the fear and trembling with which the simple peasantry would regard a bad master by the servility with which, as we have just read, they set about humouring a good one; and the mysterious death of an Elector of Mayence may be taken as a sample of the tragedies enacted and hushed up at the Residences, each of which was a miniature representation of Potsdam or Versailles:

'I chanced to become acquainted with the Elector of Mayence, Emmerich-Joseph of Breiterbach-Börresheim. I made one of his hunting party, and he showed me much kindness and friendship. He was a respectable prince and ecclesiastic, much loved by his subjects, less by his canons and clergy, because he was very tolerant and enlightened. His death gave me great pain. It was not natural. Two of his canons entered his room when he was slightly indisposed. People heard a noise and wished to send for a physician, but these canons had taken measures that no one should leave the palace. A hussar or heyduc jumped out of a window and went for M. de Grotschlag, grand-master and first minister. He hastened to the palace, but was refused entrance. The worthy Elector was no more. I have happily forgotten the names of the monsters who, I am assured, smothered this worthy Elector.'

He finds things at Copenhagen on his return much the same as when he left it: the army discontented; the finances in disorder; and the King in the best possible disposition towards himself. In the autumn of 1765, he receives a letter from General Huth, an officer of merit with whom he had become intimate at Hanau, offering to assist in putting the artillery on an improved footing, if the command were given to the Prince. It was given accordingly, and they set to work casting cannon and trying experiments, which read very like the modern 'story of the guns.' The main difference was in the calibre; Huth being for three, six, and twelve pounders; while the Comte de St. Germain maintained the superior excellence of the French division into fours, eights, and elevens. Guns called *amusettes*, carrying a pound ball, were highly esteemed, especially in hilly countries and for covering a retreat pressed by cavalry. A tranquil and agreeable course of life is suddenly disturbed by the illness and death of the King:

'The good King Frederic died much too soon for the happiness of his people, January 14th, 1766. It was announced that we were to assemble in the antechamber of the palace at nine in the morning. We waited in silence for the fatal news. The whole square of Christiansburg was filled with people. The Count de Moltke came out from the royal chamber pale and unable to utter a word. The ministry went with him to the balcony; many followed. I went with them, and found myself on the right of M. H. de Burnstorff, who had a white handkerchief in his hand; he cried three times to the people, "King Frederic the Fifth is dead: long live King Christian the Seventh!" and all the people replied by acclamations of "Long live King Christian the Seventh!" whilst I melted into tears. At this moment the young King came out from his father's apartment to the balcony, where he placed himself in the middle, between M. de Bernstorff and me. He had not the air of being the least concerned, and saluted the people with the best grace in reply to their acclamations. Seeing me extremely moved and my tears flowing, he grasped my hands and said, "Ah my poor prince!" A thick cloud had covered Copenhagen up to this moment, and was rapidly dissipated when the proclamation was made. This was considered as a happy presage. The King entered, and at the end of the antechamber I saw Count Moltke fall on a chair in a faint, surrounded by some of his sons, who bitterly felt the loss of his benefactor and friend. I believe that there were but we two who sincerely mourned the good King, whose ashes I revere still. . . . In a word, I saw too well the adoration of the rising sun, and I withdrew sadly enough to Kongetorg, where my regiment was under arms.'

He speedily re-appears upon the bustling and anxious scene, and far from having reason to complain of the loss of royal favour, he has so much heaped upon him as to excite the envy of the court circle and be made answerable for whatever was thought to be going wrong. 'The intrigues which had already commenced amongst them (the members of the royal family) ended by uniting against me. The King had a taste, and even a passion, for military affairs, of which he knew nothing. He went frequently to the parade, where I accompanied him. I was accused of wishing to give him a military turn, from which endless consequences were deduced.' The occasion on which he first thought of confirming his position by a closer and more elevated tie was little likely to suggest thoughts of adventurous love or aspiring matrimony. After describing the state funeral of the deceased sovereign, he proceeds:

'It was, I believe, on this occasion that the first thought occurred to me that, in the circumstances in which I was placed, I might perhaps marry the youngest princess, who was then only sixteen, and for whom I knew there was no plan of marriage. She was very pretty, very well made, and had something very *spirituel*, sweet, and good in her physiognomy despite the extreme rigour and stiffness of her education. However, I gave her no token of my sentiments although I saw her every day

either at dinner or at the suppers of the Queen-mother. The King himself one day began a conversation which decided the affair. He asked me point-blank how he could fix me for good and all in Denmark, and expressed a wish that I should be established there. I replied that I desired nothing better. He then asked me whom I could and would marry. I replied: "That will depend absolutely on your Majesty: your youngest sister not being promised, I should be very happy if you would consent to bestow her on me." He caught me round the neck and said, "Yes, that shall certainly come to pass." I begged him to restrain himself a little, as this affair might still encounter many obstacles. He, however, confided it to the Queen-mother, who was much rejoiced, but it was necessary to procure the concurrence of the ministry.'

No difficulties were raised: the marriage was celebrated, and the Prince's influence continued on the increase, till his royal brother-in-law's reason, always weak and flickering, gave way. His waywardness first showed itself in a fancy for a constant change of ministers; and so soon as this grew manifest, the court became a complete focus of intrigue. 'No time was lost in remarking the facility of approaching the King, and of giving him, in audiences more or less long, the falsest notions, the most mendacious denunciations.' The Prince did his best to mitigate the evil, but his utmost exertions could do no more than break the fall of the old and tried servants of the crown. The following sketch of the King at his accession is valuable from one who had such excellent opportunities of estimating his qualities, mental and bodily:—

'This young prince, endowed with the handsomest face possible, with the most agreeable physiognomy, the best grace in everything he did, dancing to admiration, riding very well on horseback, inspired affection when he wished. One could not help believing that his heart corresponded with his exterior. He was entirely deficient in application, but had a great deal of *esprit*, was extremely quick at repartee, very gay, had a very good memory, in a word, a charming young man, whom one could not help loving. Shortly after his accession to the throne he took it into his head to become a great warrior, and fancied that he should surpass the great Frederic. He often regretted having been born on the throne, and believed that he should have been able to elevate himself to the same height by his talents and his merits, if he had been born in the lowest class. He had a passion without limits for becoming acquainted with women, having never, however, found one on whom his thoughts were fixed. He had imbibed very severe principles of religion, which he did not know how to subdue, and which for this reason he wished to annihilate.'

A little farther on the Prince reverts to this subject, and shows how he gradually lost his hold on the King's wavering understanding by sincerity:—

'The representations that I was often obliged to make to him against his decided opinions could not do otherwise than render our daily conversation less agreeable than at the commencement. In the meantime all went on well, and he felt that I had no other interest in all I said to him than his own happiness. But little by little the disputes about religion began. His gallantry and the severity of his religious principles were in continual opposition. He saw no other alternative in the end (after having spoken to the intriguers already mentioned, and been inspired by them with the loosest notions of religion), than to break with it contrary to his own convictions. I only became aware of this from his fits of gloom, his gay tone changed into bitterness, and his looking out for opportunities of wrangling about nothings. Seeing this almost insurmountable desire to give himself up to debauchery, I thought it my duty to speak to him frankly, and represent that he could not do better than conclude as soon as possible his marriage with the princess who was plighted to him.'

This was the unhappy Princess Matilda of England, sister of George the Third, who at sixteen years of age was placed in a position demanding a more than ordinary degree of prudence, knowledge of the world and self-command. The Prince says that she had a very agreeable physiognomy, very fair, and with much *embonpoint* for her age. 'I am obliged to say that this princess, if she had married a reasonable man—one capable of loving and guiding her—would perhaps have formed the ornament of the throne. A concatenation of circumstances, which I feel reluctant to retrace, reduced her to the greatest unhappiness.'

Now that it has become the practice—and we are far from thinking an uninstructive, unfair, or demoralizing one—to review the verdicts of history on personages whose guilt was assumed by their contemporaries, especially unfortunate queens like Mary Queen of Scots and Marie Antoinette, we are not astonished to find that plausible doubts have been thrown on the alleged criminality of Matilda Queen of Denmark. The memoirs before us derive much additional interest and importance from the fact that the writer is an unimpeachable witness as to much of her conduct which fell under his immediate observation. The commencement of her matrimonial life reads like the introduction to a tale of sorrow or the first scene of a tragedy. The King spoke of the marriage with undisguised repugnance as an intolerable restraint, and only consented to it from the mixed

motives already intimated, which implied little in the way of esteem, affection, or consideration for the bride. Her *grand-gouvernante*, chosen for her by the Queen Dowager and the ministers, was Madame de Pless, a most respectable lady, with whom she had about as much chance of getting on smoothly as Marie Antoinette with Madame de Noailles, nicknamed Madame Etiquette. The King, who knew and disliked Madame de Pless, protested, but ended by bursting out laughing and confirming the nomination. She fell into an absurd misapprehension of her duties at the outset. To gratify the eager longings of his Majesty, the time allotted for the Queen's journey from Altona to Copenhagen had been studiously abridged; but one fine morning, whilst the Council was sitting, a courier arrived from the *grand-gouvernante* to say that, whilst waiting for her royal mistress, it had occurred to her that the hurried journey would be fatiguing, and that she had therefore taken upon herself to prolong it by a day:

'I must own that I could not help laughing to see the surprise of these gentlemen on hearing that Madame de Pless had changed the precise orders of the King. Counts Bernstorff and Reventlow and myself proceeded to talk over this letter; and Count Bernstorff decided to send a courier immediately to Madame de Pless, to the effect that, all the resting places and relays being ordered, it was impossible to change anything in the programme. The Queen, therefore, arrived very happily at Rothschild, and the King repaired there with his brother, Prince Frederic. I was also of the party. The King got into a carriage with the Queen and conducted her to Fredericksburg, where she lodged till her entry into the city. There were balls three evenings in succession. We danced the "Kehraus." The King was very gay; he danced with the Queen. I led the "Kehraus" with my wife. All of a sudden the King cried out to me: "Lead the dance through all the apartments!" I passed through some rooms on the same floor, and on arriving at the Queen's antechamber, the King ordered me to enter her apartment, which I did. Madame de Pless threw herself like a dragon in my way and vowed I should never pass through the apartment of the Queen. The King, in the vivacity of the dance, hearing this apostrophe, exclaimed, *Bekümmern Sie sich doch nicht um alt' Weibergewäsch* (don't mind old women's prattle). I continued the dance, passed through the Queen's chamber, and came out on the other side. Madame de Pless made a terrible row, and all fell on me. This displeased the King prodigiously.

'The Queen at first formed an intimate acquaintance with my wife, whom she named her knight. She also showed me much confidence and kindness. The entry took place with much magnificence, and all was done according to the prescribed etiquette. The dinner was *en famille*. The King, the three queens (two being dowagers), my wife, the old Princess Charlotte (great aunt of the King), and myself. The three queens were seated together, and the King opposite, by my side. In the evening the nuptial benediction was bestowed in the church of Christiansburg. There was a table with a hundred covers in the hall, and the couple were conducted to their rooms. I remained with the King, who conversed with me a long time on his present position. I was congratulating him on his happiness, when he was summoned to the Queen's chamber, and I wished him the happiest union. My wishes were unfortunately not granted.'

Another remarkable marriage took place about the same time, the details of which are related by the Prince, who played a distinguished part in the pageant. The King's eldest sister was married by procuration to the Prince Royal of Sweden, and Prince Charles was despatched to announce her approach to the expectant bridegroom at Helsingborg:

'I was received very politely on the quay, and taken straight to the house of the Prince Royal, afterwards Gustavus III., who received me with open arms. He was endowed with much *esprit*, and had received a careful education, but there was something false in his physiognomy, which struck me at once. He loaded me with polite attentions. On the approach of the Princess Royal he repaired to the quay and I accompanied him. I was by his side when he saw her rise from the boat to come on shore. He exclaimed aloud, *Dieu, qu'elle est belle!* It is true that she had a majestic bearing and was very handsome; all about her was fine when she was in full dress; tall, large, with fine eyes, and much goodness in the expression of her face. The Prince Royal gave her his hand and led her to his house. The quay was covered with blue cloth ornamented with crowns, the street with blue cloth; the houses occupied by the Prince were near each other. They were, doubtless, the best in Helsingborg, which, at that time at all events, contained only houses of one story, and many thatched cottages. The dragoons of Scania lined the streets, large men on little horses, the uniforms of the time of Charles XII. All looked very odd and very shabby.'

It was a bold measure to give a ball under such circumstances, and the attempt, although events fortunately took a comic turn, nearly led to a catastrophe:

'There was a ball in the evening at the Prince's house, where a dancing room was prepared in the garret. Instead of tapestry, the walls were hung with horsecloths, arms, and other articles. The ball began. M. de Llano, Spanish Envoy to the Court of Denmark, an excellent dancer but of a height and bulk requiring a degree of solidity in a ball-room which was entirely wanting to this, beginning to dance with his wonted vivacity, the room was on the

point of breaking down. The dancing was stopped till the garret was propped with beams in the lower story. We exerted ourselves to restore the courage of the ladies, and the ball continued.'

In the meantime, no amelioration was perceptible in the demeanour of the King of Denmark. The symptoms of his mental malady grew worse within a month or two of his marriage, and his brother-in-law speedily abandoned all hope of controlling or restraining him. He had a passion for practical jokes, not unfrequently attended with dangerous consequences. One of them caused the death of his aunt. A page, by his order, dressed himself as a savage, and entered the dining-room, where the royal family were assembled, on all fours. The Princess, who had never seen anything of the sort, uttered loud screams and, as he came nearer, tried to rush out of the room. They assured her it was only a page. 'She was ready to faint, and sank down on a chair in the anteroom. The King took her a glass of water. She sipped a little; and as less attention was momentarily paid to her, and she was only a step or two from the door, she opened it—the gentleman in waiting flung open the folding-doors and made a low bow—never to return.'

One of the King's fancies was to beat his pages, and to be soundly thrashed in return. The greatest favourite, Count de Holke, was the one who applied the cane or horsewhip in good faith. At other times (as we learn from the memoirs of his ex-tutor, Reverdil), his Majesty, stretched on the ground, represented a criminal on the wheel; one of the favourites was the executioner, and with a roll of paper enacted the part. His diseased imagination had been caught by the revolting details of a judicial sentence which he had been required to sign, and he actually attended the execution in disguise.

Prince Charles found his position at Copenhagen no longer bearable or tenable, and went to reside with his mother at Hanau, after communicating in strict confidence to Count de Bernstorff his opinion that the King was deranged. The Count replied that there was unhappily something of the sort; that the Count de St. Germain had spoken to him about it and added: 'The King has a malady very strange, and very rare: we call it in France, *fou de cœur*.' His Majesty's proceedings, after the departure of his monitor, are thus described from hearsay:—

'The King soon gave himself up to the lowest debauchery and intemperance. He made the acquaintance of the most notorious person in Copenhagen. She was called Milady. He went the round of the streets with her at night, broke the lamps and windows, and, in fact, led a terrible life. At this time there were quarrels between the King and the Queen. It was asserted that Madame de Pless was the chief cause of them, and that, on many occasions, she prevented the Queen from having the least *complaisances* for the King. She had taken a high tone with everybody, and pretended, like another Princesse des Ursins, *dass sie die Pfeile schnitzen*, and that the gentlemen of the Council *solche verschiessen sollten*, which they found anything but agreeable or in the manner of their old friend.'

In the hope of giving a healthier tone to the King's mind—at all events of breaking off his course of life—his ministers proposed to him to make a tour in Germany, Holland, France, and England. He agreed, and started at once for Hanau, where he passed eight days with Prince Charles and his family. At the first ball given in his honour, he took a seat by his brother-in-law, and began: 'Listen, my dear Prince; I have something to say to you. You will probably hear all sorts of things that have been said of you. I must tell you fairly, I was then maliciously disposed towards you, I don't know why, and I told a terrible number of untruths about you to everybody; but you must not mind, for I am now fond of you again.' The Prince thanked him for this notable mode of confidence, but asked him how it was possible that he, who knew him so well, could act thus? 'As for that, I do not know; but I was malicious in right earnest.'

The impression his Majesty left in England may be collected from Walpole, who (August 13, 1768) writes:—

'The puppet of the day is the King of Denmark; in truth, puppet enough; a very miniature of our late king, his grandfather; white, strutting, dignified, prominent eyes, galant, and condescending enough to mark that it is condescension. He arrived the night before last; is lodged at St. James', where he has levées, but goes and is to go everywhere, to Ranelagh, Vauxhall, Bath, the Lord knows whither, to France, to Italy; in short, is to live in a crowd for these two or three years, that he may learn mankind by giving all mankind an opportunity of staring at him. Well! but he is not twenty, and is an absolute prince: sure subjects are happy when absolute twenty only runs away from them. He was last night at my Lord Hertford's, having told my Lord, who, by his office (of Lord Chamberlain), received him at St. James', that, having made his first acquaintance among the men with him, he would be acquainted among the ladies first with his wife.'

On the 22d September, 1768, Walpole reverts to the subject:

'I can tell you nothing but what you see in the papers of the King of Denmark hurrying

from one corner of England to the other, without seeing anything distinctly, fatiguing himself, breaking his chaise, going tired to bed in inns, and getting up to show himself to the mob at the window. I believe that he is a very silly lad, but the mob adore him, though he has neither done nor said anything worth repeating; but he gives them an opportunity of getting together, of staring and making foolish observations. Then the newspapers talk their own language, and call him a great personage; and a great personage that comes so often in their way seems almost one of themselves raised to the throne. At the play of "The Provoked Wife," he clapped whenever there was a sentence against matrimony; a very civil proceeding when his wife is an English princess.'

If the King of Denmark was a miniature of George II., a little man, he may have looked like a puppet; but Walpole habitually saw through a medium that, like a telescope reversed, diminished everything he looked upon; and in this instance he is opposed not only to Prince Charles, who, setting down impressions in advanced life, had no motive for partiality, but to the concurrent testimony of the French Court. There at least he said things that were thought worth repeating. A French nobleman told him that he had the honour of being his near relative: 'Hush, cousin, I am here incognito,' was the reply. On his return from Versailles to Paris, a party of officers, whom he was passing in the road, raised a cry of '*Vive le Roi.*' He stopped the coach, put his head out of the window, and said: 'I am on my way from visiting him, gentlemen, and I left him in perfect health.' Walpole might think this a silly remark, but it passed for a witty one. Louis XV. pointing to a lady verging on her grand climacteric, Madame de Grammont, asked the Danish King how old he thought her. He hesitated, upon which the King of France added, 'Well, she is past fifty.' To this His Majesty of Denmark more politely rejoined: 'At your court, Sire, there is no such thing as growing old.' Prince Charles states, in general terms, that King Christian behaved to admiration, brought back with him the universal applause of the countries he had traversed, and was received with public acclamations on his return to his capital.

The most remarkable incident of this journey was that it gave Struensee an opportunity (for which he had long been vainly watching) of attaching himself to the court, not with the designs of a mean adventurer, but with the honest intention of advancing the public good along with his own fortunes. He was born in 1737, at Halle, in Saxony, where his father was a distinguished professor of theology. He adopted the study of medicine, which had the not uncommon effect of inclining him to materialism; and he came upon the social stage a reputed sceptic, an avowed lover of pleasure, endowed with all the advantages that a handsome person, winning manners, recognised probity, and a highly cultivated understanding could bestow. If we believe Reverdil, it was his accommodating morality that ingratiated him with his first patron, Count de Rantzan; and to the same cause may be traced his intimacy with most of the persons, male and female, who contributed to his rise. The success and frequency of his gallant adventures were such as would have excluded him altogether from the circle of a young queen, had ordinary precaution been taken to shelter her from suspicion or reproach.

His first appointment as travelling physician to the King was procured through Count de Holke. He declares in his Apology, that, during the journey and the six months following, he meddled with no affairs but those connected with his office of physician and afterwards of reader. But the wide scope and (let it be added) the elevated nature of his ambition may also be collected from this document; and his friends, who knew his firmness and breadth of view, augured from the moment he was attached to the court that sooner or later he would govern it. He began by captivating the King, whose weakness he is accused of humouring; and indeed there was no other mode of guiding him. The scheme imputed to the new favourite by his enemies was to govern through a mistress personally devoted to himself. His supposed or intended creature was Madame de Gabell, who lent herself to the plot on an assurance that the King, whose advances she had formerly repulsed, was already an altered being and might be completely cured through her instrumentality; but she shrank from the task on finding that she had been deceived in this essential point. Struensee's rumoured complicity with this lady caused him to be held in absolute detestation by the Queen, who was suffering from a fixed melancholy and languor, and threatened with dropsy. When all the medicines prescribed for her had failed, the King proposed to consult the young doctor and, not being able to persuade, commanded. The young doctor's knowledge of the female heart amply made up for any want of professional skill or experience. After seeing and questioning the Queen, he assured her that there was no fear of dropsy, that her malady was by no means serious, and that he would undertake to cure her in a short time. 'Vexation, ennui, sedentary habits,' he said, 'have done all the mischief:

you want little medicine, but a great deal of exercise, amusement, and diversion. Ennui, the denizen of courts, proceeds principally from etiquette: this must be proscribed, at least reduced to certain days which are particularly consecrated to it. The Danish ladies never ride on horseback: you must set them the example. They may begin by being scandalised, but fashion and habit will bring them to more favorable views.' *

The Queen followed this agreeable prescription, which fully answered the double purpose of restoring her health and spirits, and opening her eyes to the injustice of which she had been guilty towards the fascinating companion of her daily rides. It is a familiar observation that hatred is more easily converted into the opposite feeling than indifference; and certain it is that Struensee speedily became the sole keeper of his royal mistress' conscience, her guide, counsellor, philosopher, and friend. Nor did he run upon the rock on which more than one predecessor, or would-be predecessor, had been wrecked. Instead of disuniting the royal couple or playing one against the other, he studiously smoothed away their domestic disagreements, and brought about a cordial reconciliation, for which he was rewarded by their joint concurrence in his views. He ended, as is well known, by attaining the highest dignities and securing an entire monopoly of power, to which he admitted no partner, except his early friend, Count de Brandt.

In an absolute court so constituted, all depended on the most precarious of tenures, the declared will of a deranged sovereign; and Struensee was upset at once by the production of the royal warrant for his arrest, surreptitiously obtained by misrepresentation. The Queen was arrested at the same time, and the accusation that weighed most against him was that of a connexion with her passing the limits of licensed and permitted intimacy. This they each of them denied and confessed by turns; and the documentary proof was extorted by means and under circumstances which induced the English Minister at Copenhagen to enter a spirited protest against the treatment to which the sister of his sovereign was exposed. The main cause of Struensee's overthrow was the uncompromising spirit in which he set about reforming the time-honoured abuses of the state and reducing the privileges of the aristocracy. There was more of Richelieu about him than of Leicester or Rizzio. But there is no necessity for minute investigation of this historical romance; our immediate object being simply to enable the reader to appreciate the additional evidence brought to bear upon it by these Memoirs.

After describing the discontented state of the court under Struensee in 1770, Prince Charles, who had been named governor or stadtholder of Holstein, turns back to mention a visit paid him by the King and Queen, the preceding summer:—

'We went out a league to meet them. The Queen appeared enchanted to see my wife again. They received us like old friends. On alighting from the carriage the King desired me to give my arm to the Queen; he conducted my wife to her apartments. After an hour of conversation, during which anecdotes of past times were recalled, the Queen took my arm and said, "Take me to the cabinet of the Princess Louise, but don't make me pass through the antechamber where the Court are." We went, almost at a run, by the corridor quite to the back door on the side of the staircase, when we saw some of the King's suite coming up this staircase. The Queen saw Struensee and said, immediately before the door, "No, no, no; I must return—let me go." I represented to her that I could not leave her alone in the corridor; "No, no; return to the princess," and she fled by the corridor. This struck me much, but I obeyed. It was almost the last moment when she showed her former confidence in me. She was always embarrassed with me when Struensee was present. At table he was always seated opposite to her.' . . . 'The dinner was at noon, at the King's table. There were occasional receptions. The Queen then played at quinze; I was placed on her right, Struensee on her left; Brandt, newly arrived, and Warnstedt, pages of the chamber, made up the party. I do not like to retrace the manners and remarks that Struensee took the liberty of addressing publicly to the Queen, leaning his elbow against hers, "Now then, play. Do you not hear?" I own that my heart was broken to see this princess, endowed with so much wit and grace, and whose heart had hitherto been excellent, fall to this point, and in such bad hands.'

A good deal of familiarity may be excused on the part of the medical adviser whose declared system was to save his royal patient from the wearisomeness of etiquette; and Queen Matilda is entitled to the full benefit of the excuse suggested for Queen Astarte in 'Zadig' (borrowed by Sheridan for Lady Teazle):—'Malheureusement rassurée sur son innocence, elle neglige les dehors nécessaires. Je tremblerai pour elle tant qu'elle n'aura rien à se reprocher.'

The royal party went next to Trevendahl, whither the Prince and his wife were not invited to accompany them. They were left out, he intimates, for the very sufficient reason that this place was selected for 'the least decent orgies.' A few days after the arrival

* Struensee et la Cour de Copenhague, 1760–1772; Mémoires de Reverdil, &c., p. 149.

of the royal party, the Queen's ladies-in-waiting, the Ministers, the grand marshal, &c., were sent away, leaving the King and Queen with only Struensee, Brandt, and Warnstedt, at Trevendahl, where they spent four weeks. Their mode of passing their time is left to conjecture: quiet was what the royal pair both required; and an orgy implies a degree of coarseness and turpitude that was never brought home to Struensee or the Queen. Soon after their return to Copenhagen, Struensee was made Count, and appointed Prime Minister, with the extraordinary privilege that his signature should be obeyed like the King's. Prince Charles is so far just to him as to state that he endeavored to select the most capable persons for the administration of affairs; and it will be remembered that his Highness was absent in Holstein when things came to a crisis, and the revolution (or *coup d'état*) of January 22, 1772, took place:—

'The English envoy more than once offered Struensee all sorts of advantages if he would make off. He was inclined so to do, but the Queen absolutely refused to consent. General Wagner, Steward of the Court, proposed to Count d'Osten (Minister for Foreign Affairs), whom he saw dissatisfied with Struensee, a charge easy of execution. Osten entered into the project with the greatest vivacity. He went direct from Wagner, thoroughly resolved to execute it, to Struensee, when the hour for speaking to him arrived. On leaving his cabinet, he went straight to Wagner, who was in the antechamber, and said aloud, "This I must say: Count Struensee is one of the first heads I ever knew." Count Struensee had just settled with him an ancient right of the family of Osten on the chairmen of Copenhagen, for which he received an order on the treasury for seven thousand crowns. He escaped for the time the loss of his place, till unhappily he ripened for the scaffold.'

The court conspiracy was preceded and encouraged by a popular tumult from one of those slight causes which frequently influence great events. When the court was at Christiansburg, there were almost every day mobs of sailors in the square, grumbling and vowing the destruction of Struensee. 'A new and very faulty arrangement had been made in the marine, by which these people, after working at Holm, were forbidden to carry away the shavings which they wanted for firewood. Their discontent was excessive. Struensee received anonymous letters from all quarters, telling him that he was lost if he stayed.' The Prince's account of the catastrophe differs little from that generally received. At the head of the intrigue was the Queen Julie-Marie, in whose chamber the parts were assigned and the mode of execution laid down. Accompanied by Prince Frederic and Count de Rantzau, she boldly made her way to the King's bedroom, woke him from his first sleep, and required him to sign a warrant for the arrest of his wife. He was frightened and refused, till they told him that his life was threatened, that Struensee meant to take it, and he then signed an order for the arrest of the Queen Matilda, Struensee, Brandt, and some others:—

'The prosecution was conducted with extreme severity by a commission. Struensee, after having denied all they reproached him with, was suddenly seized with unaccountable remorse, recalled his judges, and made confessions more than convincing.' [It has been stated that they were extorted by the threat of torture.] 'Several members of the Council repaired to Kronenberg to the Queen Caroline Matilda. They told her that they were come by the King's orders to show her these terrible avowals. The Queen declined all knowledge of them, flew into a passion, and said that it was false. Then M. de Schach advanced and said to her, "If this is not true, Madame, there is no death cruel enough for the monster who has dared to compromise you to this extent." The Queen was alarmed by this statement, and after having reflected a moment, she said, "But if I also confessed, could I save him by so doing?" M. de Schach rejoined, "Assuredly, Madame, that would mitigate his fate in every way." "Well, then, I will sign," said the Queen; and she signed.'

Another story was, that whilst she was yet hesitating, her hand was taken and made almost involuntarily to trace the letters of her name, and that she instantly flung down the pen with an indignant repudiation of the signature.

'The King of England (continues the Prince) was irritated to the highest degree. A fleet under Admiral Hardy was threatened. The Queen's confession did not disarm the anger of the King (George III.), but it put an end to all warlike preparations. A frigate came for the Queen and conveyed her to Stade. She died some years after (1775) at Zelle.'

Struensee was executed, after formally abjuring his infidel notions at the instance of a Protestant divine, Munter, who has filled a volume with his conversion and death. In the course of the same year that witnessed his fall, a revolution in the neighbouring kingdom exercised a material influence on the prospects and movements of Prince Charles. Gustavus III. of Sweden having re-established despotic monarchy, looked about to see how he could turn his power to good account, and the idea occurred to him that he might sever Norway from the dominions of his ally to be afterwards added to his own. With this view he sent

emissaries to stir up the Norwegians in the hope that they would end by declaring for him. The Danish Court took the alarm, and Prince Charles was nominated to the viceroyalty, not without strong opposition in the Council, where Count d'Osten said that, if he went, he would make himself king. M. de Schach and others repelled this insinuation, and Admiral Roemeling closed the discussion with the remark: 'Well, it is better for Denmark that he should do so, than that Sweden should take it.' He set out immediately, and after taking measures for putting the army on a better footing, proceeded to conciliate the favour of the people:—

'I was very well received at Christiana. They looked on me as the redresser of so many evils under which Norway was oppressed. I gave receptions and dinners, and saw a great many people. I wasted little time with the men, and conversed with the ladies. General Huth said to me, "Try only to gain all the long robes (*lange Röcke*), the rest will follow of itself." I followed his advice, and always stood well with the women and the clergy.'

General Huth partly anticipated the advice given by Napoleon to the Abbé de Pradt on his setting out for his Polish mission: '*Tenez bonne table et soignez les femmes.*' The Prince was eminently successful both in making the Danish rule popular in Norway and in putting the country in a state of defence. According to the Spanish Envoy at Stockholm, Gustavus remarked: 'I do not know what Prince Charles has been doing, but he has severed all my ties with Norway of which I felt sure; they intend to make him their king.' After relating this incident, he adds: 'They publicly named me King Charles in derision, hoping thereby to create umbrage at Copenhagen.' Umbrage or jealousy enough already existed there; for the Queen Julie-Marie was anxious to retain the King under her own exclusive control, and dreaded the countervailing influence of the brother-in-law and his wife. She and her clique, therefore, grasped at the first pretence for sending him back to Norway. On his next return, advantage was taken of his military predilections to propose a campaign with Frederic the Great; and on his eagerly assenting, the Queen Julie-Marie lost no time in procuring him an invitation from the hero of Rosbach, who was then preparing for the Bavarian war of 1778. The Prince repairs to the Prussian camp at Schoenwalde, in Silesia, where he joins company with his elder brother, also a volunteer with the rank of major-general in the Prussian service:

'The next morning we set out for head-quarters, on horseback, and when we had arrived within a quarter of a league we saw the King approaching with an aide-de-camp. We drew up on the side of the way. The King came up. "Ah! it is the prince, your brother; I shall have the pleasure of receiving you at head-quarters." The presentation took place in this fashion, and went off well. On arriving at head-quarters I heard, on all sides, "That is the Danish Field-Marshal." The King soon appeared, came up to me, made many inquiries about his kind friend, Queen Julie, and was extremely gracious to me. I was invited to the royal table with my brother. Covers were laid for eight. The Hereditary Prince of Brunswick and some generals were there. The King questioned me a good deal during the dinner, which lasted a long time; he spoke to me of Norway, and seemed tolerably satisfied with my answers. It was the same the day following; however, the questions were often a little biting (*mordantes*). We were afterwards invited, my brother and myself together, every other day to his table. The third or fourth day he appeared a little excited as we took our seats. He had probably received the news that the negotiations relating to Bavaria, a large part of which had been occupied by the Emperor Joseph, were not successful, and it was necessary to begin the war.

'At table the King renewed his questions, and particularly as to the agriculture of Holstein. I told him that the horses and cattle were the principal branch, that there were estates maintaining three, four, five hundred cows. The King replied with vivacity: "Par Dieu, I believe my good friend, Queen Julie, would willingly assist me with thirty thousand oxen." "I have no doubt of it, Sire," I replied, "and in this case it would be I who should command them; and if Hannibal with a number of oxen could destroy the Roman eagles under Fabius, I do not doubt that I should be equally fortunate for the service of your Majesty." The rest of the company were silent and cast down their eyes. The King assumed a milder tone and said, "Ah, my dear Prince," and proceeded to speak of other things. This gained me his esteem, and I heard some days afterwards from Count Goertz and others, that his good opinion of me had improved day by day.'

War was declared the day following, and the army crossed the frontier in a manner which implied either trustworthy information that no opposition was to be apprehended or a strange absence of precaution in so experienced a tactician:

'The King marched with the advanced guard of thirty squadrons, the light artillery and the ten battalions. I accompanied him. He marched alone at the head of the regiment of Ziethen Hussars. General Lossan, commander of the regiment of Black Hussars and brigadier of these thirty squadrons, followed the King, and I rode by his side. The King's

aides-de-camp kept as far from him as they could. There was only one, Major Prittwitz, who accompanied him when ordered, and he was not far off. We passed by little cross-ways, by steep descents, and when we arrived in a little meadow which we entered, man by man, the squadrons were drawn up anew in this hollow, where ten or a dozen riflemen might have treated us cruelly. When the first squadron was formed, the King suddenly gave the order "March!" in a hollow voice; we re-ascended on the other side; and the King said "*Gewehr auf!*" Up to this time the King was the first Prussian in Bohemia.'

The Austrians were speedily descried in force on the opposite side of the Elbe, and Frederic halted four weeks watching them, without an attempt to cross, hoping that the Empress Maria Theresa would make peace on what he deemed reasonable conditions. The interval was occupied in habituating his troops to the hardship and dangers of war by sending out numerous foraging parties, who had frequent skirmishes with the Austrian cavalry. Frederic commonly took the lead himself, and exposed his person, for no apparent object, with a profound indifference that seemed to proceed from fatalism or contempt of life. His army was attacked by dysentery; nor, says the Prince, did it suffer solely from disease. The desertion was terrible, and the deserters were computed at ten thousand. This led Joseph to say: 'The King of Prussia is here for foraging, and I for recruiting.' Mr. Carlyle says that the Prussians called it the potato war, and the Austrians 'Three-button Loo,' a game not worth playing. The summary account of the campaign given by Frederic in his 'Memoirs' is, that the strength of the Austrian position prevented him from advancing: and that when he had exhausted all the forage and provisions within reach, he had no alternative but to fall back.* The Prince pauses to describe the King's table, diet, and behaviour to his guests:

'The King's table was very interesting to me; almost all the other guests dreaded it and lamented its duration. There were few dishes, but what there were, were good. The King drinks a light *vin de Grave* in a great deal of water, and he drank a great deal, especially water. A bottle of still champagne was given at the end of the dinner. He took one glass, rarely two. We were only seven or eight at table. He always emptied his water-bottle, and when the conversation grew animated, ordered a second. We were then sure that we should remain a good half hour more at table; but if there was a discussion or, if I may venture to say so, a dispute, of which he was very fond, and which he seldom got with others, the sitting was immeasurably prolonged, to the great despair of the guests.

'I learnt at the commencement that the King was in the habit of saying, "My table is a republic, every one may say what he likes;" but I was also told, "No one speaks but himself."'

'It's ill arguing with a king who has an army of a hundred and fifty thousand men, and *such very hard-soled boots!*' said Quintus Sicilius (*alias* Guichard), after having had his shins kicked for contesting one of his royal patron's sceptical dogmas; and he was not the only member of the republic who suffered by trusting to the toleration of its president. Frederic was certainly more prone to imitate his brute of a father than to copy the Grand Monarque, who, when violently provoked, flung away his cane, exclaiming, that to strike a gentleman was unworthy of the first gentleman of France. But a prince, the grandson of a king, could not be kicked or caned like a philosopher or man of letters; and Prince Charles says that he made no scruple of disputing the King's paradoxes; indeed, he thinks he rose in favour by the frankness of his language and the independence of his tone.

No writer, not excepting Schmettau,* has given so many curious details of this campaign, or so many characteristic traits of Frederic in connexion with it, as Prince Charles. The pages devoted to it by Mr. Carlyle are among the least satisfactory in his book: lifeless, colourless, and dealing in platitudes or bald generalities, ill-redeemed by forced quaintness of language. 'To us,' he says, 'all it (the campaign) yields is certain anecdotes of Frederic's temper and ways in that difficult predicament which have a ready kind of worth in the biographical point of view.' And what better kind of worth could a biographer desire? Surely Mr. Carlyle, of all people, is not for falling back upon the exploded dignity of history, which rejected everything that gave individuality to the actors or movement to the scene. Whether right or wrong, judicious or injudicious, the mode of treatment adopted by him and other English writers for this Bavarian war is an additional reason for drawing somewhat largely on the portion of these memoirs relating to it.

We suspect, moreover, that the 'certain anecdotes' were the less welcome, because their incidental tendency was to modify the unqualified praises that have been lavished

* Œuvres Historiques de Frédéric II., Roi de Prusse, vol. vi.; Mémoirs de la Guerre de 1778.

* Mémoires raisonnés sur la Campagne de 1778, en Bohéme, par l'armée Prussienne aux ordres de S. M. le Roi. Par le Comte de Schmettau. Berlin: 1789.

on the aged despot in the extravagance of hero-worship. Thus, we collect from both Schmettau and Prince Charles that Frederic resembled Napoleon in ingrained selfishness and was as little capable of generosity. In his later years especially, he made no allowance for failure, and met consequently with little sympathy when he failed. It has been related on good authority that when attack after attack had been made on the English positions at Waterloo without effect, the French generals felt a malicious pleasure in marking the irritation and surprise of the Emperor, who, having never encountered English troops before, had contemptuously discredited the reports formerly made to him by discomfited commanders of their steadiness. Something of the same kind was observable amongst the Prussian officers when their king committed a mistake:

'Lieutenant-General Wunsch had quitted the camp of Weldorf with the ten Polish battalions and some cavalry to occupy the Ratschenborg and cover this passage into Silesia. When the King had caused the rest of the army to advance on Weldorf, he believed all the passes into Silesia sufficiently covered to bring convoys under escort from that town. But an Austrian partisan or hussar stole upon the march of this convoy by the defiles. The escort was not on the alert, and a large part was lost, as well as some prisoners. When I came to the parade in the morning, every one was eager to regale me with this news, which struck me as very disastrous; but the joy at the King's having met with a reverse, which they attributed to him, was inconceivable. I was indignant at it. This is why I was called the royalist. They added: "He will now lock the stable after the horse has been stolen."

'In all things the disposition of men's minds was very different from what it ought to have been for this great man. Filled with the vastest ideas, and busying himself with the smallest details, he could not see to everything himself, and as there was no one who possessed his confidence to the same degree as Winterfeldt and others had done, no one undertook to prevent deficiencies in time, and hence so many little faults; but substantially they were soon repaired, and the Austrians were habitually anything but enterprising.'

The Hereditary Prince of Brunswick had expressed an ardent wish for the command of a detached corps, and in an evil hour the wish was granted. The King went forward with four hundred hussars through a large wood. This march, observes the Prince, was very hazardous, as no one knew who occupied the wood. But the King proceeded leisurely and composedly, conversing with old Ramin.

'As we emerged from the wood we distinctly saw the corps of the Hereditary Prince march in two lines on the heights and halt at a brook which separates them, and is traversed by a road. We saw their tents pitched. The King stopped and flew into a passion, having ordered the Hereditary Prince to pass this brook and take up a position at the end of the mountain which overlooks the Elbe. The Prince had seen the arrival of the King, and hurried to ask his orders.' The King advanced to meet him alone, and ordered him to return immediately and advance his troops according to the order he had given. In the meantime the King continued his route towards this point, and the Hereditary Prince found himself soon afterwards behind the King, who was consulting a deputy quartermaster about the passage of the Elbe, which is very small here, not far from its source. He did not say a word to the Hereditary Prince, who excused himself by urging that General Anhalt had shown him on his own plan, traced by the King, the camp of his corps at this place, and that it was certainly an error in the draughtsman.

'I drew near to the Hereditary Prince and said aloud, "Mon Dieu, how sorry I am to see all this; it may do a great deal of harm at this decisive moment." Up comes Anhalt in hot haste, crying to the King: "Shall we cross, your Majesty?" The King, waiting till he was quite close, turned short upon him with, "Go to the devil" (*Scheer Er sich zum Teufel*). Anhalt was beside himself with surprise and fright.'

It is a remarkable illustration of the condition of these scions of sovereign houses and principalities, that they should abound in a service where they were daily liable to be snubbed or disgraced, like any other subordinate dependent on his pay. On the day of the Hereditary Prince's mishap, only his brother, Prince Frederic of Brunswick and Prince Charles were invited to the King's table. His Majesty was very pensive during dinner. All of a sudden he said: 'I found some grooms to-day foraging in my quarters. I hear that they are some of Count de Goertz's people. I was obliged to drive them out myself.' It turned out that the royal quarters being entirely deserted, some servants of the Count had entered in search of forage, and were caught by the King, who thrashed them soundly with his own royal hands. To use the Count's words, '*Er hat meine Leute gestern zu Rittern geschlagen.*'

The King, like all great generals and most great men, was a good sleeper. Every evening his reader, M. de Catt, an honest and sensible man, was in attendance, and remained two hours, during which the King talked familiarly on all subjects. He then retired to rest, commonly at nine o'clock. 'His sleep was calm and deep. At six he was again at work: the private secretaries, of whom he had three, brought him the let-

ters that had arrived the day before: they made a *précis* on a folded sheet of paper, and he dictated the answers, ordinarily very concise.'

Wherever the King was absent, things generally went wrong; for the plain reason that his officers had lost self-confidence, and were seldom made acquainted with his plans. He remained with the rearguard in the retreat so long as there appeared any chance of an attack; and then, seeing no signs of the enemy, pushed on to make arrangements in the front. As soon as he was gone, an unlucky move was made by General Braun, who quitted his covering position on the heights; and an affair took place which would have ended ill for the Prussians but for the military *coup d'œil* and personal exertions of Prince Charles. The artillery drivers, seized with a panic, had cut their traces and abandoned their guns; seeing which and calling on some mounted officers to support him, he drove back the drivers by blows and threats, and brought off the guns. Two aides-de-camp had their horses killed under them in this affair; a fact on which the Prince took care to dwell in his report to the King; who said nothing at the time, either in the way of praise or blame. But the next day the two aides-de-camp called on the Prince, by the King's order, to announce that His Majesty had given them a hundred crowns each to buy horses to replace those which had been killed; and from that day forth orders were given that the Prince should be always invited to the royal table.

Frederic could be kind in manner as well as in deed. Major Sydow, who commanded a battalion threatened by cavalry, was slow in comprehending the King's order and was angrily rebuked in coarse terms. Just then, the enemy opened fire, which was so effectively returned that they fell back in confusion; and the King, looking round, saw Sydow severely wounded in the arm. He went straight to him: 'Ah, my dear Sydow, are you wounded? How sorry I am! A surgeon here!' He went himself to hasten one, and had the wound dressed in his presence.

He had just invented a new order of march, which was very disagreeably tested by a flank fire from a party of Austrian riflemen posted in a wood. The exposed troops, unable to defile, got clubbed: most of them fired in the air, as if at a review; and part of a cavalry regiment was flung into a hollow by the sudden recoil of the column and the unexpected discharge which frightened the horses. 'I was alone, near the King,' says Prince Charles; 'for every one on these occasions got as far from him as possible. He called as loud as he could, "What is the matter?" "What are you about?"' Not choosing to take the responsibility of informing him, the Prince hurried off, under pretence of ascertaining the real state of things, when he met General Bornstedt, and shouted to him at the pitch of his voice: '"The King desires to know what has fallen out here."' He replied, courtier-like: '"Ah, there were some Pandours firing from the wood, and a soldier's wife was hit, and so all the rogues turned round about and fired in the air. But all is set right again, and the patrols are set."' 'I carried this report to the King,' adds the Prince; 'on whom, as it seemed to me, it made a strong impression.'

We do not wonder that the admirers of Frederic are reluctant to dwell upon this campaign; for he not only did nothing worthy of his fame, but he sometimes recalls the retort of Hugh Elliot, when asked by him, 'Qui est done ce Hyder Ali, qui vous donne tant de peine?' The English Minister replied: 'Sire, c'est un vieux coquin, qui a commencé par voler tous ses voisins, mais il radote à present et l'on ne s'occupe plus de lui.' There was a slight skirmish between the pursuing Austrians and the rearguard:—

'We heard firing, and even a couple of volleys from battalions: some wounded came in. At length the King told General Ramin to go and see what had been doing and withdraw the troops, the fire having ceased. The King then sent on the last brigade of the left wing, and rode to meet the regiment, whose bravery he commended, saying, "You will make me poor. Each battalion will receive two hundred thalers. The staff-officers will attend me to-morrow morning early, before the parade." The King started immediately, and I was quite alone with him. We were going at a foot's pace. All of a sudden he said: "Tell me frankly what you think of this retreat." "Why, Sire, it is very well, and it has been made with the greatest order and without loss; but if your Majesty will allow me to say so, that of Trautenau much surpasses it, insomuch as it got over the difficulties of the ground, and your Majesty was at every moment prepared to attack Wurmser in front if he had presented himself." I added: "I have read those of Luxembourg, but, on my honour, I have found not one comparable to that, which struck me as the most skilful of which I ever heard." The King was silent, but bent his head down to the saddlebow. I learned afterwards at Breslau from Catt, that the King had said to him, "Do you know, M. de Catt, that my retreat has been highly praised, and by connoisseurs?" Catt added that the King was radiant with joy.'

The Prince accounts for this joy by repeating that no one but himself ever said an agreeable thing to the King, however true;

nor, it would seem, a disagreeable thing either. On His Majesty's arrival at the camp, not a word was said by way of comment on his announcement that there had been *une fort jolie affaire;* but as soon as he had entered his lodging, Prince Frederic of Brunswick and the rest of the officers crowded round Prince Charles, asking:—

'"Has there been an affair?" "You heard it from the King himself?" "Were you in it?" "I have never left the King for a moment." "Then what the devil have you done: you heard all?" "Keller was in the wood, and after some firing he marched off without being pursued." "Well," said Prince Frederic, "*der windbeutelt doch nicht*," and they all burst out laughing.'

The concluding phrase of this colloquy is exactly to Mr. Carlyle's taste, as it may be freely translated, 'And he is no 'wind-bag,' clearly implying that he was one. To carry on the farce, the Order of Merit was conferred on General Keller and his four staff-officers. The King's own account of this affair is, that the brigade of Keller, which occupied a height attacked by Wurmser, defended itself valiantly, and repulsed the enemy with the loss of four hundred men.*

Various stories are told of the influence of physical exhaustion or disease on commanders in critical emergencies. If Melas, past eighty, had been able to keep the field at Marengo, the fate of the day, and with it the fate of Europe, might have been reversed. On the third day of Dresden (as Hoffman, who was in the town, asserts) Napoleon's energies were impaired by the effects of a shoulder of mutton stuffed with onions; and he was prevented by an irritating complaint from performing the part of an active commander in his wonted style at Waterloo. Charles XII. of Sweden was as calm in his litter as on horseback; and it was from a wicker carriage that the decisive charge at Fontenoy was directed by Saxe. Frederic, with rare self-knowledge, declined to place himself in a critical position when his powers of mind might be weakened by bodily pain or weakness. The Prussians were advancing towards the Elbe, when the Austrian army was encamped on the opposite bank:—

'The Emperor Joseph II. believed, with all the Austrians, that the Prussians were about to pass, but Lascy was away. He demanded counsel with marked embarrassment of all the generals, and none dared to give him any, fearing Lascy. If the King had passed at this moment, the confusion amongst the Austrians would have been complete, as the command was altogether abdicated. But he had his reasons for not passing the Elbe. The first negotiations of Thugut had inspired him with the hope of attaining his object, of preventing the too great aggrandisement of Austria in Bavaria, without a long war, which he was the more anxious to avoid, as he afterwards confided to me, because he was apprehensive of a fit of the gout. I ventured to represent to him, that having heard of his having had himself carried on a similar occasion on a litter by his grenadiers, I did not see what would have hindered him from leading the army to victory. He replied: "If it was only a slight attack of gout I should not care, but it gets worse during nine days, it lasts nine days, and it takes nine days in going off; and during all that time I have always a kind of affection of the brain. I feel that I am not in a state to command, that I cause nothing but confusion, but it is then that I am most jealous of authority, and I see but too well that I am obliged to give the command to another who would march forward and leave me behind. This is what determined me not to press farther into Bohemia."'

On another occasion when he was in a talkative and confidential humour, he desired to be told frankly what, in the Prince's opinion, was his master-stroke in the whole of the Seven Years' War:—

'I replied, "If your Majesty insists, I will say frankly what I think. When V. M., after the battle of Hochkirch, formed the army, which could not help having been thrown into confusion by an unexpected night attack, on the heights quite close to the field of battle; when V. M. thereby checked a victorious enemy, marched afterwards on Neisse, which was on the point of capitulating; forced the Austrians to raise the siege, and thus gained the honour and fruit of the campaign." My reply appeared to please the King, although I saw, from the faces of the company, that they had trembled at my hardiness in venturing to instance a lost battle. The King rejoined: "That was not so difficult as you believe. I thought of the Battle of Sohr; Prince Charles was beaten and in retreat. A body of Saxons, five or six thousand strong, supported his position and formed the rear-guard. My cavalry halted not far off. I ran towards them, crying, *March! Forwards! At them!* I was received with continued cries of vivat and victory, but no one stirred. I lost my temper, I stormed, I thrashed, I scolded—and I fancy I know how to scold when I am angry—but I could never make that cavalry advance a step. They were drunk with joy, and paid no attention to me. When I rallied my army on the heights of Hochkirch, I said to myself, If, on that occasion, I could not force on troops who were my subjects, who were bound to me by oath, surely it will not fare better with that —— Daun; and in fact, he did not attack me in my position.

'"If ever, my dear Prince, you have the misfortune to be defeated, which I by no means desire for you, for it is a very disagreeable thing, I advise you to make your first rally on

* Œuvres, vol. vi. p. 159.

the nearest heights—for example, here at Jägerndorf, on these heights—from which you may impose on the enemy, who will be unwilling to risk the loss of the battle he has won."'

This is one of those flights of genius which fairly entitle a commander to be called great, and would be generally recognised as such, even had the intuitive sagacity of Frederic at Hochkirch not been immediately verified by the event. The Prince subsequently ascertained that Marshal Daun was unable to lead forward two regiments of infantry at the head of which he placed himself. He gave the word *March* again and again: the soldiers lifted their feet, but, instead of advancing, they fell back. At last Daun fired a pistol into the battalion, shouting out, 'You are regular scoundrels' (*Ihr seid wahre Hundsfötter*). He reported them to the Empress, who replied by forbidding him to name the regiments, which would oblige her to punish them and disturb the great joy she felt, but ordered him to expose them on the first opportunity to the hottest fire, and if they were guilty of cowardice again, to punish them in the severest manner.

The advantage of being admitted behind the scenes by such anecdotes will be obvious to any one who will take the trouble to compare the formal histories of the events. Mr. Carlyle, for example, the most painstaking of writers, had no means of knowing why the victory was not followed up in either cases; and he states that the pursuit at Sohr 'drew bridle at that village: unsafe to prosecute Austrians farther, now in the depths of Hungarian Forest.'

Frederic was in the habit of looking sharply after the conduct of his officers when living at free quarters, and seldom suffered them to plunder on a large scale on their own account. Some surprise, therefore, was expressed at his not checking the old General Stutterheim in his wholesale exactions at Troppau, of which the Empress Maria Theresa complained loudly. The explanation was at length given in the remark: 'They must be made to cry out, that Maria Theresa may hear of it. It is the only way of compelling her to make peace.' He thus justified the strong dislike of the Empress which he uniformly expressed:—

'From the commencement of my reign I have closely observed that b—; for all my policy turned upon her. . . . Benoit (Prussian envoy in Poland) had discovered ancient pretensions, which he wished me to press. I caused them to be investigated, and, finding them not without foundation, I formed my plan (of partition) accordingly. The Empress of Russia accepted at once, but the Empress of Austria was far too conscientious to engage in it. I then sent Edelheim to Vienna, to gain her confessor, who persuaded her that she was bound for the good of her soul to take the portion assigned to her. Then she began weeping terribly. In the meantime the troops of the three co-partitioners entered Poland and took possession of their portions, she weeping still; but all of a sudden we learnt, to our great surprise, that she had taken more than her share; for she went on weeping and taking, and we had great trouble in getting her to be content with her slice of the cake. There you have the woman all over.'

The King's story in his 'Works' is that the Empress consented rather than break with Russia and Prussia, but that her demands grew rapidly and at length became so exorbitant as to be inadmissible. The received version is that the adhesion of Austria was the work of Prince Kaunitz, and that her official assent ran thus: '*Placet*, since so many great and learned men will have it so; but long after I am dead, it will be known what this violating of all that was hitherto held sacred and just will give rise to.'

The first information received by any one in the army of the King's intention to go into winter quarters, was communicated by letters from Berlin, stating that his Majesty's dogs had started from Potsdam in a coach for Breslau. At the first grand dinner there, his chief canine favourite, a female, occupied a chair by his side:

'All these dogs—there were five or six of them—came to me with many caresses. The Abbé Bastiany, on the contrary, Canon of Breslau, a very clever man, much liked by the King, could never enter the royal chamber without being assailed by all the dogs barking and howling, to the great amusement of the King, who used to say, "My dogs cannot endure Catholics."'

The table was served in the best style, on the finest Berlin porcelain:—

'I dined every day with the King. One day I had a sufficiently animated conversation with him on the subject of religion. He could not see the crucifix without blaspheming, and when he spoke of it at dinner, as well as of the Christian religion, I could not join in the conversation, but I looked down and preserved a complete silence.—At length he turned to me with vivacity, and said, "Tell me, my dear Prince, do you believe in these things?" I replied, in a firm tone, "Sire, I am not more sure of having the honour to see you than I am that Jesus Christ existed, and died for us, as our Saviour, on the cross." The King remained a moment buried in thought, and grasping me suddenly by the right arm, he pressed it strongly and said, "Well, my dear Prince, you are the first *homme d'esprit* that I have found a be-

liever in it." I added a few words to reiterate to him the certainty of my faith.

'Passing through the adjoining chamber the same afternoon, I found General Tauenzien, who had heard what passed, the greatest and strongest-minded man I ever knew. He put his hands on my shoulders, and covered me with a torrent of tears, saying, "Now, God be praised; I have lived to see one honest man acknowledge Christ to the King's face." This good old man overwhelmed me with caresses. I cannot retrace this happy moment of my life without the greatest gratitude to God for having vouchsafed to me the opportunity of professing, before the King, my faith in Him and His Son.'

What a picture is here suggested of the vaunted toleration of this royal philosopher! If we are not misinformed, the offence for which Quintus Sicilius had his shins kicked was maintaining the immortality of the soul.

Prince Charles' advice to the Hereditary Prince of Brunswick, on taking the command of a Prussian army, contains the pith of his general estimate of the King:—

'In all your letters and reports to the King write as plainly as possible, and say, I have done such and such a thing; I have executed your Majesty's orders in this and that; but never finish your letter without adding an inquiry whether he ordered you to do such or such a thing in this manner or another, or a request to be told how you ought to act in such or such a case *that you know at least as well as he.* But it is absolutely necessary that you should appear to feel his superiority, and seek opportunities of being instructed by him, which is his greatest pleasure.'

The campaign was over; the King had arrived at Berlin, and Prince Charles was on his way to join him, when he had the ill-luck to verify (as he thinks) a strange theory touching the contagious nature of gout. 'I was probably infected by a confounded foot-bag belonging to Colonel Köppern, which, spite of all my protestations, was placed under my feet. A large greyhound of mine lay upon this bag when I came to Köppern's, and caught a similar disease, from which it suffered much.' At Berlin he received an invitation to Sans Souci, where the King had just being carrying on a vehement altercation with his maître d'hôtel, M. Noel; to whom he announced that, considering the expenses of the war, he could not give him so much per dish:—

'There were eight dishes. The King would only give two crowns a dish instead of four. M. Noel assured him that then no dish would be good and to his taste. At last the King, to cut short the discussion, would have only four dishes, at four crowns a dish; but on the day of my arrival he ordered the eight dishes to be restored. I must say that they were excellent. The soups were admirable: as many lacqueys and hussars as there were guests entered the apartments and brought each a covered porcelain basin filled with soup and all sort of delicacies. The dishes were for the most part *à la Française*, and some of extraordinary merit. There were, amongst others, a *bombe à la Sardanapale*, and then a ragout very curiously prepared, which the King called the *arrière-faix* of her Majesty the Queen Marie Antoinette. In explaining to me this superb ragout he said: "You can write to the Queen, who is a good friend of mine, that I treated you to the *arrière-faix*. You will present my best compliments to her." "Your Majesty may be assured," I replied, "that I will not fail to do so." "Ah, mon Dieu! my dear Prince," exclaimed he, "you wish then to ruin me with her. In Heaven's name, not a word of it."

At a time when the greater part of Europe was governed directly or indirectly by women, he could never refrain from indulging his sarcastic vein at their expense; and it was a coarse epithet applied to Madame de Pompadour, and reported to her, that brought France in a critical emergency on his back. Altogether, these reminiscences strikingly and amusingly confirm that sound and just estimate of Frederic which Mr. Carlyle has been utterly unable to reverse or even modify. The splendour of his genius, the grasp of his mind, the strength of his volition, his powers of endurance, his constancy of purpose, his fertility of resource, his presence of mind in difficulty, his insensibility to danger, are beyond dispute. Equally palpable are his degrading vices and his weaknesses; and we own ourselves unable to discern how the lessons of history, or public virtue, can be enhanced or enforced by veiling them. Philosophy and philanthropy may well hang their heads, and the recording angel may drop a tear, when Bacon is found guilty of meanness or corruption; for the lustre of a noble example, an elevating object of contemplation and emulation, a beacon-light to future ages, has been dimmed. Even in this instance, however, we would no more extenuate than we would set down aught in malice. But it is good for mankind in every way to see the great captain or conqueror, who has lived for self-aggrandisement and self-glory, reduced to his just proportions as a man.

'When,' exclaims the imperial biographer of Cæsar, with his uncle in his mind's eye, 'extraordinary facts attest an eminent genius, what more contrary to good sense than to impute to him all the passions and all the sentiments of mediocrity?' What, we ask in our turn, more contrary to good sense, to good faith, to sound reasoning, than to confound intellectual with moral superiority, to deify success, to falsify char-

acter, or shut our eyes to truth? Was or was not the eminent genius animated by the passions and sentiments of mediocrity, or, more correctly speaking, by passions and sentiments of which honest mediocrity would be ashamed? If so, the course of the historian or biographer is plain. These be your gods, oh, Israel! By all means let us see them as they are. Let the whited sepulchre be thrown open. Bare the mean heart that lurks beneath a star. Paint their portraits, as Cromwell insisted on having *his* painted, with the blotches. If the world is ever to be cured of its passion for military fame, for that sort of greatness which is attained by wasting a million of lives or trampling on the liberties of nations, it will be by such sketches as that of Napoleon at Fontainebleau after his ineffectual dose of laudanum, or that of Frederic riding about with pills of corrosive sublimate in one pocket and a bundle of his own bad verses in the other.

In an interview, his last, with Frederic, in 1783, the Prince succeeded in dissuading him from going to war with Russia for the Crimea, on the plea that its occupation would be rather a source of weakness than of strength:—

'He believed that she (Catherine II.) would break with England. I assured him of the contrary. "But why then?" said he. "Out of gratitude, Sire; for she draws a pension from England as Grand Duchess." The King was startled by this idea, and exclaimed, "Mon Dieu, how can that be possible?" I replied: "The want of money often determines successors to accept the means of waiting at their ease for the time of reigning. The Prince of Asturia is similarly situated. He also has a pension from England." All I said appeared to make a strong impression on the King. Finally, in another conversation after dinner, the King opened himself completely and said: "You see, my dear Prince, that the army is ready to march; the Empress has taken possession of the Crimea; I cannot permit her to aggrandise herself to this point with impunity. Tell me then your sincere opinion," I said: "Sire, since you order me, I will speak with the greatest frankness. Russia in conquering the Crimea loses more than she gains in strength, at least at the beginning. It is possibly a superb country, but an unsettled people, Tartars, who will abandon it and leave it uncultivated. An army of 100,000 men must be maintained there. Moreover, the Emperor Joseph will feel himself obliged to support Russia, to declare war against you." "I have no doubt of it," said the King, "but France will send 100,000 men against the Austrians."'

The Prince objects that they will be the same French that his Majesty had beaten at Rosbach, and that at their first victory, if they won one, their Queen (Marie Antoinette) would ask her husband if he had instructed his Minister to crush her brother; when they would be withdrawn. The far wiser course, he urged, would be to seize the opportunity of regaining Catherine, by saying that he was gladdened by her glory and congratulated her on her conquest.

'The King became very pensive. All of a sudden he recovered himself, pressed my left arm with his right, and said, "You are right, my dear Prince; and I will follow your advice." I venture to say that I have reported every term, every word, of this important conversation, and I always thank God for having employed me as an instrument of peace, to prevent a rupture which would have caused oceans of blood to flow throughout the world, *and might even have thrown Denmark into the greatest embarrassment through its treaty of alliance with Russia.* When I returned to Holstein, I found Count de Bernstorff at Altona. I repeated the whole conversation to him. He wrote me some weeks afterwards that he had never been more struck than at hearing the declaration which the King of Prussia had just made at Petersburg, where all the words I had suggested to him had been exactly employed.'

According to Dr. Vehse, Prince Charles occupied himself during his whole life especially and earnestly with freemasonry, secret societies, and the Rosicrucian system, as well as with theosophy, alchemy, astrology, and other branches of hidden knowledge. He was one of the Illuminati or adepts of his time, and was connected with all the most eminent of the class, including Lavater, Jung-Stilling, and St. Martin, the translator of Jacob Böhme. Lavater, who fancied himself to have seen transfigured beings with their feet on rolling planets and suns upon their heads, assured Prince Charles that the apostle St. John was still wandering upon earth *incog.* and would soon call upon him visibly. We are not informed whether the Prince stayed at home to receive his inspired visitor; but Jung-Stilling distinctly asserts, in his Life, that he learnt under the seal of secrecy the sublimest mysteries from the Prince. 'Schleswig,' adds Dr. Vehse, 'was the place of rendezvous for all the mystery-men of the age. The famous adventurer and wonder-monger, Comte de St. Germain, died in Prince Charles' arms in 1784. His papers devolved on the Landgrave, who, however, never revealed any of the mysteries of this man.'

Prince Charles has done better. He has shown that there were no mysteries to reveal; that the Comte de St. Germain (who must not be confounded with the general of that name) was simply a man of science, who reasonably enough might have been burnt

for a wizard or magician in the dark ages, and (not so reasonably) was mistaken for a conjuror by the countrymen and contemporaries of Voltaire. He was especially learned in chemistry, botany, and metallurgy, and understood to perfection the art of polishing precious stones. 'There was hardly anything in nature,' says the Prince, 'that he did not know how to improve and utilise. He communicated to me almost all knowledge of this kind, but only the elements, making me thence investigate for myself by experiments the means of success, and rejoiced extremely at my progress.' They set up a dyeing establishment in partnership, which succeeded; and the money the Comte made in various ways by the practical application of his inventive genius was sufficient to account for his splendid mode of living and his charities, which led the uninitiated to believe that he had discovered the philosopher's stone or the art of making gold.

'People may be curious to know his real history, and I will sketch it with the most scrupulous veracity, following his own words, and adding the necessary explanation. He told me that he was eighty-eight years of age when he came here; he was ninety-two or ninety-three when he died. He said he was the son of Prince Ragozky, of Transylvania, and his first wife, a Tekely. He was placed under the protection of the last Medicis, who made him sleep, when a child, in his own room. When he learnt that his two brothers, sons of the Princess of Hesse Rheinfels or Rothenbourg, if I am not mistaken, had submitted to the Emperor Charles VI., and had received the names of St. Charles and St. Elizabeth, after the Emperor and Empress, he said to himself, "Well then, I will call myself Sanctus Germanus, the holy brother."

'I cannot guarantee his birth, but I ascertained from other sources that he was prodigiously protected by the last Medicis. This family, as is well known, possessed the highest sciences, and it is not surprising that he got his first knowledge from them; but he professed to have learnt the physical sciences by his own application and experiments. He was thoroughly acquainted with the properties of plants and herbs, and had invented medicines by which he preserved his health and prolonged his life. I have still all his prescriptions; but the doctors vehemently denounced his science after his death.'

The inference is that this mysterious personage was somewhat of a charlatan, although an amiable and beneficent one. In freemasonry, the Prince was grandmaster of the German provinces and of Italy. The Society called the Illuminati was formed in Germany in 1782. The commencement promised well; but it speedily became manifest that their real object was revolution in Church and State. A leading member, M. Bode, laid the rules and lists before the Prince, saying: 'You see here a system which may cause the misery of mankind if it falls into bad hands; but governed by a man of sound understanding, it may also do much good. I place these papers in your hands, being fully empowered by the Order, and you must be one of the chiefs: it is the north of Germany, Denmark, Sweden, and Russia that will depend entirely on you.' After taking some time to deliberate, he accepted the charge, stipulating that no one should be admitted without his sanction: and he takes credit for having thus checked the spread of Jacobinism in its most baneful shape. His conduct in this matter certainly contrasts most favourably with that of the Duke of Orleans, Egalité, who accepted the same charge for France.

The Memoirs conclude with an account of the change of government, or revolution, as it has been termed, in Denmark, effected by the Prince Royal in 1784; and we hear little or nothing of the Prince's public life during the stormy periods which speedily ensued. As he was only forty-five in 1789, his absence from the stage of stirring and prominent events must have been owing to the absorbing nature of his intellectual or speculative pursuits. Dr. Vehse states that he laboured hard at the establishment of a new church, which found proselytes in England and America, taking for its symbol a mystical interpretation of the Bible equally removed from Protestant nationalities and Catholic absolutism. The near approach of the Millennium was one of its doctrines, as expounded by him in a tract, noticed by the French Institute, under the startling title of 'La Pierre Zodiacale du Temple de Denderah expliquée par S. A. le Landgrave Charles de Hesse.'

He died in 1836, on the 17th of August (the dying day of Frederic the Great), in his ninety-second year, surrounded by all that should accompany old age. He had been continued in all his appointments under the Danish Government; he was immensely rich; his eldest daughter was the reigning Queen of Denmark, and his youngest, Duchess of Holstein-Glücksburg, who, with her ten children, formed part of his family when he died. This last-mentioned lady, the Princess Louise Caroline, was mother of the present King of Denmark, grandmother of the Princess of Wales, and great-grandmother of the Prince Albert Victor of England, in whose person a descendant of Prince Charles of Hesse may one day wear the crown of this realm. His favourite maxim was *Der Geist muss immer Herr im Hause*

*bleiben und nie müssig sein* (the spirit must be always master in the house, and never idle); he acted on it to the last. He was hardly ever without a pen in his hand from morning to evening, except at hours set apart for meals and conversation; and he breathed his last at his writing-desk, passing away so quietly that the servant who first entered the room was not apprised by his appearance that he was dead. What treasures of thought and observation may have been collected by such a man during ninety-two years of such an epoch! Some at least of his multitudinous labours must have been preserved; and we hope to be pardoned for suggesting to his royal and illustrious relatives that any writings of his, of the narrative kind, in particular, would be not only a valuable contribution to historical literature, but one of the most honourable monuments that could be raised to his memory or their house..

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Art. VII.—1. *The Administration on the Eve of Rebellion: a History of Four Years before the War.* By James Buchanan, Ex-President of the United States of America. London: 1865.

2. *Propositions and Arguments on the Reorganization of the Rebel States.* By the Hon. Charles Sumner. Boston: 1865.

3. *The National Security and the National Faith: Guarantees for the National Freedman and the National Creditor.* Speech of the Hon. Charles Sumner at the Republican State Convention in Worcester, September 14th, 1865. Boston: 1865.

4. *Message of the President of the United States to the two Houses of Congress at the commencement of the first Session of the thirty-ninth Congress.* Washington: 1865.

5. *On the present state of Political Parties in America.* By Lawrence Oliphant, Esq., M.P. Edinburgh and London: 1866.

It is a little more than nine years since Mr. Buchanan made his Inauguration Address as President of the United States. It was a high day for slavery. The South had won a great victory—preliminary to a greater victory still. For immediately afterwards the celebrated decision in the case of Dred Scott was given by the Supreme Court, which settled in the interest of slave-owners the question of the lawfulness of slavery in the Territories of the Union. On that day the political fortunes of the South and slavery reached their culminating point and began a rapid decline. Mr. Buchanan's prophecies of smooth things were uttered amid the rising of a storm, which neither he nor his friends perceived. The comment of events upon his prophecy took the form of one of the greatest convulsions History records. Out of that convulsion the Union has come safely, and slavery has not come.

Readily and frankly as we congratulate the American people on the result of the war, we need have no reluctance in admitting that it is one for which their firmest friends had hardly dared to look. When the South first seceded, neither the Americans themselves, nor any foreign observers, had the least hope that the Union would ever be restored. There was but little in its previous history to give ground for such a hope. The small but influential Anti-slavery party had been accustomed to denounce the Constitution and to preach disunion. In the North there had been frequent manifestations of a disposition to regard secession as a right which it might at some time be needful to exercise. In 1811, Mr. Josiah Quincy, an influential Representative of Massachusetts, had publicly declared that in the event of the passing of a Bill admitting Louisiana into the Union, 'it will be the right of all, and will be the duty of some, definitely to prepare for a separation, amicably if they can, violently if they must.' Mr. Rawle, of Philadelphia, and a greater than he, Mr. John Quincy Adams himself, had spoken of secession as a right. In the South, the State of South Carolina had in 1832 asserted the right to nullify the laws of the Union, and the nullification was met by a compromise which admitted its principle. In 1848 resolutions had been passed in public meetings in the same State, recommending secession should the 'Wilmot proviso' become law. From 1850 to 1856 some of the Northern States were enacting and enforcing 'Personal Liberty laws,' which were practically nullifications of the Fugitive Slave Law; and when in 1856 the infamous decision of the Supreme Court in the Dred Scott case made slavery the law of the Union, the Free States were united in their endeavours to set that decision at defiance. It was in reliance on these signs of apparent willinginess to get rid of slavery at the sacrifice of the Union, that secession doctrines were accepted at the South, which was once the stronghold of Union sentiment; and it was partly in contempt for a people they had always ruled, and partly in the conviction that the North would never enforce the Union, that on the first great electoral defeat the South at-

tempted secession. Nor was there at first any sign that the North would disappoint the contemptuous expectations of the South. When the cotton States had formed their Confederation and their provisional Constitution had been adopted at Montgomery, the prevailing feeling of the North was, 'Let them go.' 'The New York Tribune,' the most widely circulated and influential paper of the time—the paper which was read by the whole of that 'territorial democracy' which really controls the elections in the West and North—again and again declared that 'there must be no coercion.' The popular expression of the moment—everywhere to be heard on the lips of the victorious Republicans—was, 'Let the Union slide.' But the truth was that the Northern people, unlike those of the South, had not realised the meaning of secession. They had talked lightly of the Union when smarting under the humiliations they had endured for the sake of peace with the South, but they had never been really unfaithful to it. They might even have let the Gulf States go, permitting them to try their new Confederacy and fail, but it would have been in full expectation of their penitent return. But when the Border States joined the new Confederacy, and the Territories were threatened with absorption in it, and the Union was cut into two unequal parts, and a thousand miles of the great waterway of the West were in the hands of a hostile power, the instinct of self-preservation awoke, the nation at once preceived that secession if permitted would fetter its resources, curtail its territory, and divide its strength; the idolatry of the Union became the more powerful from the temporary unfaithfulness of the nation to its idol; and when the South dashed with jaunty confidence into a war that was to be an easy victory, the hesitancy of the North was already over, and the first shot fired against the Union evoked the spirit of determined resistance which has overwhelmed the South and surprised the world.

It is proverbial that the actors in the greatest revolutions seldom know whither they are going. But even the wisest and coolest of observers are often equally at fault. 'The French Revolution will be over in a year,' said Jefferson, as he turned his back reluctantly on the delights of Paris in October 1789. Neither North nor South had a wiser or fuller estimate of the consequences of their own revolution, when they rushed to arms, and the confidence in speedy victory, which was born of passion on the one side and of pride on the other side, was as little justified by the result as the universal scepticism of foreign statesmen. Even now, after the event, it is difficult to realise the vastness of the change which five years have effected, not only in the opinions of the American people, but in the whole complexion of their political life. Indeed, were it not that there are some who 'learn nothing and forget nothing,' and amid the changed circumstances of the present still talk the language of the past, it would be almost impossible to estimate the advance. Mr. Buchanan is one of these incurables. He is one of the Bourbons of American politics. It was his unenviable distinction to be at the head of 'the Administration on the eve of the rebellion.' The last pro-slavery President of the United States, it was reserved for him to conduct the country to the verge of civil war, and to close the dynasty of undistinguished and inefficient rulers—to be the last and worst of those feeble men who were chosen to the highest office of the Republic not because they were statesmen but because they were tools. An article on 'the United States under the Presidentship of Mr. Buchanan,' which appeared in this Journal in October 1860, gives a more complete account of his administration up to that period than his own work supplies. The indictment there preferred against him has been supported by the results of his policy; and in spite of the violent and extraordinary events which have occurred in the interval, we can look back with satisfaction to the opinions we expresssed at that pre-revolutionary period. The 'overmastering deluge' we then anticipated has come and gone, and left many wrecks behind it. Mr. Buchanan himself, the great party of which he was the successful nominee and the too successful tool, and the gigantic 'domestic institution,' which it was the aim of his Administration to render national, have all been swept into oblivion. Yet Mr. Buchanan hopes to persuade the world that had his advice been followed, and his wisdom allowed to take its free course, the deluge would never have occurred, and the flood of political passion would have rolled away in the old channels. The unaccountable reluctance of the Free States to turn their passive toleration of the sin of slavery into active participation in it—the mad determination, with which even the Douglas democracy was infected, not to accept a compromise which resigned all they had contended for and would have turned their free soil into slave soil—were the causes of the disaster. The duty of the President was to execute the law as the Supreme Court had interpreted it; but the factious resistance of the North thwarted his benevolent efforts,

and spoiled his benificent and most Christian rule. Nor does Mr. Buchanan even now understand in the least the motives of that resistance. He evidently thinks, or affects to think, that even the party which supported Mr. Douglas, in preference to the nominee of the more extreme Southerners, was moved by merely personal considerations. He is unable to see that Mr. Douglas himself was but one of the marked phenomena of a time of change, and that he represented a fact of vast significance—the inability of their Northern allies to follow the Southern oligarchy any farther in their career of aggression. To the signs of the roused manhood and troubled conscience of the North, which multiplied around him during his Administration, and were read by distant observers as the handwriting on the wall, he is as blind now as he and his party were before they together fell into the ditch. The burden of his story is—It might all have been prevented. So say all those pretenders to statesmanship who precipitate the inevitable crises of history. Mr. Buchanan takes his place among them. His vindication of himself stands like a relic of the earlier and condemned world when the Deluge had passed over it. As a history of four years before the war it is inaccurate and incomplete. As an apology for the 'Administration on the eve of the Rebellion' it entirely fails. It is a feeble and one-sided record of a feeble and one-sided rule. It throws a little light on the downward course of American politics, but none upon the upward way they have now to take. Poor in its literary execution, and peevish in its tone, its only value is derived from the personal share of the author in the events he writes of, and from the contrast it affords between the weakness and want of principle which led to the war, and the vigour, insight, and conscientiousness needed to complete the work of reconstruction and peace.

This contrast between Mr. Buchanan and his successors is most instructive. The language of Mr. Lincoln was homely, and his course was guided by no farsighted views of policy or statesmanship; but his declarations and his actions were marked by a sincerity and earnestness that slowly won the respect of statesmen and the affectionate sympathy of the people. He brought no genius to the task of government, but his conscientious resolve to discharge the duty he had undertaken, and to preserve the Union of which he was the appointed guardian, gave persistency to his efforts and vigour to his policy. Mr. Seward's administrative ability compensated for the intellectual deficiencies of his chief, and made no unimportant contribution to his success. But we are disposed to think that Mr. Johnson, with equal honesty and greater dignity, is more truly a statesman than M. Lincoln. He has none of Mr. Lincoln's racy humour, and but little of his universal sympathy, but in tact as a politician and in bearing as a ruler he far surpasses him. The late President watched and waited for the course of events, which carried him to results he had certainly never anticipated; his successor has shown the will and the power to be a master of events, to stay the torrent, and to impose a policy on his country. Mr. Lincoln's last Inaugural Address had in it something almost prophetic, but there was in it more of the good man than of the politician. Mr. Johnson's first Message, in its clearness of statement and breadth of view, and in the vigorous English of its style, surpasses any Presidential Message of our own time, and is one of the finest state papers of modern days. Mr. Buchanan is unfortunate in recalling attention to his own vapid productions. He is separated from his successors by a moral chasm, as wide and deep as the political chasm which separates their times from his. Indeed, nothing more clearly marks the change in American politics than the change in the moral tone of the Presidency. In the higher regions, at least, the war has cleared the air. A new dynasty began with Mr. Lincoln, but Mr. Johnson rules in a new age. Subserviency to a violent and anti-national faction is at an end. The President is no longer the tool of a party but the organ of the nation. It is no longer his chief function to defend an immoral institution; it is his duty now to be the highest exponent of the political conscience of the people. The terrible ordeal of civil war has purified the nation from the one guilty institution which corrupted its political life, and the first consequence of the change is that Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Johnson have given dignity to a station that Mr. Polk, Mr. Pierce, and Mr. Buchanan had degraded, and that the best men of the nation begin at least to hope, that they may be as proud of the Presidents of the next half century, as they have been ashamed of those of the last.

We think that this change in the moral and intellectual character of leading public men may prove to be one of the best results of the war. Its more obvious and striking results are the vindication of the supremacy of the Union, and the abolition of slavery because it had put the Union in danger. Mr. Oliphant, in his clear and forcible pamphlet—a lecture on American politics delivered

to his constituents of the Stirling District of Burghs—states this with great distinctness:—

'The question referred to the arbitrament of the sword was, "Does a right of secession from the Union exist?" Had the fortune of war given it in favour of the South, this war would hereafter have been known as a civil war; as the North have conquered, it will hereafter be very properly styled a rebellion, because it has established the great principle of Federal supremacy. So you will observe that even in a Republic freedom has its limits; and this war has decided that individual States are not free to secede; in other words, internal liberty is sacrificed at this point to centralised power, and the principle of local freedom is made in this, as in every country, subordinate to the instincts of national self-preservation. The inviolability of the Union was the great principle established by this war, and, in order to secure it, the emancipation of the slaves was deemed a necessary measure.' (P. 8.)

But it is already evident that American politics have been in no degree simplified, and the difficulties of American statesmen have been in no degree diminished. The consequences of civil war are scarcely less perplexing and calamitous than the evils in which it originates. It opens more questions than it closes. Cutting the knot is no substitute for untying it, for the political problem, solved by violence, invariably returns in a new form and demands another solution. President Johnson speaks of 'the momentous questions and appalling difficulties' which met him 'at the very commencement of his administration.' No sooner is the war over than the constitutional difficulty out of which it arose returns in all its force, augmented by political and social difficulties which only time can solve. It is around these difficulties that the conflict of political parties in America now gathers. Mr. Oliphant graphically describes the anomalous aspect American parties present. He says:—

'The European traveller, imbued with the ideas of the present and the past of his own country, feels bewildered, on his arrival in the United States, by the anomalies and apparent contradictions which meet him at every turn. For instance, he knows that the Southern States have maintained a sanguinary struggle for four years in order to secede from the Union, and that the Northern States have incurred a debt of five hundred millions to prevent their leaving the Union; but he actually finds when he goes there now that the political struggle which the Southern States are making is to get back into the Union, and that a large majority of the United States Congress are straining every nerve to keep them out of it. . . Another and very significant anomaly is, the extraordinary leniency of the North towards its conquered enemies. Having now seen every political convulsion of any note which has taken place in Europe since 1848, I was the better able to judge of the conduct of the North in this respect, and it is the most remarkable feature of the whole episode, because it really furnishes the key to the situation. . . . I thought of St. Petersburg and Vienna after a Polish or Hungarian insurrection; and the contrast between a civil war in a free country and the revolt of an oppressed nationality against a despotism struck me forcibly. In the one case the instinct of the vanquished at the end of the war is to leave the country altogether, or shrink into seclusion and offer a passive resistance to every measure of the oppressing administration: in the other, it is for the leaders boldly and instantly to repair to the seat of the victorious Government, make honourable terms, and do what they can to recover their lost political position.' (P. 7.)

And the reconstruction of the Union really includes not merely the solution of momentous constitutional questions, but the restoration of their lost political position to the defeated statesmen and the humbled but not humiliated States.

The first question which presents itself, in the work of reconstruction, is that of the relation of the State Governments to the General Government—of the individual States to the great whole of which they seem to be a part. This relation has never been, and in the nature of things never can be, clearly and sharply defined. No paper constitution can provide beforehand for all the contingencies of human affairs; and it is in the very nature of a Federal Union to rest in some degree on mutual acquiescence and compromise. So soon as any of its members begin to stand upon their abstract rights, difficulties begin. The doctrine of State Sovereignty has from the first endangered the existence of the Union. It asserted that the central Government was the creature of the State Governments; that it rested on the mutual assent and co-operation of sovereign States, and that such assent and co-operation might at any time be withdrawn. Nullification and secession were the corollaries of this proposition, which amounted in fact to the assertion that in Federal politics the parts are greater than the whole, and the members of a body more important than the body they constitute. This doctrine the war has destroyed. The definite result of the forcible maintenance of the Union is, in Mr. Johnson's words, that 'it is not one of the rights of any State Government to renounce its own place in the Union, or to nullify the laws of the Union.' The 'pale and sickly ghost' of the defunct doctrine is indeed still seen on Southern soil. The States of Alabama and Mississippi, in pass-

ing the Constitutional Amendment which abolishes slavery and puts the negro under the protection of Congress, have attached to it certain resolutions as to its intepretation. In those resolutions the doctrine re-appears, but the amendment has become law; its interpretation rests entirely with the Supreme Court, and the war has proved that from that interpretation there lies no appeal to force. But though we admit that a great diminution of State rights, and a great augmentation of the national powers of the Union, have been the inevitable results of the war, this is not a mere restoration of the Union to its former condition, but a revolution of the utmost importance in the fundamental conditions of the structure. Without an ample recognition of State Rights no articles of Union could have been carried in 1789—with an ample recognition of State Rights no articles of Union can be maintained in 1866. It is the fate of all Governments of a Federal character to tend either to greater unity or to greater independence. The policy of the South, of the school of Jefferson and Calhoun, of the old Democratic party, lay in the latter direction: the policy of the North, now represented by the triumphant politicians of Washington, has received from the war a powerful impulse to unity. But in a country so free and so jealous of its freedom as the United States, this tendency will in return be encountered by the spirit of local independence and State opposition. If we understand the policy of Mr. Johnson rightly, he is seeking to reconcile these conflicting principles, and to re-assert the authority of the Union without crushing or annihilating the authority of the States, which is not less protected by the Constitution than the supreme powers of the Federal Government. It is for this reason that we cordially applaud the efforts of the President to control the passionate impulses of the victorious party, and to restore, as far as possible, the former conditions of American freedom.

It is, however, in quite another form that the constitutional difficulty now presents itself. The Constitution not having provided for its own dissolution, of course does not provide for its own reconstruction. Not recognising secession, it does not provide for the restoration of seceded States. Not anticipating State rebellion, it gives no directions how to deal with rebellious States. Hence arises a difficulty in deciding what is the exact relation of the conquered States to the Constitution, under the sway of which they have been forcibly retained. On this subject many opinions have been held, but all ranging themselves on two opposing lines of policy—that of Mr. Sumner, Mr. Thaddeus Stevens, and the Radical Republican party, and that of the President and the more moderate section of the Republican party, and all the Democrats. On the Radical side it has been maintained that the seceding States committed suicide in the act of secession, and are civilly dead, and that in consequence new States should be made out of their territory. Some have said that secession amounted to an abdication of their place and rights in the Union, while others have used the word 'forfeiture.' Mr. Sumner himself does not accept any of these theories, and professes to endeavour only to see things as they are. He argues that the acts of secession, being null and void, did not carry the States out of the Union, but simply destroyed and vacated the loyal Governments of those States, and put in their place an usurping power. He quotes and adopts some words of which Mr. Johnson made use, in his address on attempting to reorganise Tennessee in March 1862:—

'I find most, if not all of the offices, both State and Federal, *vacated either by actual abandonment or by the action of the incumbents in attempting to subordinate their functions** to a power in hostility to the fundamental law of the State, and subversive of her allegiance.'

But if the States are without governments (for, of course, Congress can only recognise loyal governments), and are still in the Union, and there is no possibility at present of constructing a loyal government, they descend to the status of Territories, and it is the duty of Congress to govern them as such. They should, in fact, be held in pupilage until Congress is able, in accordance with the terms of the Constitution, to 'guarantee to each State a republican form of government.' This it can only do when a majority of the inhabitants have become loyal, for republican government is government by the majority of the whole people.

The principle on which Mr. Johnson has acted is fully explained in his first Message, and is the reverse of this. Maintaining that the so-called 'ordinances of secession' were entirely null and void, he treats them as the acts of disloyal persons, and not as the acts of the States. He says:—

'The States cannot commit treason, nor screen the individual citizens who may have committed treason, any more than they can make valid treaties or engage in lawful commerce with any foreign Power. The States attempting to secede placed themselves in a condition where their vitality was impaired but

* The *italics* are Mr. Sumner's.

not extinguished, their functions suspended, not destroyed.' (*Message*, p. 4.)

He has, therefore, refused to inflict on the States any of the penalties of treason, and has endeavoured to quicken their impaired vitality and restore their suspended functions. As speedily as was at all consistent with safety, the military governments were withdrawn, provisional governors were appointed, and loyal conventions called, and these, in their turn, have given way to the regular governors and legislatures, elected by the 'loyal' population in each of the States. Congress, even if so minded, has not the power to treat the States as 'territories,' for they have already resumed their functions and their position as States. Nor can they, as States, be treated as though they were out of the pale of the Constitution. Legislation which should proceed on the assumption that they are so, would be clearly unconstitutional, and would be set aside by the Supreme Court on the first attempt to enforce it. Unlike the British Parliament, Congress is not omnipotent, and will be rudely awakened whenever it may indulge the dream of unlimited power. In the case of the Bill extending and making permanent the Freedmen's Bureau, Congress has been made to feel that it had gone beyond its powers. That Bill made a temporary and exceptional institution a part of the permanent legislation of the country. It set up a perpetual system of minute interference with the internal administration of the Southern States. It protected the freedmen at the expense of the Constitution. Mr. Johnson's Message, vetoing the Bill—a document which fully bears out all that we have said of his statesmanlike qualities—has opened the eyes of the Northern people to the danger of the course on which Congress had entered. It has shown them the danger of abandoning the wholesome rule of strict limitation of the central power. It has so clearly proved the unconstitutional nature of all such invasions of local liberties that it has created a Conservative reaction even in Congress itself. The result is already clear. The President's policy will prevail, and the Southern States will be restored without forfeiture of their constitutional rights. The constitutional question is, therefore, so far settled, and it now remains for Congress to exact such guarantees as it may think needful, and when they have been given, to complete the restoration of the States, by giving them their due share and influence in the General Government.

As a settlement of the constitutional question only, and in view rather of the future welfare than of the present political and social difficulties of the Republic, there will be no doubt in the mind of any European statesman that Mr. Johnson's plan is the true one. It has been obvious to all foreign observers, that the great danger to which the war threatened to lead, was the erection of an overmastering centralised Federal power, which should dwarf the State Governments to the proportions of merely municipal bodies. The hope so often expressed that the war would 'weld the people into a single and homogeneous whole,' and that the Republic would come out of it 'one and indivisible,' pointed in the direction of this danger, which is quite as great as that of secession. The theory of the Federal Constitution is that it is a republic of equal and federated States, indissolubly united to each other for certain clear and well-defined purposes. To represent the unity of the people who compose them, and watch over their interest before the world; to provide for needs they have in common—mails and mail-roads, coinage, customs, and charge of waste lands; to guarantee to each State its republican liberty and defend it against domestic treason or foreign assault; to watch over the interest of each in the presence of all and of all in the presence of each, the Central Government is instituted. It has in charge the great general interests of the whole people, but all the details of domestic legislation and local government belong to the individual States. But neither do the State Governments depend on the General Government, nor does that depend on them. Each is supreme in its sphere, and neither waits upon the other. This co-ordination of powers is the essence of the Federal Constitution, which clearly recognises and represents the States as such, and the people as a whole. The House of Representatives is constituted by the people, as such, voting under the laws of their several States; the Senate is constituted by the States as such, and as equal in authority and power; and the President is elected by the whole people, voting in States. To this co-ordination, on which the balance and security of the whole depends, the doctrine of nationality—of the 'one and indivisible Republic,' is as much opposed on the one hand, as the doctrine of 'State sovereignty' is on the other. The one reduces the General Government to impotence and contempt, but the other would apply to the vast and various territory, the different races, the conflicting interests, and the divergent passions of the American continent, a centralised rule, which can only work over a small and homogeneous territory, peopled by a race of marked nation-

ality, who are accustomed to obey a central power. The State sovereignty theory, in the form of its corollary secession, has been committed to the settlement of force, and the decision has gone against it. The Federal Government took up the challenge and fought for the Constitution. Its victory is, therefore, the victory of the Constitution. It is the assertion of the supremacy of the whole over its parts. But the Radical policy, which would give one half of the Union territorial dominion over the other half, would make the victory a sectional one —the assertion of the supremacy of one part of the Republic over another part of it. It would make the head devour the members, and the whole not only subordinate and co-ordinate, but swallow up the parts. It would sacrifice the States to perpetuate the Union. It would destroy the Constitution in the very act of saving it. For that strong municipal life which is the safety of Republics; that universal political interest and widespread participation in public work, which the State Governments produce, and which is the safeguard of American freedom, would be weakened and reduced with every extension of the powers of the Central Government. Once abandon the principle of limitation, as applied to those powers and enter on the policy of centralisation, and the balance of the Constitution would be destroyed. In place of that co-ordination of limited powers, and that wise division of legislative work which now exist, and which render the Federal system capable of indefinite territorial expansion, there would grow up an irresistible central power, smothering the local political life and hindering local legislation, overburdened itself with legislative work, and dying at last of the very greatness of its functions. Mr. Johnson's policy has taken account of this danger, and avoided it. He has refused to abandon the principle of limitation, and has deliberately chosen to take the risk which attends it, and which he believes 'in the choice of difficulties is the smallest risk.' He has made it his 'steadfast object to escape from the sway of momentary passions, and to derive a healing policy from the fundamental and unchanging principles of the Constitution.' He has saved the Constitution itself by obedience to it.

But though we believe the President's action, so far as it has gone, to be both constitutional and irreversible, it cannot be considered to be absolutely decisive and final. It has been said that in restoring the State Governments, he has gone beyond his powers; but we believe that he has, on the contrary, only taken the earliest opportunity of laying aside the exceptional power which the duty of repressing rebellion had conferred to his predecessor, and which descended to him. Even that exceptional power has not been wholly laid aside, and the restoration of the State Governments, even as it respects the internal legislation of the States, is not complete. The 'Bureau of Refugees, Freedmen, and Abandoned Lands' still continues in action in each of the States, and represents all through the conquered South, the watch and ward of the General Government, over that large portion of the population which the abolition of slavery has given to its care. In the State of Mississippi this Bureau came into conflict with the State authorities, and those authorities were made to yield. The Legislature of that State passed a law prohibiting the ownership or leasing of lands by freedmen, and the President at once 'set aside' the law by commanding the officers of the bureau to pay no attention to it. This naturally raised the question whether the restored States were in the Union or out of it. If they are in the Union, internal legislation is their own affair; if out of it, why do they legislate at all? But the fact is that they are neither out of the Union nor fully in it. They have placed themselves out of the pale of constitutional rights, but have been forcibly brought back to constitutional duties. Their condition is, therefore, one of suspense. The President has restored them to a position in which they can freely perform their duties, and so prepare themselves to receive their rights. He has enabled them to co-operate with Congress and himself in restoring the Union, but he has not actually restored it. He has enabled them to go to the doors of Congress and ask for re-admission to their share of the legislative power, and to comply, if they choose, with such terms as Congress may have the will and the power to impose; but it is entirely for Congress to prescribe the time, method, and conditions of their re-admission. At this point a serious difference of opinion and of policy has arisen between the Executive and the Legislative branches of the American Government. But although the President can only advise, and Congress must act, it is easy to foresee that the strong will of Mr. Johnson, backed by the patriotic spirit of the nation, will prevail over the resistance still offered by the Congress to the restoration of the Union.

It is when Congress begins to act that the political difficulties of reconstruction make themselves felt. The immediate admission of the Southern representatives to Congress would complete the reconstruction of the

Union, but it would practically amount, it is said, to the reopening of the civil war on the political field. The conditions exacted by the President—the repeal of secession ordinances, the repudiation of the unconstitutional Confederate debt, and the ratification of the emancipation policy—have been accepted with a reluctance and hesitation which prove that the South still bears an unconquered heart and an unconquerable hate. There is no present reason to believe that any persons at all loyal to the Union would be chosen to represent the South in Congress. The admission of those representatives without efficient guarantees would, therefore, endanger the whole legislation of the Union, obstruct the counsels of freedom, and hinder the development of a policy of which the Constitutional Amendment is only the first decisive step. The constitutional victory would be imperilled. Those who have been faithful to the Constitution and fought in its defence would at once share the power the Constitution gives them with those who have been unfaithful to it and have fought against it. Power in the Union and large influence over its destinies would be at once put into the hands of those who have done all they could to destroy it, but have been foiled in the attempt. Yet it is difficult to see what guarantees can be exacted, or how, being exacted, they can be made effectual. The Southern representatives cannot be asked to give a pledge beforehand how they will use their legislative power. They cannot be expected to renounce their views, or to repudiate their political aims—and everything goes to show that they would go into Congress with all their sectional bias, sullenly accepting their defeat, and hoping to do something to retrieve it. How to restrain and limit their power to do this, is the great political question of the hour. To some extent the South must be trusted when the time for their admission comes. How to limit this trust to the extent of their trustworthiness, or if the trust cannot be limited how to provide for their trustworthiness, is the difficulty Congress has now to solve. The President admits that some risk must be run—a risk we think he underestimates as much as some of his opponents overestimate it; Congress perceives the risk and hesitates before it, and is resolved to reduce it beforehand to the smallest possible amount.

The chief political difficulties of the time range themselves around four questions of great but unequal importance. The first of these arises out of the doctrine of State sovereignty, which, though defeated in the field, will yet raise its head is the legislature or the courts. It has been maintained all through the war by the extreme democrats of the North, and by the whole of the South, that laws enacted by the National Congress in the absence of any State from the representation, were unconstitutional and invalid, or, at least, could have no binding power over the absent State. This doctrine would invalidate the whole legislation of the past five years. All the important laws passed by the thirty-seventh and thirty-eighth Congresses would have to be at least re-affirmed by the restored States, and in the absence of such re-affirmation would be liable to be repudiated by the State authorities. The Homestead Law, one of the most important measures of late years, and the advantages of which have been extended to the freedmen; the railroad now being made across the desert to the Pacific; the Pension Laws on which widows, orphans, and wounded men rely, in large numbers, for their support; the Freedmen's Bureau, on which for the present their safety depends, and the Public Debt, would all be open to dispute. It will, therefore, be absolutely needful that Congress should demand from the Southern States, as a condition precedent to their complete restoration, the full, irreversible acknowledgment of all that has been done in their absence, or that it should find means of taking from them and their representatives all power to question it.

The second cause of difficulty and anxiety is the distribution of the burden of the Public Debt. The Southern people have perhaps given up all hope that the Federal Government would recognise the Confederate debt. It must be obvious to them, not only that such recognition is constitutionally impossible, but that the Constitution forbids its recognition by the separate States. Contracted in defiance of the First Article of the Constitution, and for the purpose of destroying the Constitution, it cannot be that secession and rebellion are repudiated if the debt is acknowledged. Nor have the lenders any moral claim either on the Union or on the States. Staking their loan on the success of the Confederate enterprise, and reckoning its chances of success in the price they paid for it, they discounted its failure; and if they reckoned wrongly, this only proves that they had underrated the adverse chances, and overrated the chances of success—a miscalculation that the Southern leaders share with them, but for which the Federal Government can be in no way responsible.

But, on the other hand, it is not at all surprising that the Southern people should unanimously repudiate all responsibility for the Federal Debt. They have not yet fully

realised that they are still part of the Federal Union; and it seems to them to be the last bitter drop in the cup of their humiliation that they should not only be defeated, but should help to pay the cost of their own defeat. Their representatives would therefore, if admitted to Congress, resort to every means of endeavouring to shift this burden from their shoulders. There would be a large, unanimous, and persistent minority in the national legislature, who would feel morally justified in repudiating the debt, who would seize every occasion to protest against it, and who would thus most seriously impair the national credit, and imperil the security of the national creditor. For this manifest danger some certain and effectual remedy must be found; for in strict justice to the other States the South must be made to bear its share of the national burden. The debt was incurred in the defence of the Constitution against Southern aggression. According to the very theory on which the Southern States claim to be restored to their legislative rights, the debt was incurred, not to conquer the States as such, but to put down a rebellion of which those States were the seat. To complain of the hardship of bearing part of the Federal Debt, is to complain of coming back into the Union on equal terms with the other States. For the Southern States are either parts of the Union which have been conquered, and have no rights but those their conquerors may grant them, or they are parts of it which have been the seat of a rebellion which has been put down by the central power, portions of the great whole which were in hostile occupation and have been delivered from it by the Union arms—members of the body on which a terrible disease had fastened, which the bitter medicine of war has cured. In the former view their defeat is sectional, they must accept such terms as the North may grant, and may consider that they are lightly dealt with in coming back on equal terms, with an equal share of public rights and public burdens; in the other view, which is that of the President and his advisers,—the view on which alone the South has a *locus standi* before the doors of Congress—the delivered only help to pay for their deliverance—the patient pays a portion of the doctor's bill. The objection of the South to a share of the Federal debt is but one application of an argument, the other application of which produces the converse demand that the South shall pay the charges of the war. Southern repudiation of Federal responsibility is a coin in which they might be terribly repaid, for on the obverse of it they will find inscribed the Radical demand for Southern confiscation.

The third difficulty arises out of the Constitution itself; and is one of those legacies of evil that a compromise of principle so often leaves. Comparatively humble as slavery was when the Constitution was founded—for it had not then learned to do more than apologise for its own existence—the Fathers of the Republic, who were most of them slave-owners or citizens of States in which slavery existed, probably did not anticipate the tremendous effects of the conflict between slavery and freedom, and certainly did not regard slavery with the abhorrence it has since excited. At that time, as ever since, the principal Slave States were more thinly peopled than the Free States, and the adoption of the numerical basis of representation in the popular branch of Congress would have reduced them to comparative insignificance there. In order to make the Constitution acceptable to them, and in the vague hope that slavery would not be a permanent institution, it was provided that in the apportionment of voting power to the States, in proportion to their population, three-fifths of the slave population should be added to the whole number of free persons.* The effect of this article has been to give to the Southern whites, who alone have the suffrage in any Southern State, an influence in Congress altogether disproportionate to their numbers. In the first apportionment the South got one extra representative for every 50,000 of its slaves. If 30,000 Southern voters held 50,000 slaves they elected two representatives, while a like 30,000 in the North elected only one.† The same disproportion has continued ever since. When the war broke out the South had about twenty-five representatives in the House, over and above what they would have had had they voted on the same terms as the freemen of the North; and it has been estimated that every 100,000 voters in the South have exercised the same amount of voting power,

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* Constitution, Art. I. Sec. 2. 'Representatives and direct taxes shall be apportioned among the several States which may be included within this Union, according to their respective numbers, which shall be determined by adding to the whole number of free persons, including those bound to service for a term of years, and excluding Indians not taxed, three-fifths of all other persons.'—'Other persons,' is a periphrasis for slaves.

† By the census of 1790 the number of slaves was 697,000. In 1860 the number amounted in round figures to 4,000,000. The apportionment of representatives to population was at first one to every 30,000 freemen and to every 50,000 slaves. It is now one to every 130,000 freemen, and one to every 217,000 slaves.

and had equal weight in the Congressional representation, with every 130,000 voters in the North. The emancipation of the slaves will only increase this disproportion. At the redistribution of political power which must take place on the census of 1870, the four millions of quondam slaves, now freedmen, will be added without any deduction to the voting power of the States in which they dwell. But this voting power will all be kept, as it is now, in the hands of whites —eight millions of whom will exercise the political prerogatives of twelve millions. The total result, differing in proportion in different States, will be, that after allowing for the few non-voting free blacks in the North, every 100,000 Southern voters will exercise as much power as 150,000 voters in the North; and two Southern men will weigh as much in the great balance of the Constitution as three men in the North.

It is impossible not to perceive how this inequality increases all the difficulties and multiplies the dangers of the work of 'reconstruction.' Whatever may be the disposition of the Southern States towards the important body of legislation which has been completed in their absence; whatever their dislike of the debt incurred in the defence of the Constitution against them; or whatever their repugnance to the whole policy and results of the legislation against slavery—if they come back under the present arrangement, a factitious power of obstruction is conferred upon them. Quite apart from this, it is already obvious that the division of parties in the reconstructed Union will, for a time, be even more sectional than it was before the war. All the questions which have arisen out of the war and its consequences will constitute, for generations perhaps, a permanent division between North and South. Nothing can therefore be more reasonable than that the North should be reluctant to give their opponents this great advantage in the political conflict, or should be inclined to deny them the prospective greater advantage the Constitution promises them. Based as the United States Government is on the principle of equality of duties and of rights among all classes of the citizens, it is not likely that the North will consent to continue an arrangement which outrages that principle to its own great disadvantage. Nor should the South refuse to sanction a Constitutional Amendment which will remove the inequality. It is defensible on no principle—and it serves to perpetuate that invidious sectional distinction out of which the difficulties of the past arose. Originally inserted as a peace-offering to the South, it should now be sacrificed as a peace-offering to the North. The purchase-price, in some senses, of their original adherence to the Constitution, it would be only statesmanlike and just to pay it back again now, as the purchase-price of their own readmission to the privileges of the Union. We are not without hope that this may be done. The North will assuredly be justified in demanding it—it would be no humiliation to the South to give it. As a pledge of good faith, a token of reconciliation, and a bond of future peace, it would be all that is at present needful. Even the sacrifice of political power need not be final. A few years of domestic legislation in the spirit of such a compromise would enable the South to win back in a legitimate way much of the factitious power they would now resign. They have but to make the negroes really free, and to treat them well, to make them their fastest friends. They have but to educate and elevate them, and give them, as they rise to be worthy of it, the powers and privileges of citizenship, and they will make them political disciples, adhering to the policy, and even exaggerating the passions and prejudices, of their superiors. It is one hopeful circumstance among many that are discouraging, that some of the best men of the South already perceive this. Mr. J. H. Reagan, the Postmaster-General of the Confederacy, has pleaded for this policy before his fellow-citizens of Texas; and in the Legislature of Virginia it has been eloquently and forcibly argued that the freedman is arbiter of the situation, that the true contest between North and South will hereafter be for political influence over him, and that in such a contest the South must win. The conditions of such a success are not easy, but they are by no means impossible—

> 'tunc omnia jure tenebis
> Cum poteris rex esse tui.'

But great as all these political difficulties and dangers are, they are, at least, tolerably definite, and admit of removal by wise and generous statesmanship. The other difficulty, which increases these while they last, and will remain when they have been removed, is social as well as political, and is surely as vast and terrible an one as ever tried the patience of statesmen or the endurance of a people. The reconstruction of the labour system of half a continent would of itself be one of the most gigantic tasks which ever fell to the lot of any statesman. But when there is added to it the reconstruction of the Government itself, and political difficulties come in to render the social difficulty more dangerous and complicated, the task is one from which the boldest

of statesmen may shrink. The abolition of serfdom in European countries has but little in common with the abolition of American slavery. Yet in Russia, with a strong and unquestioned central authority, with ample time for the work, with much preparedness on the part of the serfs, and much acquiescence on the part of the nobles, and with no difficulties either of race or of political rights to contend with, it has been attended with dangers, from which even the patience and good faith and vigorous determination of the Emperor have not yet delivered his government. In our own colonies, the emancipation of the negro, though fully prepared for, abundantly compensated, and accomplished with peaceful acquiescence, has entailed difficulties which have made the very name of Jamacia one of ill-omen in England. But in the United States every one of these favouring circumstances and concurring helps was absent. Slavery, there, has not been abolished but destroyed. It has perished, not by reason and conviction, but by violence. It has been removed, not by a great act of justice and righteousness, but by an act of war. For though the Constitutional Amendment is the permanent and legal basis of negro liberty,* it was President Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation which gave slavery its death-blow, made the Amendment needful and rendered it possible. No attempt could be made to prepare the slaves for freedom; and but little could be done to fit Southern society for its new conditions. Acquiescence there was none. The North imposed emancipation to ensure its victory, and the South accepted it as a consequence and even a part of its defeat. And as slavery was no longer considered to be the unhappy accident of Southern society, but was actually made to be essential to its structure —the cornerstone of its government and civilisation—its sudden removal is more than a great social revolution, it amounts in fact to an entire dissolution of the social fabric. When the soldiers of Generals Lee and Johnston went home disarmed and beaten, the social system of the South was dissolved into its primitive elements. It was a chaos, in which the military governments established by the North were the only formative power. That it should have emerged from this condition within a year, and that in so great a degree military government is already superseded by the regular machinery of civil administration, is wonderful evidence of the recuperative energy of American society. But from the first triumphs of an ordering law in chaos to the beautiful order of Creation is a long and weary way. It is the way which Southern statesmen have now to tread. They have to reconstruct society, to build a new world on the ruins of the old, to found on a new economical and social basis an orderly Commonwealth. They built falsely and they must build again. What the materials of the social reconstruction are, a careful study will, we think, enable us to show—how the Federal reconstruction may run across their plans and thwart or help their efforts, only time can prove.

The Southern materials are not at all of a promising character. Leaving out of view the few unassimilating Northern elements, which may, perhaps, slowly and steadily increase in the future, and leaving out also that German immigration which seems to be in some degree fostered by the Southern people, there are five classes now to be found in Southern society, all of which will exert their influence on its reconstruction.

First of all there is the class of which Mr. Johnson himself and Governor Marvin of Florida are the most illustrious members—the class of loyal and genuine adherents to the Union. The Southern correspondent of the 'New York Times' thus describes the Provisional Government of Florida:—

'In the first place William Marvin, a prominent Judge of the Court of the Southern district of Florida, was appointed Provisional Governor. He ardently opposed secession in all its nefarious and attractive shapes, and was to be stretched up in consequence. Samuel T. Day was appointed by the President receiver of public monies; M. A. Williams was appointed registrar of public lands for the United States in Florida. All the collectors of Customs were men of character and influence. Paran Moody is the collector of Customs at St. John's, and Lemuel Wilson is the assessor of internal revenue for the State of Florida. Every one of these gentlemen not only opposed secession with great vehemence, and at the risk of personal injury, but they remained true to the last, and consistently defended the policy of our Government.'

This is the class out of which the Provisional Governments could at first be formed. They are but few. Their influence is not

* The 'Constitutional Amendment' was proposed by Congress to the Legislatures of the several States on February 1st, 1865. It was declared to have been ratified by the necessary number of States—three-fourths—on December 18th, 1865, on which day it became a part of the Constitution. It is as follows:—

'Article XIII. Section 1. Neither slavery nor involuntary servitude, except as a punishment for crime of which the party shall have been duly convicted, shall exist within the United States, or any place subject to their jurisdiction.

'Section 2. Congress shall have power to enforce this article by appropriate legislation.'

great at present, but it must increase. They will unlearn their bitter sense of injury, and their countrymen who have persecuted them will learn to respect them, and after a while they may come to have an important influence in favour of justice to the freedmen and loyalty to the Union.

The second class is the really hopeful element in Southern society. It is that of men who are wise enough to accept the facts of their position and make the best of them. They accepted secession, and fought for it, and were ardent for it—but four years of war made them long for peace. They know and admit that they have been beaten. They are ready to take the oath of allegiance and to keep it, to do the best they can for the freedmen, to learn once more to be proud of the old flag, and to do all they can to serve it. Mr. Reagan is one of these. We believe that the illustrious General Lee is another. They are a class that must necessarily increase. Reviving trade, growing intercourse with the North and with the outer world, will bring multitudes round to their views, and we may hope that in a few years they will be the preponderating element in Southern politics.

The third class is unhappily a large one at present. Everything shows that there are many of the old planter aristocracy who will never accept the new conditions of Southern society, and never be reconciled to union with the North. They have lost nearly everything by the war. Living before secession in a more than feudal authority, with absolute power over their chattel subjects, they were entirely unaccustomed to brook any opposition, or to make any compromise of their will. The secession was their work, and arose from their haughty dislike to be beaten at the poll, from their contempt for a trading people like the dwellers in the Northern cities, and from their indulgence of the pride and passion which irresponsible power produces in all but the very best of men. They threw their all into the war. That they should have been beaten by the despised shopkeepers and farmers of the North, is a calamity they will never forget, and an insult they will never forgive. For years to come this class will be an element of disunion all through the South. They will not lose their old prestige all at once, and so long as it remains they will use it to obstruct and disunite. Like the ancient aristocracy of France, they will be absorbed in the new order at length, for some of the families will be converted to it in the persons of their younger members, and others will die out. There will be a Faubourg St. Germain in some Southern cities for a generation or two, peopled by an old and impoverished aristocracy, who will live upon the memories of a better time, will lament the degeneracy of an equalising and levelling age, and becoming more and more out of sympathy with the world around them, will gradually sink into oblivion and powerlessness.

The fourth class is, however, the worst of all. Everybody has heard of the mean whites of the South—the hangers-on of the slaveholding aristocracy. It is, perhaps, hardly possible for us in England to form a vivid conception of this degraded class. Uniting the indigence of the poor to the pride of the rich; a landless and moneyless aristocracy of the skin; a class who cannot dig and are ashamed to beg; idle, gambling, and dissolute, they are the scourge of Heaven on a society which has made labour a disgrace and honest toil a badge of slavery. The rowdyism which has so often disgraced America, the lawlessness and violence which have so unhappily distinguished the slaveholding States, have their origin in this large, idle, uneducated class of civilised barbarians. Looking down on the labourer in field or city as a chattel, they are so far from accepting the policy of emancipation that they resent it as a personal affront. To this class belong all the Legrees of the South, overseers, taskmasters, slave-drivers, and slave-hunters, men who have been in close contact with the most degraded of the negroes, and whose whole nature is demoralised by the enjoyment of unlimited power. These men will be doubly violent now that the class whom they have been used to look down on as inferior creatures are to be put on the same level of freedom, if not of citizenship, with themselves. On all these people the change has a personal bearing. It elevates the negroes to a position side by side with them. The only hope for Southern society is, that thus elevated the blacks will compete with them and supplant them, and that under the new conditions of society they will soon disappear. But so long as they exist in large numbers they will cause endless trouble. Their position will decide their policy. They will seek in every possible way to perpetuate their own superiority, to lower those whom they still consider to be a proscribed and helot class, and to limit in every possible way their social rights, their commercial privileges, and their political freedom.

The fifth class is that of the coloured race —the slaves of the past, the freedmen of the present. Of this large and complex class it is impossible to give a full account here. Such an account appeared in this

Journal two years ago,* and it is only their status that has changed since then. Separated from the other classes by more or less marked difference of race, they have been, and must still be, the great labouring class of the Southern States. Hitherto they have performed this function as slaves—henceforth they have to perform it as freemen. But at present their condition is exceptional. Under the laws of nearly all the States, civil rights are denied them, and in some even their marriage-tie is not recognised. They are out of the pale of the State Constitutions, and special codes of tyrannical laws, based on colour, still exist in most of the States, and are likely to be but little modified as yet.† The Constitutional Amendment has made all these people members of the Commonwealth, as women and minors are members of it. The general Government has them in ward, and Congress is specially charged with appropriate legislation to insure their freedom. To perform this protective function towards them Congress established, as a tentative and temporary measure, the Bureau of Refugees, Freedmen, and Abandoned Lands, which at the present time watches over the interests of the freedmen in nearly all the Southern States. This bureau takes no account of the disqualifying laws of the States, but protects the freedmen in the exercise of all the civil rights which freedom naturally gives. Even the administration of justice, when coloured men are concerned, is in the hands of its officers, and the administration is tolerably impartial. It feeds and clothes the destitute, finds them work, educates them as far as possible, and not only superintends the contract between the freedman and his employer, but enforces its execution on either side. 'It was determined,' said General O. O. Howard, who is at the head of the bureau, 'that the contracts should be *bonâ fide* agreements in which each should have a duty to perform and both be held to it.' General Howard's Report gives a full account of its action during the first six months of its existence. At that time, (November last) it had been only partially extended over the whole South, but already its necessity and its adaptation for its work were fully proved. Co-operating with the philanthropy of the North, aided too by English liberality, it stands literally *in loco parentis* to the freedmen and their families. A summary of the educational work which is being carried on under its sanction and protection will well illustrate its whole action and show the efforts that are being made to fit the freedmen for freedom. The following are the numbers of schools, teachers, and scholars in the States which come under the action of the bureau:—

| | Schools. | Teachers. | Pupils. |
|---|---|---|---|
| District of Columbia . . | 41 | 91 | 4,884 |
| | 5 industrial schools. | | |
| Virginia . . . . | 90 | 195 | 11,500 |
| N. Carolina . . . . | 63 | 85 | 5,624 |
| S. Carolina and Georgia . | 114 | 174 | 9,500 |
| Louisiana . . . . | 141 | 265 | 19,000 |
| Mississippi . . . . | 34 | 46 | 2,048 |
| Kentucky and Tennessee . | 75 | 264 | 14,768 |

In Florida, Alabama, and Texas, operations had only lately commenced when General Howard's Report was published; of Missouri he makes the encouraging statement that 'good laws have been passed, protecting the rights of the freedmen,' so that the bureau has been withdrawn; and he further makes the remarkable statement that 'In Arkansas, the active demand for labour is, in a general measure, settling the condition of society, and by cultivating her cotton fields, the negroes are insured employment and good wages, and the contracts that are made are usually fulfilled.'

On the whole General Howard's Report is encouraging and hopeful. 'A surprising thirst for knowledge is manifested by the coloured people (in North Carolina); children give earnest attention and learn rapidly, and the adults, after the day's work, often devote the evening to study.' In Mississippi, 'a more industrious energetic body of citizens does not exist than can be seen at the colonies now.' Like testimonies come from other States, varied only by the disposition of the whites, which in South Carolina seem to be especially bad. General Howard's Report shows that the coloured men will play a very important part in the industrial future of the Southern States. It

* Edinburgh Review, No. ccxliii. 'The Negro Race in America.'

† Mr. Oliphant gives an amusing and original illustration of the change in the position of the negro, as seen from the negroes' own point of view:—'I invariably asked every negro I conversed with, whether he was better or worse off now than he was formerly, and as invariably received for answer that in some respects he was better and in some respects worse; one man on board a steamer illustrated the difference between his present and former condition as follows:—"If, when I was a slave," he said, "I had tumbled overboard, the boat would have been stopped; I should have been picked up, put by the fire to dry, because I was property, and then given a thousand lashes for falling overboard; now if I fall overboard, 'Oh! it's only a cursed nigger! go ahead,' and I should never get picked up at all." In a word, the negro used to be a dog with a master, now he is a dog without one.' (P 17.)

is characteristic of the African race that it neither dies out nor recedes in presence of 'superior' races. The negroes have great facility in adapting themselves to outward change. With a fair chance, we believe they will adapt themselves to the new conditions of the Southern States. They expect to work and will work, not all at once with the zest and energy of freemen, but in the way they have been used to and with the languid manner of the slave. Deprived of the old stimulus of the overseer and his lash, and not yet used to feel the higher stimulus of reward, they may for a time be more languid than ever. But necessity will soon teach them. Hitherto they have worked only to avoid punishment, and their keep was secure to them—now they must work to live. Now and then some will cast back longing looks towards the past, tired of the ruder fare of liberty and wishing for a moment for the carelessness and 'abandon' of the slave, but gradually they will all rise to a comprehension of the advantage and dignity of freedom. It may take some time before the new motives of a new condition will tell with all their force, but they must tell at length; and with only a fair chance, the freedmen, as a class, will rise to industrial and commercial importance, and through this to political enfranchisement.

It is impossible to form any but the very crudest estimate of the relative importance of these heterogeneous elements of Southern society. But one of the great difficulties of its reconstruction is that two of these classes —the old planters and the mean whites— will co-operate in denying political and social, perhaps even civil rights to the freedmen. The restored State Governments fall naturally into the hands of these classes, who have shown but little indisposition to qualify themselves by submission to the President; and there can be no doubt that if Congress left the civil position of the freedmen to be decided by the separate States, slavery under some form of serfdom would be re-established in most of them. But Congress will not do this. The second section of the Constitutional Amendment gives it power to enforce freedom by 'appropriate legislation;' and General Howard's bureau, which will continue to exist till March next, and may, in some form, be continued longer, represents that legislation. It stands between the freedmen and the State Governments, limits in their interest the power of the States, and throws the shield of the central Government over the civil rights of its wards. While, therefore, the reconstruction of society in the several States is their own domestic matter, and the 'reconstruction' of the Union is entirely in the hands of Congress, the wardship of the freedmen gives Congress a vague and exceptional power of interference with the State legislation. It is bound to pass such measures as will secure that no slavery or involuntary servitude shall exist in the Union. In the event of any re-enactment of involuntary servitude by a State Legislature, the Supreme Court of the United States would be appealed to, and would at once set such legislation aside as 'unconstitutional.' When, therefore, Congress has legislated in this matter, and the States have been restored, the wardship of the freedmen, so far from lapsing, is only transferred to the Supreme Court. It is of course possible that the Supreme Court may hold, that the constitutional power of Congress only extends to the protection of the freedmen against involuntary servitude, and not to their establishment in civil rights; but even then their safety is assured. If nothing more than this can be done, we shall not despair of the future. Something like a fair chance must be given to the freedmen, and it will be for them to improve it. Preserved from all 'involuntary servitude,' they will be able to choose their masters and, to some extent, to choose their work. Meanwhile, the return of prosperity to the Southern States will make their labour needful. England and the world want the cotton, sugar, tobacco, and rice which only they can grow. The plantations of Louisiana and the Carolinas will have to compete, as, in a few cases, they are even now doing, for the negro's 'voluntary' work. They will do so not only by high wages and good treatment, but as soon as they see it to be their interest, by the guarantee of civil rights and even of political privileges. When one State leads the way in this direction others will be obliged to follow, and then the second great enfranchisement of the negro race will take place. By that time they will be fitted for it. They will have served an apprenticeship to freedom. The step they take now is from being the chattels of individuals to being the wards of a free Government. From utterly helpless infancy they rise to a free and guarded minority. The next step, and it is surely one for which they can afford to wait, is from wardship to self-government—from the guardianship of their political minority to the full powers and privileges of political manhood as represented by the rights of citizenship.

It is the necessity which we have before explained that the Government of the Union should protect itself as well as its wards which renders the task of reconstruction so

involved and difficult. In the strict view of the Constitution the difficulties of the Southern States are domestic. It is for them to regulate their own internal affairs, and to adjust the relations of their divided classes and conflicting interests as they best can. Nor, without a long series of Constitutional Amendments, which could never be carried, and which would be dangerous if they could be carried, can Congress permanently interfere with the domestic work of Southern reconstruction. The present position of the Southern States, however, gives Congress exceptional power over them. The Constitution provides (art. 1, sect. 4) that each House shall be the judge of the elections, returns, and qualifications of its members; (art. 3, sect. 3) that Congress shall have power to declare the punishment of treason; and (art. 4, sect. 4) that it shall guarantee to every State a republican form of Government. These articles have a direct application at the present time. By virtue of the first, twenty-two senators and fifty-eight representatives from the South are kept waiting at the doors of the Houses, till Congress has decided on their qualifications. By virtue of the second, Congress has already excluded from practice in the United States courts, and from all offices of honour or profit under the Government, every person who has given aid or countenance to the rebellion, sought or accepted any office under the so-called Confederate Government, or even given it voluntary support. By virtue of the third, it exercises a certain limited and undefined supervision over the Constitutions of the several States, and may take such action with respect to them as public opinion at the North may support, and as the Supreme Court may decide to be within its powers. But all the power which these clauses give lapses of necessity when the work of reconstruction is done. To admit the representatives and senators of the South is to accept the Constitutions of their States, and to endorse the constituencies which elect them. All the power to protect the freedmen and make emancipation secure, which the second section of the Constitutional Amendment gives them, would still remain, but the power to exact the political guarantees we have spoken of would be gone. For that now is the time, and an immense majority in Congress seem to be resolved that the opportunity shall not be lost.

What Congress will eventually do in both these important matters only time can show. At present numerous impracticable proposals have been made, and in a multitude of counsellors there has not been wisdom. The first practical proposal was a Bill conferring the franchise on the blacks of the District of Columbia, over which Congress has full jurisdiction. This Bill gave the franchise to all the coloured people of the District, without any limit or qualification. In this, however, it only put them on a level with the whites. The House of Representatives passed this Bill by large majorities. But it was not a popular measure, and the avowed hostility of the President to any hasty scheme of negro enfranchisement led to the conclusion that he would certainly veto it. The Senate, who would probably have passed it but for this, were not prepared for an open rupture with the President on such a question; they therefore deferred the Bill, and it is not likely that, for the present, we shall hear of it again. The next proposal was that of another Constitutional Amendment, counteracting the operation of the three-fifths clause, and providing that in reckoning the population as the basis of representation, persons disfranchised on account of colour shall not be counted. In this form, the Amendment has been rejected by the Senate because it was too moderate for Mr. Sumner and his small band of followers. They demand negro suffrage, and they will not hear of any constitutional recognition of negro disfranchisement. But an Amendment the same in principle and only different in form is again suggested. It will probably omit all reference to coloured persons and will propose either to base the representation on the number of voters or to exclude from the present population basis all disfranchised male persons. In some form or other we believe that such an amendment is needful, and will be passed. It would greatly reduce the Southern representation, but it is so simple an act of justice that, on the principles of the American Constitution, we do not see how it could be refused. It is doubtful whether more than this can be done—or whether further Constitutional Amendments are desirable, if possible. The Committee on Reconstruction recommended another Constitutional Amendment 'empowering Congress to make laws securing to the citizens of each State the rights of citizens of the several States, and also to protect all citizens in their right to life, liberty, and property.' This, in its first clause, was such a step in the direction of that centralising policy we have already deprecated, that we cannot think any advantages it promised would have been at all commensurate with the danger it involved. The right to decide who shall and who shall not exercise the suffrage is one which has always belonged to the separate States. If Congress is empow-

ered to interfere with this right, and to declare that because the negro votes in Maine he shall also vote in South Carolina or Kentucky, the States are no longer sovereign, they descend to the dependent condition of municipalities, and that co-ordination of independent powers which is the safeguard of American democracy is entirely destroyed. The second clause of this proposal was open to less objection. But even this would involve great interference with the State Governments. The duty of keeping order and executing the law devolves on them, and they can at any time call in the aid of the central power; but for Congress to assume the functions of the police and itself keep order, is to concern itself with matters which lie beyond and beneath its sphere. But if the central Government has not already the power to hold the State Governments to their duty in this respect, it ought at once to be conferred on it. Unhappily it is to be assumed that the Governments of the Southern States will need supervision of this kind. In that disorganised society, the elements of barbaric discord must get the upper hand at present. Those who have always been loyal to the Union, and those who loyally accept the new condition of things, are in so small a minority that only in one or two of the States have they any preponderance in the Government. How far the unhappy freedmen would be safe under local Governments resting on a 'mean white' democracy, or even a planter aristocracy, it is, alas, too easy to see. With their slave codes unrepealed, and all the habits and manners of despotic rule unforgotten, such Governments must necessarily become intolerable tyrannies to the coloured race. And even if it is only in a few States that there is danger of such Governments being established, it is a danger against which Congress must provide. But it must do so, if possible, without exceeding the limitations imposed on the central Government, or destroying in any way the local liberties.

We have already expressed our conviction that a 'constitutional amendment' excluding non-voters from the numerical basis of representation, would give the North every needed political guarantee, and would inflict no humiliation on the South. Its great incidental advantage would be, that it would disentangle the question of the freedmen from that of political reconstruction, and would greatly simplify the whole difficulty. It is quite obvious that the necessary corollary of emancipation is, that Congress should have power to protect those whom it has called to a new condition, until they are able to protect themselves. Their case may well be treated as, at present, an exceptional one. They are new members of the Commonwealth for whom a place and function must be found. Congress and the President have emphatically recognised them, the one by requiring of Tenessee, as the condition of reunion, the bestowal of the suffrage on them, the other by publicly welcoming them as his 'countrymen.' Some means must therefore be found for giving them the rights and privileges of 'countrymen' of the head of the Republic—of incorporating them with the great American people. It seems to us that in empowering 'appropriate legislation' in their behalf, the Constitution makes provision for this. And when to this is added the power to guarantee a 'Republican Government' to every State, all the conditions needful to ample protection are surely present. For the words 'appropriate legislation,' and the phrase 'a Republican form of government,' must necessarily be interpreted by 'the fundamental and unchanging principles of the Constitution.' The most fundamental of those principles is that of the political and civil equality of all men. The most 'unchanging' of them is the 'inalienable right of all men to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.' Slavery has caused colour to be a miserable exception to this universal law. But now that slavery is gone the exception is abolished. The 'chattels' are become 'countrymen.' Appropriate legislation will therefore be that which recognises their position and secures them in their 'inalienable rights.' State Constitutions which deny these rights, which place them on account of the physical accident of colour in an inferior and outlawed position, which deny them equal civil rights with other members of the Commonwealth, are clearly inconsistent with Republican Government, and Congress must insist on their amendment. A recognition of the coloured men as men must carry with it all the rights and powers which the American Constitution associates with manhood. That Constitution nowhere recognises colour as a disqualification, and the 'persons held to service,' of whom it speaks, are 'held to service' no longer. Surely then, 'black codes' and negro disqualifications are unconstitutional, and only those States will have a Republican form of government in a constitutional sense, in which no such distinctions or disqualifications exist. And if Congress should send back the representatives of such States and refuse them recognition until they have purged themselves of these unjust and unequal laws, they will keep within the spirit of their Constitution and will command the sympathy of the civilised world.

The question of negro suffrage differs

from that of negro liberty as civil rights differ from political privileges. There is nothing in the constitution of the United States which demands universal suffrage, and in many of the States restrictions on its universality, other than those of colour, still exist. Full justice to the negro includes of course political privileges as well as civil rights, and full adherence to the principles of the Constitution demands that in political as well as civil rights they should be on the same level as the whites. That the time for this will come we have no manner of doubt—that it has not yet come is shown by the considerable majorities against negro enfranchisement in Wisconsin, Connecticut, and Minnesota, and in the Territory of Colorado. The immediate practical difficulty in the way is the obvious unfitness for political responsibility of that vast mass of uneducated and half-civilised negroes, who have but just emerged from slavery. But to apply to them any standard of education, property, or political knowledge, would be to introduce a principle which might soon act in disfranchising multitudes of the whites who now possess the suffrage. In the Southern States, many of the 'mean whites' are almost as ignorant as the most ignorant blacks, and quite as poor. The alternative is to disfranchise them or to enfranchise all the negroes, and both are impossible at present. The negroes must therefore wait, and be content to be insured in the possession of those civil rights which, when once enjoyed, are the sure forerunners of political privileges. In their present condition the possession of the ballot would not enable them to defend themselves—for the violence which may attempt to deny their civil liberty would only the more surely overawe their political liberty. In an exceptional position is their only safety. As wards of the central Government, secured by the appropriate legislation of Congress in the enjoyment of their right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, and placed under the protection of the Supreme Court, they may fit themselves for the political enfranchisement that industry and quiet plodding will be sure to win. It is justice and not favouritism they need—rights, not privileges—protection, not power—equality before the law, not equality in making the law.

We believe that the statesmen and people of the United States feel the gravity of the crisis through which they are now passing. It is indeed impossible that they should exaggerate it, and we respectfully assure them of the sympathy of the great Liberal party, not only in England, but all over Europe. The dangers and difficulties around them now are as great as they were when Lee was threatening Washington and Grant was held in check at Vicksburg. The great war of principles has ended in the field to be begun in the Legislature. The material struggle is over, and its traces will speedily pass away. Roads, railways, and canals will be repaired, towns and cities will be rebuilt; the desolate battle-fields will be covered with crops, and the influx of labour from all civilised lands will soon repair the wastes of war. In a few years the only outward traces of the rebellion will be the names of celebrated battlefields, and the veterans who live on the memory of their deeds. But the moral and social traces of such a convulsion, and the legacies of the evil which caused it, will remain for many generations. For a long future the American people will have the poor always with them. The freedmen will be a perpetual difficulty, and the questions that gather about them will be a lasting danger. The Union has absorbed into itself millions of self-expatriated Irishmen, of Germans, and even of Frenchmen; it has now to show whether it can absorb into itself four millions of another race, who have been denied a country, and have lived as outcasts in their native land; whether it can elevate them from the degradation of slavery to the safety and dignity of citizenship; and whether under democratic institutions, and animated by democratic principles, a great nation can be made which shall include all races, all religions, and all climes under one common Federal rule. For such a task, entangled as it is with all the quarrels and passions civil war creates, it may well seem as though human wisdom was insufficient, and under such a burden statesmanship may well falter. But it is only by faithfulness to a great principle that the way has been found through the tangled difficulties of the past, and only a like principle can guide the statesmen of the present. It is no disputed or abstract rule. It is the fundamental and unchanging principle of equal justice to all. This is the moral principle on which the Republic is based. Unfaithfulness to it in the case of one unfortunate and defenceless race has caused the troubles of the past and entailed the difficulties of the present. Once more that race appeals for justice—will the Republic be true to itself and be just to them? On the answer to that question its future depends. Surely the concluding words of the President's Message speak the language of every American:—

'Who will not join me in the prayer that the invisible Hand which has led us through the clouds that gloomed around our path will so guide us onward to a perfect restoration of fra-

ternal affection, that we in this day may be able to transmit our great inheritance of State Governments in all their rights, and the General Government in the whole of its constitutional vigour, to our posterity, and they to theirs through countless generations?'

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ART. VIII.—*Diary of the Right Honourable William Windham, M. P.* (1783–1809). Edited by Mrs. HENRY BARING. London: 1866.

LUCIAN, in his essay on the question 'How true history ought to be written,' passes a severe critical judgment on a writer of his day, who, in an account of some campaign of the Romans against the Parthians, devoted only a few lines to the great and terrible battle of Europus, while he described, in a most undignified and trivial manner, the adventures of one Maúsacas, a Mauistanian trooper in the Roman army—how this trooper, falling in with an Assyrian peasant of the neighbourhood who happened to have been in Africa, was received with much good-fellowship, treated to a dinner, and to the narrative of his entertainer's exploits among the elephants and lions in the Sahara, of his landing at Cæsarea on his voyage home, and how much a purchase of fish cost him in the market there. No doubt Lucian, as a critic, is in the right. And yet, so much does the relative interest of past events change as the world gets older, that now, after two thousand years, while there is scarcely one of us who would care a straw for a minute account of that celebrated battle, we should be glad to know more of the Assyrian peasant and his household, and what he thought of Africa and the lions; and would not even despise his statistical information about the fish-market at Cæsarea in the second century. Even so with reference to much later times than these, as our interest in past public events begins to fade away, interest in the private, domestic, gossiping life of those whose fame is connected with them seems to grow even stronger.

William Windham was a man who made, to use a popular phrase, his mark on his age. He did, in his official character, very much towards raising the spirit and improving the position of the British soldier, and rendering him that instrument of marvellous efficiency used by Wellington to reconquer Spain and decide the great European conflict. And for nearly twenty years of that conflict, though others had a greater share in directing its political vicissitudes, few voices were so powerful and so inspiriting as his in rousing that popular enthusiasm by which the battle was finally won. 'Nobody,' such was Pitt's own judgment of him, according to Lord Stanhope, 'can be so well-meaning and so eloquent as he: his speeches are the finest productions possible; full of warm imagination and fancy.' 'The late Lord Lansdowne,' says Mrs. Baring, 'when last at Felbrigg, in the year 1861, remarked that Mr. Windham had the best Parliamentery address of any man he had ever seen; which was enhanced by the grace of his person and the dignity of his manners.' The more laboured eulogy by Earl Grey, in his speech in the House of Lords on the occasion of the statesman's death, which she also quotes, we will pretermit, as savouring a little too much for our purpose of the conventional funeral oration.

And yet, to our generation, Windham, the politician, begins to be a forgotten name. His rank, though considerable, was secondary, and secondary men, like secondary events, lose their public interest; while in the pages of memoirs and private journals, such as Lucian's ideal historian would have held cheap, their personages remain almost as fresh as ever. And it may be doubted whether the most complete biography of Windham which could be compiled out of Hansard and the Annual Register would have so much attraction for the ordinary reader as the very singular little journal which his kinswoman Mrs. Henry Baring has now published. It contains, indeed, but little of public interest. The writer was not in the habit of recording his thoughts on these subjects in his diary. It is chiefly a chronicle of the most private feelings of his mind, such as men in general most scrupulously conceal from others, and as far as possible even from themselves. It is a journal of the diagnosis of a mental constitution much diseased; and yet not so diseased as not to retain, even in its most trying paroxysms, the elements of recoverable health and vitality; a mind, which does, in fact, though by very slow degrees, throw off its chronic complaint, insomuch that, after many a year of incessant grappling with the strange fiend who besets him, he seems at last to repel the assaults with greater and greater ease, and, before middle life was fairly over, to emerge a conqueror.

Such, we say, is the singular chapter of internal history to which the ordinary reader is introduced by this volume. And the impression produced by it is even stronger on one who has made himself familiar, beforehand, with the previously known character of Windham. In the great band of English orators who flourished at the close of the last century and the begin-

ning of the present, he occupied, as we have said, only a second-rate position. And yet there were qualities in which he shone above them all. His exquisite scholarship; his union of the thorough refinement of the English gentleman with the rougher and more dashing qualities which appeal to the multitude at large; the under-current of enthusiasm, kept in check only by a severely disciplined taste, which seems to penetrate from below the surface of his oratory; the hearty and chivalrous attachment to superior minds, which made him, high as his own position was, always accept that of a follower or disciple, towards Johnson, Burke, and Pitt by turns: these qualities of his mind and heart made an impression on those who remembered him even more marked than that produced by greater men. And in private life, the uniform verdict passed on him by society pronounced him brilliant and irresistible.

Such he is described by Lord Brougham, among his 'Statesmen.'

'From what has been said of Mr. Windham's manner of speaking, as well as of his variously embellished mind, it will readily be supposed that in society he was destined to shine almost without a rival. His manners were the most polished, and noble, and courteous, without the least approach to pride, or affectation, or condescension; his spirits were, in advanced life, so gay, that he was always younger than the youngest of his company; his relish of conversation was such, that after lingering to the latest moment, he joined whatever party a sultry evening (or morning, as it might chance to prove) tempted to haunt the streets before retiring to rest. How often * have we accompanied him to the door of his own mansion, and then been attended by him to our own, while the streets rang with the peals of his hearty merriment, or echoed the accents of his refined and universal wit! But his conversation, or grave, or gay, or argumentative, or discursive, whether sifting a difficult subject, or painting an interesting character, or pursuing a merely playful fancy, or lively to very drollery, or pensive and pathetic, or losing itself in the cloud of metaphysics, or vexed with paradox, or plain and homely, and all but commonplace, was that which, to be understood, must have been listened to; and, while over the whole was flung a veil of unrent classical elegance, through no crevice, had there been one, would ever an unkind word or ill-conditioned sentiment have found entrance.' (*British Statesmen.*)

'Whatever were his weaknesses,' (says Lord Holland, whose description of him as a politician is tinged with something of a personal antipathy,) 'as a speaker he was delightful. In fancy and imagery he was equal, in taste, and above all in delivery, he was far superior, to the great god of his idolatry, Mr. Burke. If his views were somewhat less comprehensive, his arguments were closer, more subtle, and more perspicuous. His pride or noble spirit could occasionally supply something like vehemence and indignation; but real and earnest passion were not his forte. To a cold or indifferent critic he might, indeed, have appeared equal to Fox, to Pitt, or to Sheridan. In variety of illustration, in acuteness of logic, he scarcely yielded to the first; in felicity of language he approached the second; but in some yet greater qualifications he fell short of them all. (*Memoirs of the Whig Party.*)

One point of weakness in his character was discernible indeed even to those who knew him but as a public man; both friendly and unfriendly observers have remarked on the vacillation both of his will and his judgment, which sometimes marred his efficiency as a speaker, and rendered 'Weathercock Windham,' honest as he was, somewhat uncertain as a colleague. 'He had,' says Lord Holland again, 'an irresolution amounting to childishness; and more ingenuity than judgment in founding his opinions.' And he accuses him, in particular, of wavering on the subject of the French Revolution; but the instance is an unlucky one. The charge, it must be admitted, is satisfactorily disposed of by Mr. Croker in his review of Lord Holland's work in the Quarterly. Whatever Mr. Windham's waverings on minor points, on this he never varied. His anti-Jacobinism was without a flaw. And, like Burke or Southey, not like Pitt or Canning, he held Jacobinism for the undying Arimanes of the political world; all-bad, and almost all-powerful; always to be fought against, without hope of conquering it.

'Nothing can be more idle than the hope of the extinction of Jacobinism, either as an instrument to be used by France should her occasions require it, or as a principle ever to be eradicated out of any community in which it has taken once root.'

This he said in 1801, at a time when, to more hopeful spirits, France seemed to be passing from her Jacobin paroxysm into a more manageable condition, in which it would be possible to put a hook into the nostrils of Leviathan.

'He was too often (says Lord Brougham) the dupe of his own ingenuity, which made him doubt and blame, and gave an oscitancy fatal to vigour in council, as well as most prejudicial to the effects of eloquence, by breaking the force of his blows as they fell. His nature, too, perhaps owing to this hesitating disposition, was to be a follower, if not a worshipper, rather than an original thinker or actor; as he felt some relief under the doubts which harassed

* We only see one mention of Brougham, as met at dinner, in the Diary; 1808, p. 475.

him from so many quarters in thus taking shelter under a master's wing, and devolving upon a less scrupulous balancer of conflicting reasons the task of turning the scales, and forming his opinion for him. Accordingly, first Johnson in private, and afterwards Burke on political matters, were the deities whom he adored.'

The Journal now before us leaves no doubt of the origin of this and other peculiarities in Windham's mind and ways, which baffled observers of his own time, not so closely admitted into his intimacy. His vacillation of purpose was constitutional. It was part of that fearfully delicate mental organisation of which these pages afford so many other evidences; an organisation originally shaken, it would appear, by a long and dangerous fever in the early part of his life.

The following is the brief account given by Mrs. Baring of the history of the manuscript confided to her:—

'The "Diary of the Right Honourable William Windham" was given to me by my brother William Windham, a short time before his death, in December 1854. It is in truth chiefly a record of Mr. Windham's health and feelings, made for himself alone, which can hardly be supposed to possess much general interest; but there are many passages interspersed in it, strongly indicative of his character, which I trust I shall be forgiven for wishing to rescue from oblivion. No portion of this Journal of any consequence * has ever been made public, with the exception of that which relates to the last moments of Dr. Johnson, which Mr. Croker included in his edition of Boswell's account of his life. The records of several years are also wanting, having been unfortunately mislaid long since. A life of Mr. Windham, prefixed to his speeches, was published by Mr. Amyot in 1821. If, after much consideration, I determine to submit these pages to the press, it is not with a view to enhance the fame of the writer, but to preserve some portions of a relic consigned to me (*φιλάδελφα κάτω δάκρυ' εἰβομένη*), before that time shall have obliterated all names and traces of the former possessors of Felbrigg, and whilst there are still living those who cling with fondness to its memories.' (Preface, p. vii.)

The only extract of consequence from the Diary hitherto given to the public, and to which Mrs. Baring here makes allusion, is the remarkable and beautiful 'account of Dr. Johnson's last days, by Mr. Windham,' printed by Croker, and well known to all devourers of Boswell. Windham, as every one knows, was one of the great doctor's most favourite disciples; became early a member of 'the club,' and was constantly in his society during the latter years of his life. But we were scarcely aware before reading this Diary, how deeply the Johnsonian ways of thinking and speaking had entered into Windham's mind.

On the occasion of this extract, Mr. Croker says of the Diary that it—

'exhibits instances of a morbid, self-tormenting hypochondriacism, of which those who knew him only in society could have no idea.' 'Mr. Windham's Diary' (he says elsewhere) 'proves what I believe the world never suspected, that he was hypochondriacal to an extraordinary degree: in fact, at times crazy, and at all times liable to strange turns of mind. His hypochondriacal sensation he used to call "the feel,"* and it was the cause of his resignation of the office † of Secretary in Ireland, where he seems to have been but a month or two. I suppose, however, that as Mr. Windham advanced in years, this disorder abated. I, who knew him only in later life, never perceived anything of it.' . . . .

'It appears in this Journal that Mr. Windham laboured occasionally under a nervous and indeed morbid hesitation to do even the commonest things, and used to lose hours and days in deliberating whether he should do this or that trifling thing.'

We quote farther from a passage in Mr. Croker's review of Lord Holland, already cited (Quarterly, vol. xci. p. 227):—

'The volume from which we make our extracts is, or lately was, in the hands of Lord Colborne. Some of the entries, and among the most curious, are in Latin. Mr. Windham's papers were, soon after his death, entrusted to his and our friend George Ellis, who made some little progress in a life of him. Upon Mr. Ellis's death they were transferred to Mr. Amyot, who was to complete the work; but he too died *re infectâ* a year or two ago, and what has now become of the mass of papers we cannot tell.'

Mr. Ellis had gone so far in preparing this work for publication as to write a very

* It is scarcely worth while, but we may just refer the reader to a passage in Croker's 'Boswell' (appendix), where he uses this Diary for a brief account of conversations between Windham and Johnson on a journey to Ashbourne in 1784. The extracts there given by no means agree with the corresponding pages of that now published; and Croker speaks of two copies—one then in the possession of Mr. Amyot, one of a Mr. Wright—in a manner which we do not profess to understand.

* Mr. Croker has not remarked that this ugly word is Johnsonian, or at least mentioned by Windham in recording a conversation with Johnson. 'Argument about that *feel* which persons on great heights suppose themselves to have of a wish to throw themselves down.'

† We do not know Croker's authority for this assertion. Mr. Amyot, in the 'Life' prefixed to Windham's speeches, represents the cause of the resignation as simply political. But Amyot knew nothing, or concealed everything, respecting the mental peculiarities of his hero.

interesting preface, which Mrs. Baring now publishes; and we will farther trespass on our reader's patience by extracting from it some portions which throw light on its composition, and propound Mr. Ellis's own theory—not to our minds a very satisfactory one—of the circumstances and mental impulses under which it was written.

'It is not improbable that the project of undertaking the troublesome task may have been suggested to Mr. Windham by his friend, Dr. Johnson, to whose advice he always listened with reverence, and whose example he was ever disposed to follow. The reader will have frequent occasion to remark that the species of mental discipline to which Mr. W. was so anxious to subject himself was, even in many minute particulars, exactly conformable to the practice of Dr. Johnson. To establish the empire of reason over imagination was their common object; and with a view to acquire the power of continued thought undisturbed by the intrusion of fancy, they imposed on themselves the same exercises; accustoming themselves to occasional composition in the learned languages, converting Greek into Latin epigrams, and taxing the memory by long mental calculations. An English translation of "Thuanus" was, as Mr. Boswell relates, frequently meditated by Dr. Johnson, and has been partly executed by Mr. Windham, with that sort of reluctant diligence which would be almost unaccountable if, in undertaking the task, he had been solely guided by his own predilection for the voluminous historian. Dr. Johnson wrote, in two quarto volumes, a diary of his own private life, and strongly recommended to his friends the adoption of this practice.

'"The great thing to be recorded" (says he) "is the state of your own mind, and you should write down everything that you remember; for you cannot judge at first what is good or bad: and write immediately, while the impression is fresh, for it will not be the same a week afterwards."

'There is, indeed, an apparent allusion to this advice amongst the minutes of a conversation with Dr. Johnson, which Mr. Windham has preserved, and which took place, as Mr. Boswell relates, when Mr. Windham, "before he set out for Ireland, as secretary to Lord Northington, then Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, expressed to the sage some modest and virtuous doubts, whether he could bring himself to practise those arts which, it is supposed, a person in that situation has occasion to employ." The heads of Dr. Johnson's answer were, as appears by Mr. Windham's notes, "I have no great timidity in my own disposition, and am no encourager of it in others. . . . . Never be afraid to think yourself fit for anything for which your friends think you fit. . . . .

'"You will become an able negotiator; a very pretty rascal. . . .

'"No one in Ireland wears even the mask of incorruption. No one professes to do for sixpence what he can get a shilling for doing."' . . .

'"Every day will improve another, *Dies diem docet:* by observing at night where you failed in the day, and by resolving to fail so no more."' (*Preface by Mr. Ellis*, pp. xvi. xvii.)

Mr. Windham accordingly commenced his self-imposed task on January 1, 1784, and continued it pretty regularly until his death.

If anything was wanting to show the utter unsoundness (in its application to many, perhaps to most minds), of the sage's advice to keep a diary of self-examination, these papers of Mr. Windham's would alone suffice for the purpose. The practice keeps morbidly alive that over-acute self-consciousness which in really healthy organisations is absent, in unhealthy ones should be as far as possible repressed, and which the patient should be taught to 'ignore' as far as possible. One cannot help believing that nothing tended more to maintain Mr. Windham's nervous feelings in activity for so many years.

'That a man in the bloom and vigour of life (Mr. Ellis continues), already distinguished by his various attainments, ambitious of every kind of distinction, and conscious that all were within his reach, should contemplate, with no common alarm, the prospect of being arrested in his career by a disease which, without much hastening his death, might deprive life of all its enjoyments, is perfectly natural. It is not less natural that, feeling himself responsible for the due use of his talents, and persuaded that the preservation of them depended on regular and active exertion, he should deplore, with sincere contrition, the frequent instances in which he had inadvertantly resigned them to intervals of dangerous reaction. The corroding anxiety which had thus fastened on his mind, explains that sudden air of dejection which was sometimes observable even in his gayest moments, that "dread of competition, and habitual distrust of his own abilities," of which he often expresses his consciousness, and that hesitating indecision which formed such a singular contrast with the general firmness of his manly and intrepid character.'

'"What a pity it is (says he, in an article of his *Adversaria*) that a man cannot, for a while, stand at a distance from himself, and behold his own person, manner, behaviour, and character, with the eyes of a stranger! What a pity that no one can see himself as he is seen by everyone else! It is from this impossibility that one meets people every day, who are as perfect strangers to their own characters as a man would be to his own countenance who had never seen the reflection of it in a mirror. In this latter predicament few can be found; art, incited by vanity, having furnished us with such ready means of viewing our own persons. But there is no mirror that can, at one view, give us a distinct image of our characters. That image is only to be formed like the map of some of the planets, from the result of observations made with pain and difficulty, and at various times. For this reason few people ever form it at all, but

remain in such total ignorance of the appearance of their own characters, as seen from without, that nothing is more common than to hear a man arraigning in others the very failings for which he is himself most notorious, and treating his own favourite follies, the very vices of his own bosom, with as much severity as if he had not the smallest kindred or relation to them."

'It was such an image of his own mind that Mr. Windham was desirous of delineating for his own improvement; and if that image be, as it certainly is, extremely different from the idea of him impressed upon the memory of his friends, it is only because he was able to discover, and disposed to exaggerate, defects which were invisible to any other observer.' (Pp. xix. xxi.)

It follows, of course, that this Diary is of the most strictly private character. It is highly improbable that Windham ever intended any eye to see it but his own. In the first place, he had the habit, common to him with many men of business, of noting down, almost every day, the places he had visited, the business he had transacted, the persons he had met at dinner; but adding hardly a word of detail as to what passed, or as to his own thoughts. These were of course ordinary memoranda for the convenience of future reference. But besides this, he used the same diary, as we have seen, for the separate purpose of noting down the daily variations of his own mental barometer. Of the ordinary gossip of a genial diarist there is next to none. As years advance, the character of the memoranda somewhat changes; the entries are briefer and more careless; but at the same time they contain rather more of remark on what was passing around him; in his last years, even to the heads of discussions and the divisions in the Cabinet; a breach, we fear, of certain recognised obligation, which nothing but the *bonâ fide* privacy of the Diary could excuse.

To appreciate more fully the predisposing causes which trained so peculiar a character, the reader must remember that Windham was through life the possessor of an ample fortune, to which he succeeded in boyhood, an only child. He married late in life, and he had no offspring. He was exempt nearly all his days from common anxieties and common interests. His family affections, so far as this Diary gives intimations, were chiefly centered on one object—Mrs. Lukin (Catherine Doughty), wife of his half-brother on the mother's side, who became Dean of Wells. It was to this gentleman's issue that Mr. Windham devised all his Norfolk property; they took the name of Windham; and from them proceeded the last unhappy and too notorious owner of Felbrigg. Mrs. Lukin was established, during many of the years comprehended in this Diary, in the parsonage at Felbrigg; and there is something almost feminine in the tenderness which marks almost every entry respecting her; his uneasiness when long absent from her, and his self-reproach when, from some wayward reason or other, he fancies that he has not found the pleasure he expected in her society.

'The chief interruption was the having Mrs. Lukin with me, which certainly operates in that way, whatever compensation it may bring in the pleasure of her company. How it is that her presence, so little restraint that it imposes, should be a hindrance to employment, is not discoverable at first sight; nor need, perhaps, be in fact so, if there was nothing wrong in the habits of my own mind. The great desideratum with me is, continuity of thought; whatever touches me in that part is liable to leave a wound that is long in curing.' (P. 139.)

'*June* 23*rd*, 1788.—I have promised her to-night that my absence will not make me forget her, and certainly if I forget *her*, whom shall I remember? Where shall I ever find one so amiable, so worthy, of understanding so acute, of integrity so confirmed, of disposition so pure, and attached to me from feelings of such genuine affection?'

'*September* 19*th*, 1789.—Uncomfortable from the same causes that had made me so before. I had not despatched my business as I ought, nor felt the power to do so now. The *feel* was increased by some irritation, more than was wise, at the folly of George bringing his boy John to breakfast, to be stuffed with chocolate, &c., at the expense of our conversation. After various delays I set off with George in the chaise, not till it was so late as to leave little hopes of reaching Ipswich before eleven. In setting off, it occurred to me that I had done wrong not to ride to Aylsham. I accordingly ran back for my horse, and thus had the satisfaction of again taking leave of Mrs. Lukin, though my riding back so unexpectedly occasioned a momentary alarm.'

'*March*.—Journey [to London] not unpleasant, except to Mrs. Lukin, who was low-spirited and affected with something which I had said beyond what she ought.'

On one occasion he ascribes to this lady the credit of inspiring him with the point of one of his most remarkable early speeches.

'*December*, 1787.—Amongst the events of this time I must not forget the speech about Francis,* which seemed clearly to have been

* About the exclusion of Francis from the list of managers of the impeachment. It is a singular circumstance, and has not, so far as we know, been adverted to by any combatant in the Junian controversy, that when Sir Philip Francis was attacked in the House of Commons for having allowed himself to be

the best I ever made, and which, by the credit given to it, entitles me to pronounce with greater confidence on the degree of admiration due to public speaking. In the whole of that speech nothing was found that I had not on various occasions said before in company, without exciting any particular observation in those who heard me, or appearing to myself particularly to have observed it. For some time before my leaving town Mrs. Lukin had been with me; she was in town at the time when the speech above mentioned was made, and had suggested, in talking upon the subjects, one of the points which I afterwards made use of, and which was just as good, for aught I know, as any of those with which it was associated. Our journey was delayed a day for the sake of the battle, at Staines, between Ryan and Johnson, which I went to see. Next morning Mrs. Lukin, myself, and Robert set off for Felbrigg.'

Windham, it will be remembered, was not only much associated with Francis in politics (in the management of the Hastings' impeachment), but he was also one of the very few personal friends and intimates of that unpopular man. An entry of the year 1786 is curious from the high estimate it contains of the oratorical powers of Sir Philip. The debate in question was on the 'Rohilla' charge. Windham's speech is very briefly given in the Parliamentary History.

'*June* 1*st*, 1786.—By the time I got there (to the House) my mind had got into some disorder, and my spirits into some agitation; and by the time Burke had finished I found myself in no good state to speak. The same state continued, though with a little amendment, to the time of my rising. Yet I contrived, somehow, to steady and recover myself in the course of speaking, and so far executed what I had prepared, that I conceive it to be fashion to talk of what I did as rather a capital performance. 'Tis strong proof on what cheap terms reputation for speaking is acquired, or how capricious the world is of its allotment to different people. There is not a speech of mine which, in comparison of one of Francis's, would, either for language or matter, bear examination for one moment; yet about my performances in that way a great fuss is made, while of his nobody speaks a word.' (Pp. 77, 78.)

'Let any one (he elsewhere says) remember the reception and examine the language and matter of any of Francis's speeches and then say what the proportion is, on matters of this sort, between praise and merit. Francis's speeches are regular compositions, exhibiting in many parts great force of thought, and conceived, throughout, in language peculiarly elegant and energetic. I know not any one whose speeches, in respect of clearness and force of diction, can stand in competition with Francis's. What I have said at any time must come infinitely short, since I should despair very much, even, of writing such language. What I have said can, in fact, rise to no higher character than that of a few loose points, acutely argued and sometimes forcibly expressed. So much for that.' (P. 175.

Although these pages evince abundantly his affectionate interest in all the members of the Lukin family, who were his nearest connexions—whole blood-relations he had none—they give little insight into his personal affections, except, as we have said, for Mrs. Lukin. His marriage with Cecilia Forrest, an old friend of his family, did not take place until 1798; and he says but little about it. The first entry on the subject, indeed, only a fortnight after the ceremony, is not encouraging.

'*August* 2*nd*, 1798.—Drawing Room. Presentation at dinner. Lady Palmerston, Lady Mary Fordyce, Malone, who came in by chance. Lady M. stayed till late. Cecy, when I came down, had singed her feathers. Slight ill humour.'

Even the most cursory biographer ought to record that notwithstanding this ominous start, 'Cecy' made the eccentric bachelor an excellent wife, and is said to have been a most agreeable woman; the Queen and Princesses were very partial to her society.

More than half of Windham's daily life, throughout the greater part of this Journal, was devoted to London, politics, and literature; the remainder chiefly to Felbrigg. It is a place which has inspired much attachment to those connected with it; and this feeling has been shared for generations by those families of Eastern England who are accustomed to seek health and recreation on the beach of Cromer and the breezy hills of the Norfolk coast. The Elizabethan mansion and the noble woods of Felbrigg formed the central point of the scenery and society of the district—the more venerated because they were associated to Norfolk eyes with the memory of Mr. Windham. Yet it is evident from the record of his life that he seldom enjoyed himself there, unless when soothed by the favourite company of his half-sister. The management of his affairs, and the duties of Norfolk society, bored him ex-

included in that list,—he having had a quarrel with Hastings, and fought a duel with him,—he cited *Sir William Draper* as a person whom he had consulted, and who had approved of his conduct. 'The honourable person whom I consulted is no more, and for that reason I have been hitherto tender of mentioning his name. Those who knew Sir William Draper, I am sure will acknowledge that there could not be a stricter and more scrupulous judge of points of honour than he was. If it were possible to produce the opinion he gave me in approbation of the conduct I have pursued, I should look no farther.' (*Debate of December* 11, 1787.)

tremely; but, in his odd self-tormenting way, he seldom seems to have allowed himself an opportunity of escaping from them, and occupied his mind and his diary with long arguments as to why he was bored, and why he ought not to have been. Though it seems a strange thing to say of the enthusiastic defender, as Windham was esteemed, of British muscular pastimes, he was not a passionate or even habitual sportsman; his entries in that way are meagre and few; and while everything which gave him pleasure, or for a time diminished the 'feel,' is habitually recorded, neither the slaughter of birds nor the leaping of fences figures in that category. Nor, though of course accustomed to horsemanship, does he seem to have been an eager rider. One of his paradoxes was to stand up for bull-baiting as a preferable sport to horse-racing; and some of his memoranda seem to show that he suspected he was timid on horseback, and was disgusted with himself accordingly.

'*March* 1786.—Arrived at Pytchley about eight o'clock. The company there, Lord Winchelsea, Lord Spencer, Damer, Conyers, and Lord Cathcart, who came down the same day; Isted, Assheton Smith, Harry Churchill, and afterwards Northey. Doughty did not come till the next day. The weather was very delightful, and we hunted the next morning. I rode Doughty's horse, Nobbs, and when we went out in the morning, and for some time afterwards, was foolish enough to entertain doubts of the sufficiency of my horsemanship. We had a day delightful for the weather, and sport sufficient for my powers and wishes. Littleton Powys was in the field, and Hanbury, with whom I renewed my acquaintance.' (P. 74.)

'*July 3rd*, 1786.—Set off about twelve for Oxford, on horseback. Ride to Tedsworth; spirits gay; thoughts shamefully idle. Dined comfortably at Tedsworth, and should have arrived at Oxford pleasantly enough, if, in riding up Shotover to ease the horses in the carriage, my horse had not taken me by surprise, and turning violently round, and kicking upon being struck with the spur, thrown me off with a good deal of force. Though I was bruised a little, and made very sick, I should not have found myself so uncomfortable as I did, if I had not in some measure charged the fall as my own fault. I certainly fell at last from consenting to fall; yet I am not sure that I did unwisely and think, I am sure enough, that I was not frightened. What, perhaps, made me most uncomfortable was, the feeling that if I had been hurt as much by a blow and fall in boxing —which was a subject one had been talking of not long before, with the same apprehension, too, of possible serious hurt—how little inclination at heart I should have felt to continue the combat. I felt that if I had stood up, it would merely have been from fear of shame, and that all the ardour of combat would have left me. I argued, that if such could be the effects of pain so slight and danger so unlikely, what might happen in trials really severe? I hope in this, as in other cases, one should do better than, by inference from smaller things, one should suppose. The impression, however, destroyed the pleasure I should have had in arriving at Oxford.' (Pp. 80, 81.)

The same curious suspicion of his own manliness beset him whenever he experienced —what he was very fond of courting—a new 'sensation' in the way of danger. This is probably the case with most men; but then they do not record their remissness in diaries. Windham was not only one of the most chivalrous, but in mere personal as well as moral courage one of the bravest of men. He had dragged a mutinous militiaman with his own hands into the guard-house, and stood at the door of it with his drawn sword, confronting alone a rush of the prisoner's comrades to the rescue with fixed bayonets. He had jumped out of his chair, after an election, into the middle of a hostile mob, and seized a man who was throwing a stone at him. And—in the way of moral courage—he had done the much more daring feat of defying in Parliament all the newspaper reporters, and provoking them to retaliate for some time by suppressing his speeches. But when going up in a balloon, or exposing himself at the siege of Valenciennes in the trenches, he seems to aim at sinking himself below the level of ordinary mortals by persistent self-anatomy.

'*May 5th*, 1785.—Went up in a balloon. Much satisfied with myself; and, in consequence of that satisfaction, dissatisfied rather with my adventure. Could I have foreseen that danger or apprehension would have made so little impression upon me, I would have insured that of which, as it was, we only gave ourselves a chance, and have deferred going till we had a wind favourable for crossing the Channel. I began to suspect, in all cases, the effect by which fear is surmounted is more easily made than I have been apt to suppose. Certainly the experience I have had on this occasion will warrant a degree of confidence more than I have ever hitherto indulged. I would not wish a degree of confidence more than I enjoyed at every moment of the time.' (P. 52.)

'*July 17th*, 1793.—I accepted readily the offer of Major Crawford * to accompany me there (to the trenches before Valenciennes). It

* This brave officer (Sir R. Crawford, killed in Spain) was a peculiar favorite with Windham. It is said, with reference to the failure of the expedition against Buenos Ayres (for which the world found especial fault with him), that he was anxious to send Crawford there, and was overruled by the Horse-guards, from motives of routine, in favour of Whitlocke.

was not without anxiety that I ventured into a situation so new and untried, as that into which I was about to enter. It was impossible to tell the effect of circumstances which have been found occasionally to operate so strangely on minds not distinguishable beforehand from the rest of the world. How could I be certain that the same might not happen to me as happened to certain persons that one knows of? I did all that could be done in such a case; "omnia præcepi atque animo mecum ante peregi." How far I had succeeded could be known only by trial. The result of the trial answered, I am happy to say, to my most sanguine expectations. I think, with confidence, that during any part of the time I could have multiplied, if necessary, a sum in my head.'

Shortly afterwards, however, his self-cross-questioning took another and less comfortable turn.

'19*th*.—This was the day following the preceding, and that on which they fired some cannon-shot at us, by one of which Phipps' horse was wounded. I shall never fail to regret my foolish dilatoriness, and want of consideration, in not having decided then to take my leave. Had I gone then I had stayed a blessed time! By suffering myself to stay on beyond that, I have outstayed my interest, and left myself with a doubt upon my mind, for which, before, there could not have been a pretence, whether something more should not have been done. I had seen the trenches the day of the truce; and when there was no danger, I had then gone down twice besides, once by daylight and once by night; at the former of which time there was a good deal of fire of cannon and shells, and at the latter of musketry. It was at the latter of those times that a sergeant of the 14th had his head shot off. I had rode about everywhere, and, as it happened, had run some risk. I had done enough to satisfy myself, and to show to others what, if it is very necessary to be conscious of oneself, it is pleasant also to have known. By not going to the storm of the covered way, though I forbore only, what everyone would have said it was absurd to do, except at least a few people, whose opinions perhaps are not worth much, yet I felt something below what some might have expected. One way of putting it may be, Was it a thing which would have been more praised or blamed had it been done? Would it, considering all circumstances, have raised the character of the actor or depressed it? It is the hope that it might have had, with some good judges, even the latter effect, that can alone reconcile me to the not having done it. The decision taken of avoiding any intermediate course, if I was not wholly to engage, was, I think, right. I observed at least a distinct line, that of keeping throughout with the Duke of York. It is most fortunate for my own satisfaction that the Duke went into the trenches, and not amiss that there was, during the time, a pretty smart fire. The head of an Austrian was knocked off, who was walking a few paces before the Duke, and a guardsman was knocked down while we were standing near the battery. This was, I think, the 25th. Why did I not go away on the 23rd? . . . Had I gone away before this question had arisen, I should have walked upon down; had I achieved the adventure, I should have trod on air.' (Pp. 283-5.)

By degrees he gets steady under fire, and then takes to finding fault with himself for his impassiveness.

'*September* 5*th*, 1794.—We soon after set out for camp . . . . It was a grand and (to me) a new situation; I am angry with myself that I did not seek to impress my mind with a fuller sense of the magnificence of it. The army of the enemy, of which we had heard so much, were advancing upon us. The action was going on in the close country in front. An attack, it was likely, would be made upon us in the morning. The fate of the British army and with that of the whole cause, probably, depended upon the event. What a situation for the imagination of Burke or Dr. Johnson! I am afraid I must say that I felt this hardly more than a grenadier; I hope only that I felt as much as a grenadier, at least, that if I felt it but little in one way I felt it but little also in another. The line was ordered out, and the Duke of York rode along it. . . . I took what occasions I could to say something animating to the soldiers; but as that kind of eloquence has much of chance in it, I did not always succeed. The Duke of York, in an attempt or two that he made, failed most miserably. It is one of the talents in which he is defective.' (P. 89.)

To return to Windham at Felbrigg. It is not an uncommon thing for the owner of a fine place to get very tired of it now and then, and welcome the freedom of an inn as a considerable relief. See into what a curious compound of emotion this very ordinary propensity is transformed by the subtle alchemy of this analyst of himself.

'*October* 13*th*, 1792. *Oxford.*—Dined at Malone's: only he. After sitting some time, during which I finished manuscript "Life of Milton," that I had begun before dinner, and had a good deal of not unpleasant talk, we walked out, and drank tea at coffee-house at the Angel, where I met Newnham. Thence, after another walk, more productive of pleasant images than a walk in Felbrigg woods, to my new lodgings at Kettle Hall. During the whole of my time of being here, I have felt strongly the share which place may have in determining the course and character of one's thoughts: all that it had done here has been for the better. My mind has been more gay; my thoughts more satisfactory; stronger impressions have been made; more of that has been felt which advances us, as Dr. Johnson says, in the order of thinking beings. . . . . It is a great question with me this morning and last night, whether I should not leave Oxford to-morrow, and some time was lost in the consideration. I determined at last to make trial

of a lodging, if it were only that I might make trial of the difference. The result is, for any time longer than a few days, there must be no hesitation about taking a lodging. My situation at the inn (the Cross) was for the time I stayed by no means uncomfortable. I could sit there in an evening or a morning, and think with as much effect as anywhere else. The bustle of it, too, was not more than such a residence as Felbrigg, was pleasant rather than otherwise.' (P. 263.)

Of Windham's passionate addiction, as it may be truly termed, to classical and modern literature, but especially the former, and his profound studies in mathematics, this diary affords, as might be expected, the most copious evidence; his continual entries showing his pursuit of these subjects in the midst of the most engrossing avocations, even to the extent of injuring his efficiency in the political line, as he sometimes fancied.

'It would have been better for me, perhaps (he says in a letter to Mrs. Crewe, 1790), that I had never meddled with anything else; or, meddling with other things, that I had begun to do so sooner. From some cause or other I am now a little of two characters, and good in neither: a politician among scholars, and a scholar among politicians. As Dr. Johnson said from Pope, of Lord Chesterfield, "a wit among lords, and a lord among wits."

'Under the present half of this divided empire, I am very sorry that Parliament is to meet before Christmas; and look with great concern to the termination that is to be put in three weeks' time to various schemes which I fancy now, if time was given me, I could pursue to some effect.'

But his numerous entries of severe literary labour alternate strangely with self-reproaches for idleness, inattention, and incapacity. They rarely, however, contain a literary judgment; which is disappointing. Some of the few which they *do* contain grate oddly on our ears. There is something ultra-Johnsonian in his contempt for Warburton. 'Read the first chapter also of that most absurd, dogmatical, and offensive book, "the Divine Legation Demonstrated."'

In his estimation of Churchill, so famous in his own day and so little read in ours, most people will probably agree with Windham.

'*July* 29*th*, 1802.—Passed the day at Cockburn's. I did nothing but read Churchill, which I found among Sir James's books: part of the "Ghost," and the "Conference." . . . Great facility of versification and style and occasionally considerable force of expression; some good strokes too of character; but in general, I think, from one reading, a great proportion of words to meaning.' (P. 438.)

But on the subject of Goldsmith he is so strangely tasteless and heretical, that we could scarcely believe our eyes when we came to the passage.

'20*th*.—After dinner slept only for a few minutes, afterwards "Vicar of Wakefield," which we just completed by supper and bedtime; a most absurd book, with hardly anything to carry it through but the name of the author, or to reconcile the reader to it but the catastrophe giving such full measure of happiness to the good, and such proper punishment to the wicked and worthless. Tiresome disputations, false opinions, uninteresting digressions, improbable incidents, nothing perfectly right, even where it cannot be said to be violently wrong; the very humour being little more than a good attempt, and never being quite successful.' (P. 485.)

The best that can be said in the statesman's defence is to cite the object of his never-dying worship, Dr. Johnson. The sage, we know from Boswell, was of opinion 'that sixty pounds was a sufficient price for the Vicar, when it was sold; for then the fame of Goldsmith had not been elevated, as it afterwards was, by the Traveller,' (to which Johnson himself had contributed some strokes). 'Then, to be sure, it was *accidentally* worth more money.'

'*June* 23*rd*, 1788.—Read in the morning some portion of different French books, among others, for the first time, some of Madame de Sévigné's "Letters." The quantity I read was not sufficient to enable me to form any judgment about them, except that they seem to be conversant chiefly, as letters ought, about such little circumstances and occurrences as people object to in the letters of Dr. Johnson. That they do not contain remarks so accute, and reflections so fine, I may venture to conjecture, without having read enough to assert. I will read more when I next go there, that is probably in the course of this week, in order to oppose this instance, if the fact should support me, to the petty and malignant cavils of those who object to the genuine and familiar correspondence of Dr. Johnson; that it does not recite important facts, nor abound in learned disquisitions.' (P. 141.)

Windham's delight in literature extended to its very receptacles. He never fails to specify a visit to one. On visiting Wentworth in 1785, in company with Burke, he says, 'In the morning I went with great eagerness into the library, and enjoyed there very strongly all that *feel* which a library usually excites.' It will not be forgotten that it was in working hard at a fire to save Mr. North's library, in 1809 (he rescued four-fifths of it), that he met with the injury which caused his death, through an operation, the year after.

Travelling, or rather touring, was another

of the occupations of Windham's leisure; and several accounts of journeys at home and abroad are contained in the Diary. In 1783 he visited Scotland in company with Burke; but the record of his impressions is very disappointing. The foul fiend hypochondria was one of the company, and the phrase 'melancholy reflections continued' furnishes the key-note of every day's entry. The following 'Burkiana' are, however, worth preserving.

'Burke's idea of the application of the character of Æneas to Augustus, as a person who kept his passion for women in subjection to his politics, and was contrasted in that respect to Antony.

'His general criticisms on the book, where Æneas introduces himself to Evander.

'The parallelisms of Virgil: always figurative, his verse slow—An idea of a prose style, that might be formed from Virgil, of what sort I did not well understand.

'Johnson and L'Estrange, the extremes of the English style.

'Every man has some little corner in his mind which he reserves for meanness—a slut's hole.

'Rather be turned out on the India Bill, than on the Prince of Wales's business; rather be drowned in the Ganges, than be wrecked on the harbourless coast of Wales.

'Lord Lovat's remark upon Sir Everett Fawkener, when he came to give evidence against him—"both their heads in a bad way."

'To some man who was with him when one of the rabble called out "to see the old villain"—which of us does he mean?"'

We may remark, with reference to this account of his tour, that whether because his diary was kept for altogether another purpose, or whether the deficiency was common with the cultivated minds of that day, or whether something is to be allowed for a Norfolk man's infamiliarity with natural beauty, he scarcely ever vouchsafes a word of admiration to scenery; or, it may be added, to architecture, and such ordinary subjects of the tourist's interest. His adieu to Scotland is conveyed in something like the ring of the old song:—

'Farewell, farewell, beggarly Scotland,
Bannocks and barley, cakes and kale;
Welcome, welcome, merry old England,
Laughing lasses and foaming ale.'

'Dined at Longtoun, just in the south of the river—the Esk, I think—that divides the counties. Carlisle—pleasant appearance and pleasant *feel* at approaching it. The north of England more connected in my imagination with old times than Scotland; and England itself viewed perhaps with more complacency.'

And so, when he returned from Switzerland a few years later, he only notes the delight of getting away.

'*Oct.* 1*st*, 1788.—A letter I got in the morning from Mrs. Lukin assisted the effect of a fine day, and made me very gay. I am sorry to say that the pleasantest moments of my tour have been those which I have passed by myself. Something of uncomfortableness hung upon my mind, as it does perhaps still, from apprehension of ridiculous and vexatious distresses, in which I might be involved for want of speaking and understanding sufficiently the language, but that was overpowered by the other sources of satisfaction which I had; the consciousness of having fulfilled my purposes, and the prospect of being speedily in England, and the *feel* of being left at large to the government of my own motions, and the enjoyment of my own thoughts. I travelled on therefore with great gaiety, walking generally before the chaise, the country being perfectly wild and mountainous, till about ten, when I reached at length La Maison Neuve.'

But of all the bye-enjoyments of Windham's life, even in his most melancholy days—in the intervals of his greater occupations of politics, literature, and deep intellectual study—nothing came up to a 'fight.' The entries on this subject are numerous, and often grotesquely intermingled with other matter.

'*May* 14*th*, 1784.—Saw a tight battle at the corner of Russell Street.'

'*May* 2*nd*, 1786.—The circumstances of the fight, which was the object of our excursion, need not be recorded. The winner's name was Humphries (Richard, I think); and the butcher's, Sam Martin. The man, by the way, of whom I won my bet, but of whom I probably may not get payment, was Young. The spectacle was upon the whole very interesting, by the qualities, both of mind and body, which it exhibited. Nothing could afford a finer display of character than the conduct and demeanour of Humphries, and the skill discovered far exceeded what I had conceived the art to possess. The mischief done could not have affected the most tender humanity.'

'*Aug.* 6*th*, 1787.—Detained between Nepean's house and the office till near 5 o'clock, when I found a set of people going to a battle in Tothill Fields. Got some dinner at the tavern in Palace Yard, and proceeded thence to the scene of action, where, between six and seven, saw very commodiously, from a dray, a smart battle between Jack Joseph, a soldier who showed upon his back floggings which he had received to a distinguished amount, and one Hardy, I think a carpenter. Joseph was bulky, but old and corpulent, and not a match for the other in activity, but he fought most courageously, and after eleven times being either thrown or struck down, gave me a great persuasion that he would win, even if his antagonist had not given out suddenly, in a way very discreditable either to his courage or his honesty. The opinion was, as I heard from Han-

ger and Ayton afterwards, that he fought booty.'

'*June 9th*, 1788.—I had been that morning with Fullerton and Palmer to Croydon, to a boxing-match, and after dinner went before coffee with Elliott and Cholmondeley to the philosophical fireworks. The boxing-match was, in consequence of a purse collected by subscription, under the direction of H. Aston, G. Hanger, &c. The combatants, Fewtrill and Jackson, both of them large; one of them, Jackson, a man of uncommon strength and activity, but neither of them of any skill, or likely, so far as appeared upon that occasion, ever to become distinguished. The fight, which lasted an hour and ten minutes, was wholly uninteresting, it being evident from the beginning which was to prevail, and no powers or qualities being displayed to make the prevalence of one or the other a matter of anxiety. The fight which succeeded this between Crabb, a Jew, and Watson, a butcher from Bristol, under 21, was of a different character; so much skill, activity, and fine make, my experience in these matters has not shown me. After a most active fight of forty minutes the Jew was very fairly beat. There was also another fight, between a butcher and a spring-maker, neither of them large, but one of them, the butcher, a muscular man, which though smart enough for the time, ended soon by what seemed a shabby surrender on the part of the spring-maker; his plea was having sprained both his thumbs, or, as he called it, but not truly, according to their appearance to me afterwards, put them out.'

'*Aug. 14th*.—Straight on to town without stopping, as I had at first proposed at Burke's. The occasion of my hurrying on so much was, that I might write a letter to be inserted in one of the papers, to take off, as far as one could, the effect of the accident at Brighton,* of the death of a man in a boxing-match. I finished this, contrary to my usual practice in the execution of anything requiring any degree of thought, the next evening and the next morning, I think, sent it to the "Morning Chronicle."'

'*April 1st*, 1792.—I let myself foolishly be drawn by Boswell to explore, as he called it, Wapping, instead of going when everything was prepared, to see the battle between Ward and Stanyard, which turned out a very good one, and which would have served as a very good introduction to Boswell.'

On July 20, 1805, he assists at a fight between Crib and Nichol, with a '*petite pièce* between a Jew and a jackass-driver.' And the last entry on this subject we have noticed (October 25, 1808) records a battle at Moulsey, and then proceeds:—'First good beginning that has been made on treatise so necessary to be begun and concluded, on Negative Sign.'

* A man being killed in a prize-fight at Brighton, in the presence of the Prince of Wales, the Prince declared that he would not in future patronise or be present at any pugilistic contest.

Whenever the habits and ways of thinking of a rougher age are dying out under increase of refinement, some paradoxical intellect is pretty sure to be raised up to defend the old practices, and find glory in what the majority are beginning to regard as shame. Windham, himself cultivated to over-fastidiousness, took under his especial potection the brutal side of the old English sporting character. He was the last genuine muscular Christian—for we must set down the sect who have been so styled in the present day as mere fantastic imitators. We cannot resist the temptation to illustrate his unique temperament by quoting perhaps the most famous, certainly the most eccentric, of his speeches, that in defence of bull-baiting (1802). His main argument was, that those who desired to abolish it must be either Jacobins or Puritans:—

'In their devices to accomplish this object, there were two great parties united, the Jacobins and the Methodists, though the objects they had in view by this change were essentially different. By the latter every moral amusement was condemned with a vigour only to be equalled by the severity of the puritanical decisions. . . . . By the Jacobins, on the other hand, it was an object of important consideration to give to the disposition of the lower orders a character of greater seriousness and gravity, as the means of facilitating the reception of their tenets; and to aid this design, it was necessary to discourage the practice of what were termed idle sports and useless amusements. This was a design which he should ever think it his duty strenuously to oppose. . . . . When he condemned the excesses to which bull-baiting gave rise, had he forgotten all the confusion and riot which horse-racing produced? He himself did not object to the practice of horse-racing, since there were so many individuals to whom it was a source of pleasure. But he might be allowed to remind the House of the observation of Dr. Johnson, who had expressed his surprise at the paucity of human pleasures, when horse-racing constituted one of the number. To horse-racing he was himself no more a personal enemy than to boxing; though in making this observation he was far from wishing to disparage boxing so far as to put them on an equal footting, or to insinuate that so poor, mean, and wretched an amusement as the one, was at all to vie in importance with the other, which is connected with ideas of personal merit, and individual dignity.'

As to the popular argument derived from supposed cruelty, he scouted it as at once derogatory to the bull, the dogs, and the spectators.

'He believed that the bull felt a satisfaction in the contest, not less so than the hound did when he heard the sound of the horn which summoned him to the chase. . . . . If the bull

felt no pleasure, and was cruelly dealt with, surely the dogs had also some claim to compassion; but the fact was, that both seemed equally anxious in the conflict; and the bull, like every other animal, while it had the better side, did not appear to feel unpleasantly; it would be ridiculous to say he felt no pain; yet when on such occasions he exhibited no sign of terror, it was a demonstrable proof that he felt some pleasure.'

We have left ourselves but little space for extracts from that which is in truth the most characteristic part of the Diary, namely, its painful self-anatomy. Incidentally, indeed, the passages which we have already given will convey a pretty accurate idea of what remains; but our purpose would scarcely be achieved without adverting somewhat more closely to this subject, brought as it is already into unavoidable prominence. At the same time, it is obvious that it would be a mistake to suppose that those gloomy pages contain a real reflection of the images which were passing in Mr. Windham's mind. His ebullitions of hypochondria can hardly be called spontaneous. He evidently made it his task, whenever he took up his Diary, to place on record, as far as he could, the sensations experienced since his last entry. As we have said, he entertained the very mistaken notion that this kind of medical record would be serviceable, instead of, as it must have been, disadvantageous. Probably, therefore, he yielded to the natural tendency to exaggerate the symptoms which he felt thus compelled to analyse. Some extracts —they are a very scanty selection—may serve to illustrate this aspect of his strangely compounded character. We give them promiscuously, that is, in mere chronological order; including some, particularly among the earliest, which are chiefly curious as showing the miscellaneous nature of the subjects on which he employed his mind, and the constant self-reproach which his vacillations between one subject and another occasioned him:—

'*February* 16*th*, 1784.—During the hour or two that I was in my own room while they were in Duke Street, went on with the sacred history, and read the twenty-second chapter of Numbers in the Greek containing the story of Balaam. Afterwards sat down to the continuation of the account in "Adversaria:" "Mirari aliquando subiit," &c.; but could not satisfy myself about a sentence I was attempting; at last went off into a reverie about an air-balloon.

'17*th*.—Did not get up till ten minutes past ten. The first effect of what is here stated is, that I have two hours less in the day, at least that my day begins two hours later. Are there not also other losses? Are not the two hours which I should so gain, better than any other? Would not every other hour be improved by additional health and spirits? And might not the advantage gained in the application of my time be more than in proportion to the time added? . . . . Dined at the Club; conversations about balloons, at which Sir Joseph Banks chose to take offence, and exposed himself most completely. Went with Burke for a short time to Brookes's.' (P. 6.)

'*April* 6*th*, 1785.—This habit of indecision, if some means are not found to stop its progress and abate its malignity, will corrupt and eat away my understanding to the very core; it wastes my time, consumes my strength, converts comfort into vexation and distress, deprives me of various pleasures, and involves me in innumerable difficulties. Some canon must be framed for proceeding in these cases. Let the first resolution be, that from the moment the question is instituted, and the trial commenced, no interruption should be permitted, nor any adjournment take place. The cause should be concluded before the jury go out of court. . . . An adherence to these rules will, I have no doubt, go a great way towards a cure.

'The fact on which the above speculation arose was that, till eleven o'clock, I could do nothing, from not having been able to settle in what manner I should dispose of the day; and in consequence, seven of the best hours of the day, viz. from seven till two, without more having been done than the writing of the present article, and thinking loosely on some parts of my work. Half-past three, went to dinner at Kent's; not unpleasant. Quarter-past five, rode, going over wild ground about Wimbledon Common; not unpleasant, but not so pleasant as it might have been.' (Pp. 48, 49.)

'*September* 20*th*, 1786.—Came from Aylsham, where I had slept. Day uncommonly fine, and spirits uncommonly good. I had a song in my head, which I had heard at the dinner of the day before, descriptive of a fox-chase at some place near Anglesea, as I conceived, and which carried my thoughts into that part of the world, attended with a feel of enjoyment which I seldom know. As these moments of happiness depend often on causes subject to our own direction, it is worth while to inquire what they are, and take such means as may bring them into action. On my arrival at home, I did what was most proper, and sat down to Thuanus, but was interrupted before long, and not unpleasantly, by Lady Buckinghamshire, driving through the park, with whom I rode to Cromer, and continued to attend till half-past three. Well employed till sleep obliged me to go to bed. It occurs to me upon this occasion, that that foolish feel or notion, by which one part of a day used to be sacrificed to another, and all power lost of terminating a neglect once begun, has for a long time ceased to operate. I don't recollect that for many times back of my being at Felbrigg, I have ever loitered away a whole evening as I used to do at Hanworth or the Parsonage.' (Pp. 88, 89.)

'*June* 15*th*, 1787.—I had felt myself particularly strong and clear, but lost some of the

advantage by a foolish contest with myself, whether a wish of exercising my horse before dinner, sooner than it should lose a day, should be indulged or not. The disturbance given myself in arguing the question became a reason for deciding it in the affirmative. We drank tea out of doors. When they went away—the party from the Parsonage—which was about nine or past, I came into my room, and continued in my chair, thinking with great intentness on the question, in page 261, K. U., till past eleven, when the effect of thought, so long and so earnestly continued, brought me into a state different, as it appeared to me, from what I have frequently experienced from the same cause—such as seemed to me a natural precursor of that which, sometime or other, will be my end—a paralytic stroke.

'16*th*.—From whatever causes it happened—whether from continuing too long in bed, or from the same as occasioned what is stated above—I felt all this day low in spirits and feeble in mind. I was so drowsy as to be obliged to betake myself to the couch, where I continued fast asleep till I was waked by Mrs. Lukin coming under the window in the phaeton.' (Pp. 117, 118.)

'*February* 22*nd*, 1789.—Called, I remember, on Lady Howe, and meeting Fitzpatrick near Hay Hill, went back with him to Burlington House to see Fox. Lost time in deliberating whether I should dine at Lord Spencer's or not; determined at last for dining and found in the event, that I had determined very rightly. It was just six when I went there. From the time of my going to that of my returning was just three hours. What was I likely to have done in those three hours had I remained at home? At dinner, were Sloper, George Conway, Bingham, Charles Greville, Mrs. Howe, old Lord George, and Marchant.' (P. 164.)

'*April* 30*th*, 1791.—Whether it is want of habit, want of exertion, or want of power, I do not find in myself a capacity of exercising well, at the same time, both memory and judgment, or of collecting and digesting, on a sudden, a multitude of small particulars. The suspicion that this deficiency may have some connexion with the change lately suspected in myself and serve as a new proof of its existence (a proof, I fear, not necessary), has contributed very much to depress my spirits.' (P. 225.)

'*July*, 1791.—I fear a dreadful change in my mind in all ways; the prospect is very dreadful, considering all circumstances, and begins already to affect my spirits, though not to any great degree.

'Let us pass from this to the manner of late in which I have managed my time and to the state of my mind in other respects. I have certainly for a long while, perhaps for a twelvemonth, remitted greatly that exertion and vigilance which I used to employ in the government of my own thoughts. I have lost likewise much of my ardour for study and, since Christmas at least, of my diligence in the prosecution of it. The relaxation in the government of my thoughts is the more inexcusable, as the exertion of the power would have been more easy, and the effect more complete; though it is perhaps from this very cause, that so little exertion has been made. While my mind was in that strange state, that nothing but continued endeavours would preserve any thought at all, something was necessarily done, and the necessity of that something, like the defects of northern climates in the production of the finer fruits, led to exertions that did more than supply the deficiency to which they were called. When without any exertion at all, I could be in a state of tolerable comfort, I acquiesced in what I had, and not being below mediocrity, never rose above it. But little pains has been taken to strengthen my memory, by the recitation of passages formerly known or purposely committed to it; no pains hardly taken to confine my thoughts to any prescribed course, or to restrain them from idle and unprofitable subjects; no exertions made on subjects of an opposite character. . . . I am not what the same habits I now possess would have made me a little while ago. Let us endeavour to find other causes for this besides that most unwelcome one of a commencing decline in my own faculties.' (P. 231.)

'*September* 7*th*, 1792.—Rode out in the morning with Sir W. and Mrs. Lukin. I was so exhausted, that I was fain to lie down and sleep, and was unable to do that without many of those convulsive shocks with which I have for some time past, and particularly I think during this summer, been so much annoyed, and which I fear are the forerunners of a paralytic stroke. A night now not very often passes without my experiencing some of these seizures, in a way to make me apprehend that the event is actually taking place.' (P. 259.)

'*September* 10*th*, 1793.—The Townshends dined at Cossey. Both mornings were pretty well employed in writing letters. I felt for the greater part of the time a considerable tendency of former *feel;* proceeding in part perhaps from indisposition, but more probably from the effect of a state, which has always been most injurious, and to which it has always been my misfortune or my fault very much to expose myself, *that of being in company in which I was not amused.* The fatal hours spent in that way during one period of my life, were the cause, I believe, of a great part of the mental maladies under which I have always laboured, as were the hours to which I was condemned by Norbury, in his pupil-room, at a still earlier period.' (P. 290.)

The intellectual Sybarite, whose slumbers are disturbed by a crumpled rose leaf, certainly shows himself in this expression of fear lest his health should break down under the infliction of 'company with which he was not amused.' Did he expect the world at large to be only an expansion of 'The Club'?

'*October* 10*th*.—I dined at the Bishop's. A party of, I suppose, fifty, chiefly clergy. I felt the same enjoyment that I frequently do at large dinners; they afford, in general, what never fails to be pleasant, solitude in a crowd.

My satisfaction, however, was much clouded by finding that I had acquiesced in calling in my own mind "Randall"—"Marshall." It is in vain, I fear, to entertain a doubt, that the event which excited so much horror when I first suspected it two years ago has really taken place, and that memory gives signs of decay.'

'*October* 25*th*.— . . . What have I been about? It is certain that I have known, since I have been down here this time, feels of ill health not experienced or observed before, and which are perhaps of the most alarming kind, as arguing a general decay, and decay in that quarter which seems conclusive of all the rest, I mean of the powers of digestion and appetite. . . . It is certain that latterly I have fallen into a great neglect and oblivion of all that I have had to do, either of study or business.'

And here we conclude this disagreeable series of extracts somewhat abruptly, for, to say the truth, the subject itself somewhat abruptly breaks off. In 1793 (the date of the latest of them), Windham was in the forty-seventh year of his age. He had thirteen years more to live, in the full exercise of his admirable powers. And henceforward, with the exception of an occasional peevish self-reproach about vacillation of purpose, he nearly ceases to anatomise himself: the 'feel' seems almost entirely to have left him: we hear no more of incipient paralysis, or obliviousness, or decay. What turned the poor hypochondriac into a healthy and self-reliant man? Certainly not medical aid, nor self-examination, nor careful poising of improvements and backslidings, nor caressing of the inner consciousness. Mere natural causes may have done something; marriage (in 1798) perhaps more. But we are inclined to attribute much greater effect in curing him to the French Revolution, and the French war. The first drove his thoughts per force into violent and engrossing action, apart from himself. The second supplied him with congenial subjects for oratorical display, and abundant occupation (in office) for the natural turn of his mind, inherited from his father, towards military organisation and its kindred topics. Had he been forced from an early age to toil for bread or success—had he worked at a profession, or shouldered a musket—his cure would probably have come earlier; but it could hardly have been more complete.

And it is in this point of view that we consider society not a little indebted to the lady who has edited this volume, for giving it so unreservedly to the public. Not for the sake of that pathology of nervous weaknesses which it illustrates so curiously. Of these everyone, who knows life, has probably seen too much already. Similar, if not quite as peculiar, cases abound in everyone's experience. But the real lesson of the book is this: that such besetting affections really are, in many cases, mere phantoms; that they will gradually disappear—not in obedience to efforts, not as a reward for patience, nor as conquered by medical skill, but of themselves: wearing themselves out, imperceptibly, even as an ordinary complaint wears itself out, under the influence of physical change in the system and occupation of the mind. We know full well how many a Windham, in respect of internal organisation, there is among us; some who may probably read these pages; let them meditate on the fact that their hero lived neither to become insane, nor paralytic, nor lethargic, as his perverted imagination had so often suggested to him, but to strain his fine faculties to the utmost for several busy years, to conduct the administration of the British army down to the dawning of its era of triumph; that this career was only cut short by an accident, bravely met and bravely endured; and not without an opportunity for resuming those serious views of life with which his early familiarity with Johnson had imbued him, though kept in abeyance though many a season partly engrossed with business, and partly devoted to self-anatomy.

This Diary will, of course, be in the hands of those who busy themselves with the political history of the era to which it relates; and they will find it of value for purposes of reference, especially the latter portion, relating to the Grenville and Portland Ministries. But these do not constitute the most interesting part of the work, compiled, as we have seen, as a private, and not a political, record. We will not therefore enter into this field, except by referring to a remarkable series of letters on the quarrel between Lord Fitzwilliam and Pitt's Cabinet, written by Burke to Windham almost from his death-bed (in October, 1794), containing the imaginative statesman's last utterances of despair:—

'I wrote, last night, a *threnodia* to the Chancellor; but I did not enter into any particular whatever: it would have been quite useless. He is a very able, good-humoured, friendly man; and for himself, truly, no great jobber, but where a job of patronage occurs, "*quanquam ipsa in morte tenetur*." For in the article of death he would cry, "Bring me the job." Good God! to think of jobs in such a moment as this! Why, it is not vice any longer: it is corruption run mad. Thank you for the account of the few saved at Bois le Duc—Pichegru has more humanity then we have. Why are any of these people put into garrison places? It is premeditated and treacherous murder. If an emigrant governor was, indeed, appointed a better thing could not be done.

Then we should hear of a defence: it would, indeed, be a novelty; and one would think, for that reason, would be recommended. But cowardice and treachery seem qualifications; and punishment is amongst the *artes perditæ* in the old governments. I am very miserable—tossed by public upon private grief, and by private upon public. Oh! have pity on yourselves! and may the God whose counsels are so mysterious in the moral world (even more than in the natural), guide you through all these labyrinths. Do not despair! if you do work in despair. Feel as little and think as much as you can: correct your natural constitutions, but don't attempt to force them.

'Adieu, adieu!

'Yours ever,

'Edmund Burke.' (P. 332.)

To this we will add, in conclusion, some extracts from a paper which reads curiously enough by the light of recent occurrences, drawn up by General Dumouriez, who was brought in contact with Windham, as Secretary of State for War and the Colonies in 1806, propounding a scheme for founding an empire in Mexico in order to check the progress of the United States.

'Le projet d'arracher le Mexique à la monarchie Espagnole ne doit point être envisagé comme une conception dévastatrice et de haine contre cette monarchie. C'est un acte de prévoyance digne du gouvernement d'une nation profonde et réfléchie. Les progrès de la population et de la culture de la Louisiane, depuis son union avec les États-Unis, annoncent l'invasion prochaine du Mexique, dès que les nouveaux établissements qui s'étendent déjà à la droite du Mississippi dans les riches plaines des Cenis se répandront jusqu'au Rio del Norte. Alors, les frontières du nouveau Mexique seront bientôt franchies par les aventuriers américains, à moins que le Mexique n'ait un souverain résidant sur les lieux, qui puisse rassembler sur les mêmes frontières des forces indigènes bien conduites. Toutes les nations de l'Europe seront alors intéressées à borner les conquêtes des Américains dans le Golfe du Mexique, l'Angleterre surtout. La révolution du Mexique, est inévitable un jour: il est donc très-important d'empêcher qu'elle ne devienne américaine, ou démocratique, de la prévenir et de la préparer à l'avantage de l'Angleterre, pendant qe'elle est en guerre avec l'Espagne subjuguée par la France.

'L'avantage d'une pareille révolution est incalculable, son exécution est très-facile, sa dépense n'est qu'une mise en dehors, un prêt à la nouvelle dynastie, dont on sera bientôt remboursé; son succès est infaillible. C'est ce que je m'offre de démontrer, si le projet est adopté par le Gouvernement. Manille, Cuba et Porto-Rico suivront le sort du continent, ou auront une autre destination dictée par les circonstances.'

'Faire un roi du Mexique: par cette opération acquérir un allié puissant qui, par la suite, contienne les États-Unis, vous aide à chasser des Antilles les Français et les Hollandais, vous assure un débouché pour vos manufactures, et vous dédommage au centuple des gênes qu'elles éprouvent en Europe. Par cette expédition, aussi solide que brillante, aussi facile que lucrative, vous acquerrez, sans tirer un coup de fusil, la domination du Golfe du Mexique, par la possession de la Havane, celle de la Mer du Sud par celle de Manille, que le nouveau roi du Mexique vous cédera pour le prix de son exaltation; vous ne pouvez les acquérir que par ce moyen, en profitant des circonstances, qui ne se représenteront jamais et qui tourneront contre vous, si vous les laissez échapper. Le commerce de deux mers sera dans vos mains, les richesses métalliques de l'Amérique espagnole arriveront en Angleterre, vous en priverez l'Espagne et Buonaparte, et cette révolution numéraire changera la face politique de l'Europe.' (Pp. 507–15.)

The writer then proceeds to enlarge on the feasibility of his project, and the advantages which would accrue to England from placing the Duke of Orleans (Louis Philippe) in the position since conferred by France on the Archduke Maximilian.

The whole of this paper deserves careful consideration at the present time, when a formal attempt has been made by one of the greatest Powers in Europe to place a European Prince upon the throne of New Spain. The proposal was certainly entertained by Mr. Windham and referred by him to Sir Arthur Wellesley, who wrote upon it the masterly papers contained in the sixth volume of the Wellington Supplementary Despatches, p. 35, one of the earliest specimens of the Duke's political and strategical powers. At p. 50 of the Memorandum in question, the Duke refers in distinct terms to Dumouriez's scheme, which must therefore have been laid before him.

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Art. IX.—*Electoral Statistics.* Presented to Parliament by command of Her Majesty, March 2nd, 1866.

At the moment when these pages are submitted to our readers, the House of Commons will be engaged in debating the second reading of the Bill for the Extension of the Franchise, recently introduced by Her Majesty's Government; and within a few hours a vote of the Lower House of Parliament will probably decide the fate of that measure in the present Session. It is not our province to compete with those political writers who are enabled by the facilities of frequent publication to track the varying fortunes of the fight, and to discuss with

feverish ardour every incident of the campaign and of the battle. Nor could any observations published in this place affect results which depend on the fluctuations of a majority, swayed by the eloquence of debate or the artifices of Parliamentary tactics. But although we are precluded from taking any active part in the contest now raging in the House of Commons, and we shall not presume to speculate on the consequences of an unknown vote, it would be inconsistent with our duty to the party with which we have so long been connected to remain silent at so important a conjuncture of public affairs. It is never too late to recall attention to those fixed principles of public policy and political truth, which survive and govern the vicissitudes of success and defeat in a popular assembly; and whatever be the decision of the House of Commons upon the Bill now before it, we know that the ultimate success of the measure for the extension of the suffrage to a larger class of our fellow-citizens is certain and indisputable.

On former occasions—on the eve of the general election in July last, and on the eve of the meeting of Parliament in January last—we fully stated the views we entertain on the subject of Parliamentary Reform in its present phasis, and we have only to add that the measure introduced by Lord Russell and his colleagues has, by its sincerity and its moderation, entirely justified the anticipations we had formed of it. It was easy to foresee, that, at a time when the Liberal majority of the House of Commons is not vehemently impelled by any strong agitation in the country, and when many members of the new Parliament are more anxious to exercise their privileges than to subject them to revision, a proposal for the reform of the House of Commons has to encounter the secret aversion and apprehensions of a considerable number of members of the Liberal party, in addition to the open opposition of the Conservative minority. On this well-known fact the opponents of the Bill have based their operations; and it is a remarkable circumstance that in the debates upon the first stages of the Bill, the whole attack was carried on by skirmishers, who still affect to wear the colours of the very party they are endeavouring to divide and to defeat. The Conservative leaders maintained at that time a significant silence, and it might be inferred that, in the judgment of the calmer and wiser spirits among them, the measure proposed by the Government was a fair and moderate settlement of a long-disputed question, which cannot fail—as long as it is in dispute—to exclude them from any lengthened tenure of office. They cannot doubt that sooner or later, and at no distant period, a considerable addition will be made to the present electoral body, for the principle was conceded by Lord Derby's own Reform Bill of 1859; and in addition to the manifest justice of the claim, it is an act of prudence to remove inequalities and anomalies which have repeatedly been exposed, and to bring as many of Her Majesty's subjects within the pale of the franchise, as can be expected to exercise that right with independence and intelligence. The appeal to the fears of the upper and middle classes, which the opponents of the present Bill have not scrupled to make, is grossly exaggerated, if not entirely unfounded. If there are dangerous classes in the community, there is danger in excluding them from the exercise of political rights, as well as in including them within the regular line of operations of electoral constituencies. We are told that in certain boroughs which have been named, there is already a preponderance of the working-classes, and that to augment the present electors by the £7 householders would be to establish this preponderance over a broader area. But what evidence is there that this class of voters is constantly to vote *as a class* with undivided strength, when every other class in the community is divided by the influence of party and of opinion? If we take the old freemen and scot and lot voters, who existed at the time of the Reform Bill of 1832, and who survived it—a low class of voters certainly, and probably lower than the average £7 householders of the present day—it will be found that they were by no means class-supporters of popular candidates, but, on the contrary, many of the boroughs in which they still exist are strongholds of Toryism. It is then a fallacy to suppose that the admission of a more numerous body of voters from a lower class in society tends necessarily to throw their unanimous vote on the popular or democratic side. Indeed, it may happen, and it does happen, that voters in this humble condition of life are more accessible to influence than men of a higher position; and we see reason rather to apprehend that they may be wanting in independence than over-eager to assert it at the expense of all other classes in the nation.

We infer, then, from these and many similar considerations, that the Conservatives are wrong in rejecting this Bill—that they are repeating the mistake they have often committed before—and that the certain result of the defeat of the present measure would be to render the introduction

and adoption of a stronger measure of Reform infinitely more probable hereafter. We admit, however, that the production of the Electoral Statistics, which have been framed by order of the Government during the past winter, and were laid before the House of Commons a few hours before Mr. Gladstone brought in the Bill, has supplied a vast amount of materials for the discussion of this question which did not before exist. We have ourselves on several former occasions pointed out some of the remarkable inferences which might be drawn from the known increase of population, from the rise of wages, and from other causes, which render the franchise to a certain extent *self-adjusting*, and have actually largely augmented it, in the last thirty years, notwithstanding the gradual extinction of the class of freemen. But these inferences were the result of conjectural analysis; they are now confirmed by statistical demonstration. It must then be conceded that we are far better able than we have ever been before to arrive at certain conclusions on the subject of the franchise, and that we have now, for the first time, in our hands the materials for a *scientific* treatment of the subject. We must take leave to remark that it reflects no great credit on those statesmen of all parties who have repeatedly tried their hands at a revision of the representative system, that they should now, for the first time, have discovered the paramount importance of the information contained in the Tables before us. The fact is that the treatment of the question of Reform has hitherto been purely *empirical*, at least by practical politicians; and the more philosophical class of writers on the subject had never before obtained from Government the means of verifying or refuting their speculative propositions.

The question of Parliamentary Representation has therefore made a great step in the present year by the production of these elements of calculation; and we have no doubt that a still greater step will be accomplished when the intelligence of the nation has been for some time at work on these materials. They disclose an infinite number of anomalies and imperfections, which it is not easy to set right by application of any uniform rule or standard. Hitherto the machine has worked with tolerable fairness, because one set of abuses may have served to counteract another set of abuses of an opposite tendency. But if the whole system of our representation is to be passed under review, and reduced to any definite principle, the subject is so intricate and so difficult that it demands an amount of time and thought that have not yet been given to it. It matters, in our opinion, but little whether a particular measure be carried within a particular time by a particular set of men; but it is of the deepest consequence to the permanent interests of the nation that every step we take in this matter should be taken with a clear knowledge of its consequences. The objection which has been taken to what is termed the 'partial and fragmentary' treatment of the subject, appears to us to be altogether captious and unfounded; the magnitude and complexity of the questions at stake render it almost impossible to treat them collectively, or to legislate for them in a single Bill.

The present debates are therefore salutary, and even the opponents of the Bill now before Parliament are unconsciously lending their assistance to the ultimate triumph of a more enlarged measure, by showing the imperfections which may be laid to the charge of this scheme. No doubt it is incomplete. The framers and authors of the Bill were the first to acknowledge its incompleteness, and to announce that they should be prepared to go on in the same direction, and with the same precautions. The question is whether that direction is the right one. But it is a singular characteristic of the opposition made to this Bill, proceeding from parties notoriously adverse to Reform, that they require to be informed of all its concomitants, and demand pledges from the Government to carry it further. Had the Bill been a bold and decisive measure, they would have proclaimed an uncompromising resistance. As it is a partial and moderate measure, they protest against it for its exiguity:

> 'My wound is great because it is so small:
> Then it were greater were it none at all.'

These, however, are but frivolous strictures; and we cannot believe that they will prevail against a great principle. The nation desires on many accounts to admit a larger number of persons to the exercise of the franchise. Parliament is already pledged to that principle both on the hustings and by former votes. This Bill would effect that object without any serious disturbance of the present balance of parties and classes; and we trust that a premature defeat of the Government plan will not throw the conduct of the question into the hands of less experienced statesmen, or upon more agitated times than the present.

Within the last few days especially, and during the Easter recess, it has become manifest that in spite of the all but universal opposition of the London Press and the con-

sorious tone of London society, the country at large has given to this Bill a much more favourable reception than it obtained on the first reading in the House of Commons. Many a member of Parliament who went down to his constituents a waverer, has been taught by their firm and contented, though dispassionate, attitude, that the Bill has been received with profound satisfaction by the best portion of the middle classes of England. The adversaries of the Bill complain that it has called forth no violent ebullitions of enthusiasm and party feeling. That is in our eyes one of its merits, because it shows that the measure is a temperate one, and makes no appeal to the passions of democracy. But if the Tories and their casual adherents wish to awaken those sleeping passions, and to rouse the spirit they affect to dread, they may depend upon it that an unqualified rejection of this Bill would not fail to realise some part of their own sinister predictions. The adoption of the principle of the Bill on the second reading, which we confidently anticipate, will, on the contrary, go far to justify the reliance placed by the country on the wisdom of Parliament and the consistency of the present Administration. If, on the contrary, an appeal to the constituencies were unfortunately rendered necessary by the rejection of this measure, we entertain no doubt that the answer returned to that question would be a decisive majority in favour of the Bill.

THE

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unique fact in the history of mankind. The poems of the *Moallakat*, which were written in gold letters and suspended in the Caaba, prove that the Arabian mind had attained not only to grammatical refinement but to great subtlety of thought, expression and feeling. War and love, the valour of tribes and of chieftains, the praises of wine and of women, of joyous living, of a roving life, of the finer pleasures of Baalbec and Damascus, the swiftness and beauty of the horse, the speed and strength of the camel—form the chief topics of these poems; but some touch of nature, some delicate detail of observation or ingenious metaphor adds freshness to the description; and evidently the Arabs who, as judges, gave these competitive poems supereminent rank, must have been acquainted with every delicacy and artifice of poetical expression. Some of the scenes come as vividly before the eyes as the art of language can possibly bring them. Thus we see the lover lingering with a lover's attachment over the spot from which the camp of his mistress has been raised, the circular depression left by the tent of his beloved is not effaced from the sand, the stones which sustained the cauldron are yet black with fire, and the fringe of her litter has left behind it little tufts of red on the thorn, like crimson blossoms; when he arrives in the presence of his mistress, he feels as though the breeze had wafted to his senses the perfume of the pink; and when he prevails upon her to fly with him by midnight, he approaches the tent, while the Pleiades are glittering in the heavens like a girdle studded with gems; the maiden is waiting with beating heart behind the folds of the tent-door, and as they fly together she lets her robe sweep down behind her to efface the marks of their footsteps on the sand. It is not possible to surpass the minute observation of natural objects contained in some of these poems; thus a poet describes 'a fly settling on a blade of grass and rubbing its fore-legs together, just as a man with mutilated arms would roll a stick in the round orifice of wood to produce a flame.'

The *Moallakat*, moreover, as well as the narrative of M. Caussin de Perceval, bear ample testimony to the inveterate hostility of tribe to tribe among the Arabs. This ferocious hatred has lasted now for something like three thousand years, and without some knowledge of its character, their history is entirely unintelligible. From time immemorial the Arabs have been divided into two great races; the elder, called the Yemenites, or Kelbites,* claim descent from Joktan, or Cahtan, the son of Heber, who gave his name to the Hebrew race. The other, and younger race, known as Maadites, Modharites, or Caisites, own as ancestor Adnan, one of the descendants of Ishmael, although they probably derived their origin from various Biblical patriarchs, all comprised under the name of Adnan. The animosity of these two races to each other is unaccountable, but invincible; like two chemical products which instantly explode, when placed in contact, so has it always been found impossible for Yemenite and Maadite to live quietly together. At the present day the Yemenite in the vicinity of Jerusalem detests the Maadite of Hebron, and when questioned as to the reason of their eternal enmity, has no other reply but that it has always been so from time immemorial. In the time of the Caliphs the territory of Damascus was desolated by a murderous war for two years because a Maadite had taken a lemon from the garden of a Yemenite. The province of Murcia in Spain was deluged with blood for seven years because a Maadite inadvertently plucked a Yemenite vine-leaf. It was a passion which surmounted every tie of affection or interest. 'You have prayed for your father, why do you not pray for your mother?' a Yemenite was asked in the Caaba. 'For my mother!' said the Yemenite, 'how could I? she was of the race of Maad.' And Mahomet himself, notwithstanding that he owed everything to the Yemenite, never ceased to congratulate himself that he was of the race of Maad. The conquest of Islam, so far from diminishing the instinctive hatred of these two races, gave it renewed vigour and intensity. The Yemenites and Maadites, after each conquest, were often obliged to live on the same soil and divide the fruits of conquest between them. Incessant contact engendered incessant dispute, and the animosity of the two tribes bathed in blood at the same time the plains of Irak and Mesopotamia, the oases of the Sahara, the valleys of Mount Atlas, the banks of the Guadalquivir, and the regions watered by the Indus and the Ganges.

The Yemenites, however, preceded the Maadites by some two thousand years in the history of the world. The Yemenite Himyarite empire, which existed in the very dawn of civilization in the southern extremity of the Arabian peninsula, has re-

* It is very puzzling often to make out of which party a tribe is, since the parties change their denomination in every district—both Kelbite and Maadite using as a party name in that district the name of their own local leading tribe.

cently received the attention of many learned investigators. The Yemenite evidently has a superior aptitude for social organisation and the life of towns, and this diversity of character from the Maadite, by whom inhabitants of towns are held in contempt, is doubtless one of the reasons of their mutual aversion.* It is clear, from many passages of the Hebrew prophets, that the inhabitants of Yemen and its cities held rank as one of the first mercantile and manufacturing communities then known; and from their being frequently mentioned in connexion with the kingdom of Ethiopia, it was surmised that a near relation existed between the two countries. Recent discoveries have verified these conjectures. M. Fresnel, a French consul in those parts, with other travellers, has visited the extensive and imposing remains of ruined Himyarite cities, and has discovered inscriptions of the ancient Himyarite language. This language appears, on examination, to have been a sister of the *Ghez* or Abyssinian, another member of the Semitic family. Indeed, the people of Hadramaut and Oman, with their great cities of Mareb, Saba or Sheba, Aden or Eden, Saana and others, seem in the days of Solomon and the kings to have stood towards Egypt, Palestine, and Assyria, in the same position as Venice towards Europe in the Middle Ages; for the sailors of Hadramaut and Oman carried on the maritime trade between the coasts of Africa, India, and Malabar, and the mighty empires of the Euphrates and the Nile.†

While this Himyarite Yemenite empire was thus early the chief seat of commercial and manufacturing activity, their Maadite brethren occupied themselves with the land or caravan trade, a business which they have never abandoned since their first appearance in that capacity in the book of Genesis. The brethren of Joseph, after they had thrown him into the pit, sat down by its side to eat bread, and saw 'a company of Ishmaelites coming from Gilead with their camels bearing spices, and balm, and myrrh, going to carry it down to Egypt.'

The great distinguishing feature of ancient commerce, as Heeren has remarked, is that it was carried on chiefly by land. Commercial operations at sea were usually confined to small coasting voyages. The immense steppes of Asia and the sandy deserts of Africa and Arabia were the oceans of ancient commerce, across which the long caravans of camels with their bales and 'chests bound with cords,' as described in Ezekiel, trailed their long lengths like fleets of ships. In the days of Augustus, Aulus Gellius described the caravans of Arabia as being like armies in magnitude. The time and course of each caravan was marked by the convenience of merchants and the occurrence of watering places. Each had its fixed time of starting—so often in the course of the year—its invariable daily halting-places, its *entrepôts*, and its points of 'junction' with other caravans who would join it for protection. To each city through which it passed it was like the railway train of our own times, or a fleet for a seaport, a source of wealth and daily topic of interest, and the distant signs of its arrival would be anxiously awaited outside the walls by merchants and citizens. The increased use of shipping, and more especially the establishment by the Romans of a direct trade with India by sea from Suez, ruined the caravan trade, and consequently those vast cities which maintained their enormous prosperity by the passage of caravans fell into decay. This is the reason of the otherwise inexplicable existence of the magnificent remains of colonnades, temples, and amphitheatre, which excite the traveller's admiration and surprise amid the sands of the Hauran and the deserts east of the Dead Sea and the Lake of Tiberias. Palmyra, Philadelphia, and the cities of the Decapolis were the northern stations or *termini* of the great caravan road from Petra to Damascus. But the position of Petra was peculiarly adapted to advance it to that incredible degree of opulence which won the admiration of visitors in the days of Greece and Rome, which was described by Athenodorus the stoic, and which after having been forgotten in the desert for

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* Mahomet, like a true Maadite, regarded everything indicating a settled life with contempt. He once said, looking at a plough, 'Whosesoever house that enters, it brings shame with it.'

† A passage in Ezekiel (xxvii. 19–24) is curiously illustrative of the state of the commerce of that time, and the nomad character of the princes of Kedar is clearly distinguished from the merchants of Sheba by the character of the commodities they dealt in: 'Dan also and Javan going to and fro occupied in thy fairs: bright iron (sword blades), cassia, and calamus, were in thy market. Dedan was thy merchant in precious clothes for chariots. Arabia, and all the princes of Kedar, they occupied with thee in lambs, and rams, and goats: in these were they thy merchants. The merchants of Sheba and Raamah, they were thy merchants: they occupied in thy fairs with chief of all spices, and with all precious stones, and gold. Haran, and Canneh, and *Eden*, the merchants of *Sheba*, Asshur, and Chilmad, were thy merchants. These were thy merchants in all sorts of things, in blue clothes, and broidered work, and in *chests of rich apparel, bound with cords*, and made of cedar, among thy merchandise.' The wealth of southern Arabia continued to be an object of marvel with foreign nations till the days of Horace, who in five passages celebrates the wealth of Arabia: *Od.* i. 27; iii. 12, 24; iii. 24, 2; *Ep.* i. 6, 6; i. 7, 36.

centuries, still exists within its rock ramparts and its richly chiselled and stately pillars and edifices, to astonish and instruct the modern traveller. Petra in fact was one of the chief points of junction of the great caravan traffic, and it was here that the cargo of the caravan changed hands from the carriers of the Southern to those of the Northern merchants.*

Two great lines of caravans started from Yemen: the one proceeded from Hadramaut by Oman and took the line of the Persian Gulf, the other came by the Hidjaz along the coast of the Red Sea, and arrived at Petra, and from hence bifurcated off into two roads, the one going to Gaza and the other to Damascus. From Yemen to Petra the time of caravan march was seventy days, and the stations of the present day are the same as those described by Athenodorus, and were probably the same in the days of Ishmael and Abraham. The Maadite tribes found in this occupation an immense field of employment. Some let their camels for hire, some acted as guides, some secured protection in return for payments of money, some engaged themselves in traffic. These Maadite Arabs all for the most part trace their origin from Abraham, although according to Genesis some must be descended from Abraham's brother Nahor and his nephew Lot. The nations mentioned in Genesis under the name Ishmaelite, 'the rams of 'Nebaioth,' 'the tents of Kedar,' the Kedarenes, the Edomites or Idumæans, the Amalekites, the descendants of Uz and Buz, sons of Nahor, the Moabites and the Ammonites (descended from Lot), the Midianites, were all of this Arab branch of the Semitic family.

The Arabs long acknowledged the ascendency of their neighbours and kinsfolk the Jews, and the kings of Israel made their power felt across the Arabian peninsula. David fortified Petra: Solomon had a fleet at Akaba (Eziongeber) on the Red Sea, and sent fleets to Ophir (Malabar); Jehoshaphat also occupied the same place as a naval station. In the decline of the power of the kings of Israel the Edomites got possession of Petra and the naval stations of the Hebrews on the Red Sea, but they were in their turn expelled by the Nabathæans. During the dominion of the Nabathæans and in the time of the prosperity of Petra, the expedition led by Ælius Gallus, the friend of Strabo, still affords some slight knowledge of the state of the peninsula, when after a march of six months, protracted by the duplicity of the Arab guides, the Roman legions penetrated into Yemen and took Mareb.

Mecca had always been an emporium of the great caravan road from Yemen; but although the valley in which it is situated is desolate and barren, the presence of water, and its position between Jeddah and the fertile district of Tayif, rendered it an advantageous halting-place and commercial station for merchants, so that before the decline of the caravan trade it was a city of some importance. Mohammedan tradition first places Mecca in the possession of a race called by them the 'Amalica,' a name which naturally suggests the Amalekites of Scripture. Subsequently a Yemenite race of Djorhomites dwelt there, and immediately before the advent of the Coreishites on the scene, another Yemenite tribe, named Khoza, had obtained possession of the holy spot. The Coreishites, whose name was destined to supplant those of the previous occupiers of the valley, were a Maadite tribe, enriched by the caravan trade, which they continued to prosecute with great success in the days of Mahomet. The first chief of the tribe who appears in prominent connexion with the Caaba is Cossai—the ancestor of Mahomet four times removed. The occupation of the Caaba and its *Haram* or sacred precincts by Cossai forms an initial point in the history of Mohammedanism, and successively the several ancestors of Mahomet so modified the regulations and institutions of the worship of the Caaba, that Mahomet really did little more than purify the institutions of his ancestors of idol-worship, and of some barbarous customs, retaining all their ceremonies and institutions, and adding to them some practices of his own invention or importation.

From time immemorial the temple of the Caaba had been an object of reverence. It was said indeed to have been raised by the hands of Abraham. The monotheism of Abraham was, however, in time depraved by the addition of idol and fetish worship. The idols were *Djinn** (Genii), or spirits, divided

* Not only the populous kingdom of the Nabathæans, of which Petra was capital, but probably the kingdoms of Hira and Ghassan owed a great portion of their prosperity to being traversed by the ancient arteries of trade. When, however, the caravan trade fell into ruin, these countries lost the means of supporting the numerous settled populations of Arabs who had found occupation among them, and one by one the tribes again betook themselves to the life of the desert, and the disturbances into which these wandering tribes in search of a locality for settlement threw Arabia and the adjacent country were followed by a series of commotions which evidently lasted very nearly to the time of Mahomet.

* One tribe worshipped a loaf of bread, and during a famine ate their divinity. The *teraphim* of Laban stolen by Rachel were probably *Djinn*.

into household penates and national deities of the tribes; the fetishes were trees and stones. Of these the Caaba is the last surviving representative, and the worship of that venerable stone Mahomet himself did not venture to abolish. Some of these idols were unquestionably of the very highest antiquity. Herodotus himself mentions (under the name of Alilat) the Al-Lat, so often spoken of in the Coran. The chief Djinn, however, was Hobal, who was represented as a venerable old man with a beard, and a sheaf of arrows in his hand. The temple of the Caaba had become in the days of Cossai a sort of Pantheon for all Arabian divinities, and numbered no less than four hundred tutelary deities; when the idols were destroyed by Mahomet a Byzantine virgin was even found among them, so anxious were they to include all divine influence under the roof of their temple. Mecca, besides having the reputation of being the most holy place in Arabia, was the greatest emporium of commerce in the peninsula. The policy of the merchant tribes who obtained possession of the holy city was to make it as great a place of resort as possible, by including in their list of deities the tutelary gods of all the tribes, so that in fact they formed at Mecca a sort of federative religion in which each tribe found itself represented. Hence it was that Mahomet encountered but little opposition so long as he merely attacked the worship of the *Djinn* or household penates. It was when he began to assail the national deities of the surrounding tribes, that he excited the bitter animosity of the Coreishites, for these tribes were attracted to the markets and pilgrimages of Mecca by such deities as Al-Lat and Al-Ozza, whence not only were great commercial profits secured, but the revenues of the Coreishites, as keepers of the Caaba and as purveyors to the pilgrims, were largely increased.

Cossai died about the end of the fifth century in extreme old age, and held almost supreme power in Mecca for nearly forty years. Tradition says that he drank the Khozaite keeper of the Caaba into a state of intoxication, and then obtained possession of the keys; he did not retain them, however, without a severe struggle, which ended by his being enabled to transfer the dominion of Arabia with the possession of Mecca to his tribe. Cossai had, moreover, the true spirit of a founder, and he established institutions destined to perpetuate the supremacy of the Coreishites, which remain in force to the present day. Before his time, the valley of Mecca, and the precincts of the Caaba, known by the name of the Haram, had been considered so sacred, that none of its possessors had dared to erect any fixed habitations in the neighbourhood of the sanctuary, which was surrounded by a grove of trees. The worshippers of the Caaba and its guardians dwelt in tents outside the holy ground. Cossai determined to take permanent possession of the soil by building houses upon it, and when his fellow-tribesmen hesitated to hew down the sacred trees, he himself seized an axe and commenced their demolition. By that blow of the axe, Cossai showed himself a true ancestor of his better known descendant. Not only did Cossai thus found the city of Mecca, but in the immediate neighbourhood of the Caaba he built a council-house for the Coreishites called the Dar-el-Nadwah. As guardian of the Caaba and founder of the council of his tribe, Cossai organized the following institutions: the *liwa*, or right of presenting the flag to the leader of forays and expeditions; the *sicaya*, or right of managing the water supplies—an institution of great importance in a country like the neighbourhood of Mecca; the *rifada*, or distribution of alms and provisions to the pilgrims at Mecca; the *nasaa*, or intercalation of days in the calender, an office likewise conveying great authority, since it determined the time of the sacred month; the *ijaza*, or right of marshalling the tribes in procession, necessarily also an office of great authority among a race so tenacious of right to precedence as the Arabs; and the *nidjaba*, or guardianship of the keys of the Caaba. Of these institutions the *nasaa* was perhaps the most important of all, since the Arabs reckoned time by the lunar calendar; the months of the year were constantly changing their seasons, consequently the dates of the time of pilgrimage changed likewise; and as it was a matter of life and death with the majority of the tribes not to have the time of pilgrimage fixed during the harvest months, the privilege of deciding the season of pilgrimage alone conferred supereminent authority on the Coreishites.

The successors of Cossai followed in his steps. Haschim,* the great-grandfather of Mahomet, discharged the functions of the *rifada* and *sicaya* with a generosity which remained proverbial, and established the two great yearly caravans of the people of Mecca; the one in winter for Yemen, and the one in summer for Syria. Abd-al-Mouttalib, the grandfather of the prophet, filled the

* It was from Haschim Mahomet's party were afterwards named Haschimites, in opposition to the Ommeyades, so called from Ommeyah, another son of Cossai.

same position with equal magnificence; he rebuilt the sacred well of Zemzem, and restrained the privilege of its use to the Coreishites alone. Abdallah the son of Abd-al-Mouttalib and father of Mahomet, died a youth, leaving his wife then *enceinte* with a posthumous child.

Such were the institutions which were the work of Mahomet's ancestors, and which he incorporated into his own system, as well as those various rites and ceremonies which had existed from time immemorial before the time of Cossai. These were the *Ihrâm*, the shaving of the head, the paring of the nails, the casting away the clothes and assuming a new garb before performing the great pilgrimage; the *Hajj el Akbar*, the great pilgrimage; the *Omra*, the lesser pilgrimage; the *Dzal Hajj* or pilgrimage to Arafat, the casting of stones into the valley of Mecca, the seven peregrinations round the Caaba, the kissing the black stone, the sacrifices of sheep and camels, and the burial of their hair and nails in the sacred ground—all practices derived from idolatrous worship. All this large body of ceremonies and institutions, Mahomet found established antecedently to himself. The practice of abstaining from swine's flesh and the rite of circumcision had been observed by the Arabs from time immemorial, and the latter they believed to have been instituted by Abraham himself.

It remains to be seen what originality there was in the religious doctrines which he promulgated. For even in his monotheistic creed, Mahomet was by no means in advance of the most enlightened Arabs of his own time. The Semitic mind, in the very earliest recorded ages, was by its very constitution carried with a rapidity beyond all example among other nations to the adoption of monotheism in its conception of the divine government of the world. Apart from the Hebrew patriarchs and prophets, we know of Melchisedec, Jethro the Midianite, and Job, who dwelt in Arabia; and, doubtless, among the Semitic races, there were at all times many worshippers of the one true God. The distinguishing character of the Semitic mind is simplicity, not to make use of the word monotony. The complex organisation of the Indo-European mind is entirely unintelligible to them. There is, as M. Renan well observes, no example in Semitic literature of any composition resembling the complex structure of the drama and the epos. That exuberant imagination of the Greeks which conceived a thousand graceful and majestic male and female impersonations of the forces and elements of nature, is utterly wanting to the Semitic race, and differs from it as much as the vale of Tempe, overhung by Ossa and Pelion, differs from the expanse of the Arabian deserts and the wastes beyond Jordan. 'The desert,' as M. Renan says, 'is monotheist.' The Djinn and idols of the tribes were not so much divinities as attendants and ministers of the great Divinity (the *Allah ta-Allah*), who was always the predominant object of worship. These Djinn, idols and fetishes, stood in the same relation to him as saints and relics stand in the Romish hagiology to the Almighty. Another institution which Mahomet found ready prepared for his use was that of prophecy. Among all the Semitic tribes, the *nebi* has ever been a public character. Prophecy is a necessary consequence of Semitic monotheism. There are traditions of prophets to be found among all the Semitic nations. Not to speak of Balaam the prophet of Mesopotamia, among the Arabs in Mahomet's own time the story of the punishment of the tribes of the Thamudites and the Adites, for not listening to the warnings of the prophets Houd and Saleh, was universally received.

Such, indeed, were the institutions and doctrines which Mahomet found ready prepared for him among his own race; it remains an equally interesting subject of investigation what was the state and prevalence of the Jewish and Christian beliefs in the Arabian peninsula, and what influence these exercised on Mahomet. Even before the destruction of Jerusalem, the burning and desolate solitude east of Jordan and around the Dead Sea became the refuge of Judaic sects who fled from the despair and degradation of their race, and found consolation in austere observances and separation from the world. The religion of the Jews was then fast becoming what it has ever since remained—a religion of mystic hope and lamentation. One of the chief of these sects was that of the Essenes, who exercised a larger influence on the subsequent course of theological belief than it is easy now to appreciate. They were a fraternity sprung from the Jews, who formed an ascetic community on the west side of the Dead Sea; a distaste for worldly life, frequent prayer, much fasting, daily ablution, allegoric interpretation of the Bible, belief in the Persian hierarchy of angels, severe observation of the Sabbath, together with a conviction of the immortality of the soul, and a wider love of humanity than was common to the Jews, formed the chief body of their tenets and practices. The general philanthropy of their principles and practices seems to have exercised great influence over the surrounding Semitic and heathen races, and they had

a prophet named Elxai, who is supposed to be identical with Lokman of the Coran.* Near them subsequently, in Moabitis, settled the Ebionites or Nazarenes, who must have impressed the Arabic mind strongly with their influence, since the name up to the present time for a Christian is Nazara. Among the obscure heresies of which an account is left by Epiphanius, a Greek bishop who lived in the fourth century, the tenets of the Ebionites or Nazarenes find place; the doctrines of this sect are also expounded in the Homilies of Clemens, a learned Greek Ebionite, and the theory of revelation there set forth is precisely that which was adopted by Mahomet. They supposed that there was an original primary revelation, the text of which was preserved in Heaven. Adam received the first communication of this revelation, which was handed down among his progeny by tradition, but as it grew corrupted in course of time by adventitious inventions, it became necessary to promulgate it afresh to the world, and thus a new prophet was chosen to be the depository of the original faith. The long line of prophets thus sent was closed by John the Baptist and by Christ. Christ called out in his cradle, according to the Coran, 'I have the book, and am chosen to be a prophet.' The same incident is found also in the spurious Gospel of the Childhood of Christ, which has only been preserved in an Arabic version, and indeed superseded all the other Gospels among the obscure sects settled in the extreme south of Palestine and in Arabia. Epiphanius, moreover, says that remains of the ark were still believed by the Nazarenes to exist in Mount Ararat, a circumstance also to be found in the Coran, and forming an additional proof of the knowledge of the Ebionite and Nazarene doctrines possessed by Mahomet or his prompters.

Another of the sects enumerated by Epiphanius are the Hemero-baptistæ, from their practice of daily washing, in the mystic sense of cleansing from sin, who are supposed to have been classed by the Arabs among the Sabians—whose appellation is also derived from the practice of ablution. As the Arabs appear to have confounded under this title various sects, the Essenes likewise possibly were comprised also under the term of Sabians or Sabæans, since the Essenes also paid adoration to the rising sun and also used rites of ablution. It was no wonder that these various doctrines should be floating about the peninsula, for long before the advent of Mahomet it had been a practice for all the strange heretical sects who could find no toleration in the Byzantine empire, either to escape and settle down on the border of Palestine, whence they could easily fly into the trackless deserts of Arabia, or to betake themselves to the oases of the desert itself, a place of refuge more secure than Holland to the Protestant refugees in the days of Louis XIV., and more accessible than America to the discontented European spirits of the present day. Christianity had, however, found little favour in Arabia. The free-spirited Bedouins stigmatised it as the '*maliki*,' the state religion, the orthodox, and appear to have regarded it as synonymous with slavery. Besides which, the religion of humility—the worship of sorrow—the adoration of the mystery of the Divinity taking upon Him the burden of human affliction—the doctrine of the Trinity—has gained fewer converts among the proud self-reliant impetuous sons of the desert than among any other nation. For Christianity, although there were Christian tribes in Arabia, and one large Christian city Nadjran in the days of Mahomet, has rarely been received by them but with incredulity and ridicule, as in the case of one of the Arab kings of Hira whom some Christian missionaries attempted to convert. While they were speaking to him an officer of the court whispered in the king's ear. The monarch immediately assumed an aspect of intense sorrow; his religious instructors inquired the reason. 'Alas!' he said, 'I have had dreadful news; the archangel Gabriel is dead.' 'But, prince, you are deceived; an angel is immortal.' 'What! and yet you tell me that God himself could die.'

The Jews were, on the contrary, established in a powerful position in the peninsula. There were two strong tribes of them settled at Medina; they had a fortified capital in Chaibhar, and in the third century of the Christian era they succeeded in converting one of the *tobbas* or kings of Yemen to the Jewish faith. A subsequent *tobba*, Dhou Nowas, became so ferocious a bigot in the cause of the Jewish religion, that he declared a holy war for the propagation of his creed, and took and destroyed the Christian city of Nadjran. On the complaint of the victims, and at the suggestion of Justin I., the *nedjachi* or king of Abyssinia undertook to avenge the cause of his coreligionists and conquered Yemen, which thus became an Abyssinian dependency until it was reconquered for the Yemenites by the Kesra or Chosroes of Persia and governed by a

* In addition to their identification of Elxai with Lokman, the Essenes are said by Epiphanius to have sworn by salt, by water, by earth, and by bread and wine, sky and wind, all oaths which occur constantly in the Coran.

Persian viceroy. During the reign of the Abyssinian kings, however, one of them, Abraha-el-Achram, built a magnificent church at Sana, and endeavoured to divert the reverence of the Arabs from the Caaba to worship and pilgrimage to his new cathedral. The Arabs flew to arms in honour of their national shrine, and in the course of hostilities Abraha laid siege to Mecca, but retired in great discomfiture and died shortly afterwards. His assault of Mecca formed not only a crisis in the history of the Arab races, but the year, 570 A. D., of his expedition has become ever memorable as the year of Mahomet's birth, who was thus said to be born in the year of the Elephant, from the animal on which the king rode in his expedition.

But of all the various Jewish, Christian, and other sects scattered throughout the peninsula, there was one with which Mahomet was most closely associated, and on which a great deal of new light has been thrown by the researches of Dr. Sprenger, and this was the sect of the Hanyfs. The Hanyfs were the immediate forerunners of Mahomet, and it was from them that the religion of Islam in part proceeded. Mahomet calls himself a Hanyf, and the name Hanyf occurs twelve times in the Coran. The word is of Hebrew origin, and appears to have been among the Jews synonymous with freethinker; among the Arabs, however, the name came into honour. There is also frequent mention in the Coran of the Sohof, or rolls of Abraham, an expression equally obscure with the word Hanyf, until the following explanatory passage was discovered in the Arab historian Fihrist: 'This book,' says Fihrist, 'I have taken from the Bible of the Hanyfs, the Abrahamite Sabæans, who believed in Abraham, and from him have received the rolls which God gave to the patriarch.' Up to the discovery of this passage, no one knew what was meant by the rolls of Abraham; from researches made in other quarters it is now manifest that the Hanyfs had a series of rolls, said to have reached the number of 140, all of which were fabrications, though attributed to the various prophets and patriarchs.

The Hanyfs were, however, a monotheistic sect, descended probably from the Jews, without other veritable records of their race than such as they maintained by oral tradition, and their doctrines were then in great vogue among the most enlightened of the Arabs. A dozen Hanyfs are named as companions of Mahomet, and he himself was continually reproached by the people of Mecca with being a Sabæan. In the language of the Hanyfs, somewhat altered by tradition, the biblical names assumed the forms now common in the East. Thus, Noah became Nuh; Lot, Lut; Abraham, Ibrahym; Moses, Musa; Pharaoh, Firaun; and Aaron, Haroun. The Hanyfs regarded Abraham as the founder of their religion; he was the first Hanyf; and Abraham was also with all the patriarchs, and Christ himself, not only a Hanyf but a 'Moslem,' a man resigned to the will of God—'Moslem' being the participial appellation of those whose faith has the quality 'Islam,' 'resignation,' which, indeed, has the same root with 'Salam,' peace, prosperity. A dozen prophets of this sect were precursors of the prophet at Tayif, two days' journey from Mecca east among the mountains, and at Nadjran. At Tayif, Omayya was a celebrated Hanyf, and also an esteemed poet. Omayya never acknowledged the divine mission of Mahomet, in consequence of which three chapters of the Coran were directed against him; and Mahomet was wont to inveigh against him for his incredulity, as having a good tongue but a bad heart. One of the most striking passages to be found about the Hanyfs in the Arabian historians, is found in Ibn Ishac. It is there stated that on one occasion when the Coreishites were collected around one of their idols and offering sacrifices, four persons kept themselves apart from the ceremony; these were Waraka, a nephew of Khadidja, the first wife of the prophet, Othman, his cousin, and Obeidallah, cousin-german of Mahomet. These men talked together and said: 'Our tribe has fallen into error; they prevert the true religion of their father Abraham. Let us each seek a better path than theirs.' All four departed into foreign lands to endeavour to discover the source of the religion of the Hanyfs, the true creed of Abraham. But the greater part of them became ultimately Christians. Waraka attained to some knowledge of the Scriptures of both Jews and Christians; saw the first beginning of Mahomet's career, and died. Obeidallah, after a temporary conversion to Islamism, became and died a Christian. Othman went to Constantinople and became a Christian, lived in honour at the court, and filled office there. The most interesting character of the four was Zeid ben Amr, who has been called the John the Baptist of Islam, and for whose memory Mahomet always evinced the most intense respect.

Zeid was the leader of his three companions, and Mahomet said that Waraka was surely destined to eternal paradise, because he professed no other religion than the religion of Zeid. Zeid lived and died a pure Hanyf. He gave out his utterances in the

same rhymed prose as that in which the Coran is composed, and in this also he was a forerunner of Mahomet. It is supposed, indeed, that some of Zeid's verses are to be found in the Koran; in any case, verses of Zeid's have been preserved by Ibn Ishac and Ibn Hishan, which would not be out of place in the Coran. In these compositions Zeid celebrates the glory of the one true God, the merciful, the forgiver of sins, the support of the good, and the punishment of the wicked. He attacks the worship of the idols, which he had abandoned; he believes no longer either in Lat or in Ozza; and, indeed, the whole of the purer doctrines of the Coran are to be found in the poems of Zeid, with the exception that Zeid made no pretence to prophecy and spoke in no other name than his own. Alone with his back against the Caaba he used to declaim to his fellow tribesmen on the folly and wickedness of idolatry, and, indeed, he was banished to the hill of Hira, outside the city, for his disbelief in the divinities of the Caaba. He was especially vehement against the practice of burying female children alive, a barbarous habit which Mahomet alone was able to put down. During one of his journeys, undertaken like those of his three friends for the purpose of religious instruction, he was killed by a party of Bedouins; from the praise which Mahomet bestowed upon him and his doctrines, he clearly considered himself as professing the same religion as Zeid, which, indeed, was identical with that of Omayya, against whom Mahomet inveighed so bitterly for want of belief in his own mission. All these four men were either related to or in constant communication with Mahomet, and he doubtless profited largely both by their example and precepts.

The melancholy incidents associated with almost every step of Mahomet's birth and parentage deepened the seriousness and heightened the sensibility of his character. He was a posthumous child, orphan of both father and mother at five years of age, among a people with whom to be an orphan was a disgrace. How deeply he felt his unprotected state is evident from the earnestness and frequency with which he recommends in the Coran orphans to the care of the faithful. The life and destiny of his father Abdallah was also peculiar, for he narrowly escaped being offered in sacrifice to an idol, in consequence of a rash vow of Abd-al-Mouttalib, and was only rescued at the price of a hundred camels. Mahomet was born during the period of tears and desolation of his mother, Amina, after the death of her young husband, at the age of twenty-five, on a caravan journey; when born, he was carried by his grandfather before an idol, and received his name. Unable to nurse her own infant, his mother, after Arab fashion, wished to send him to the desert to be reared; but the Bedouin nurse who ultimately took him at first refused to have charge of a fatherless boy. At six years of age Mahomet lost his mother also, and was taken care of by his grandfather, and on the death of the latter three years later, by Abou Taleb, his uncle, who as long as he lived gave him his protection. The events known of his youth are few. He appears to have accompanied his uncle to Syria, and on that journey Mohammedans place the absurd legend of Sergius, Djerzi, or Bahyra recognising the boy as the future prophet by a mark between his shoulders. During the wars of the tribes known as the wars of the Fidjar, he is reported to have been present at one battle when he was fourteen, and to have picked up arrows for his uncle; at twenty he was keeping sheep for something like a farthing a day—an occupation considered disgraceful by the Arabs, and abandoned to slaves and women. But Mahomet always loved to dwell on the fact that Moses, and Jacob, and David had been shepherds before him, and indeed the race of visionaries and prophets has generally been largely recruited among shepherds and herdsmen. Not long afterwards he entered the service of Khadidja, a wealthy trading widow with three children, as camel-driver of the caravans which she dispatched to the different markets of Arabia and Syria,* and rose by his good conduct to be master of the caravan, a position of confidence. He was found a good man of business, and to have an acute perception of the market value of the striped stuffs and incense of Yemen, and the leather of Arabia, which he exchanged in the markets of Syria for corn and oil, and the silk goods of Damascus, while his long monotonous marches across the desert with his long file of camels were perhaps spent in meditation. His good qualities gained him the title of '*El Amin*'—the honest fellow. He was of comely appearance, and Khadidja, in spite of being fifteen years older than Mahomet—an immense difference in a country like Arabia—conceived the project of marrying him, and carried it into execution. For such a marriage, Mahomet seems to have been an exemplary husband. He married another wife, it is true, in two months after Khadidja's death; but he never

* Many illustrations are taken in the Coran from the camel-driver's and the caravan merchant's vocabulary, such as the necessity of having *Hoda* or guidance in difficult passages.

ceased to speak of his deceased wife in such terms of praise, that Ayesha declared she was the only one of the Prophet's wives of whom she had ever felt jealous. Seven children were the result of this marriage; and throughout the East crowds of green turbans claim to be descended from some one of the three daughters who survived. There were three sons, who all died young—one was called Ab Manaf, after the idol, which proves that Mahomet was at that time still an idolater. The last daughter, Fatima, was born eleven years after the marriage—when Khadidja was beyond fifty.

Four years after the birth of Fatima he had his first vision, and in connection with that event some considerations are necessary respecting his mental and bodily constitution.

Whatever may have been the superiority of his moral character, it is certain that he was as unlike the most esteemed type of Arab manliness as it is possible to conceive. Nowhere in the world does man reach such a degree of dauntless independence as the Arab, educated in the freedom of the desert, and exposed to its hourly and daily vicissitudes of destiny. The ideal of the Arab was a fiery-souled irresistible warrior, always in sight of his tribe, bold in speech, rapid with song and repartee, indulging in wine, feasting, gambling, and love of women, holding tears to be disgraceful, with limbs as iron as his armour, supporting without suffering the heat of the desert under an Arabian sun, delighting in the beauty and swiftness of his steed or of his camel, impassioned for the chase, a match unarmed for the lion, indefatigable in combat, and routing like Antar whole armies with his single spear and shield. Recent travellers have confirmed the experience of ages, that the Bedouin have the least religious sensibility of any known race—at the present time they are mere Mohammedans in name, and never utter a prayer, or if they perform any religious rites at all, these may possibly be some lingering relic of the old Sabæan adoration of the rising sun. In the days of Mahomet, the people of Mecca upheld the worship of their idols from motives of gain, but Arabs in general had little respect for them, and treated them worse than Neapolitans have ever treated a refractory saint. If the prophecies of their *halim*, seers or holy men, did not concur with their wishes, they often put them to death. When Amrolcais commenced an expedition to avenge the death of his father, he entered, according to custom, the temple of the idol Dhou-l-Kholosa, to obtain his approbation by means of the divining arrow. Drawing the wrong arrows three times in succession, he broke them all, and threw them at the head of the idol, saying: 'Wretch! if your father had been killed, you would not forbid revenge for his death!

Mahomet was directly the opposite of such an ideal; he had inherited from his mother a delicate, nervous, and extremely impressionable constitution. He was gifted with an exaggerated and sickly sensibility; he had a woman's love for fine scents and perfumes; he was melancholy, silent, fond of desert places, solitary walks, and lonely meditations at set of sun in the valleys; full of vague restlessness, weeping and sobbing like a child when he was in pain; subject to attacks of epilepsy, and without courage in the field of battle. In addition to all which he had religious excitability of the most acute character.

Dr. Sprenger goes at great length into an investigation of the physical and psychological nature of Mahomet; as a member of the medical profession his opinion is of value, the more so as he supports it with the authority of Schönlein, one of the most learned and patient investigators of the phenomena exhibited by hysterical persons, among whom he classes Mahomet. We can do no more than state the results of his diagnosis respecting Mahomet. His opinion is, that the Prophet suffered from two distinct kinds of *hysteria*,—the *hysteria muscularis*, and the *hysteria cephalica*. Concordant testimony proves that Mahomet had occasional fits; that he fell to the ground without sense, turned red in the face, and 'snored like a camel.' This, according to Dr. Sprenger, was the result of the *hysteria muscularis*, in its most violent form. In these severe attacks the will was entirely overpowered, and utter insensibility ensued; but there are lighter forms of this disease, in which the will is still able, after a severe struggle, to maintain its mastery. The *hysteria cephalica* announced itself by pains in the head and immense oppression, followed by illusions and fancies of the most vivid character. *Hysteria*, in its general form, although more prevalent among women than men, is by no means confined to the former—all visionaries of all ages have been for the most part hysterical: and it is an acute observation of M. Renan, in treating of the saints of the middle ages, that visionaries always reflect the character of the prevalent superstitions and illusions of their time. 'Being a lady's disease,' Dr. Sprenger says, 'like a lady it follows the fashion.' In the middle ages visionaries were beset with evil spirits, or had celestial visitants. In the days of witchcraft, some believed themselves to be

witches. A short time back animal magnetisers, clairvoyants, and *somnambulists*, found plenty of disciples and subjects; and in our own days still more absurd spiritual hallucinations have prevailed.

Indeed, a tendency to hallucination is the almost invariable concomitant of the hysterical affection. Hallucination is turned by the hysterical patient into an indisputable and cardinal fact; becomes a part of his theory of life and consciousness, and all other considerations and evidences are made to support it. From being self-deceived, the patient proceeds by inappreciable modes of reasoning, to the deception of others. Schönlein even goes so far as to say, 'all hysteric persons have more or less a tendency to lying and deception, and this tendency becomes inveterate.' In support of this statement, Dr. Sprenger cites a number of instances of the extreme amount of suffering which people have undergone to make other people believe in their hallucinations—of girls, young and apparently innocent, who have thrust needles under their nails; of both men and women who have counterfeited the mark of the *stigmata*; and of the prevalence of a particular fashion of deceit in consequence of the success of one striking example. But what is equally distinctive of this form of disease is the belief in inspiration and in the habitual society of spirits and demons. Socrates had his demon; Tasso had his demon, with whom he was heard continually to converse; Swedenborg was habitually overheard talking to his celestial visitant. As to Socrates, we have not perhaps sufficient data; but as to Tasso and Swedenborg there can be little doubt, and the description of the cataleptic fits into which the latter fell, and out of which he awoke with a face bathed in perspiration, forms the exact parallel of the description of the cataleptic attacks of Mahomet. To these mental phenomena the German writers to whom we have referred, add a multitude of considerations on the physical constitution of Mahomet, which it would here be out of place to discuss.

With such a nature, so morbidly sensitive to emotion, and especially those of a religious character, Mahomet was thrown into contact with Zeid and Waraka, and others in search of a purer faith. From what we have stated of Zeid and the poetry he has left behind him, it may be concluded that he possessed the evangelical nature in a far higher degree than Mahomet; a romantic and almost saintly interest attaches to his premature death in the search after a purer faith. He was, as we have said, banished to the hill of Hira, which was also a favourite retreat of Mahomet; and there is a trustworthy tradition of their meeting on one occasion, when Zeid fervently exhorted Mahomet not to weary in the search after the true God. In addition to this, the feeling of retribution, and the awe accompanying the growing conviction of a future state, had peopled the deserts and Thebaids with anchorites and penitents; and in Mahomet's journeys into Syria it was impossible that he should escape the influence of these ideas. Under such predisposing circumstances, and after a terrible conflict in his soul of religious doubts and enthusiasm, which had lasted for six months, it happened in the year 612 that Mahomet, in the course of one of his solitary wanderings in Mount Hira, entered a cave where he used to seek refuge from the heat. In order to form a conception of his state of mind, it is necessary to realise not only the condition of the man, but the scene and tenor of his first revelation. A hill looking like a fragment of a burnt volcano—not a sound of insect or murmuring stream—no grass or flower or shade—the rocks all herbless and black, as though recently ejected from the central fire of the earth—here and there abysses and steep precipices—ravines whose depths were strewn with hot rubble and fragments of stone, and the whole calcined soil heated to a degree capable of scorching the eyes of the head, of blistering the soles of the feet, and of making every nerve quiver with preternatural excitement. In such circumstances the Arabian prophet had his first vision, a vision of a supernatural being—he was not clear for a long time whether it was a Djinn or an angel—who said :—

'Recite in the name of the Lord, thy Creator.
He hath made man out of clots of blood.
Speak out, for thy Lord is the mightiest
Of all who have instructed through the pen.
He taught man what he did not know.'*

* The singular expression, 'the mightiest of all who have instructed through the pen,' has, so far as we are aware of, excited no remark. Such an expression must have been elicited from Mahomet by some predisposing train of circumstances; indeed there are numbers of singular expressions of the Coran which are explained only by the consideration of the events which brought them forth. In the present case we imagine the explanation to be this :—Mahomet was full of religious yearning for the immediate knowledge of the one true God; but he was an uneducated man, and did not know how to write or read, while he had been in contact with the Jews, called commonly the 'people of the book,' with the Hanyfs who had their 'rolls,' and with the Christians who had also their sacred books. The religious crisis through which Mahomet had passed must have been rendered more intense by the conflicting claims of these three 'people of the book,' taught by those who 'instructed with the pen.' Moreover, as an Arab of a

This revelation, however, by no means made more light the stage of religious oppression under which Mahomet was labouring. On the contrary, his gloomy doubts and frenzied state of mind were only increased by it. It was two years before a second revelation occurred to him, a period called by the Mussulmans the Fitreh or Pause; and during all that time he was supremely miserable. So far from ascribing the visit in the cave at Hira to an angel, he imagined that he was pursued by a *djinn*; and he wandered about the hills like a madman, striding up and down the mountains of Thabyr and Hira, and determining from time to time to throw himself off some précipice and end a dreadful existence. He heard the voices of spirits calling him, and the rocks and stones addressed him by name. In this state of mind he had a second vision, but this time the hallucination was one of sight only; wandering about on those desolate, burning hills, the unhappy man's eyes were cheered by the sight of the '*Sidra-tree*,' the Lote-tree, which stands on the outer border of Paradise; and then at last a celestial visitor appeared with these ever-memorable words:

Now, by the pen, and what can be written therewith,
Thou art, by the grace of God, no '*majnun*' (no possessed person),
But an endless reward awaiteth thee.

After this third revelation Mahomet fell to the ground as though dead. On recovering his senses, he still remained utterly exhausted, and was aware that he was going to have another hysteric attack. His first words to Khadidja and a friend who was with her on entering were, 'Cover me up, cover me up.' They covered him up and threw water on his face. Then an angel awoke him from trance with these words of a Sura, one of the most remarkable in the Coran:—

'O thou covered up,
Arise and give warning
And praise thy Lord,
And cleanse thy garment,
Avoid the abomination (of idol-worship),
Be not selfish in your going forth,
Suffer for the Lord.'

After this he was convinced of his mission. He with his wife, Khadidja, went for advice to Waraka, the Hanyf, who had buried himself in the Jewish and Christian Scriptures, in searching for the true God; and Waraka told him he had been visited by the great 'Namous,' which is supposed to be Waraka's Arabic for the Greek 'Nomos,' or the Law. Relieved thus from the terror of being possessed by demons, his spirit was full of joy and thankfulness, and then ensued revelations like the following, which is a kind of Moslem '*Magnificat*,' after the reading of which in the mosques all the congregation cry aloud '*Allah akbar*.' The rhymes will give some notion of the peculiar rhymed prose so grateful to an Arab ear.

'I swear by the splendour of light,
And by the silence of night,
That the Lord shall never forsake thee nor in his hatred take thee,
Truly for thee shall be winning, better than all beginning,
Soon shall the Lord console thee, grief no longer control thee, and fear no longer cajole thee.
Thou wert an orphan-boy, yet the Lord found home for thy head,
When thy feet went astray, were they not to the right path led?
Did he not find thee poor, yet riches around thee spread?
Then on the orphan-boy let thy proud feet never tread,
And never turn away the beggar who seeks for bread,
But of the Lord's bounty ever let praise be sung and said.'

His first converts after Khadidja, his wife, were the faithful and affectionate Zeid, one of his slaves, and Ali his cousin, a bold spirited youth then only ten years of age; but the most important acquisition was Abubeker, a man a few years younger than himself, a merchant of good repute and having a fortune amounting to 40,000 dirhems. In obedience to the commands of the angels, he and his disciples now passed whole nights in prayer, and in repeating the '*la illa illa illah*,' 'there is no God but Allah,' without intermission, a mechanical exercise which, like the whirling of the dervishes and the passes of the animal magnetiser, ends by throwing the neophyte into a highly nervous condition. Mahomet and his disciples practised this night discipline with such assiduity that their feet became swollen and their health suffered. When he began to make open claims, how-

noble race, he would naturally feel humiliated and oppressed at having to appeal to other tribes and nations for a knowledge of the one true God. Hence the spirit relieves his mind of the first distressing doubt and tells him that his Lord is the true Lord, mightiest of all who have 'instructed with the pen.' It is singular also that the word he uses here for 'Lord' is not Allah, the most usual Arabian expression, and which occurs three thousand times in the Coran, but Rabb. Now the word used by the Christians was Al-Rabb, which expression Mahomet carefully avoids; he does not use 'Al-Rabb,' that expression denoting the God of the Christians. But the angel says 'thy Rabb' in this place.

ever, to inspiration, the assumption of the prophetic character was at first treated by his sceptical tribesmen with unrestrained ridicule and contempt. 'Here comes the son of Abdallah,' they would say, 'with the last news from heaven.' They would ask him 'what the weather would be a week hence,' 'what the prices of the markets would be next fair-time,' and tell him he had a fine opportunity of making a fortune. They would also bring him a pregnant woman, and ask him whether the child would be a male or a female; and they would offer, with an air of too benevolent interest, to send for a doctor for him to take care of his health. When, to make more impression on their incredulity, Mahomet began to talk of the Resurrection, they said, 'If our fathers are going to live again, 'bring us back one or two of them and we will believe.' He then began to recite stories of the destruction of wicked races who had refused to listen to their prophets—of the destruction of the world in the time of Noah—of the destruction by showers of stones of the Thamudites, a race recorded in the Rolls of the Hanyfs, for refusing to listen to the voice of Houd their prophet—of the similar destruction of the Adites, a race equally celebrated in the books of the Hanyfs. To such reasoning, and to actual menances of temporal punishment, they would reply, 'Let it rain stones, let the sky come down, and then we will see.' When the temporal punishments with which he menaced them were so long in coming that their incredulous spirits grew more sarcastic still, he began to talk of the approach of the day of the last judgment;* and for this topic, by the aid of the poetry and vigour of his style, he obtained a great degree of attention, for no race were ever more carried away by beauty of language and grace of style than the Arabs. He met, however, with no open persecution till he openly attacked the idols of the Caaba. And when he began to do this the governing class of Mecca, the '*Mala*,' at first reasoned with him in a serious and considerate manner as to the impropriety of his conduct; but when they found his pertinacity was invincible, and perhaps somewhat ashamed themselves of the heterogeneous population of the Caaba, they were willing to make a bargain. At first they offered that in alternate years he should worship the idols, and they should give them up, and be decided by the most prosperous result. At last they offered as a compromise, to let all the rest of the idols go if he would retain Lat, Ozza, and Manah. Without the aid of these divinities the Meccans hardly considered existence possible.

For these were the favourite deities of the surrounding tribes, who might at any time place Mecca in a state of blockade, put an end to the caravan trade, ruin its fairs, and stop its pilgrimages and revenues. The wild Kinana races, that swarmed between Mecca and the Red Sea, of which the tribe of the Coreish was itself a member, were adorers of Ozza, an idol which was in reality a tree at Nackla. Various tribes of Yemenite origin to the south-east of Mecca adored Manah, which was a rock, and Lat was the idol of the people of Tayif, the nearest and most important town near Mecca. If Lat, Ozza, and Manah were treated with indignity, retaliation would evidently be made upon the black stone of the Caaba. Mahomet himself at last yielded to the force of this line of argument, and consented to allow Lat, and Ozza, and Manah, to have representatives in the Caaba; and, moreover, he agreed to have an inspiration which should say a good word for these popular divinities. Accordingly, on one of the days of his public preaching, he inserted these words in a reading of the Coran: 'Lat, Ozza, and Manah, are illustrious (*Gharanyk*) intercessors.' At these words, the Coreish cried out in a body in applause; and when at the conclusion he called all his hearers to prostrate themselves at the name of Allah, they all did so with extreme enthusiasm; one fat and aged devotee, unable to kneel with the rest, in his desire to show his perfect acquiescence, took up dust in his hand from the ground and placed it on his forehead. Either from the remonstrances, however, of his friends and advisers, or stung by the contemptuous expressions of his enemies, or from unassisted repentance, or because he saw this concession would ruin his whole career as Prophet, Mahomet soon withdrew these words; and shortly after in the pulpit declared that the passage had been whispered to him by Satan, whose voice he had mistaken for Gabriel's, and said that he utterly repudiated Lat, and Ozza, and Manah, thenceforth and for ever. This made matters with the Coreish far worse than before; and it would have fared ill with Mahomet had he not been under the protection of his uncle, Abou Talib. Abou Talib was a poor man, but he rejoiced in the strength of eight strong sons, all in fighting condition; and the possession of so much combative power entitled him there and then, as it would now in the western settlements of America, to much respect. Abou Talib, although he lived and died a heathen, was

* He used to say 'My mission and the day of resurrection are as far apart as my thumb from my forefinger.'

not only inclined to protect his nephew, as he had done from childhood, but he was bound to do so by the custom of his tribe. In a lawless state of society like Arabia, to grant protection to those who sought it was, with hospitality, one of the chief duties of man. As soon as any one confessed his weakness, so far as to claim protection of another, the latter was bound to defend him at the cost of his own life, and of that of the lives of his family; another corollary to this rule was, that it was considered disgraceful to a family for any member of it to have to seek for protection out of the family. Consequently, if a member of any family felt himself oppressed by his own kinsfolk, he had generally only to threaten to seek for protection elsewhere, in order to secure good treatment.

When the Coreish found that Mahomet was intractable in the matter of Lat, Ozza, and Manah, they came to Abou Talib in deputation, and asked him courteously either to make his nephew desist from throwing contempt on the ways of their ancestors, or to withdraw his protection from him. To which Abou Talib replied, 'I believe in him just as little as you do; but I have no power to make him leave off.' Seeing how troublesome the Prophet was likely to be, one of the members most in repute in the Coreish, Otba Ebn Rebia, came courteously up to Mahomet as he was sitting in the court of the Caaba in the presence of other members of the Coreish, and said, 'Son of my friend, you are a man distinguished for your talents and your truth. Although you are stirring up discord in your country and division among families; although you insult our gods, and accuse our ancestors and sages of impiety and folly, we wish to deal gently with you. Listen to the propositions which I have to make to you, and reflect if you cannot accept some of them.' 'Speak,' said Mahomet, 'I listen.' 'Son of my friend,' said Otba; 'if your aim be wealth, we will all put our purses together, and make you rich; if you would have honour, we will elect you chief; or if the spirit who attaches itself to you still persecutes you, able physicians shall be sent for, and we will pay them to cure you.' To which Mahomet replied that he wanted none of these things, but that he was the chosen prophet of Allah. 'Well then,' said the Coreishites, coming round him, 'since you do not accept our proposals, and you pretend to have a mission from Allah, give us some proof that such is the case. Our valley is narrow and barren, ask God to make it wider—that he thrust back the two chains of mountains which close it up—that he make rivers flow here equal to the rivers of Syria and Irak—or that some of our ancestors, with Cossai among them, shall revive to recognise you as a prophet, then we will do so too.' Mahomet said that God had not entrusted him with any such power, but only to preach the law. 'At least,' continued the Coreishites; 'demand of thy Lord that some one of his angels shall come and bear witness to your truth, and order us to place belief in you; or ask him to dispense you from being obliged to seek your daily bread like the least of us.' 'No,' said Mahomet, 'I will make no such request; my duty is only to preach!'—'Well then, let thy Lord cause the heavens to fall upon us, as thou sayest he can; but we will not believe thee.'

In fact the only ruse which Mahomet practised in order to convince people he was a prophet was a very simple, not to say clumsy device, for it was open to easy detection, and the use of such practices is sufficient proof that imposture had begun to mix itself up largely with his religious enthusiasm. He gave out accounts, from the histories of former prophets, as having been received by inspiration, when he was in fact prompted by the Hanyf or Jew Christian, Bahyra, who remained behind the scenes, and then called upon either his mentor or some one else to state if it was not true. Mahomet's argument was how could an ignorant Arab know such minute events of past times except by inspiration—and these accounts of mine, are they not in good Arabic, while the original stories are in Hebrew or Aramaic? Such arguments, however, made little progress, and, moreover, there is reason to believe that he was convicted before the most acute members of the Coreish of having confounded the books of the Hanyfs, which were recent forgeries, with the Bible of the Jews; and he incurred increased contempt in consequence. Nevertheless the number of his disciples increased in spite of persecution, which now began in earnest. Slaves at first formed the greater proportion of converts, and as these, from their defenceless condition, were more subject to persecution than the rest, the wealthy man of the new religion, Aboubekr, purchased their manumission. Persecution soon grew so severe that a portion of the disciples made a temporary emigration into Abyssinia. Slaves were at this time taken and placed naked on the scorching sand at midday, others were prevented from obtaining water during the raging heat. The free men of the new religion were subject to every public insult. Boys were encouraged to follow Mahomet and torment him as he walked abroad—they pelted him with stones till his feet bled, and passers-by

spat in his face. Sometimes they seized him by the throat till he was nearly strangled, and dirt and filth were heaped at his door, which he was obliged to remove himself. It cannot be wondered, indeed, that all Meccans who did not believe in the Prophet should have little friendly feeling towards him, since his favourite argument to persuade men to his belief was that all worshippers of idols, including his own ancestors, were in hell, an argument which Abou Djahl, his most malignant persecutor in Mecca, turned against him to deprive him of the protection of his uncle Abou Lahab. After the death of Abou Taleb, Abou Lahab came to Mahomet and told him to have no fear, he would now take upon him his protection, and take the place of Abou Taleb. Whereupon Abou Djahl went about crying, 'Abou Lahab is become a Sabian' (the name they gave the disciples of Mahomet). As this, however, had no effect, he went to Abou Lahab and said, 'How can you protect a man who says your father is in hell?' Upon which Abou Lahab went to Mahomet and said, 'Where is my father?' to which Mahomet replied, evasively, 'With his people.' Abou Lahab went away contented, but returned again at the suggestion of Abou Djahl, and said, 'Where are my father's people?' Mahomet answered, 'In hell.' Then Abou Lahab said, 'Now, Mahomet, I will never cease to be thy enemy.' And this he became in future, following Mahomet about and calling upon the people and pilgrims as he preached not to be seduced by his follies. Aboubekr at this time was Mahomet's chief support, and Aboubekr recited the Coran publicly in front of his own house day by day, and visited Mahomet in his own house twice daily.

But now the members of the Coreish made a league against the Haschimites, Mahomet's branch of the Cossai family. In this league the Ommeyades, with Abou Sophyan for their head, bound themselves not to intermarry with the Haschimites, not to trade with them, and not to permit them to join their caravans, which, as the Haschimites were not strong enough to form caravans of their own, and there was no other source of income open to them, was equivalent to placing them in a state of siege, in which condition they remained for three years, the Haschimites, to avoid further persecution, betaking themselves to the Sheb, or quarter of Abou Taleb, and there shutting themselves up, subject to every privation. At length, however, their moans of hunger and the lamentations of their women and children wrought the Coreishites to pity, and the persecution of the Haschimites was relaxed. Mahomet, however, was still so hardly used that he fled to Tayif and tried to obtain a hearing there. He was, however, treated with contumely and scorn, and driven out of the town amid a shower of stones, and departed with his legs streaming with blood.

Amid all these persecutions he had received the adhesion of one strong spirit, who was indeed the virtual founder of Islam; for it may be said that the name of Mahomet would not now be heard of had it not been for the vehement energy which Omar, a young man of twenty-six, threw into the creed, and the watchfulness and unhesitating decision with which he maintained its integrity to his death. Like St. Paul, he too previous to his conversion had been known only as a violent persecutor of the new creed. For tradition says that on one occasion, in the height of his wrath against the Prophet, when he had already resolved, sabre in hand, to kill him, he was overcome by the beauty of a passage of the Coran, which was read to him by some members of his family. Henceforth Omar, in company with Aboubekr, kept watch over Mahomet like a child. Aboubekr was the calm prudent man of business, the cool head of the new sect, while the fiery Omar, whose whole body was full of irresistible energy, whose left arm was as strong as his right, provided all the vigour and decision. His impassioned straightforward course of action saved the Prophet from many a weakness and many ignominious concessions. Nor did he confine his attention to public matters. For in later time, when a revolt took place in the Prophet's Hareem, he would break in among the affrighted women stick in hand and reduce them to order and submission.

Ten long years, however, thus passed while Mahomet and his disciples were undergoing the terrible ordeal of persecution. Khadidja died; her death was speedily followed by that of Abou Taleb, and Mahomet's life was no longer safe. Assassination had frequently been proposed to Abou Taleb as the simplest way of settling the difficulty, but he had always replied, 'You lie, by the Holy Temple, if you say that we will allow the blood of Mahomet to be shed without fighting with the bow and lance.' After Mahomet had told his other uncle Abou Lahab that his father was in hell, he had nothing but persecution to look for in that quarter, and things for him appeared to be at their very darkest, when an unhoped-for asylum for the new creed was offered by another and a fairer city, which was destined to be and to pay the penalty for being the foster-city of Islam and the Defender of the Prophet.

About a mile and a half from Mecca, on

an eminence on the road to Mina, stands a small mosque, erected in celebration of an event which has had no small influence on the history of mankind, and through which Mahomet's teaching was emancipated from the confinement and persecution of Mecca, and took its place among the great religions of the world. On the day when the pilgrims flocked to the valley of Mina to throw the customary stones there, at a turning of the hill below the present mosque, called *Akaba* (as being a corner), Mahomet came suddenly upon a troop of six pilgrims. 'Of what tribe are you?' said Mahomet. 'Of the tribe of the Khazradjs.' 'Then you are allies of the Jews?' 'Yes.' 'Then let us sit down and talk.' To be oppressed by the Maadites was a recommendation to a Yemenite, even on behalf of a Maadite. Consequently the Khazradjs, who were Yemenites, listened with interest to Mahomet's exposition of his creed and to his exhortations, which they were more capable of comprehending and taking to heart than the Meccans, from their peculiar position at Medina.

Medina, or the city called Yathrib before the time of Mahomet, and known to Ptolemy as Jathryppa, is situated in a hollow among the hills, one of the few sporadic fertile oases which dot—at immense distances apart—the sandy stony soil of Arabia—situated in the skirts of the bare volcanic region of Harra, and twelve days' camel-journey from Mecca. Its inhabitants have from time immemorial been agriculturists, and cultivation is probably here almost as old as the human race. The spot is famed for its sweet waters, for the size and flavour of its dates and the smallness of their stones. Arab tradition declares the earliest inhabitants of Medina to have been '*Amalika*,' Amalekites, the descendants of Esau. They possessed at one time the whole of the northern part of the peninsula of Arabia, extending some way out of Syria, and bordering on Egypt in their possession of Petra. Chaibhar was the strongest capital city of this part of Arabia, and in its neighbourhood Job appears to have lived. This position of the Amalekites accords with Scripture, which always places that warrior race in the south. The supremacy of the country passed into the hands of the Jews, who began to settle there after the successful campaign of Saul and David, when 'Saul smote the Amalekites from Havilah unto Shur which is over against Egypt.' The Amalekites were, probably, absorbed by the more powerful nationality of their conquerors. The Jews remained there in great numbers even after the cruel persecutions of Mahomet, until in accordance with his policy that the Arabian peninsula should be inhabited by none but his own followers, Omar in his caliphate drove the whole of them over the borders into Syria.

Three Jewish tribes, the Benou Kianoka, the Benou Nadhyr, and the Benou Coraitza, though always involved in discord and warfare, shared Medina between them until the tribes of the Awzs and the Khazradjs appeared upon the scene in the fourth century, and after wandering about the country for some time in a starving condition, by treachery and massacre overcame the Jews, and assumed the supremacy in Medina, then called Yathrib.* The tribes of the Awzs and Khazradjs were themselves noted throughout all Arabia for the inveterate and sanguinary character of their wars with each other, and had been for the forty years immediately preceding Mahomet's mission in a constant state of warfare. The Benou Kainoka, Nadhyr and Coraitza, far from taking advantage of this state of things to unite against their invaders, were themselves divided by so many sanguinary feuds and memories of ancient hatred, that they ranged themselves in the opposite ranks of the hostile Yemenite tribes, a short-sighted policy which ended in their destruction. These Yemenite Arabs and idolaters were thus living among a race of Jews possessing the majestic records of the Hebrew people, proud of their superiority as the chosen race and as worshippers of the one true God, and in all probability quite as enlightened as the wealthy communities of Jews settled at Damascus or Aleppo at the present day, where the rich display and decorations of their houses form an object of curiosity to the traveller. The Arabs of Medina, nevertheless, lived in close communion with their Jewish townsmen. Proselytism was not uncommon, and intermarriages took place between the Jews and their outside Semitic brethren as they did in the days of Ruth. But the Yemenite Arabs had their pride constantly humiliated not only by the claims of the Jews to superiority as the chosen people of the one true God, of whom Mahomet now spoke to them; but in dispute

* Dr. Sprenger thinks the Awzs and the Khazradjs came to Medina in the fourth, M. Caussin de Perceval in the second century. Their immigration took place probably about the same time that the Yemenite Khoza settled at Mecca. Arabia was evidently plunged into great disorder at various epochs by the failure of the commercial wealth which had maintained the immense populations of Yemen and Petra, as well as by the decline of the caravan trade which cast thousands of Arabs adrift without resources and without occupation

with their Jewish townsmen, the latter would constantly triumph over them, with a threat of their approaching Messiah, saying, 'Wait till our Messiah appear and he will strike you dead.' Therefore, when Mahomet began to preach to them the '*Allah ta-Allah*,' they not only were inclined to believe in him on account of having often heard the same doctrine before; but they conceived the notion that this must be the Messiah the Jews spoke of, and they determined to be beforehand with their Jewish allies in securing his favour. They listened then eagerly to the words of Mahomet, agreed to spread his doctrine among their townspeople, and with sensible reflection on their own long and sanguinary hostilities, said, 'There has been more disunion among our tribes than among any other, and if you can unite us you must be the greatest man on earth.'

In the following year more Khazradjs came to Mecca to the pilgrimage, accompanied by the original six. They swore at a midnight meeting at the hill of Akaba, to receive and remain faithful to the doctrine of Mahomet, and asked for a disciple who should instruct themselves and their fellow-citizens in the faith. The next year a greater number of pilgrims from Medina held with Mahomet another midnight meeting at the same hill of Akaba, and amid great enthusiasm, swore to adopt and maintain his faith, to receive him in their city, and to defend his life and doctrine with the utmost sacrifice of life and property. The first of these midnight oaths at Akaba is called the woman's oath, and the second the man's, because fighting was undertaken by the second and not by the first, and it is most probable that during the course of the year that intervened between the two oaths Mahomet had resolved on that change of policy with respect to his doctrine which signalised his flight from Mecca. The Meccans had full information of the proceedings at the second midnight meeting at the Akaba, as their spies were present. They were furious at the notion of their persecuted tribesman finding protection in hostile clans, whom they hated the more as being in close amity with Jews, and they feared that he might find means to exact retribution for past sufferings by the ruin of their commerce, and the degradation of the holy city. It is even said that they determined in public council, under the presidency of Abou Sophyan the Ommeyade chief, in the very hall of Cossai, to have him assassinated. Meanwhile Mahomet with his followers was making daily preparations to escape to Medina. One by one they got away, till no Moslems were left in Mecca but Mahomet, Abubekr and Ali. For four months a camel had been waiting in readiness for the flight of the Prophet. At last he escaped, on the very night, as it is said, that they had resolved to assassinate him, and after the famous sojourn for three days in a cave to baffle pursuit, reached Medina with Abubekr, in sixteen days after his escape from Mecca.

The Moslems have been guided by a true instinct in dating their religion from the *Hijra*, the flight to Medina, for the religion of Mahomet changed its complexion completely in changing its abode. The different character of the two oaths which he tendered to the deputies of Medina, on the hill of Akaba, indicates that his ideas of the policy necessary to establish his prophetic ascendency had undergone an entire change in the interim; and when we consider both human nature at large and his own special idiosyncrasy, does it seem possible that it could be otherwise? After ten years of incessant persecution, ignominy, contempt, degradation, and defilemnet, after being shut up with sceptics, scoffers, and tormentors, among the burning hovels of Mecca, an offer was made to him of assistance and protection in the most cultivated and civilised town of Arabia; and it was not possible but that a man of his great political genius and perspicacity should at once see the immense new horizon thus laid open to the prospects of his ambition. To escape from the midst of his fiendish enemies, harass their caravans by Bedouin *razzias*, unite the wild tribes of the desert with the friendly tribes of Medina, and come back to impose his creed on the scoffing and sceptical guardians of the holy temple, must have been his dream day and night, from the moment that overtures were made to him by the Khazradjs, and such a result the Meccans themselves apprehended.

From that date Islam became another creed. Before the *Hijra*, *Taksa*—patience, resignation to the wrongs inflicted by man in submission to God, was the cardinal virtue of Mahomet's religious morality. After the *Hijra*, the merit of fighting for it with the sword surpassed all other merit whatsoever. The sword henceforward was the key both of heaven and hell; and a drop of blood shed in the cause of God was to be of more avail than two months' fasting and prayer: to the slain in battle all sins were immediately forgiven, and the wretch whose life had been sullied by every crime and iniquity was at once wafted up to Paradise, and there enjoyed in the arms of dark-eyed houris an eternal round of sensual felicity.

The authority which Mahomet enjoyed in Medina was unbounded; from a poor persecuted wretch stoned, jeered at by boys, and

spat upon by men, he became at one leap the irresponsible head of a theocratic government. His first measures were taken with great wisdom. It cannot be denied that however much a critical examination of his career may lessen his character for sincerity, the estimate of his ability as a crafty politician must be increased by it. For example, on his entry into Medina, it was a difficult matter to decide at whose house he should first alight; he could not name any one individual among so many aspirants of equal rank without wounding many susceptibilities. Mahomet avoided the difficulty by telling them to let his camel find her own way through the streets, that she had the command of God to stay at whatever house might please them best. This, though a trifling example, manifests sufficiently the subtlety of policy which he had ever at command for the solution of every difficulty. The angel Gabriel was the *deus ex machinâ*, who settled every doubt and every dispute. Thus if the question were asked whether or no a plundering expedition should be undertaken —in what way the booty was to be divided —whether a whole tribe was to be put to death—what prayer and ceremonies should be used in Moslem worship—whether or no he should add a new wife to his bevy—either the angel Gabriel was close at hand with a verse or two of the Coran, or he was able to get up an inspiration at a moment's notice; and not only could he thus improvise fresh inspirations, but he could make amendments in the old in the same manner. Thus, on one occasion, after he had promulgated a verse of the Coran denouncing future punishment against those who remained at home and kept away from the field of battle, some of the Moslems brought him a blind old man, and asked him if it were just that such should suffer the punishment. 'Insert,' he said, turning to Zeid, his secretary, 'except such as suffer from infirmity.'

His first care on arriving at Medina was to settle the rites of the new creed; he built a humble mosque of burnt tiles with a roof of palm leaves which leaned over and formed a verandah supported by palm-tree trunks; round a court on one side of the mosque, habitations were erected for his thirteen wives as they arrived one after the other; he changed his wife every day, and lived for the day in the habitation of the wife thus honoured. Hangings in these huts took the place of doors; their roofs might be touched with the hand; and under their verandahs and that of the mosque slept about thirty or forty fugitives from Mecca, who had no roof to their heads, and were called the companions of the Prophet. These men were styled the *Ahl-el-soffa*, the people of the bench, and as they lived much with Mahomet, eating and drinking with him and at his expense, they became the sources of innumerable traditions respecting his habits and manner of life. For the *Mohadjir*, as the fugitives from Mecca were called, arrived for the most part at Medina in an utterly destitute condition; some thirty or forty of them were seen for a long time walking about destitute of all clothes but mere rags held together by thorns. Ayesha said that at this time the Prophet and his wives suffered much from want of sufficient food. Once he was three days without tasting bread. The *Ansar*, however, or the 'Defenders,' as the people of Medina were called, extended towards the followers of Mahomet the utmost hospitality; and one of the first cares of the Prophet was to draw up a regular treaty in which the mutual duties of *Ansar* and *Mohadjir* were defined, and the inner constitution of Medina set forth in a series of provisions which evinced no mean capacity as a law-giver.

Nothing, indeed, could exceed the singleness of heart and devotion with which the people of Medina gave themselves and their destiny into the hands of the Prophet; the *Ansar* were, under the guidance of Mahomet, the true founders of Islam, and they at least were sincere believers; yet such is the astonishing irony of destiny, that all the gathering evils, all the accumulating penalties of imposture and infidelity comprised in the Mahometan religion, were destined in less than sixty years from the Hijra to descend in one fell swoop on the very foster-city of Islam, and almost to blot it from the face of the earth. After the disastrous battle of Harra, in which the army of the infidel and voluptuous Yezid, the Caliph of Damascus, commanded by the cruel and one-eyed Moslim, a man not only a Moslem, but a believer in the worst superstition of pre-Mohammedan Bedouin heathenism, overthrew the army of Medina, slaughtered the sacred band of the aged companions of the Prophet, and left not alive a single representative of the victors of Badr, the foster-city of Islam was given up to sack. The Syrian victors stabled their horses in the holy Mosque itself, built by the hands of Mahomet, and fastened their halters in the very tomb and pulpit of the Prophet. The men of the town who refused to swear submission to the infidel Yezid were either slaughtered or branded with hot irons; the children were massacred or sold into bondage; the women violated, and the progeny of that horrible night are remembered in Arab history as the 'children of Harra.' The *Ansar* never recovered from that fatal day; their town remained for some time abandoned to dogs,

their fields to the wild beasts; for the majority of the inhabitants sought a new country and a new fate in the army of Africa, and many of them had illustrious descendants among the Moors of Spain, for nearly all that remained of the 'defenders of the Prophet' crossed with Mousa over the Straits of Gibraltar. When a traveller of the thirteenth century, on passing through Medina, demanded if any of the descendants of the celebrated *Ansar* were still to be found in Medina, he was shown one decrepid old man and one old woman. Such was the recompense which the hospitality of the people of Medina was destined to receive.

After six months' repose, occupied in making political and religious ordinances, Mahomet proceeded to make open war upon his native city by attacking its caravans. The reasons of this policy were all-powerful—the desire of avenging his own injuries, of securing booty for the maintenance of his indigent companions in exile, and, above all, of keeping the spirit of the young religion in constant activity. Medina did not lie in the direct line of march of the caravans from Mecca to Syria, but a three days' journey from Medina was necessary to cut across their track. After some unsuccessful attempts, at length several caravans were plundered; and one rich column of a thousand camels, led by Abou Sophyan, on its return from Syria, ran a similar risk, when the Meccans marched with an army of about one thousand men to its support. Mahomet met them with only 324 combatants. The Ansar and the Mohadjir fought desperately. Mahomet had a cataleptic attack in the field, but recovered, and threw a handful of dust at the enemy; this, and his assurance that three thousand angels were fighting on the side of the Moslem, wrought such marvels that they utterly routed the Coreishites, and Mahomet had the satisfaction of being presented with the severed head of his lifelong and bitterest enemy, Abou Djahl. He exclaimed the present was dearer to him than the choicest camel in Arabia, fell on his knees, and thanked God for his mercies.

This was Mahomet's first victory; and just as it is clear that the certainty of material aid from Medina changed the whole character of his system of religious ethics, so this first victory of Badr inaugurated a new period of sanguinary and ruthless policy. Hitherto his hands had been soiled with no man's blood, but he scrupled not henceforward to shed it on any occasion when he could safely do so for the furtherance either of his ambition or revenge. Immediately after Badr, he signalised this change of policy by two cold-blooded murders, the one on a woman, and the other on an old man, against neither of whom had he any other ground of complaint than that they had attacked him in satirical verses. The woman's name was Asma. She was, it appears, a poetess. 'Who will rid me of this woman?' he inquired among his disciples; and he was accustomed henceforward to make a similar inquiry whenever he wanted to be rid of an enemy. A blind man of her tribe made the offer; he slunk to her house at dead of night, where, with the security of the Arabs, she was sleeping with unbolted doors; she was lying in slumber with her children. The blind man groped with his hand and found a babe lying across her breast; he removed the child and stabbed the mother as she slept, so that the sword pierced through her back bone. The murderer joined the Prophet at the mosque for morning prayer at daybreak; he told him what he had done, and on his expressing some anxiety lest her kindred should attempt to revenge the murder, the Prophet replied, 'Two goats will not butt together about her.' Turning to the congregation, he said, 'Behold a man who has served God and his Prophet well.' The murder of the old man was equally cruel. He was a Jew, and against the Jews Mahomet nursed a feeling of spite and revenge which knew no rest till he had compassed the destruction of the whole race in Northern Arabia. His treatment of the Jews became henceforward one of the most characteristic features of his policy.

Mahomet, in his pretensions as Prophet, could not but regard the Jews as a highly-favoured race, since God had himself raised a long line of prophets from among them; nor could he avoid respecting them as the only people in the peninsula who possessed a literature. It is clear from the chapters of the Coran composed at Medina, that their presence in that city exercised a salutary restraint on his inspirations. He no longer ventured to give out long mytho-biblical narratives as inspirations, when the 'people of the book' were there ready to confront him and convict him of imposture. Nevertheless he was bent on obtaining their recognition, and the Jews were, on their side, ready to recognize him as a prophet for the heathen. But Mahomet was not satisfied with this; he felt as long as there was a people dwelling side by side with his disciples, possessing superior knowledge and an older revelation embodied in writings whose authenticity none had even dared to place in doubt, his own religion could never stand on secure ground; and he determined to secure their adherence or to annihilate them. Of his wish to conciliate them no

higher proof is conceivable than his adopting Jerusalem as the *Kebla* for prayer for the first fifteen months of the Hijra. To his claim to be considered as a prophet for the Jews, and his clumsy proofs of his mission, the learned rabbis of the Jewish tribes, one of which still claimed to be descended from Aaron himself, listened with supercilious contempt; and slights of this nature the Prophet was utterly unable to forgive or to forget. Unfortunately for the Jews, the divisions of their tribes and their mutual jealousies were so great, that they did not permit them to unite in self-defence; consequently the Prophet was enabled to destroy their tribes one after another without opposition.

Immediately after Badr he commenced with the Benou Kainoka, who, unlike the other Jews in the peninsula, did not devote themselves to agriculture, but were dexterous workers in gold and silver. Summoned to surrender at discretion, they shut themselves up in the quadrangular fortified houses in which the Jews lived within and without the city, and there they stood a siege of fifteen days, at the end of which time they were compelled to give themselves up. The lives of the men, 700 in number, for some time trembled in the balance of life and death; and they were only saved from destruction by the energy of Abdallah ebn Obay, the noblest Khazradj in Medina —a man who would have held the supreme authority in the city had it not been for the arrival of Mahomet, and who passed as the chief of the celebrated party of the Mounaficon, stigmatised in the Coran as the party of the Hypocrites, and who were in fact mere conventional believers. Abdallah had contracted a strict alliance with the Benou Kainoka, and in recent battle they had fought bravely on his side against the Awzs. While the Prophet was gloomily meditating the slaughter of the Kainoka, Abdallah came and asked for mercy to be shown to his allies; but Mahomet turned away in sullen silence, upon which Abdallah seized him by the cuirass under the throat and forced him to listen to him, saying, 'By heaven! it shall never be said that I tamely allowed the men who fought for me at Boach to be murdered.' Overcome by his energy, Mahomet gloomily ordered the lives of the tribe to be spared, but adding as he turned away, 'God curse him and them too!' and confiscating all their property, he dismissed them into perpetual exile.

He now gave his followers permission to slay a Jew wherever they met one; and not long afterwards he proceeded to the extirpation of the second tribe, the Nadhyrites. His pretext for attacking the Nadhyrites was that it had been revealed to him that they meant to assassinate him! Their brave and energetic defence secured them, however, terms more favourable than those of the Benou Kainoka; and they departed with all their arms and property, leaving the city behind them for ever, going forth from the gates defiantly to the music of pipes and timbrels, and taking the road to Syria, where they settled. And now the unhappy Coraitza were left alone to bear the whole weight of his jealous revenge. The Benou Coraitza claimed to be descended from Aaron, and were the most powerful of the three tribes; they had exposed themselves more to his anger than the other two tribes, for they held communication with the Coreish while Medina was undergoing the famous siege of the ditch, in which the united tribes, under the leadership of the Coreish, made their last unsuccessful attempt at aggressive warfare. No sooner had the besiegers departed and the army of the besieged retired from the ditch than the herald cried through the streets that no soldier should resort to midday prayer before he had betaken himself to the quarter of the Coraitza. And the Coraitza now, like its sister tribes, was shut up in its quadrangular houses. They stood a siege of twenty-four days, reduced to every extremity of famine. The unfortunate people asked in vain for permission to follow their brethren the Benou Nadhyr into exile. Mahomet refused to hear of anything else but surrender at discretion pure and simple.

Meantime the Coraitza within their fortified quarters were going through all the agonies and useless discussions and resolves of despair. They obtained an interview with a chief of the Awzs, an old ally; he visited them, but overcome by the desolation around him could utter no word, only significantly drew his hand across his throat as a sign of what they must expect, and departed. One desperate man then said, 'Let us kill our wives and children, and fall on our foes, and die like men or cut our way out.' But no resolution could be made; the men sullenly awaited their destiny, while the children wept and cried and the women rent their hair: the only consolation that any could find was the one which hardly ever fails on such occasions—that it was the will of God. At length they gave themselves up; they might all have purchased their lives at once with apostasy; three or four only did so. The Awzs, however, their allies, besought that their lives should be spared. Mahomet asked them if they would be satisfied with the decision of one of their number; they said "Yes," and he named

Sad. Now Sad had been severely wounded at the siege, and was, as Mahomet well knew, in a state of fury against the Coraitza. Mahomet sent for the wounded man, and sat by him as he proposed to him the decision of the fate of the Coraitza. Sad said first to his tribe, 'Will ye swear to be bound by my decision?' The Awzs cried 'Yes.' 'Then,' said Sad, 'the men shall be executed, and their wives and children sold as slaves.' Mahomet cried with savage joy, 'It is a decision dictated by God from the height of the seventh heaven.' The men, 600 in number, had their hands bound behind their backs, and were confined in one of their immense houses; the women and children were confined in another; both were provided with dates for food, and passed the night in reciting psalms and in prayer. The next morning, Mahomet went to the market-place and ordered deep graves to be made. When these were finished, the men were led to the brink one by one, with their hands tied behind their backs; their heads were hewn off with sabres, and they were thrown into the pits. The slaughter lasted the whole day and was carried on by torchlight.

There were two notable instances, however, in the tribe of fortitude and contempt of their oppressors; one high-souled woman, the wife of a Jew, refused to outlive the death of her husband, and accused herself of having endeavoured to destroy a Moslem soldier by throwing a millstone from her roof on his head during the siege, demanded execution, and went in pride to the place of slaughter. Another Jew, an old man, had formerly saved the life of Thabit, one of Mahomet's favourite disciples. Thabit, by earnest entreaty, obtained the life of his benefactor; he went and gave him the intelligence, which was received in silence; and then the old man asked: 'What is become of the beautiful Asad ben Kad, whose face was a mirror in which girls saw their own modesty?' 'He is dead.' 'What is become of him who was held as a prince by the tribes of the city and of the desert, who nourished them in peace and was their leader in war—Hoyaz of the Benou Adab?' 'Dead.' 'What is become of him of the keen mind—of him before whom no riddle remained unsolved, and before whose pursuit no tribe could hide their traces—Nabbash of the Benou Kays?' 'Dead.' 'Where is the standard-bearer of the Jews and of the host, Wahb ben Zayd?' 'Dead.' 'Where is the princely head of Jewish hospitality, the father of the orphans and of the poor, Okba ben Zayd?' 'Dead.' 'And the two Amr, where are they, they who walked like brothers in the light of the law?' 'Dead.' 'Then, O Thabit, life has no more charm for me; I will follow them to the home where they are gone before. I pray thee by all the influence I possess upon thee, lead me not before that bloodthirsty man who has shorn off the heads of the chiefs of the Coraitza—lead me to the place of slaughter. I wait with impatience till the pitcher of life is poured forth, and I am reunited with my companions.' Mahomet was told of his last speech, and exclaimed, 'He will be reunited with them in hell.' The Jew walked of himself to the pits piled with the yet warm bodies of his comrades, asking of Thabit only to secure liberty for his wife and children; and these the Arab received and nourished in his own house. The spoils of the Coraitza were great in armour, spears, vessels of gold and silver, carpets, clothes, camels, mules, and lands and slaves. These Mahomet, with the consent of the Ansar, divided among the native exiles who had preceded him from Mecca, reserving for himself a beautiful Jewess, Rihana, whom he kept as concubine and as a relic of the murdered Coraitza.

Thus was the last remnant of Jewish civilisation extinguished in Medina; but the strong Jewish city of Chaibhar, at sixty days' journey from Medina, still remained rich in cultivated lands and in the industrial arts of peace. After the truce struck with the Meccans at Hodeibaya, which caused such indignation to Omar, and which lowered Mahomet's character in the eyes of his whole host, he could imagine no better way of recovering his position than by the overthrow of Chaibhar and the distribution of its wealth among his dependants. He had no complaint against Chaibhar, except that some of the exiled Benou Nadhyr had found refuge and honourable treatment there. He commenced operations by having the chief of the place assassinated in secret. His successor he invited with fair pretences to Medina, and then caused him with thirty of his followers to be waylaid and murdered on the road. He then marched against the place, and took it after a month's siege. The property of the whole population was confiscated, though their lives were spared with the exception of one man who was put to death because the Prophet coveted his wife. The revenues derived from the spoils of Chaibhar were very great—the Prophet's share of the spoil alone brought him in 30,000 wasks of dates yearly—a quantity sufficient to maintain 30,000 men in the field for three months. His wives and followers were all provided with revenues out of the agricultural district of Chaibhar; and by the politic and careful administration and application of the spoils thus

obtained from the destruction of these wealthy communities of Jews, he was enabled to seduce whole tribes of savage Bedouins and adventurers to his standard, and form the army who established the ascendency of his faith.

To form a conception of the reason of the rapid expansion of the creed of Islam amid the Arabs and wild Bedouins of the desert, it must be remembered that the religion of Mahomet had innumerable advantages for combination over every league which could be brought to oppose it. The chief reason of the obscurity in which the Arabs had so long lain hidden from the knowledge of the world was its then divided and anarchical condition. No principle, political or religous, existed by which any portion of the Arab tribes could be congregated together. The son of Ishmael, from the very commencement of his desert life, had been little else than 'a wild man; his hand was against every man, and every man's hand had been against him.' Now one of the leading principles of Islam was to hold every Moslem as a brother, to consider themselves as one fraternity for defensive and offensive purposes. The jealousies and hatreds of centuries were to be abandoned in the profession of faith of the Prophet of God, and Yemenite and Maadite were bound in one holy league. Add to this that numbers of the weaker tribes flocked to the standard of the Prophet to acquire a protection and security attainable in no other way, and that the greater portion of his followers thus professed the religion for mere political purposes, without any real belief at all; and moreover, that when any member of a tribe, or a tribe in alliance with another tribe, professed his faith from motives of sincerity, they necessarily brought along with them crowds of heathens and infidels who cared nothing about Mahomet or his creed, but adopted it from reasons of clanship and of ties of alliance. Besides this, since he had raised the standard of a freebooter, of aggressive warfare, of rapine, murder, and confiscation, the conquest of booty had been enormous. The division of plunder was of monthly, weekly, and sometimes of daily occurrence, and drew to his standard the fine scent of every roving Bedouin from the banks of the Euphrates to the most southern shores of Hadramaut; for where the prey was, there such eagles were certainly gathered together. The accretive and adhesive power of Islam over the loose communities of Arabs was thus without limit, and did not rest until it had absorbed into itself the whole of the roving and settled communities of the peninsula; and thus it was that the military power of Mahomet increased with such astounding rapidity—commencing with the 324 infantry and two horsemen who won the battle of Badr, and expanding into the host of 114,000 infantry and cavalry who accompanied him seven years later in his last pilgrimage to Mecca.

The last great scene in Mahomet's life is assuredly one of the most imposing in history. Mahomet played his part of a prophet well, and all he then spoke was truly worthy of the occasion. For indeed that day saw the solemn appearance on the theatre of the world of the Arab race as a nation; the tribes of the Amalekites, the Edomites, the Midianites, the Moabites, and all the obscure clans who for some twenty-two centuries had been wandering about the deserts of Arabia and Syria, without a history, and seemingly without any possibility of union, had been united into one body in seven years by the genius of one man. This, indeed, was Mahomet's great work.

As to the conquest of Mecca, that too was the result not of violence but of circumstances; and the city fell naturally into his hands with the increase of his power. The interruption of their caravan trade, the defection of some of their chief allies, and the growing strength of Islam, were certainly powerful arguments for conversion with the merchants of Mecca. Finding that the old caravan road by the coast to Syria was completely at the mercy of Mahomet, they had in vain attempted to send a caravan to Syria by the old east road across the plateau land of the Nejd, but that too was intercepted. They had been unable to follow up their victory at Ohod, and when they retired in disorder from the famous trench of Medina at the suggestion of Abou Sophyan, it was easy to see that Mecca must ultimately fall into the hands of its own fugitive son. Year by year more and more of the Meccan chiefs gave in their adhesion to the design of the Prophet; but with the exception of the terrible Khaled, afterwards known as the sword of God, and one or two others, there is no probability that any of them were sincere converts. If Henry IV. could say *Paris vaut bien une messe*, they felt that the guardianship and prosperity of the holy city was well worth a profession of Islam. In the two negotiations by which Mahomet acquired the sovereignty of his native city, the spirit of his adversaries is easily recognisable. By the truce of Hodeibaya made in the vicinity of Mecca, they recognised him as a belligerent power, and the right of himself and his followers to make the pilgrimage to the Caaba. But the spirit in which it was made is evident from the words of Sohayl, the negotiator on the

part of the Meccans. After the preliminaries had been arranged, Mahomet proceeded to dictate the next of the treaty. 'In the name of Allah Rahman'*—'I know nothing of Rahman,' said Sohayl; 'write simply "In the name of Allah"'—'These are the conditions which Mahomet the Prophet of God makes.' 'If I believed you were the Prophet of God,' said Sohayl, 'I could not fight against you: write in the name of Mahomet son of Abdallah.' Such was the style of the truce which Mahomet concluded at Hodeibaya with the Meccans, the character and tenor of which so disgusted Omar and followers of similar sincerity and vehemence, that the Prophet was obliged instantly to lead his army against Chaibhar, to dispel their indignation with active fighting and a plentiful share of booty.

The truce of Hodeibaya, however, led by its breach to the second march upon Mecca, when the city was delivered up evidently through the collusion of Abou Sophyan, the old hostile chief of the Ommeyades, who was now convinced that submission to Mahomet was the only advantageous policy. When the Coreish then were startled with the appearance of the ten thousand fires in Mahomet's camp, as they halted for the night on the hills above Mecca, Abou Sophyan slunk over to the enemy and made arrangements delivering up the city.† 'Dost believe there is but one God?' said Mahomet on their meeting. 'This I believe,' said Abou Sophyan. 'Dost believe that I am his prophet?' 'Excuse me,' said Abou Sophyan; 'on this point I have still a few doubts.' And the next day, when the chief of the Ommeyades saw the Prophet's troops defiling past him in state with their banners, and beheld the famous body-guard of Mahomet, he said to Ali, 'Truly my uncle has made for himself a fine kingdom.' 'He is a prophet,' said Ali, 'and a prophet is greater than a king.' 'Yes, no doubt,' sarcastically replied Abou Sophyan.

When Mahomet proceeded from Mecca to the siege of Tayif, and the Thakifs proposed to surrender by treaty, the spirit of the negotiation was precisely the same. The deputies of the Thakifs announced that their tribe were willing to become Mussulmans on condition that they should be allowed *to keep their favourite idol Lat three years longer and to say no prayers.* Three years of idolatry is too much,' said 'Mahomet, and what is a religion without prayer?' After much bargaining on both sides, it was arranged that the tribe should keep their beloved Lat for one year longer, should not be called upon to take part in the holy war, should pay no tithes, 'and should pray but make no prostrations at prayer.' Mahomet, however, still hesitated; he was afraid of 'what people would say.' 'Never mind about that,' said the Thakif deputies; 'if the Arabs ask you about the treaty, you have only got to say, *God dictated it.*' This argument convinced the Prophet, and he proceeded to give out the terms of the agreement. 'In the name of Allah, the Mild and Merciful, these are the terms of treaty agreed upon between Mahomet, prophet of God, and the Thakifs. The Thakifs shall be called upon to pay no tithes, to take no part in the holy war, &c.' So far the Prophet proceeded, and hesitated, when Omar broke out with his usual fiery vehemence, and with drawn sabre menaced the deputies. The Prophet, recovering himself, said, 'Islam pure and simple, or war.' 'Well, let us keep Lat another six months?' 'No.' 'A month, then?' 'Not an hour.' The deputies returned to their tribe, and Lat was instantly demolished amid the wailing of the women of the tribe.

Where he could be vindictive without danger—towards women, towards makers of verses, towards defenceless Jews, towards all who did not submit to him, Mahomet was without a tinge of mercy. To subdue the haughty *Mala*—the scoffing and sceptical aristocracy of Mecca—was the crowning and great triumph of his life, and without this all victory would have been incomplete; after the surrender of Mecca he omitted no cajolery to gain them over thoroughly to his side. In the division of spoil at the end of the campaign of Tayif, the chiefs of the Meccan aristocracy received one hundred camels each and forty ounces of silver. The men of Medina were loud in their disapproval; upon which Mahomet made them a fine speech, such as he always had at command, to the effect that what he gave the Meccans was but perishable goods, but that to them, to the *Ansar*, he owed the eternal gratitude of his heart, and that with them he would live and die. The noble-hearted men of Medina accepted his explanation with tears and renewed cries of devotion; but nevertheless the policy inaugurated by Mahomet on that very day was in the end the destruction of the house of Ali, and the ruin of the *Ansar*, their families, their homes, their whole city, and their descendants. The conquest of the faithful became

* 'Allah the Merciful,' an epithet considered by Mahomet distinctive of his doctrine.

† Mr. Muir is of the opinion that Mecca was delivered up by arrangement with Abou Sophyan, and we think he is right in his conjecture. The strange hazard of the meeting, and the subsequent treatment of the city, speak in favour of the fact.

the spoil and heritage of the infidel Ommeyades, the descendants of Abou Sophyan and of Hind, and the enemies and persecutors of the Prophet obtained supreme power in every theatre of conquest, to the confusion of the true believers. Moawiyah, the son of Hind, became caliph of Syria; his son Yezid, who succeeded him, was noted for his impiety and debauchery, and he it was who ordered the destruction of the City of the Prophet—*Medinet-en-nebi.*

Walid, who became governor of Cufa, was the son of the very Ocba who was known to have spit in the face of the Prophet and to have nearly strangled him, and who was condemned to death by the Prophet himself. His son, called 'the Son of Hell,' nevertheless became governor of Cufa. His character is sufficiently portrayed in the following anecdote. Having spent the night in an orgy of wine and singing women, he heard in the dawn the voice of the Muezzin calling to prayer from the top of the minaret. In the loose dress of his revel, and hot with wine, he went to the mosque, mounted the pulpit, and recited as *imam* the customary prayer; when he had gone through it, thinking probably of the songs he had just been singing, he turned to the assembly and said, 'Shall I give you another?' 'By *Allah!*' said a pious Mussulman, 'I expected nothing better from thee; but I little thought ever to see such a governor here;' and, joined by the rest of the congregation, he began to tear up the paving-stones of the mosque to hurl them at the head of the profane governor. Walid slipped away and got back to his drinking party, singing from a profane poet, 'Wherever there are wine and female singers, there am I to be found; for I am not a dry flint without a feeling for what is good.' A poet of the day, Hotaia, thought the adventure so good that he sang of it thus: 'On the day of the last Judgment, Hotaia will bear witness that Walid does not deserve the fault men now find with him. What has he done when all is told? As soon as he finished saying his prayer, he asked "Do you want any more?" It is, however, fortunate that they stopped thee, Walid, or thou wouldst have gone on praying till the end of the world.'

Such were the men who were advanced to power by the policy of the Prophet. The throne of Egypt was filled with a treacherous renegade, the especial object of the Prophet's detestation in his lifetime, whom he had wanted to put to death; indeed the conquest of the world by Islam was made in fact by infidels who had no more religion than their savage forefathers, or than a Bedouin of the present day, but who were its chiefs in the same way and for the same reason as Alexander VI. or Leo X. became the chiefs of Catholic Christianity. Nor indeed was it much better with the masses. Under the terror of the sword of the ferocious Khaled, whole tribes of Bedouins professed Islam, it is true, but it was a mere profession which passed away with the terror of the sword that caused it, and the majority of the tribes endeavoured to cast it off as soon as the Prophet was dead. Thousands of Arabs knew nothing more of the creed than the first five words of the Coran—'In the name of Allah, the Clement and Merciful.' And in the next century the Arabs who conquered Egypt and scattered themselves along the borders of the Sahara, were found by travellers and missionaries of the caliph to have forgotten the religion of Mahomet, to be drinkers of wine, and to have reverted to the rites and practices of Arab heathendom as if the Prophet had never existed. Under the caliphate of Omar an Arab was brought before the Caliph accused of having married two sisters. On being questioned by the Caliph, he said he knew of no law to the contrary; and when told he must repudiate one of the sisters, he cried, 'What an abominable religion! I have never got the slightest good from it,' ignorant that in saying this he was exposing himself to the punishment of death as a blasphemer and a renegade.

So far as the Arab race is concerned, Mohammedanism, as a religion, has had no root and no vitality. There is no ground for supposing that Mahomet's design of a future for his creed extended beyond his own race, yet it was altogether beyond the pale of the Semitic nations that Islam was destined to have its most astounding success. What Mahomet really did was to invent a religion for the nomad hordes of Asia: it was to the cry of '*Allah Akbar*' that the swarms of Turks and Tartars, the hosts of Alp Arslan, Othman, Genghis Khan, and Tamerlane, surged up from the vast steppes of Asia, and overran the most ancient seats of civilisation, and spread desolation around them. With nomad and semi-barbarous Asiatic hordes it will remain a religion until they, in their turn, if possible, are drawn within the sphere of a purer civilisation.

With the Arabs Islam was simply a means of banding together those wild, dispersed and predatory tribes, and forming them into a nation. It gave them a consciousness of their collected strength, which was really immense, and no power in the world at that time was capable of resisting it.

As for the extraordinary man who thus

succeeded in giving a new creed to the world, his mission was fitly terminated by his last triumphant procession to Mecca with his immense *cortége* of adherents, and three months afterwards he died at Medina; the immediate cause was a fever, though he believed his health was undermined by the attempt of a Jewish woman to poison him at Chaibhar. It was characteristic of his character and of his creed that among his last prayers was one of great fervency for the entire destruction of Jews and Christians. In other respects he died in a manner not unbecoming the character he assumed, and in the full conviction that he was immediately to be taken up to Paradise.

To form a correct appreciation of such a man is one of the most difficult tasks of history, and in order rightly to do it it is necessary to fathom the abysses of the human conscience itself, and to endeavour to discriminate between the confused boundary-lines of good and evil which lie within it. Every one is aware how insidiously the promptings of self-advantage, vanity, or ambition, are apt to mix themselves up with nobler passions, and ultimately to supplant them altogether. The beginnings of self-deception in such cases are always difficult of apprehension. If such is the case with ordinary persons, in the case of a career like Mahomet's it is impossible to separate entirely real enthusiasm from self-deception and imposture. That he went through these stages no candid inquirer can doubt. Perhaps it may be an approximation to the truth if we said that while in a state of oppression at Mecca his career was made up of much real enthusiasm, and little deceit, but that at Medina, inflated by the possession of absolute power, urged on by the insatiable promptings of ambition, and intoxicated with the fumes of sanguinary and merciless vengeance, his career was a mixture of immense and shameless imposture, still leavened with bursts of the old enthusiasm.

As he assumed the character of a prophet, one is naturally led to compare him with the mighty spiritual leaders of the chosen people of his own Semetic race, whose majesty Michael Angelo has fitly been able to interpret, with Moses, with Elijah, with Isaiah, and with Ezekiel; yet the Arabian is but a sorry and barbarous counterfeit of these grand types of humanity. One chapter of Hosea or Amos contains more grandeur of soul and more literary value than the whole of the Coran. Thus, in his highest flights, Mahomet never rises above the dignity of a coarse and ignorant imitation of a Hebrew prophet; while in his lowest abasement, as in the scene of the massacre of the Coraitza, for example, he looms through history with the sanguinary darkness of a king of Dahomey or Ashantee. As the founder of a religion, it would be blasphemy to name him in the same breath with one to whom he presumed to declare himself a rival, of whose mission and incarnation he could appreciate neither the beauty, the spotlessness, nor the truth. Place side by side a narrative of the origin of Christianity and a narrative of the origin of the faith of Islam, and without another word of argument the divinity of the one and the humanity of the other are apparent. But if we compare Mahomet with another founder of a religion, Bouddha, Bouddha appears, in his doctrine of self-abnegation and in his spiritual conception of human nature and the destinies of man, to stand as much above Mahomet as Mahomet does above the founder of American Mormonism. As in Mahomet's moral conduct of life, so in all his religious conceptions, there is a coarseness and grossness suited only to the semi-barbarous nations who have remained faithful to his creed. The distinguishing mark, however, of Mahomet's whole life and character is a savage incongruity; he was a strange mixture of barbarity and gentleness, of severity and of licentiousness, of ignorance and elevation of character, of credulity and astuteness, of ambition and simplicity of life, of religious conviction and low imposture; but the most astonishing trait of his character, and that which made him indeed a great man, was an invincible belief in himself, in the ever-present protection and favour of God, and in the destiny of the religion he was to found. The indissoluble tenacity of his belief in spite of the tremendous difficulties which beset his career forms the real grandeur of his character.

Mahomet is the only founder of a religion of whose personal appearance we possess authentic details. He was a little above the middle height, strongly but sparely made, with broad shoulders and a slight stoop; his hair was black, and in the prime of life clustered over his ears; his moustache and beard were also black, the latter abundant and reaching some way down his chest; his forehead was large with a vein on it which swelled when he was angry; his complexion was fair for an Arab; his eyes were large, black and piercing, but bloodshot and restless; his teeth were white and well formed, but stood apart; his walk was so rapid that people had to run to keep up with him, and his gait is described as being like that of a man striding downhill. He was simple in his apparel; he never wore silk but once in his life, and then threw it aside in disgust, saying it was

no fit dress for a man. His general attire was white and red or striped cotton; like all Arabs, he had no taste for comfort, and the luxurious refinements of artificial life were not known to him, or would have been despised had they become so; a bed of palm-tree fibre, a low hut of burnt tiling with a palm-tree roof, would have been by him preferred to a palace. Still he was in some things of extremely delicate and sensitive taste, as in the use of perfumes and in his distaste for unpleasant odours. At Medina he once sent back a dish of mutton to the sender untouched, because it was flavoured with onions, saying that they were disagreeable to the angel who visited him; he never travelled without toothpicks and antimony for his eyes; he was a good listener in conversation, and never in shaking hands was the first to withdraw his own; he was not addicted to any of the games or sports of which the Arabs were passionately fond, and was, in all things, most unlike the heroic ideal of Arab character.

The Prophet could little foresee in the triumph of his later years that his own country of Arabia would, as later travellers have verified, be the country of all the East in which Mohammedanism occupies the least place in the belief of the inhabitants. The Arab race, however, will ever have a romantic and intellectual interest for the observer of history, as the last surviving nationality of that great Semitic family so mysteriously and prodigiously active in the obscure dawn of civilisation, who built stupendous cities and engaged in the work of industry and commerce on a gigantic scale; who were inspired by the sublimest conceptions of religious belief and of the theocratic government of the universe before the Indo-European race had even made its appearance upon the theatre of the world. It was the Semitic family which covered the plains of Mesopotamia and the valley of the Euphrates with cities fit rivals of the Aramaic capitals of Nineveh and Babylon; which laid the foundations of primeval civilisation in Æthiopia and Southern Arabia; which from Tyre and Carthage crossed the most distant oceans with their fleets; which have left behind in the Hebrew Scriptures a monument of their former spiritual supremacy more venerable and more imperishable than any structure raised by the hands of man. They are the only race beside the Indo-European who have had any important share in the dominion of the civilised world, in the evolution of spiritual and religious truth, and they alone share with the Aryan races the possession of the highest type of physical beauty and intellectual culture.

Art. II.—1. *Report of a Committee appointed by the Royal Society, the Admiralty, and the Board of Trade, to consider certain questions relating to the Meteorological Department of the Board of Trade.* Presented to Parliament, April, 1866.

2. *The Law of Storms considered in connexion with the ordinary Movements of the Atmosphere.* By H. W. Dove, F.R.S. With Diagrams and Charts of Storms. Second Edition. Translated by Robert H. Scott, M.A. London: 1862.

3. *Proceedings of the British Meteorological Society.* Edited by James Glaisher, F.R.S., Secretary. London: 1865.

4. *Meteorographica, or Methods of Mapping the Weather.* Illustrated by upwards of 600 printed and lithographed diagrams referring to the weather of a large part of Europe during the month of December 1861. By Francis Galton, F.R.S. 1863.

The Science of the Weather, taking that term in its largest sense, as comprehending the fruits of daily meteorological observation, is the most popular of all topics and the most familiar of all inquiries, yet it is the least systematic and the most backward of all the sciences founded on induction. In one view all mankind are making loose observations and vague prophecies about the weather, for the business and enjoyments of each day are continually affected by it. This is pre-eminently the knowledge which 'comes home to men's business and bosoms.' The child with his toys and projects, the youth with his sports and holidays, the man with his infinite variety of pursuits and undertakings, each and all look at the skies, note the winds, and observe the clouds. What these presage is the first theme of the morning, the proverbial sequence to an Englishman's greeting, the earliest and latest topic amongst cultivators of the soil and sportsmen in the field. So long have such habits prevailed, that it might be fairly presumed that some precise and undisputed results of so much weather-wisdom and weather colloquy must have been attained. We ought by this time to have settled upon some broader basis than a shepherd's proverb what are the trustworthy signs and indications of the immediate future. We must have learned something worth recording of atmospheric causes and effects. So many thousand blasts have not blown, so many thousand storms have not raged, so many thousand showers have not fallen, without at least arousing us to record their varied phenomena, and enabling us to foretell their recurrence. These are phenomena that strike all men. They are not

merely to be found in the laboratory or the remote and studious observatory, but they appeal to the senses of the entire communities where they occur. Literally they speak to us in tones of thunder and in winged words. The fruits of the earth, the flocks of the field, the food and raiment of mankind, in a large manner depend upon aërial conditions and oppositions. Confining our attention thus far to the land, how momentous are the consequences of the weather; and yet, after all the years that have elapsed, the manifold phenomena which have been observed, the desolation and destruction with which we have been afflicted, our ignorance of the true causes of these things, or rather of their times and conditions of visitation, is almost as great this day as it was centuries ago. Weather prophets still hold amongst us about the same rank as astrologers. A clever charlatan may even now make a profit of a silly weather almanac, and the common people still believe in antiquated weather proverbs. Yet all these pretensions to a knowledge of the weather are purely empirical. Not seldom the instincts of the lower animals are a surer guide to approaching atmospheric changes than the knowledge and experience of man. For in truth the *causes* of these phenomena are still most imperfectly understood; and although it is certain that every change of the weather, even in our own variable climate, must be the result of certain physical laws, no successful attempt has yet been made to reduce them to a theory capable of explaining their effects.

To ascertain if any, and what amount of faith may be put in the mass of popular prognostics which have been handed down traditionally from age to age and generation to generation, they should be locally collected and then submitted to the scrutiny of science and the comparisons of experience. The ancient and still extensively prevailing belief in lunar influence upon the weather can only be established or eradicated by rigorous scientific reasoning and observation. Dr. Marcet examined a register of the weather kept at Geneva for thirty-four years to test the popular opinion that changes of weather (limiting the expression to changes 'from clear weather to rain, or from rain to clear weather') occurred more frequently on the four principal days of the lunar phases than on other days. The results which he obtained seemed 'upon the whole to lend some support to the vulgar opinion of the influence of new and full moon, but none whatever to any special influence of the first and third quarters.' Against this slight support must be brought the results of observations made at the Greenwich Observatory since 1840, from which it seems that changes of weather have been found to be as frequent at every age of the moon as when she is seven, fourteen, twenty-one, or twenty-eight days old.

We by no means deny that solar and lunar influences may affect our atmosphere in modes at present uncertain. M. Wolf, Director of the Observatory at Berne, in connexion with his laborious study of the solar spots, conceived a connexion between them and the weather, believing that the years in which the spots are more numerous are drier and more fertile than others, while those years in which the spots are few are more moist and stormy. Other astronomers have propounded theories of solar influence in the production of meteorological phenomena, and have expended an amount of labour in their pursuits and speculations of which the world at large has no conception. All their theories, however, demand as a basis registers of long meteorological periods; and from the comparatively recent establishment of correct thermometrical and barometrical registrations, such theories must be vague and incomplete, though they may perhaps contain the germ of truths yet to be completely discerned and established upon a sound induction from more abundant observations.

We are here adverting principally to ordinary observations such as any individual or body of individuals may regularly make, and not to more important matters such as public storm warnings, which, being derived from numerous observations over large oceanic and terrestrial areas, can only be regularly and successfully accomplished by a Government department, or by arrangements made under Government supervision and paid for by public funds. Private scientific societies or even private individuals, however, may perform their appropriate work, and at a small expense, the chief outlay being for instruments, which should always be of the best order, and not infrequently compared with the 'standards.'

Amongst several societies of this character we are pleased to see that one has been established in Switzerland, and that the Helvetic society now numbers eighty-six meteorological stations. In the land of huge mountains every important atmospheric phenomenon may be well studied. The increase of stations, members, and funds in such societies will soon extinguish the race of prognosticating empirics. Yet it is disheartening to see how obstinately vital they still are. If a Murphy is consigned to oblivion in this country, a Mathieu springs up in France; and, curiously enough, though this

same Mathieu (de la Drôme) is dead, it is reported that he communicated his system to his heir, who continues the profitable speculation on the inexhaustible credulity of mankind, in spite of the masterly exposure of the absurdity of his pretensions, which was made by M. Le Verrier and published in the 'Moniteur' of April 1863, by order of the French Government.

But, it may be asked, if we discover the vanity and discard the fallacies of such prognosticators as these—if we divest ourselves of the illusions of vulgar proverbs, prevalent prejudices, and provincial superstitions—what remains? And is there in reality any ground for attempting to prognosticate the weather at all? After so many failures, and with only occasional success, which may apparently be regarded only as fortunate conjectures, can we look for any scientific basis on which to found future forecasts?

In reply, we must first define the intervals between the prognostication and the actual subsequent weather. For short intervals of time there can be no question that many natural signs are good prognostics, simply because they are nearly adjoining terms of a natural series. For instance, certain forms of cirrus in the clouds, if accompanying a falling barometer, pretty surely indicate rain shortly afterward. In mountainous countries, when the air is very clear, and the mountains appear quite close, and the falling of water in cascades is more distinctly heard than at other times, the observing inhabitants are confident of coming rain; and not without reason and a philosophical cause, though it be quite unknown to the observers. When the atmosphere is warm and dry, the outlines of distant objects are hazy and indistinct, owing to the dust which is suspended in the air, the sun at such times appearing particularly red. But when a moist wind sets in, its aqueous vapour condenses itself at once in the dust in the air, which thus becomes heavy and sinks to the ground. The air then becomes unusually clear, and the moist wind will in all probability speedily occasion rain. Again, a clear sunset is generally accepted as a sign of fair weather. The reason is that rain generally comes from the west, and if the sunset be clear and golden, it is a proof that at least for some time no rain is coming from that quarter. Such tokens as these have been approved by long experience, and are explicable upon such sound principles as those mentioned.

So likewise at sea there are similar trustworthy prognostics of weather-changes, and these have been noted by seamen who knew little of their philosophy. For example, it is a prevalent opinion amongst seamen that lightning, when seen in the Atlantic during winter, indicates the approach or continuance of bad weather; and such is generally the result. It may not be easy to trace the cause, which, however, may be the contact of two gales, and the advance of a new storm in the steps of one receding. Flashes of lightning may be caused by the passage of the electric current through the intervening air from one gale to another. As a general rule, the closer storms are to one another, and the more they overlap each other, the more lightning will flash.

From the nature of their calling, seamen are commonly familiar with the usual indications of the near approach of bad weather, and even a casual voyager soon becomes acquainted with them. The most frequent antecedents of a great storm at sea are calm and close sultry weather, with a falling barometer; clouds assuming the appearance of dark wool,-and stretching across the sky in deep folds, the edge of each fold being fringed with deep red; masses of cirrus rolled up into balls like big heaps of cotton, or torn and dragged into a thousand odd shapes; sudden gloom, with rain and occasional gusts of wind, low scud flying rapidly across the sky, and now and then forming into long bands or belts; a peculiar moaning sound in the air, and sometimes a long heavy swell from the direction whence the storm is coming. And these are tokens which no experienced seaman disregards.

These are the signs of imminent changes and storms, and merely require minute observation; but when we have to consider *forecasts* for longer intervals and over extended areas, the case is very different, and we pass from common observation to science and calculation.

Meteorological science, strictly as a science, is so comparatively young and undeveloped that it has been chiefly concerned in the observation and collection of phenomena and facts; and hitherto the laws of atmospheric phenomena have been almost exclusively determined and explained in relation to general causes, while the order in which these phenomena follow one another, and the causes of their changes in different localities, have been very partially investigated. We know, for instance, that the direction and force of winds are generally explained as the consequence of continual atmospheric currents from the equator to the poles, and from the poles to the equator, or by the diurnal motion of our globe, by various conditions of the atmosphere over the sea and the continents, by the line of coasts of those seas, by chains of mountains, and by the

form of the earth's surface. We know also that a decrease of temperature condenses vapour, and that such condensation produces showers which are often followed by electrical phenomena, and that in consequence of these showers a certain vacuity is produced, and then the surrounding air rushes towards this vacuity. But when we proceed to inquire why such phenomena occur in one place and not in another, why at this time and not at another, why at the same time at other places other phenomena are observed, and in what relation these phenomena stand to each other in order, in time, and in place, then we have at present few satisfactory answers, and it is probable that science will be long in presenting them.

It is manifest also that the more we narrow our area of observation the greater is our chance of error. An intimate connexion subsists between all parts of the atmosphere; it is a landless and uninterrupted aërial ocean, and therefore even a tolerable solution of local atmospheric problems can only consist with an acquaintance with the state of the weather over a large portion of the earth. What may appear to be the minor difficulties of this science are, in fact, parts of great difficulties; and even to foretell the character of the weather after an interval of a few hours would demand a considerable knowledge of important atmospheric conditions. Meteorologists have learned by experience that the changes of weather in England, and even in all Europe, are but the effects of widely operating causes, and bear relation to immense systems. These systems reach southward to the trade winds, and with them far in the direction of the Gulf of Mexico; while to the North they are of unknown extent. The area of the North Atlantic, and especially of the Gulf Stream, appears to exercise a most important influence upon the generation of storms and the weather changes which affect England. It has become obvious, therefore, that the only way of arriving at a true science of weather is by a rigorous induction from a large number of trustworthy observations made over a broadly extended basis. Le Verrier is now acting upon this conviction in preparing charts of a portion of the Northern Hemisphere for each day of the year 1864.

In order to determine what will be the character of any following season, we ought to know at the time of inquiry what the weather is at all other places; for the irregularities occurring in one quarter of the globe are in time transmitted to other quarters, and extremes in one country are compensated by opposite extremes in another. The general equilibrium is maintained in this manner, and the frequent shiftings of the wind which disturb weather previously settled and apparently likely to continue so, while they render such a climate as our own provokingly variable, at the same time prevent an unhealthy uniformity. So important is the agency of the winds that all changes of weather may be attributed to them. The quarter from which they come, and the steadiness with which they blow, govern our atmospheric conditions and our scientific conclusions. Æolus is indeed a king, and Virgil's description of this king and his furious servants in the first book of the Æneid is not more true to poetry than to nature. Meteorological science is ever aiming to emulate Æolus, and in some degree to render the ancient fiction a modern fact. Though science may never hope actually to sway the sceptre of the winds, or to imprison them in rocky cells, or to direct their courses, yet, by foreseeing and foretelling, by evading and escaping, by measuring force and anticipating rage, she may so far understand as by human sagacity to control or avoid the malice of the fiercest winds. To science prospectively we may apply the words in which the poet depicts the restraining power of King Æolus:—

> 'mollitque animos, et temperat iras.
> Ni faciat, maria ac terras cœlumque profundum
> Quippe ferant rapidi secum, verrantque per auras.'

What has already been accomplished in reducing to shape our knowledge of the winds sweeping over the globe, may be found in the important volume of Professor Dove, of Berlin, a translation of which we have cited at the head of this article. The motions of the atmosphere in the different zones are now classed under three typical forms:— 1. Permanent winds, as the trade winds of the torrid zone; 2. Periodical winds, as the monsoons of the Indian Ocean; 3. Changeable winds, as the winds of the temperate and frigid zones. To classify and discuss the phenomena connected with these winds is a very onerous task, and one which cannot be said to be completed, though Dove has done much in this direction. The atmosphere, as he remarks, is continually striving to obtain equilibrium without ever succeeding. The character of the disturbance and the process of restoration of the equilibrium exhibit in every case a distinct type, so that the problem which presents itself to the meteorologist is to discover the typical form of the phenomenon, which presents in each several case of its occurrence variations of more or less extent from the original type. When we reflect how many agencies

are at work disturbing the atmospheric equilibrium—the radiation whose extent varies from day to day—the infinite variety in the surface of the ground—the mountainous barriers and extensive deserts—the oceanic currents, and the different forms in which aqueous vapour presents itself—we are disposed to marvel how any such diagram of the winds of the globe as Maury has presented can be constructed out of so many complexities. The calms, indeed, in the face of all these endless mobilities, may excite our astonishment in a greater degree than the winds. Nevertheless, without some approximation to an understanding of the winds, without charting them carefully, and noting their phenomena continually, all weather-warnings must be unsatisfactory and useless; and in respect of storms, the law of storms is but another term for the law of winds.

We now see how numerous must be the observations, how wide the area, how sound the inductions, in order to qualify any meteorologist to enter upon the field of forecasts, and to warrant a hope of final success.

The whole kingdom—we might almost say the whole of educated Europe—knows that in this country we have for some years past been making official attempts at weather forecasts and storm warnings. Visitors to the sea-coast have beheld mysterious drums and cones hoisted to view, and significantly varied or combined; and even the common people have had ocular evidence that certain Government officers were engaged in studying the signs of the weather on behalf of the seafaring community. The public have also long been familiar, through announcement in the daily journals, with the weather prognostications of the late Admiral Fitzroy, and it is desirable at the outset to explain how all these proceedings came to bear an official stamp.

Impressed with the importance of a well and widely concerted plan of meteorological observations at sea, a conference, consisting of representatives from different maritime countries, met at Brussels in 1853. They made recommendations to secure accuracy of instruments, and prepared a form of meteorological register, and subsequently the Meteorological Department of the Board of Trade was constituted, with the late Admiral Fitzroy at its head. The avowed main object of this Department was the discussion and utilisation of meteorological observations made at sea in all parts of the globe, and the opinion of the Royal Society was sought as to those *desiderata* of meteorological science to which the Department should direct its attention. The President and Council of the Royal Society replied in detail, enumerating the chief *desiderata*, and expressing their opinions. In the course of subsequent correspondence, they stated that it would be most important, both in a theoretical and practical point of view, to procure statistics of the direction and force of the wind in those parts of the Atlantic Ocean which are usually traversed by ships. In short, they specified such points of inquiry as amounted to a summary of instructions according to which the Meteorological Department should pursue its labours, It cannot, therefore, be said that its objects were undefined, or left to caprice, or fancy, or theory. There is no indication that it was a part of the functions of this Department, as originally instituted, to publish undiscussed observations, or to speculate in meteorological theories. Nothing at all was proposed respecting prognostications of the weather, although these might be included in the ultimate issue and ripest fruit of such discussion.

It appears that when this Department was first established, its superintendent, the late Admiral Fitzroy, took efficient measures to give effect to the wishes of the Royal Society, by distributing information on the methods of observing, by procuring verified instruments, by lending them with discrimination to the captains of merchant ships, and by supplying the Royal Navy with more than one thousand sets of instruments, while nearly the same number were lent to captains in the merchant service. As the result, no less than 1,298 registers were received, made during voyages averaging 140 days at sea, and containing in the aggregate about 550,000 separate sets of observations. The steadily increasing number of these registers was highly encouraging, and the more so as the large majority of them seem, from internal evidence, to have been executed with scrupulous care and assiduity. But the silent and unpretending accumulation of these data did not satisfy the aspirations of the superintendent; for the Admiral's attention became gradually diverted from the legitimate and commendable pursuits of his position, and fearing an accumulation of ocean statistics far beyond the divided powers of the office to reduce, he felt himself justified in ceasing to accumulate further contributions of meteorological observations taken at sea. To their available value and prospective advantages we shall presently return.

In his report of 1862 the Admiral remarks:—

'By continued and consecutive series of charts, several hundred in number, constructed on the simultaneous or synchronous principle, an insight into the laws of our atmosphere, into

meteorological dynamics (distinct from statistical results previously obtained at observatories and elsewhere) has been gained, *which has enabled us to know what weather will prevail during the next two or three days, and, as a corollary, when a storm may occur.* These seem satisfactory and rewarding results.'

The Council of the British Association had recommended in 1859 occasional telegraphic communication between a few widely separated parts of Great Britain and Ireland, by which warnings of storms might be given; and certain resolutions to this end were drawn up in concert with the Admiral. Meanwhile M. Le Verrier, the well-known astronomer, and director of the Imperial Observatory at Paris, had established a system of daily telegraphing the state of the weather, not only from various ports in France, but also from other ports in Europe, to Paris, and also from port to port in France; and he invited the British Government to join in this system, which was expressly confined to the communication of the actual state of the weather, and in no way committed to prediction. It appears, therefore, that while acting in consequence of these requests, and in concert with these parties, Admiral Fitzroy went beyond them all, and conceiving that sufficient information had been collected and digested in his office during five years to enable him to foretell the weather, and desiring also that practical results should now follow so much toil and time devoted to registrations, he persevered in his expressed intention of 'forecasting' (to employ his own expression) not only storms announced by telegraph as already raging, but also weather generally.

Accordingly, in the summer of 1860, arrangements were made for the regular daily communication by telegraph to London of the state of the weather at fifteen stations in the United Kingdom, for receiving daily telegrams of weather from various places in Europe through Paris, and for the daily communication to Paris of the state of the weather at certain points in the United Kingdom. The public were acquainted with the results in the daily newspapers.

Storm signals and weather warnings were hoisted for the first time at certain ports in February 1861. In August of the same year the weather predictions were greatly enlarged, first by extending the storm signals to many places not previously warned, and next by publishing daily forecasts of the weather in the newspapers. All these made the name of Admiral Fitzroy famous, and they have been continued by his principal assistant since his lamentable death. That the storm warnings have become very popular at the ports, and have greatly interested the public, is admitted, but not as a proof of their value or accuracy. They may, moreover, have exercised some influence on foreign observers, the predictions of the English office having been daily sent to Paris. M. Le Verrier organised a similar system of storm warnings, and also published daily a very full bulletin of the actual weather, illustrated with maps of barometric pressure and of wind. For some time his bulletins contained predictions of the probable weather for different parts of France, but these have recently been discontinued. At Berlin Professor Dove has of late established a system of storm warnings like our own; while in Italy a system has been in process of establishment on an independent plan. Holland has done, and Prussia is doing, the same, and there are prospects of like proceedings in some countries of less importance. We shall presently refer more at large to Russia.

In this state of meteorological proceedings, the death of Admiral Fitzroy appeared to present a suitable opportunity for instituting investigations which could scarcely have been made in his lifetime so independently and so completely. The result of a correspondence between the Board of Trade and the Royal Society was the appointment of a Committee, consisting of Francis Galton,* Esq., F.R.S., who was nominated by the President and Council of the Royal Society; Staff-Commander Evans, R.N., F.R.S., nominated by the Admiralty; and T. H. Farrer, Esq., one of the secretaries of, and nominated by, the Board of Trade. These gentlemen were instructed to consider and report upon five questions proposed to them, which were so framed as to occasion a thorough examination of what had been done and what had been left undone by the Department, and, as a consequence, what remained to be done, how it should be executed, and with what staff.

These gentlemen are the only persons unconnected with the Department who have examined into its system and its work. We must therefore necessarily acquire our information on the subject from them; and although we have endeavoured to disentangle it from some of the complexities in which it is involved, and to present to our readers

* Mr. Galton's 'Meteorographica,' quoted at the head of this article, displays both his competence and zeal as a meteorologist; whatever opinion may be entertained of his method of mapping. He joins in the desire for combined observations and a union of separate activities. 'The labour,' he remarks, 'of a meteorologist who studies the changes of the weather is enormous, before he can even get his materials into hand, and arrive at the starting-point of his investigations.'

some of the results in a simpler form, the verdict is substantially that of the Committee, and our remarks are founded upon their verdict, which there is no apparent good reason for doubting, and which is fortified by details and figures sufficient, we think, to uphold and corroborate it.

Taking first and separately the subject of Weather Forecasts, it immediately occurs to an inquirer that it would be highly instructive to collect and compare from the foreign Observatories, as well as from our Board of Trade, both the plans of their procedure in forecasting the weather, and the results so far as experience has gone. While, however, we can at present learn nothing of this kind from abroad, the report of the Committee now before us fortunately, or unfortunately, to some degree acquaints us with the practice and results at home.

Although Admiral Fitzroy during several years collected a number of observations, and prepared a number of charts with a view to weather forecasts, they do not appear to have been continued and completed so as to bring out clear and definite conclusions, nor have any fixed rules or principles been deduced from them. Admitting that it might be premature to expect at present a precise and full statement of definite principles or laws, still we are fairly entitled to know the conditions of the atmosphere, and the probabilities of future weather arising therefrom as they presented themselves to the Admiral. Doubtless such probabilities are considerable, and capable of arrangement, especially in the important cases of sudden and violent changes of weather, and it is upon these alone that forecasts can be safely founded and sound instruction can be communicated. The very first step and aim of official action should be to take weather forecasts out of the domain of loose conjecture and personal guesswork, and to elevate it into a science of induction. This alone will distinguish it from vulgar prophecy, and win for it the attention and co-operation of men of science. But the more the past procedure of this Department is investigated, the more unsatisfactory in these respects does it appear. Little has been done alone, and scarcely anything in combination with other meteorologists, so as to compare and contrast, and thus establish maxims upon which all agree, or to estimate the value of the compound probabilities arising from the application of each separate combination of maxims to the evervarying and complicated phenomena of the weather.

That there are already sufficient observations for the deduction of some results, the Committee show by attempting a digest of maxims employed by the Office in forecasting weather. Twenty-three maxims are presented. These naturally comprise some mere elementary truths amongst several important principles and several assumptions, upon all which the Office has hitherto acted. But the manner in which it has employed these maxims is undefined and obscure. It appears that in making forecasts, the area of the British Isles is divided into six districts; and the average state of the weather in each district is deduced from the weather reports received from the stations contained within it. A forecast for each district is then made provisionally upon the basis of the maxims already alluded to. The separate forecasts are next collated and revised, regard being paid to the following particulars:—

(*a*) The mutual action of the estimated weather in each of the six districts of the British Isles.

(*b*) Scattered information in respect to such distant areas of high and low barometer as the limited number of continental stations can afford.

(*c*) Geographical conditions of mountain, plain, or sea, by which the free movements of the air can be affected.

The Committee, however, are unable to offer any satisfactory account of the method in which the particular (*a*) is discussed, and they add that 'it is the custom of the Office to perform the whole of the foregoing operations and to determine the forecast after a simple inspection of the list of weather returns. No notes or calculations upon paper are ever made. The operation occupies about half an hour, and is conducted mentally.'

They also very properly remark upon the importance of obtaining a precise value for each of the maxims acted upon, and show by an example what the forecast would be under certain conditions. The probability of the correctness of such forecast must clearly be compounded of the value of each separate probability, and if we are ignorant of the nature of each of these values a very great uncertainty must attach to the value of the forecast. Working out a case or two upon common doctrines of the science of probabilities, they prove the varying and diminished values of attempted forecasts. The whole value of the forecast must so directly depend upon that of the maxims, that the one is obviously proportionate to the other; and if, as seems very possible, some of the maxims should possess no value whatever, then the introduction of any such proposition into a chain of contingencies will diminish the value of the forecast by one half. The Committee refer to some of the maxims as doubtful.

Take, for illustration, two of them. No. 9: 'The whole body of the atmosphere in our country travels in an E. direction, at the rate of from two to eight miles an hour.' And No. 17: 'The barometer frequently continues high during a N.E. storm, but there is a fall of the thermometer.' Meteorologists who scrutinize these maxims might not attach much value to forecasts of weather founded upon uncertain, incomplete, and sometimes questionable rules. The simple and elementary propositions count for nothing as official gain. Who requires to be authoritatively told that 'rapid changes of all kinds commonly presage violent atmospheric commotion;' that 'strong winds are more steady in direction than light or moderate winds;' and that 'sea disturbance often precedes gales?' These are mere meteorological truisms.

Distinguishing for a moment, for the sake of simplicity, between the weather forecasts and the storm warnings, let us inquire whether the Office kept a careful register of the actual weather as a corroboration or correction of its plans and principles. The Committee certainly found that a book had been kept from the commencement, in which the daily reports of weather from the stations, as published, were entered, with the appended forecast for the subsequent day or days, so that, by collating the report made on the one day with the forecast for that day made on the previous day or days, some kind of comparison of forecast with fact might be made. From these and other diligently collected but miscellaneous materials, an attempt was at one time made to compare the daily forecasts with the facts. This seemed promising enough, but a careful examination disclosed several fatal defects. In the first place, the forecasts themselves were expressed in such general terms that they cannot readily be compared with the facts; and in the second place, the times for which the forecasts were made were often changed in practice. Sometimes they were made for the succeeding day, sometimes until the next report, sometimes for the next two days together, and sometimes for each of the next two days separately. In the third place, the facts given by the daily weather reports, as collected and published, are not sufficient to afford accurate information of the actual weather. In the fourth place, most of the daily observations were made but once in the twenty-four hours and only at a few places. In fact, the whole of the collected materials were found to be inapplicable to any purposes of exact comparison or corroboration. The page which the Committee append by way of example completely bears out these statements. They selected certain forecasts at haphazard to illustrate a comparison of the daily forecasts with facts, and these certainly serve to display the vagueness of the official language and the inadequacy of the observations collected, even when the Department concluded that the particular forecast had been good.

Happily we have some definite and decisive tests in the arrangements made by the Wreck Department of the Board of Trade in 1864 for instituting a comparison of the actual weather with the daily forecasts and the storm warnings; but here again the result of the application of the tests is very far from encouraging. Diagrams were prepared by means of which an exact comparison could be instituted of the forecasts with each other; so that, for instance, a forecast for Thursday made on the Tuesday previous could be compared with a forecast for Thursday made on the previous Wednesday, with reference to direction and force of the wind. It was shown that 'not only was there no correspondence, but no determinate relation of any kind, between them. The forecasts made on two succeeding days for the third day differ from one another in every possible way.'

The daily forecasts for the month of December 1865 were compared with each other and with the storm warnings issued for that month; and from this comparison it appears that, taking the daily forecasts for each district of the United Kingdom, North, West, South, and East, as published in the newspapers, there were in that month eighty-four sets of reiterated forecasts, or, in other words, there were twenty-one days for which in respect of each of the four districts two forecasts were issued, one on the previous day and the other on the day before that one. Yet of the eighty-four sets of double forecasts there were only eleven in which the two forecasts agree with each other verbatim, while there are twenty-seven which agree with each other substantially, and forty-six which do not. The verbatim agreements, therefore, are 13 per cent., the substantial agreements, 32 per cent., and the total disagreements no less than 55 per cent. of the whole number. Furthermore, with relation to certain storm warnings issued in the same month by the same Department, there were only ten daily forecasts out of thirty-two which agreed with the storm warning—that is, 31 per cent.—while the disagreements amounted to 69 per cent. As a rule, therefore, the daily forecasts agreed neither with each other nor with the storm warnings, although they formed parts of the same system, and were issued by the same Department within a short time of each

other. With these failures in view, of what value are the late Admiral's words already cited?—'We are enabled to know what weather will prevail during the next two or three days, and, as a corollary, when a storm will occur.' That we may ultimately arrive at this knowledge is possible and even highly probable, but whether the Admiral had attained it the above statements must determine.

The occasional storm warnings have made this Department better known and more popular than its other labours, and they therefore deserve a separate consideration. The Admiral devised a system of day and night warning and cautional signals, and circulated a description and explanation of them among mariners. In this official circular the Committee point out ambiguities of description which, together with others belonging to the signals themselves, render it difficult to compare the storm warnings with subsequent facts, particularly in the case of a combination of signals. There is little difficulty in ascertaining whether a storm warning has been followed by a gale, but much in discovering whether the different characteristics indicated by the signals as to the direction of gales and dangerous winds, either singly or in combination, have been verified by facts or not. Premising then that these ambiguities impede the application of precise tests to warnings which are themselves wanting in precision—premising further that the Department has not kept any precise record of storms, or of the weather which followed the storm warnings—the Committee proceeded to make such examination as they best could from the accumulated extracts from newspapers before referred to, and a laborious digest of them extending from the 31st July, 1861, to the 27th February, 1862, published by the Meteorological Department as the eleventh of its meteorological papers.

Having due regard to the want of precision in the forecasts themselves, and of completeness in the specified digest, we are nevertheless presented with at least an approximate test of the value of the warnings issued, in respect of the force of the wind, and of the direction as well as force. As the result it is found that in 160 warnings issued in 1862–3 during three months, 81 per cent. of them were right as to force, while only 34 per cent. were right as to direction. In 125 subsequent warnings issued in 1863–4, 68 per cent. right as to direction. In 120 warnings issued in 1864–5, 75 per cent. were right as to force, and only 33 per cent. as to direction. Summing up the results of the whole of these 405 warnings, in respect of force alone 75 per cent. were right, while in respect of direction as well as force but 38 per cent. were right, and of course 62 per cent. wrong. Those warnings of direction were treated as wrong in which no gale followed the warning, as well as those in which there was a gale, but not from the direction indicated by the signal.

While it thus appears that only three out of every eight warnings were right in relation to direction, it is noted that the result would probably be still more unfavourable if the ambiguities had not rendered it necessary to give a great latitude to the meaning of the storm warnings; and, again, while about six of every eight of the warnings were right as regards force, yet if from these were deducted the cases in which a gale was blowing when the signal was hoisted, the proportion of those to be deemed successful would be less. A rigorous criticism then would diminish the successes and aggravate the failures. Another failure by way of lack of vigilance is discovered in the fact that between April 1, 1862, and March 31, 1863, the digested returns include several gales, some of which were severe and long, for which no storm warnings at all were issued.

The facts recorded for the same period by the Wreck Department afford a rather better test than those just adverted to, as they were collected independently and with greater completeness, and are gathered from returns locally made by officers of the Customs or the Coastguard in conformity with notices received at the time of the issuing of a storm signal. These returns being sent to the Wreck Department of the Board of Trade, there exists in that office a complete history of every gale which has followed a storm warning since July 1861, at all those places where such a signal has been hoisted. These were submitted to the Admiral, but he raised objections to them, which were not well founded and are refuted *seriatim* by the Committee, who observe that although those returns are far from perfect, they nevertheless afford the most valuable data now in hand for checking the correctness of the storm warnings, and for tracing the course and progress of violent gales in the British Isles,—and add, 'we regret that they have not been duly made use of for this purpose, since if they had, the Meteorological Department would probably by this time have been in possession of much precise and valuable information on the subject, which might possibly have placed the practice of predicting gales on a sound inductive basis.'

The results of a comparison with these

despised documents, tabulated with respect to force and direction of winds, are by no means favourable to the efficiency of the warnings. First as to force, we may just give a summary of their results in the shape of a per centage of total success and total failure. From July to December 1861, there were issued 413 warnings as to force of wind, of which the total successes were 52 per cent., and of course the total failure 48 per cent.; but upon the supposition that in 20 per cent. of the warnings the wind was blowing a gale when the signal was hoisted, the total successes are reduced to 32 per cent. In the year 1863 out of 2,288 warnings 36 per cent. are estimated as total successes, leaving 64 per cent. of total failures. As the analysis of the whole returns is a work of great labour it has not been carried on regularly since 1863, but partial analyses were framed for the months of December in the three years 1863, 1864 and 1865, from a comparison of which similar conclusions were obtained, the total failures ranging from 36 per cent. as the minimum to 86 per cent. as the maximum. Putting the general results of the whole analyses together in respect of force of wind, and turning them into per centages, we find that the total failures, in all places warned, range from 36 to 68 per cent., and that the total failures in seven selected ports named, range from 54 to 60 per cent.; the period concerned extending from 1861 to 1865. All that can be noted in favour of the warnings is that on the whole there is an improvement in the later as contrasted with the earlier ones.

The force of wind is perhaps the easier field of forecast, and when we come to comparisons of direction, as well as force, the tests become far less precise, and even less satisfactory. Here, again, the inherent ambiguity of the signals increases the difficulty of comparison, and it is impossible to make a perfectly satisfactory selection of the facts with which many of these indeterminate predictions can be compared. Proceeding, however, on the best discernible ground, and putting the best interpretation possible on the official explanations of the signals, the following result is arrived at. During parts of the years 1863, 1864, and 1865, warnings to the number of 244 were issued in relation to direction combined with force of wind, and of those not more than 22 per cent., or less than one-quarter, have proved right, while the remainder, being more than three-quarters, have proved wrong. One might almost have imagined that mere sagacious conjecture would have achieved equal success, without any pretensions to science. As the Committee remark, 'The chances of success due to mere haphazard are considerable in the six winter months of the year, for at that time it is probable that gales are blowing to a sufficient extent to justify a storm warning in every ten days on an average; and, on the other hand, four days in every ten are placed under warning by the storm signals.' From the incompleteness of the data for comparison, it could only be ascertained if the weather that *succeeded* the warnings justified them, while nothing is known of the weather that *preceded* them, and there is nothing to show *when* the warnings ought to have been sent, and when they were actually sent.

The utility of the signals manifestly depends in many cases on the precision and correctness with which they indicate direction. A collier, for instance, sailing from the Tyne or Wear will disregard a westerly gale, while an easterly gale might be fatal to her. It is in vain to tell her that a gale is expected from the Tropical or Polar quarter, and to indicate only a wide range. Even if such predictions correspond with subsequent facts, they are of little use, and worse than useless if they do not.

The practical utility of these warnings has been inquired into at several ports, and divers, but, on the whole, favorable, opinions have been expressed concerning them. At Yarmouth it has been found that in some cases fishing-vessels have refused to put to sea when the warning signal was hoisted, although no local circumstances indicated danger or warranted apprehension. The voyages of such vessels not exceeding twenty-four hours, they might often have put to sea on such occasions, but, not doing so, much time and profit were lost. A vessel whose destination could be reached in twenty hours, if in a direction contrary to that in which the storm is anticipated, might make her voyage, whilst delay would allow the storm to overtake her. An illustrative case actually occurred last autumn: Of two vessels ready to sail when the storm signal was hoisted, one set out, and the other delayed. The former reached her destination in perfect safety; the latter, by delaying to sail, was afterwards caught in the storm, and was lost. The signals, then, may make a sailor timid in putting to sea, yet they must have the good effect of inducing forethought, precaution, and preparedness under the expectation of a storm. The seafaring community look with increasing confidence to these signals, and now more fully credit their correctness. That they are, with some exceptions, popular, is undeniable, and their discontinuance would cause general regret:—

'The existence,' say the Committee, 'of this feeling is strong evidence of the utility of these storm warnings. But in estimating this at its true value, it must not be forgotten how eagerly the world at large is disposed to base an unreasoning belief on the occasional successes of weather predictions, and how easily it forgets the failures. We need not say that we do not wish for a moment to compare the efforts of the Department with the predictions of the ordinary weather prophets who attempt to connect the changes of weather with the stars or the changes of the moon. It is not, however, irrelevant to refer to these prophecies, and to the belief which has been so often placed in them, when we are estimating the value of popular feeling as the evidence of the value of storm warnings.'

Even allowing for such drawbacks, we cannot peruse the 'Abstract of Opinions from the Ports concerning the Value attached to the Storm-Warnings at the present Time (1866),' without attaching considerable weight to them. Take the last, from Liverpool, as a sample: 'There exists an universal opinion that these signals are very valuable; that the amount of accuracy has gradually increased.' In our view the testimony in their favour is decisive, so far as common opinion has weight.

It was and is the opinion of the officials of the Meteorological Department that their weather forecasts and storm warnings are so intimately associated as necessarily to stand or to fall together. The Committee do not think so, neither do we. No doubt, in order to give occasional warnings of violent storms it is necessary to obtain as constant and as frequent observations as for daily weather forecasts. But it is only natural to suppose that the more sudden and violent changes of wind and weather which are the subject of the occasional storm warnings are preceded by more decided indications than the more common and less violent changes of our variable climate, and that the observations made of a sudden fall of the barometer may afford a trustworthy indication of approaching storms, while the sudden daily changes of barometer and thermometer during ordinary weather may have no meaning which we are at present able to interpret accurately. It would, therefore, be unfair to the storm warnings to class them with the daily forecasts, which latter have already been shown to be very faulty in every test applied to them. If they have been founded on an unsound basis, and if there is no evidence of their correctness, they are surely wanting in all that can give them practical value. These forecasts merely manifest the opinion of the Department (as it has repeatedly stated) concerning a probability, and they extend to large districts, without attempting to describe the varied particulars of weather in different parts of those districts, which alone would be of service to the sailor in a particular port, or the agriculturist on his own farm.

From the foregoing statements, notwithstanding the unavoidable imperfection of the Committee's examinations, it appears that they have tested the system of forecasts of weather and storm warnings under numerous aspects, and therefore the conclusions they draw as to the correctness and utility of daily forecasts and storm warnings are entitled to all attention. To employ their own words:—

'The conclusions we draw from this discussion are the following, viz.:—

'That the maxims on which the Department acts in foretelling weather have not been reduced into any clear or systematic form, and are not shown to have been established by sufficient induction from observed facts.

'That as a matter of fact the Daily Forecasts are not shown to be correct, and that they are not, in our opinion, useful.

'That the Storm Warnings, so far as they indicate the Force of coming gales, have been sufficiently correct to be of some use, and that their utility is widely admitted. Also that they have improved; and that they are probably capable of still greater improvement.

'That the Storm Warnings, so far as they indicate the Direction as well as Force of coming gales, are not shown to have been so far precise or correct as to be of use.'

Having gone through all the details which the Committee have presented in the Report, we cannot see how they could have come to any other conclusions, and they would apparently have been justified in putting them in more forcible terms. It almost seems as though their examinations and comparisons cost greater toil, vigilance, and thought than some of the original forecasts and warnings, just as it often costs more to mend a bad mechanism than to make a good one. Even to follow minutely the proceedings of this Committee taxes the reader's patience and exercises his ingenuity, thereby compelling him to marvel at the continual inexactitude and confusion of the late Superintendent, while he commends the patient assiduity of those who found themselves involved in a labyrinth of perplexities, to which, if there ever were a clue, it is now irrecoverable. No official business should be so conducted as to lack inherent evidence of the manner in which important results have been arrived at. Especially in so tentative and complex a business as that now under investigation, every step of progress should be clear, and every process of reasoning be noted, other-

wise the sudden loss of the official head may, as it has now done, involve the loss of very much that judgment and experience have acquired, notwithstanding the labours of an able and diligent chief-clerk. Not less important are checks and corrections, or confirmations by actual and subsequent atmospheric occurrences. It is clearly as important to record the results as to issue the forecasts and the warnings, and the collection of the former should be as carefully arranged as the publication of the latter. As to the daily weather reports previously alluded to, their insufficiency has been noted, and it may be added that miscellaneous facts gathered by the Department itself from miscellaneous sources, without knowledge of the observers, and without order or method in the observations, can be of little value. They must mark the precise correspondence of the natural phenomena with the forecasts or warnings. Precision in the one must be met by precision in the other. Without a careful pre-arrangement of particulars and persons, of observers and hours of observation; without, in short, an adaptation of all circumstances connected with the actual phenomena to the terms and times of that indication, so that the one may form a complete counterpart of the other, no confidence will be inspired, and no benefit will accrue.

There can be no utility in such vague, uncorroborated, and often unsuccessful daily forecasts of weather as have hitherto been issued by the Department. The Committee, therefore, wisely recommend the discontinuance of their publication, and they believe that in so doing they are borne out by the best practical meteorologists. M. Le Verrier, of Paris, who had attempted something of a like nature, has, it is said, given it up. M. Dove, of Berlin, is confining himself to a system of storm warnings, and even in this appears to find some difficulty. M. Matteucci, of Turin, was obviously in difficulty, even as regards the storm warnings, and the Committee 'can find no evidence that any competent meteorologist believes the science to be at present in such a state as to enable an observer to indicate day by day the weather to be experienced for the next forty-eight hours throughout a wide region of the earth's surface.' To this it might be added that competent meteorologists are by their aversion to vulgar and fallacious pretensions indisposed to take serious steps in this direction. They are now labouring to constitute this science as one of precise observation, and to disentangle it from popular prejudices and misconceptions. They relinquish the rod of the prophet for the pen of the recorder. They multiply observations, and diminish conjectures. By their present actions they say in effect,—We are busy enough with the work of to-day and will not concern ourselves with the probabilities of to-morrow. Discredit has been cast upon our studies by almanac-makers, and weather prophets. With such we have no connexion, nor, whatever they may pretend, have they any with us. In the philosophical application as well as the etymological, of the word, such men may rightly be termed *lunatics*, and those who trust them may bear the same appellation.

The recommendations which the Committee make on the whole subject of Daily Forecasts, Weather Telegraphy, and Storm Warnings, and upon Observations of Weather within or affecting the British Isles, amount to fifteen in number, and appear to be generally judicious and warranted by their preceding statements. While they recommend that the publication of daily forecasts of weather probable on the North, East, South and West coasts shall be discontinued, they desire the continuance of the general results of the telegrams, not for frequent publication, but only for issue on special occasions. Every one will agree with them in desiring also that the system of telegraphing the weather from distant stations should be continued, with an addition or diminution of places, as advancing knowledge may require. These telegrams should be published as at present, but arranged in geographical districts.

On the topic of Storm Warnings it will be advisable to present the suggestions of the Committee in their own words, and therefore we quote the 6th, 7th, 8th, and 9th of their recommendations:

'6. That the practice of issuing Storm Warnings shall be continued, but with the following modifications:—

'(*a.*) That the Signals shall for the present be confined to the indication of a probable gale, without attempting to indicate from what quarter.

'(*b.*) That they shall not be hoisted unless there is reason to expect the gale within 36 or at the outside 48 hours.

'(*c.*) That when hoisted, they shall continue up until all immediate expectations of further gales has ceased.

'(*d.*) That whilst the Signals indicating Direction are discontinued for the present, care shall be taken so to arrange the Signals for Force as to enable the Signals for Direction to be added hereafter.

'7. That the officer of the Meteorological Department issuing the Storm Warning for Force should also at the same time, so far as he is able so to do, make, but not issue or publish,

a prediction of the probable Direction of the coming gale, endeavouring in so doing to render it as specific as possible, e. g., whether within any particular quarter of the circle.

'8. That this officer shall note down at the time, and reduce into an exact shape afterwards, the maxims or principles which have guided him in making the Signal of Force or Prediction of Direction; the facts to which those maxims are applied; the mode in which he has applied and combined them, the value he has attached to each of them, and the value of the probability which he has thus obtained, and which is indicated by the Signal or Prediction.

'9. That the maxims so acted upon shall be reduced into a clear and definite shape, and kept in the office ready for reference.'

Both in respect of weather telegraphy and storm warnings there appears to be no inoperable difficulty, as far as we can judge, in the way of bringing about a system of combined European communications and publications. Why should there not be something approaching to uniform weather bulletins, of which the present form adopted by Le Verrier might almost serve as a model? Certainly by such a method alone can any considerable body of observations of various states of European weather be grouped under definite categories. By studying such categories we should discover if there be any law regulating the change from one state into other definite states, and consequently if there be any mode of gaining an acquaintance with coming changes of weather. At least the knowledge derived from such observations would furnish a complete check upon predictions. The gathering together, arranging and preserving a complete series of nearly uniform European weather bulletins for a series of years, would obviously be the most expedient course towards the settlement of the possibility of weather prophecy. The extension of the electric telegraph renders the necessary communications rapid and simple. There can be no valid cause why vague and illusory forecasts should not be speedily replaced by trustworthy and well concerted observations.

There is every reason to believe that Foreign Government Officials will gladly co-operate with us, as may be judged from what has already been said, and from the friendly tone of the correspondence that has passed between observers of different countries. The action of one leading country communicates an impulse to others, generally by means of the instigation of eminent meteorologists. In illustration of this observation we are pleased to note the extended series of Meteorological observations recently inaugurated in Russia, and which are as yet only known in our country to meteorologists. We are informed by Lieutenant Rikatcheff, of the Imperial Russian Navy, that the Ministry of that Navy, in order to adopt on the Russian coasts the system in operation in England, had established seventeen new meteorological stations in their principal ports, and had proposed to the Ministry of Public Instruction to establish similar stations over the whole area of the interior of Russia. After careful consideration the Minister of Public Instruction laid before the Council of the Empire a proposal, to carry out which it was necessary to establish thirty meteorological stations. In consequence of this the Council of the Empire, with the approbation of His Majesty, ordered: 1st, that the observatories are to be intrusted to persons recommended by the authorities of public instruction; and, 2ndly, that the necessary funds for establishing those stations in the interior of the empire are to be taken from the public purse. Fortunately for Russia, the Director of its Central Physical Observatory to whom the execution of this work was entrusted, is the able and widely known Professor Kuppfer, who being thus authorised formed a list of thirty-nine new stations which he believed it was necessary to establish, besides the sea-stations and four stations in Moscow, Dorpat, &c. Instruments were prepared for chosen stations and adjusted in July of last year. From the same informant we learn that the synoptic charts of several storms which have been prepared in our own meteorological Department are approved, and that Admiral Fitzroy's Weather Book is translated into the Russian language by a Russian Captain. The Governors of all European provinces of Russia are requested to give assistance for the institution of regular Meteorological Observations in the capital of each province, and to publish the results in the provisional papers.

The details of the plans are excellent though simple. It is proposed to provide all stations with instruments carefully examined before use at the Central Physical Observatory. At present secondary stations will be furnished only with barometers and thermometers. Observations are to be taken three times every day, and these will be daily sent at eight o'clock A. M. to the Central Physical Observatory, where from all the observations received, the most probable state of the weather for the following day will be declared. The deviation will then be sent by telegraph to all seaports. When the stations shall be finally settled, and the meteorological correspondence by telegraph is in full operation, it is intended to print a daily paper with meteorological intelligence, ac-

companied by a meteorological chart, and to send this paper by post to every seaport, as well as to correspondents and other persons who are interested in meteorology.

To render the system of telegraphic correspondence of meteorological observations more complete, and taking into consideration that all great storms come from the west, Kuppfer considered it necessary to receive by telegraph the observations made at several stations in Western Europe. With this view he was sent in December 1864 to France, Prussia, Italy, Austria, and Holland, to consult scientific men about the choice of the best points of observation, and to arrange a gratuitous transmission by telegraph of these observations. The proposed plan was well received by all the scientific meteorologists; by Dove, at Berlin; by Le Verrier, at Paris; by Matteucci, at Turin; by Jelinsky, at Vienna; and by Buys-Ballot, at Utrecht (these being, in fact, the most able of foreign meteorologists), as well as by several telegraphic companies, which, for the most part, promised to send the meteorological despatches to Russia gratuitously.

To make the system of daily telegraphic communication of meteorological observations more extensively useful, it was considered necessary to combine them with others made at sea, to prepare charts of the currents of the seas, and of the direction and strength of the wind, by the combination of wind and sea observations. To follow and somewhat extend the instructions given by the Royal Society of London to our Meteorological Department, it was thought desirable to collect, arrange, and discuss the meteorological observations which have already been made.

Recognising the importance of having a knowledge of meteorological changes in particular places in order to determine the laws which regulate them, and the future changes of the atmosphere in such places, the Hydrographical Department resolved to prepare charts of winds from the observations which have been made on Russian seas, and to begin this work at once by collecting all observations, from ships of all kinds, made in the Baltic Sea and near to it for many years past. This work is entrusted to a captain attached to the Hydrographical Department, who has divided the Baltic Sea into spaces of 1° in latitude and 2° in longitude, and the adjacent gulfs into spaces of ½° in latitude and 1° in longitude.* He has commenced his labours, with the assistance of two officers, by first extracting from the log-books of all ships, merchantmen and others, the meteorological observations which have been made since the year 1844.

Plans so excellent, inaugurated in a country so extensive as Russia, cannot but excite the highest hopes for their success; nor is it an insignificant result of our own activity if we may fairly conclude that it communicated the original impulse to the Russians. To them as well as to us the report now before us will prove of considerable interest.

To return from our Russian digression to the matter of storm warnings, it may be fairly assumed that all foreign observatories, or, at least, the principal of them, will co-operate with us and one another. The principles on which we proceed in our prevision of approaching storms are now understood and acted upon by the most advanced European observatories. As to what is known, performed, and observed at Paris, let us hear what M. Marie Davy, of the Imperial Meteorological Observatory, says, in a communication to the Academy of Sciences, in the autumn of 1863 :—

'We discern the first symptoms (of coming storms) displaying themselves some days in advance on the Western coasts of Europe, by an inflexion of the curves of equal barometric pressure. Then the wind rises more or less rapidly on the north-west coasts of France and England, manifesting a very distinctly marked tendency to turn round a centre of depression which forms the centre of the tempest. This centre disperses itself, at one time in a regular manner, and progressively from west to east, lifting itself at first towards the north to descend afterwards towards the south, after having traversed England; at another time, on the contrary, there seems to be some hesitation which for a moment keeps back the storm.

'The study of these perturbations possesses great interest, whether in a purely scientific point of view or in view of the probabilities which we may thence deduce relative to the particular parts menaced by a tempest in preparation, or to the place where it has commenced to rage. This study is regularly carried on in the Observatory at Paris by means of our maps; but up to the present time these maps have remained in manuscript. We consider that we shall perform a useful and acceptable service to meteorologists by inserting them in the daily bulletin of the Observatory.

'An examination of our meteorological maps shows that generally it is possible to perceive twenty-four or forty-eight hours beforehand the approach to our coasts of a storm lasting for a moderate length of time. We merely regard these maps as the first sketch serviceable for our guidance as to the probabilities of the morrow or the day after. Too often our information arrives too late or is incomplete. But since the 12th of October the documents which have come to us from England, have received from

* Proceedings of the British Meteorological Society, vol. iii, No. 21.

Admiral Fitzroy a very useful complement by additions from Nairn and Greencastle.

'The unquestionable utility of this kind of work for the science of Meteorology makes us ardently desire to extend it over a larger basis. If our maps would enable us to foresee a storm, and would permit us to follow its course over Europe, still they would indicate to us nothing, or next to nothing, of the place of its origin, or of the mode of its formation. This, however, is one of the most essential points, not only for science itself, but for its applications. We attach the greatest importance to the construction of daily charts extending over the whole northern hemisphere, and to an annual reunion of the elements of each of them. In the incessant movements of the atmosphere, it is very certain that there are grand general laws which we should disengage, and which we must search for by a comparison of the observations of preceding and subsequent years. The principal of these maps might be published in our bulletins in a convenient form.'

It were well if our actual attainments in relation to the laws of storms could be precisely known and practically applied. Any casual and partial reader of the great number of separate papers written by Redfield in America; of General Reid's imposing 'Attempt to develope the law of storms by means of facts arranged according to place and time, &c.;'* of Dove's volume now before us, not to mention minor works, would probably be misled in respect of the available and practical services of these several publications. They are all of considerable value, especially that of Dove, who gives a useful section on 'Practical Rules.' Still, the entire results applicable to ordinary navigation are not abundant and decisive. The literature of cyclones is fruitful, for there exists a bibliographical list of 450 authors' books and periodicals, where some interesting accounts of such storms may be found, and especially of West and East India hurricanes; but the application of this literature to practice and voyages is more doubtful and difficult. Piddington has attempted it in his 'Sailor's Horn Book of the Law of Storms;' and Mr. Birt, with less pretension, in his 'Handbook of the Law of Storms.' Yet such books are not well received by all, for we read in the publication of a master mariner, Mr. Jinman, on Winds:—'Should this meet the eye of Mr. Piddington, I beg leave to tell him that if the junior, or even the senior officers of the Peninsular and Oriental Company's service, and first-rate passenger ships, know no more about the law of storms than can be learnt by studying such works as the "Horn or Handbook of the Law of Storms," they have yet *much* to learn.' Even Maury remarks on this topic,—'After much study, some few principles or laws seem to be fairly established, but even these are not incontrovertible, though they are sometimes cited as if incontrovertible.'

It is true that great cyclones do not often visit us, but the late Admiral Fitzroy believed in the existence of small cyclonic storms in England itself, originating in or near our islands, and generated in the brushing against each other of the N.E. and S.W. currents. These small signs are not frequent, and seldom number more than three or four in a year. The direction of their motion is almost invariably towards some point between N.N.E. and E.S.E. and they take about forty-eight hours to pass from Ireland to the Baltic. These small cyclones constitute a class of phenomena well suited for telegraphic advertisement. Although we are not scourged by violent cyclones, we are bound, in the interests of humanity, to give all possible aid to the discovery and discussion of their laws, for our seamen in their voyages are frequently exposed to them, like the far-sailing seamen of other countries.

It is also important to notice that though we are by our situation exempt from great hurricanes, by our situation we are able to act as monitors to Europe; for extensive atmospheric disturbances, which first invade Ireland and England, are those which, more especially in winter, extend to and pass over the Alps (although these great mountains somewhat retard them), and spread over Italy, as M. Matteucci has noted.

We have given more prominence to storm warnings and weather forcasts than, perhaps, mere meteorologists would themselves allot. But Admiral Fitzroy has made them most prominent, and they are certainly the most popular parts of our theme, as well as especially important to seamen. Ere we pass away from them we must draw attention to what is not a scientific topic, but one which intimately concerns the administration of the Department.

Economists will naturally inquire what the expenditure of the Department has been, and the reply is as follows:—At the end of the financial year 1865 the aggregate outlay since 1856, the date of the establishment of this office, has been about 45,000*l.* The annual expenditure has increased from 3,240*l.* to (say) 5,500*l.* In one year, 1863—4, it was as much as 7,100*l.* The sums expended on instruments and other requirements of ocean-statistics, from an average of 2,216*l.* in the years 1856 to 1864, have, for the years 1860 to 1865, diminished

* Noticed in this Review in an article on the 'Statistics and Philosophy of Storms,' January 1839.

to an average of 1,613*l.* In the latter years the expenditure has been increased by a sum averaging 2,011*l.* a year, which has been spent upon telegraphy and storm warnings. For 1864–5 the expenditure on instruments was 1,144*l.* 14*s.* 8*d.*; on telegraphy and storm warnings, 2,735*l.* 10*s.*; for salaries, 1,134*l.* 17*s.*; making in all 5,460*l.*

Against these items in particular and this aggregate of 45,000*l.*, what meteorological advances, what precise records, what available experience, what fully tabulated results, what established maxims, what discovery of principles, have we to set off? Although it may be pleaded that scientific and especially meteorological results are of too delicate a nature to be weighed against so much coin, or of too fine an essence to be rendered appreciable at the bank, it may yet very fairly be asked, What remains in the Department in any form as an equivalent for so large an outlay? It is easy to see the defects which the examinations of the Committee have brought to light, but it is not easy to discern counterbalancing benefits to the extent of the expenditure. Moreover, the Committee now contemplate an increasing expense in the execution of their recommendations; but this they declare to be unavoidable, unless either the original object of the Meteorological Department or the system of Storm Warnings is to be abandoned. There is, however, this great difference between past and future expenditure: the former has been for results which have been shown to be largely unsuccessful, the future may be attended with adequate and accurate returns.

One radical defect has been the absence of all checks upon the work and officers of the Department. Little or nothing of the kind was devised internally, and externally there was no provision for any inquiry. But for the melancholy event which every one deplores, this system, or rather want of system, might have continued to this day. No head of a scientific department should be allowed, or should allow himself, to pursue his course unexamined or unapproved. In such circumstances unaided success is difficult of attainment, and conscious failure is a burden too heavy to be borne.

Much money has been spent, fine opportunities have been lost, valuable records have been neglected. It is, however, now vain to lament, and it behoves us rather to inquire how past ommissions and failures may be utilised as warnings, and thus become the motives to amendment.

Considerable amendment may be effected by recalling this Department to its original constitution and functions, to the detailed suggestions made by the Royal Society, and to its own actual procedure in part before its unprofitable diversion to daily weather forecasts; and it is to these that the Committee draw particular attention. 'The meteorology of the ocean,' they remark, 'is as important an object now as it was in 1854, and we feel ourselves justified in believing that the Government and Parliament will not now abandon an object taken up by them after much consideration in 1854, and they will not be satisfied to leave the matter in its present incomplete and useless condition. If the grant originally made had been steadily applied to this object, and had not been diverted to other objects, the work would by this time have advanced far towards completion.'

There are now in the Department about 550,000 meteorological observations at sea, mostly, if not entirely, of good quality, which are contained in 1,298 registers. The remaining data are of a miscellaneous and doubtful character. The great body of good observations seems to be the principal scientific result hitherto obtained by the Department, and it is highly desirable that they should be rendered available in the best practicable method. The Committee of the Royal Society—which included Professor Dove of Berlin, one of the most zealous as well as the most eminent of meteorologists—in their letter of 1855, specified the desiderata in detail, and the present Committee of Investigation indicate what is lacking to meet the requirements of the Committee of the Royal Society. They show that the method of extracting the observations already made is not satisfactory, and that the publication of Meteorological Papers is not based on a well-considered and uniform plan. Such publications should generally, if not exclusively, be confined to results so carefully digested as to be easily understood and readily handled, and these results, consisting in the main of the Means of barometric pressure, vapour tension, temperature and wind, together with the variability of each of them, should be systematically and uniformly tabulated.

The method pursued is to prepare a chart in which the surface of the globe is divided into spaces ranging between 80° N. lat. and 70° S. lat., and bounded by each tenth meridian and tenth parallel. These spaces, because of their uniformly rectangular appearance in the charts drawn upon Mercator's projection (those employed by navigators), were named 'ten-degree squares.' Each of these has received a special number, and every one of them admits of a quarterly subdivision into smaller squares of five degrees. When those of the ten-degree squares are omitted which are now occupied by land or

ice, there do not remain more than 330 (approximately) with which the Meteorological Department would have to deal. According to the present plan of the Department, all the observations have to be copied out of the registers, and sorted on some determinate plan into those of the 330 ten-degree squares to which they severally belong. But the way in which this is done admits of many improvements suggested by the Committee, and it is important that something should indicate the probable precision of the several results entered. Wide differences in probable precision clearly prevents uniformity. Without entering upon the details of procedure, it will be manifest that the aim should be to fill up each of the squares with results of a certain value in probable precision. What remains, then, to be effected in order to attain this end? The requirements of the most variable climate would probably not exceed 200 observations for each quarterly division of each ten-degree square in each of the twelve months.—That is to say, in a variable climate, about 10,000 observations in each of the 330 ten-degree squares would be required to supply the necessary material for determining its meteorological means. But some squares would perhaps require fewer observations, and much has already been effected by foreign Governments and by private individuals. Proportionate abatement being made, the Committee consider that there remains a grand total of 1,630,000 observations to be collected and discussed. One-third of these may possibly be found in the registers now in possession of the Board of Trade.

All the observations required can be made in ordinary voyages; therefore the issue of meteorological registers and the loan of instruments should be recommenced and continued as rapidly and widely as convenient. A chart should be annexed to each register, showing the track of the ship through the squares, and an index should be kept in the office, referring, under the head of each square, to each register containing observations relating to that square. The detailed recommendations of the Committee upon all kindred arrangements appear to be well considered, and to be marked improvements upon the method or want of method hitherto prevailing in the Department.

If the letter of the Royal Society, dated Feb. 22, 1855, was to be regarded as an epistolary draught of instruction—and as such the Committee regard it—it is lamentable to compare it with the representation of what has been done by the Department, and to contrast it with what might have been done. This letter also displays the lively interest taken by the Society in the establishment and objects of the Department, and it is but a fair inference to presume that this interest would have been continued, and that, if the late head of the Department had worked hand in hand with the Royal Society, all the resources and knowledge of the latter might have been rendered available for the public benefit. By such a combination the stores of science and the means of Government would have supplied knowledge on the one side and power on the other. This, moreover, would have led to that international scientific fraternity which we have already indicated, and which must be the determinate direction of future efforts.

We are precluded, by the nature of this article, from entering into several meteorological details of a purely scientific character. Were we to enter upon them, we should only, by the result, render still more conspicuous the defective conduct of the Department. In closing this Report of the Committee, we will only add that it appears to us like a business investigation into the *scientific effects* of the late Admiral Fitzroy, as head of the Meteorological Department of the Board of Trade, and it suggests to us a parallel unhappily not uncommon of late years in ordinary circles. A gentleman of some ability and tact, we will suppose, as well as of much self-confidence, finds himself in a high social position, and is the possessor of a fine estate and of considerable reputed wealth. He assumes all that belongs to such a position, manages his own estate, asks little advice, believes he can show his neighbours how to manage their estates, keeps up all the social habits befitting his reputation, and maintains his name amongst the foremost of his class. He becomes an oracle and a monitor, and is listened to with deference, for no one doubts his sagacity. His affairs seem to prosper, his property to increase, his estate to flourish. His lands are productive, his garden and conservatories gay with choice flowers. All goes on for some years as smoothly as his own after-dinner speeches, and he is the envy of some and the admired of others.

One morning the astounding intelligence runs round the neighbourhood that this same gentleman has suddenly died. All alike lament and mourn for him. In due time comes an independent and rigorous investigation of his affairs. The public have felicitated his family upon their pecuniary prospects, and have privately made their estimates of the value of the estate. So deluded have they been, that, when the true condition of affairs transpires, they can with difficulty credit it. This same seemingly

prosperous, happy, opulent gentleman, as it now turns out, was all the while insolvent! Everything is now appraised at its true and not its nominal value, and the result is ruinous. He meant well, but he managed ill. He began wisely, but continued foolishly. He spent far more upon his conservatories and flower parterres than upon his kitchen-garden. He wasted his substance, not in riotous living, but in show, in fancies and flowers. What he gained on the one hand he lavished and lost on the other. He died in the midst of his fancies and in the illusions of his dreams. His family, however, wake up to a sad and sober consciousness of disordered affairs and disastrous finance. Will they put in practice the lesson so painfully taught to them? Will they be wise enough to retrench the unprofitable and the showy, and to cultivate and prudently farm out the estate? Will they confess past follies, and accept well-meant advice? If they will, then their affairs may yet be rehabilitated, the estate may yet be made remunerative. Away, however, forever with flowers, and fancies, and fond theories! For the future, only sound practice and sagacious management. Such is the parallel which has occurred to us, and those who will patiently read the Report we have analysed will admit the justice of this illustration.

As arising out of the whole subject, and not specially out of the Report before us, we may conclude with a few lines upon the great importance of imparting the principles and application of what we may term Oceanic Meteorology to all young naval officers and young seamen in general, as well as to the old who are not too old to learn. They should be taught the principles strictly and clearly, and they should be informed at the same time of the happy results of applying them to the service. They should learn how in effect by such knowledge voyages are considerably shortened; how what may seem dry pursuits and arid studies have direct bearings upon marine duties and marine dangers; and how by obeying the warning admonitions of a falling barometer, seamen have made preparations to meet storms, and have met them manfully and safely, while others, unheeding or uninformed, have lost ship or life in the tempest.

Particularly should they be instructed in the use of meteorological instruments, in which great improvements have recently been and are now made. Such instruments should be in their hands, and quickness and facility in reading their indications should be cultivated. Every school and almost every house, as well as the smallest ship, may now have an aneroid barometer for an outlay of from 50*s*. to 60*s*. These instruments are sufficiently exact to give timely notice of storms or gales, and may be readily fastened, like clocks, on a wall. There is, too, an excellent and cheap little tractate on barometrical observations and indications, by Mr. Belville, which all may obtain. It is really wonderful that so simple an instrument as a barometer, and one so replete with momentous warning for every man who traverses the sea, should be so much neglected. All that has been done by our Department in supplying barometers to fishermen and sailors on our coasts is clear gain, and has been followed by acknowledged benefits.

In our own language we greatly need a good text-book of Oceanic Meteorology, which might be added to Oceanography. The new edition of Maury's 'Meteorology of the Sea' is a reconstruction as well as an enlargement of previous editions, one of which we noticed in this Review;* but, commendable as it is, it cannot be made a text-book, and for such a purpose it is deficient in some respects, about which we do not now concern ourselves. What is so much to be desired is the multiplication of ordinary observers, the instilling into all classes of mariners the importance of making some contributions to the general fund of meteorological knowledge.

There would be something not merely very promising to science, but also very much akin to poetry, if we could justify the hope that every ship that sets out on a long voyage would not merely effect the interchange of commodities, but also at the same time be a marine observatory of meteorological phenomena. It is our national boast that all oceans are traversed by our vessels; how much nobler would be the boast that all oceans are traversed by our observers! What moral dignity would there be in the position of men able to brave the tempests of the ocean, not only by their own intrepidity, but with the resources of science, and trained by the acquired knowledge of long years of patient observation to elude their fury, and to escape their destructiveness! Storms will never be less, but men may be progressively more manly. Winds and tempests will never cease to rage, but men may learn calmly to contemplate what once overcame them with terror. The most intractable forces of nature, the hurricanes, that make mere sport of man's boldest buildings and strongest pillars—that lash the seas into fury and make mountains of the waves—may be

* 'Physical Geography of the Sea—The Atlantic Ocean,' April, 1857.

anticipated in their course, charted in their career, and defeated in their issues. They may rage without ruining, and they may revolve without involving the human race in disaster and death. They may be looked for like the irremediable but half-disarmed evils of human life.

But, in order that this may be anything more than a dream of the future, every navigator must become more or less a scientific observer—the barometer must be his companion and monitor. His pen must be ever at hand, and the log-book must become the record of a multitude of useful observations. By these the humblest mariner may contribute his mite of information, and not a sailor under canvass need despair of giving efficient aid in the grand general advancement. Every naval student should be so taught this science that he may, if opportunity occurs, do something for Oceanic Metèorology; and he may possibly add so materially to our present knowledge of the law of storms, that in time to come it may be said of him, not indeed as it was said of Franklin,

'Eripuit cœlo fulmen, sceptrumque tyrannis,'

yet in a like strain—He disarmed the storm by eluding it, he defeated it by anticipating its approach, and escaping from its fury: thus he stole its wings from the whirlwind, its terrors from the tempest.

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Art. III.—1. *Bulletin de la Société de l'Histoire du Protestantisme Français. Documents Historiques inédits et originaux, XVI^e XVII^e et XVIII^e Siècles.* Tomes I.—XIII. Paris: 1852–1864.

2. *Correspondance des Réformateurs dans les Pays de la Langue Française, recueillie et publiée avec d'autres Lettres relatives à la Réforme et des Notes historiques et biographiques.* Par A. L. Herminjard. Tome premier. (1512–1516.) Genève et Paris: 1866.

The true history of Protestantism in France has remained comparatively unknown until a recent period, for it had been written, for the most part, by men of the opposite party and the victorious creed. But time has, in this, as in many other instances, slowly brought to light the materials on which the judgment of posterity must rest, by publishing the correspondence of the Protestants themselves, and other contemporary documents which attest beyond all doubt the piety and patriotism of the Huguenot leaders and the unparalleled sufferings inflicted on their followers by national intolerance, by ecclesiastical bigotry, and by arbitrary power. The volumes before us consist of these authentic materials, deeply interesting to France, and in some respects yet more deeply interesting to ourselves. They are the result of the labours of a literary society (established in 1852) for the purpose of elucidating the history of Protestantism in France by collecting its scattered materials with care and bringing them into a single publication. For this purpose recourse has been had, not only to the Archives of France and those of the different foreign governments which gave refuge to the Huguenot exiles after the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, but also to private family papers, to the registers of parishes and the books of notaries, to the records of old parliamentary proceedings—nay, even to inscriptions on tombstones, and extracts from ancient charters and terriers. Taken altogether, we have seldom perused a more interesting mass of original documents. They fully justify the device prefixed by the accomplished editors to each volume, and reflect a clear and steady light over an extensive tract of French history before comparatively dark and neglected. A number of essays, letters, and reviews, for the most part from the well-known pens of the best Protestant writers in France, are interspersed throughout the series, and form a valuable commentary on its contents. These papers have one characteristic in common very honourable to their authors and their faith. Much as French Protestantism has suffered at the hands of rulers, statesmen, and factions in France, they breathe a spirit of genuine loyalty, and strong devotion to the natal soil. They indulge in no vindictive retrospects, avoid reviving the animosities of the past, and are completely free from illiberality and fanaticism.

We are surprised that this important Society has hitherto attracted so little notice in this country, and that so few English names are to be found in the distinguished list of its supporters. For a very small annual contribution the series of these Bulletins, forming one volume in each year, can be obtained at the Protestant booksellers in Paris, and we hope that the present notice will induce many of our countrymen to support this laudable enterprise.

The work which we have placed second at the head of this article is the first volume of a collection of the correspondence of the French Reformers, which has recently been published at Geneva, under the patronage of a small number of accomplished persons of that city. It consists chiefly of unpub-

lished letters of those who took an active part in the introduction of the Reformed faith into France. These papers, which have been most carefully edited by M. Herminjard, are not at all inferior in interest to the Zurich Letters published by the Parker Society, and they are also a most valuable contribution to the history of Protestant opinions.

Our notice of the contents of these volumes must be limited to a few of the numerous topics which they embrace. They throw a good deal of fresh light on the character of the old Church of France at the period just before the Reformation. In France, as in Germany and in England, that Church had fallen in the esteem of the nation, and was deeply penetrated with elements of corruption. Francis I., on the Field of the Cloth of Gold, spoke openly of appropriating its revenues ; and Bayard's exclamation against Julius, ' ce chétif Pape que je voudrais tuer,' expressed the thoughts of many of the nobility. The arrogance, the exactions, and the selfishness of the priesthood, and their claims to being above the law, caused jealousy among the higher orders, and the awakened conscience and thought of a generation, enlightened by the revival of letters, rebelled against a series of observances dictated often by avarice and superstition. What especially provoked the inferior classes was the rapacity and sensuality of the clergy, who, with the lessons of the Gospel in their mouths, despoiled the poor of their scanty substance, and, with pretensions to infallibility and sanctity, belied in their lives the name of Churchmen and of Christians. This collection contains a number of sketches by Bernard Palissy, the French Bunyan, of these careless and unfaithful shepherds, but we can only refer our readers to them. We quote, however, the following lines from a curious satirical poem of the time, which we do not remember to have met previously. The Church is supposed to be making complaints of the simony, the profligacy, and the idleness of those who were the stewards of her mysteries :—

' Mes ministres qui vivent de la croix,
Sous faulx semblans me font à grans surcroix,
Du deshonneur, du mal, et de l'outrage ;
Ils sont rempliz de venimeux courage.
Aucuns semblent en leurs habits pollutz
A gendarmes, et non à clercs salutz,
Ou à jongleurs, en oyant leurs caquetz.
Bagues portez, bouquets, et aflicquetz,
Vos heures sont dictes par grant contraincte.
D'autres y a qui tiennent femme en caincte
Avecques eux comme gens mariez,
Le nom de Dieu jurez à toute actainte.
Bref, vostre vie est de vices tant taincte,
Que mon estat par trop dévariez.'

In France, however, as in England, the real Protestant movement commenced with the poorer and humbler ranks of the nation. It is said to have originated at Meaux, but it was most distinctly felt in the south, where probably the traditions of the Albigenses had never been entirely forgotten, and where a colony of the Vaudois had long renounced the Catholic doctrines. It appeared also in the provinces of the north, connected by trade with Holland and England, and it made progress on the western seaboard, especially in the city of La Rochelle, the wealthiest centre of French commerce. The sectaries, like their brethren in England, did not profess a definite creed ; the austere tenets they afterwards embraced were adopted by another generation ; and their religion seems to have been a protest against the evil they saw around, and an endeavour to shape their lives by the Gospel. This was the real secret of their strength. Reviled as these early Reformers were by an incensed priesthood and an ignorant populace, their conduct silenced all accusation ; and wherever they were able to leave their mark, it was one of real moral improvement. Bernard Palissy thus described the change effected in a reformed village :—

' In this wise our Church was first the work of the hands of despised men; and when the enemy made havoc of it, it had been so blest within a few years, that gambling, dancing, ballad-singing, feasting, and superfluity of bravery and jewels, were no longer to be found among its members. Evil speaking, too, and murder had disappeared, and lawsuits were much fewer than heretofore. At Easter-time bickerings and quarrels were made up ; and we thought only of prayers, psalms, and spiritual songs, not of loose speech and lewd catches. In those times, you would have seen on each Lord's day the guildsmen walking in the meadows and dells, singing psalms and canticles in their companies, and reading and giving knowledge to each other. You might have seen girls and young women in gardens and suchlike places, rejoicing and making holy melody to God ; and even children had been so well brought up, that they had put off a silly look and bore themselves with a staid countenance.'

The Reformation rapidly spread upwards from the inferior to the higher orders. It had its supporters in the palace, especially in the first Margaret of Navarre; it found its way to the bench of Bishops; it entered the Parliaments and privileged corporations; and it met with considerable favour from the nobility. The correspondence of Margaret d'Angoulême (as she is styled in M. Herminjard's collection) with Briçonnet, the Bishop of Lodève and Le Fèvre d'Etaples, and the protest of the University of Paris

against the Concordat of Francis I. in the same volume, are most striking proofs of the disposition of the Court, the Church, and the learned bodies to accept with favour the doctrines of the Reformation, and to make the Bible the sole test of religious truth. As yet, however, these opinions were not connected with any party in the State; they were still essentially religious, unalloyed by corrupt and selfish elements. At the time when our first reforming Parliament was, at the bidding of Henry VIII., suppressing monasteries and denouncing the Pope, the real spirit of Protestantism was purer and more powerful in France than in England, and had a firmer hold on the people. Francis I. hesitated for some years whether he should not encourage the Reformation, at least to a point which would have set free the national Church from the See of Rome; and had he done so, the whole tenor of French history might have been different. But the fatal marriage of Catherine de Medicis, the terror caused by the Anabaptists of Munster, and the violence of some of the French Reformers—more vehement than their fellows in England—threw the King back upon the Catholic party; and the influence of the preponderating party in the State, the Court, the Parliaments, and the priesthood, determined finally his resolution. We shall not dwell on the persecutions of his reign, the massacre of the Vaudois of Provence, and the horrible deaths of numerous martyrs, accompanied with every refinement of torture. One of those execrable spectacles is thus described by a contemporary German :—

'I have just seen the burning of two Lutherans. The first was a youth, the son of a cordwainer, a beardless stripling hardly twenty years old. He was brought before his judges, and sentenced to have his tongue cut out and his body burned. Without flinching, he held out his tongue to the executioner, who cut it off and beat his cheeks with it. The mob standing by picked up the tongue and flung it all bleeding and quivering at the victim. When brought to the stake, and being chained to it, he endured with indescribable serenity the insults and shouts of the infuriate crowd. The second martyr was an old man, and though his punishment was milder, I felt even more horror. He had spoken against the monks about the invocation of saints, but had been induced to retract his errors. He was brought to a gibbet, and having repeated his recantation, was half strangled, and cast into the fire. The bystanders thought the sentence too easy, they wished to see him alive in the flames.'

But even in that age many voices were raised in Catholic France against such atrocities. These volumes contain some remarkable letters from different members of the noblesse, who, though evidently of the dominant faith, disapproved of measures of persecution, and honourably declined to profit by them. In spite of torture by fire and steel, the numbers of the Reformers increased, and at the close of the reign of Henry II. they were probably nearly a tenth of the nation, including not a few of the nobility, and a considerable part of the middle classes.*

We find in this collection numerous details of the means devised by the priesthood to arrest the movement, independently of mere secular tyranny. One of the most common was the assumption of powers of a supernatural kind to awe and influence the ignorant populace; and of this there is a curious example in the legend of the Maiden of Vervins, not unlike that of our Nun of Kent. This woman was a miserable epileptic, who was carried about by the clergy of Laon, as a specimen of a Catholic miracle, the pretence being that she was possessed by a devil, who left her at the elevation of the Host and the exorcism of an orthodox bishop :—

'The process of conjuring was exceedingly tedious, and consisted of strange and absurd colloquies between the exorcist and the demon. The patient then fell into convulsions, she writhed as if on a burning seat, she sprang up spite of all resistance, she uttered vociferations that echoed over the church and that resembled grunting, barking, and lowing. But this devilish uproar was soon made to cease; and as soon as the wafer was placed on her lips she became calm, and completely in repose. A miracle was then the cry everywhere; the bells were rung, and processions went through the street to offer up thanks to Heaven, to the great scandal and shame of the Huguenots.'

This series is comparatively silent as to the progress of the Reformation in France during the last three reigns of the House of Valois. Within this period, as is well known, the Reformers, named thenceforward Huguenots, became a distinct political party, the religious movement being connected to a great extent with secular objects. It would be idle to say that, at this crisis, they did not fall into many excesses, that their acts,

* The proportion has by some writers been stated as high as *one-sixth;* but in 1597, when the Edict of Nantes was granted by Henry IV., the Protestants are computed by Sismondi to have amounted to one-eleventh of the whole population of France, then about seventeen millions. In spite of ages of persecution, the addition of Alsace to the French territory has restored the balance, and it is believed that the actual number of Protestants in the empire is still about the same as it was three hundred years ago.

as a whole, were free from censure, and that their policy was unalloyed by some elements of passion and corruption. But the historians have made a great mistake who have represented them as an anti-national faction opposed to the real interests of their country; though no doubt the main cause of the unpopularity of Protestant opinions in France, down to the present day, is the belief that they are at variance with the great principle of national unity and uniformity to which so many of the noblest elements of French society have been sacrificed. Politically, the Protestant was the right cause; and in taking up arms in defence of the privileges secured them by a solemn compact, its defenders were not only vindicating justice, but struggling against a foreign influence which would have made France a Spanish dependency. In that dark crisis when the House of Lorraine was betraying the kingdom to Philip and the Pope, when Catherine de Medicis, base as she was, was trying to escape from their thraldom, and the land was a continual scene of civil war or ominous peace, one figure shines with extraordinary lustre, the purest, we might almost say the greatest, of Frenchmen. True alike to his faith and the country he loved, and endowed with rare sagacity and penetration, Coligni endeavoured to rescue France from that fatal connexion with Spain and Rome which was to produce such bitter fruit, and, not less grandly and ably than Richelieu, to shape out her natural destiny, as a leading Power on the land and the ocean. It is characteristic of the execrable faction who rejoiced in shedding his innocent blood, that they invariably designated as a traitor the illustrious and far-seeing patriot who indicated to France her true alliances, and the real sources of her durable greatness. His will shows in a touching passage, how he resented this calumnious charge, and even from the grave protested against it:—

'The reason why I set this declaration in these presents is, that knowing not the hour when God may call me away, I wish to leave it as a record to my posterity, that they may not bear a note of infamy, as having been disloyal or rebellious. If verily I took up arms, it was not against my Sovereign Lord, but those who by their tyranny compelled those of our religion to defend their lives, which I did with an assured conscience, the rather that I knew it was against the will of the King. I have many letters and documents to prove this.'

It is difficult, indeed, to realise to our minds the intense loyalty of the Reformers to their kings, and their resentment at being stigmatised as rebels. They were in truth obedient even unto death; and we thus may judge of the nature of the wrongs which forced them to abandon a belief associated with their firmest convictions. The following passage is from a Huguenot poem of the date of the middle of the sixteenth century:—

'N'aye donc, ô peuple, crainte
Du supplice qui t'attend,
Car cette dure contrainte
Jusque à l'âme ne s'estend:
Laisse martyrer ta chair,
Laisse tes membres trancher,
Laisse toy reduire en cendre,
Laisse ton cors au bois pendre.
Car ce grand Dieu vénérable
Veut qu'on obéisse au roy,
On qu'on s'estime coupable
Du supplice de sa loy:—
Puisque ton âme ne peust
Exécuter ce qu'il veult,
Ne refuse aucune chose
De la peine qu'il impose.'

Even when resistance had been determined, it was justified only on the ground of the tyranny of the alien Guises, and not on that of the crimes of the Sovereign.

These volumes contain a complete account of the celebrated interview between the Guises and the Duke of Wurtemburg, in 1562, just before the infamous massacre of Vassy. Its object was to deprive the Huguenots of the aid of the Lutheran Princes of Germany, and to abandon them to the House of Lorraine; and for this purpose the Cardinal undertook to satisfy the Duke that the Lutheran doctrines were not essentially different from the Catholic, but that Calvinism was a damnable heresy. This interview, which has been hardly noticed by historians, with the exception of Michelet, was a curious drama in which the Cardinal exhibited his usual adroitness and skill, and Francis of Guise his wonted duplicity. In reply to the interlocutor of the Duke—the famous Brentius, the friend of Luther—the Cardinal declares that he is ready to give up 'the invocation of saints and the Virgin Mary,' 'that he had gone too far in the sacrifice of the Mass,' and that 'as for the hierarchy, he would wear a black robe as readily as a red one'; and he sums up his faith in these singular words:—

'I have read the Confession of Augsburg, I have read also Luther, Melancthon, Brentius, and others; I entirely approve their doctrines, and I would soon come to an agreement with them about discipline. I will write to you and recognise you as my father in Christ. Ah! had Beza and the other French ministers been like you! We then could come to terms, and reconcile the Church. But their case is hopeless, nothing can be done with them.'

Francis of Guise professed himself equally reasonable, said that theology was beyond him, but that if there was not unity in the Church, he was ready to become a Lutheran himself; and, in answer to an earnest remonstrance against the cruelties practised on the Huguenots, delivered himself 'with heavy sighs:'—

'"I know well they accuse us of that and other things; but they do my brother and myself wrong. We will satisfy you on the point before you go." And he added, "They have often tried to slay the Cardinal and myself by shot, steel, and even poison, but we never endeavored to punish even the guilty." To which the Cardinal added, "I swear to you in the name of God my Creator, and at the peril of my soul, that I am innocent of the blood of any Calvinist."'

The researches of this Society have brought to light a vast quantity of details of interest respecting the massacre of St. Bartholomew, many of which have not been hitherto published. The following letter, written by a Jesuit, while the streets of Paris were running blood, attests the horrible joy of his party:—

'The Admiral has perished miserably on the 24th of August with the whole of the heretic nobility of France. This really may be said without exaggeration. The carnage was enormous; I shuddered at the sight of the river choked with mutilated corpses. We all agree in praising the wisdom and magnanimity of the King, who, having by indulgence and favour fattened, as it were, the heretics like cattle, has caused them to be slaughtered by his soldiers. All the heretic scholars who could be discovered have been massacred and thrown into the stream naked. Ramus, who jumped out of his bedroom from a considerable height, lies exposed on the bank pierced thick with stabs. In a word, there is not one of them, even of their women, who is not slain or wounded. Conrad gave the Admiral the third stab: at the seventh he fell dead against the chimney of his room. Such was the end of this bad man, who, in life, brought numbers to the verge of destruction, and, in death, dragged many heretic nobles into hell.'

Giovanni Michieli, the Venetian Ambassador, whose knowledge of the secret history of the massacre appears to have been remarkably accurate, shows a touch of humanity in this description:—

'Then was seen what religious animosities could effect. It was horrible to witness in every street atrocities committed on fellow-citizens who had not only given no offence, but were often neighbours or relations of the perpetrators. There was no thought of pity for any one, even though he fell on his knees for mercy in the most abject attitude of humiliation. It was enough that a man was disliked by another from jealousy or perhaps from a lawsuit—and this happened to several Catholics—on the cry being made that there was "a Huguenot," the victim was at once assassinated. If any one, in the hope of escape, leaped into the river and tried to swim—many unfortunate wretches made the attempt—boats put off at once, and he was drowned. The booty taken was very great, about two millions of livres d'or, many of the wealthiest Huguenots, in fact, having come to Court since the last edict.'

The massacre, as is well known, was repeated in several parts of France, by the orders of the infatuated King and his execrable band of murderous counsellors. We transcribe one of these mandates; it is difficult to imagine how it could have been written:—

'I have already informed you how on Sunday morning the King has done execution on the Huguenots, and the Admiral and the Huguenots in Paris have been slain. The pleasure of His Majesty is that the same shall be done wherever a Huguenot shall be found. Wherefore, if you wish to do the King and Monsieur good service, you will go to Saumur, accompanied by your friends, and kill all the leading Huguenots you can. I have written to M. des Moulins to have you informed. Having done this execution in Saumur, you will go to Angiers, and, with the commandant of the citadel, repeat a similar example. You will receive no other orders than this from the King and Monseigneur.'

This letter of Beza attests the terror and astonishment of the Huguenot party:—

'We are in grief and mourning; God have mercy upon us! Such treachery and atrocity were never known. How often I predicted it and gave warning against it! God, a God justly incensed, has permitted it, yet He is our Saviour. Excuse me for writing nothing in detail. We have instituted a fast and extraordinary prayers. The town is filled with fever and pestilence, and is overflowing with unfortunate exiles. They escaped only through the avarice of their enemies, who otherwise spared neither rank nor sex. The King at first charged the Guises with the crime; now he says everything was done by his orders; and these men whom he caused to be murdered in their beds—these men "of whom the world was not worthy"—he dares accuse these men of conspiracy!'

There are several documents in this collection relating to the well-known tradition that Charles IX. on that fearful night repeatedly fired on his Huguenot subjects. We do not care to examine the tale, but Voltaire expressly informs us that Marshal de Tessé said, that, when young, he had known an old man who had assured him that he had himself loaded the King's harquebuss. Brantôme, too, treats the fact as certain; and this letter from a Huguenot in 1574,

two years only after the event, confirms strongly the popular story:—

'A man who had gone in a skiff from Paris to the Faubourg St. Germain, and had witnessed what had been done to the Huguenots in the night, informed Montgomery all he knew on Sunday. The Count gave warning to the vidame of Chartres, and to the noblemen and gentlemen of the religion in the Faubourg; but they, being unable to conceive that the King could consent to such butchery, determined to take boat, and to cross the river, in order to endeavour to see the King, preferring to trust him and not to show mistrust. Others, too, who took it into their heads that the affair was a plot against the King's life, wished to approach him, and tender their loyal services, and even if necessary to die at his feet. But they soon saw about two hundred soldiers of the Royal Guard upon the river, coming towards those who had remained in the Faubourg, and crying out, "Slay, slay every one!" These men fired volleys before the King's eyes, he being at the time at the window of his chamber. It was then perhaps seven o'clock on Sunday morning; and it is said that the King took himself a harquebuss, and exclaimed with an oath, "Let me shoot; they are flying."

The most important historical questions respecting the massacre of St. Bartholomew are, who were chiefly responsible for it, and whether it had been long premeditated? It is now, we think, pretty well ascertained that the story that it was the result of a scheme, devised by Catherine de Medicis and the Guises so far back as seven years before, and executed at a fitting opportunity, does not rest on a solid foundation. Such a story is not only improbable in the extreme, but is controverted by the facts now known that Catherine, for some time previously, had really wished to support the Huguenots as a make-weight against the House of Lorraine, and that the influence of Coligni with the King was considerable after 1570. A remarkable narrative, published in 1631, and, in the opinion of the editors of this series, deserving especial attention, ascribes the origin of the massacre at least to the jealousy of Catherine and her son Henry, who could not endure the attitude of authority in which Coligni stood towards the King. Having by a hired assassin disabled the Admiral on the 22d of August, they induced at last their royal puppet to consent to an onslaught upon the Huguenots, which, however, in the event, proved far more terrible than had been contemplated. This narrative rests on a pretended confession made by Henry when King of Poland, and though its genuineness has not been proved, it is well worthy of serious attention. Henry thus describes how Coligni's influence had alienated Charles from his mother and himself:—

'The Admiral had become all-powerful with the King. Without saying one word to me, he began to walk up and down the chamber in a fury. He looked often at me askance, and with an evil eye, putting more than once his hand to his poniard, and so menacingly that I expected every moment that he would collar and stab me. I wished to get away and out of danger, which I did cleverly, for, while he was stalking about, and his back was turned, I hurried to the door, and made my escape with a quick obeisance, much quicker in truth than that on my entry. I went then at once to my mother, and having put together all the reports, the warnings, and the suspicions we had been made aware of, and the time and other circumstances of the interview, we felt convinced that the Admiral had inspired the King with some bad opinion of us.'

The Duke and the Queen, having made up their minds to get rid of Coligni by any means, procured 'Maurevel to slay the Admiral, but he proved himself a mere novice.' The intended victim being only wounded, the conspirators, 'now in a real alarm,' paid a visit to him, to disarm suspicion, and a scene so striking and lifelike followed, that we quote it at length:—

'This fine stroke having failed so narrowly, we began thinking on our situation towards evening, and, hearing that the King was going to see the Admiral, the Queen and I resolved to accompany him, and to ascertain the condition of the patient. When we reached his chamber, we saw him wounded in bed; and we, taking the cue from the King, told him all would be well and bade him hope, assuring him too that we would see justice done on those who had brought him to this state, with their aiders, abettors, and accomplices. The Admiral said he wished to speak to the King in private; and the King having assented at once, the Queen and I were motioned to retire. We fell back to the middle of the chamber, and remained there during this secret conversation. Our suspicions became great, and what increased them was that we found ourselves suddenly surrounded by two hundred gentlemen and captains of the Admiral's party who were in that room and another adjoining. There were others, too, in the hall below; and all these, with sad countenances and unquiet gesture and bearing, were whispering in each other's ears, passing and repassing behind and before us, and, as we thought, with great want of respect, as if they suspected that we had had some part in the wounding of the Admiral. However that may have been, we thought so at least, perhaps imagining more than was intended. We were really terror-stricken at being shut up, as the Queen, my mother, has often admitted to me.'

The fear inspired by the attitude of the Huguenots, and the consciousness of their atrocious guilt, at length caused the conspirators to attempt to win the King to their

detestable counsels, and to consent to get rid of the Admiral :—

'As soon as we had reached the closet where the King, my brother, was, she commenced by showing him that the Huguenots were arming against him on account of the Admiral's wounds, that the Admiral had despatched several posts to Germany to procure a levy of ten thousand reitters, and to the Swiss Cantons for ten thousand footmen, and that the French captains of the Huguenots' party had probably departed to raise their musters, the time and place of meeting being already settled. If an army of such force, she continued, was once united with the troops in France, a thing very likely to come to pass, his army would be unable to oppose it, especially as the Huguenots had relations with many towns, communities, and people in the interior of the kingdom and beyond it. He then, being weak in men and money, would have no safety for himself or his realm. And there was another contingency that should be borne in mind; for the Catholics, wearied with their long wars, and harassed with so many calamities, were determined to put an end to them, and if he would not be of their mind, were resolved to elect a captain-general, and to make a league offensive and defensive against the Huguenots, so that he would be surrounded by perils, without authority or real power. Thus France would be divided into two great parties, over whom he would have no control. A danger, however, so great and imminent, such a series of calamities and misfortunes, and the ruin and death of thousands of his subjects, could be averted by a single stroke, and it was only necessary to kill the Admiral, the author and chief of these civil troubles."

The head of the Huguenots being destroyed, the members could be easily dealt with. The King at first indignantly refused to listen to the advice of the tempters; but at last, if we are to credit the narrative, he rushed headlong into projects of crime more dark and terrible than had been in contemplation. This sudden change is no doubt singular, but it is consistent with the few facts we really know about Charles IX.

'Though we were seconded by no one, we kept up our spirits, and having firmly insisted on our views, we succeeded at last in carrying our point. A remarkable change, and, as it were, a metamorphosis, came over the King; he took up our side, and fell into our opinions, going much farther and with deadlier purpose; for having before been difficult to persuade, it was now no easy matter to restrain him. He rose, and, telling us to keep silence, he exclaimed furiously and with a tremendous oath, that he was well-minded to slay the Admiral, and not only him but all the Huguenots in France, so that none should remain to charge him with the deed. He bade us then make our preparations, and, rushing out wildly, left us in his cabinet, where we took counsel the entire day, that evening, and a good part of the night, in order to see what was to be done. We made sure of the Provost of the Merchants of the Captains of the Wards, and of other persons whom we thought most bitter against the Huguenots, dividing the two into separate quarters, and telling out individuals to carry out the execution, the Admiral being assigned to M. Besse.'

This narrative, whether genuine or not, is corroborated in some important points by Michieli, who, as we have said, was very well informed :—

'This business, from beginning to end, has been the work of the Queen-Mother, aided by the Duke of Anjou, her son. . . . The Duke of Guise has been accused of the harquebuss-shot, but it was not so. The thing was concocted by the Duke and the Queen. . . . On the evening of Friday, being eager for despatch, the Queen and Anjou went into the King's closet. The Queen opened the matter to the King, pointing out the brilliant opportunity before him, and the certainty of his being able to take vengeance on the rebels, who were now shut up in Paris as in a cage. He would thus wipe out the disgrace of having treated with them, which had been forced upon him by violence and terror, and he was not bound to adhere to such a compact. She made him comprehend the artifice of the Admiral's designs, seditious counsels that would lead His Majesty into a war that would prove the ruin of the realm, so long impoverished and overwhelmed by debt. And there was even something worse behind. If the Admiral were not slain, civil war would ensue, for he and his party were resolved on mischief."

The last years of the unhappy monarch, pursued by the furies of his own conscience, have often been described by historians. We quote this sketch by an eye-witness of his sinister and repulsive aspect :—

'His looks have become dark, and in conversation he does not look the speaker in the face. He hangs down his head, sometimes shuts his eyes, then opens them again, and, as if the effort were painful, shuts them anew with a kind of uneasy suddenness. People fear that he is possessed by the spirit of vengeance; he was severe, they now think him cruel. He eats soberly and drinks water only, the same diet as the rest of his brothers. He craves fatigue at any risk; remains on horseback twelve hours at a time; and goes on thus, hunting the same stag two or three days together, stopping only to eat, and resting but an instant at night. His hands are callous and wrinkled, full of cuts and swellings. His mood is always for war, it is a fixed idea. His mother tries in vain to pacify him."

These volumes are less rich than we had expected in documents on the memorable period between the accession of Henry III. and the settlement of France at the Peace of Vervins. At that crisis of the destinies of mankind, when Europe was darkened by

the shadows of Spanish despotism and Romish bigotry, when the dykes of Holland and the British seas proved the last and only retreat of liberty, and when the dawn of the Reformation seemed sinking in dim and disastrous eclipse, the Huguenots, having definitely become a great political and military party, fought for what was really the national cause, as well as that of the Protestant religion. Had Mayenne and the League triumphed, had the candidate of the Guises been placed on the throne won by Henry of Navarre, France would, undoubtedly, have been absorbed, for a time at least, in the Spanish Monarchy, and the country of Coligni and Sully would have become a satrapy of Philip II. It is idle, therefore, to represent the Huguenots as an unpatriotic faction, and their adversaries as the champions of the nation; such a view, the figment of a Catholic literature, is simply inverting the facts of history. The Huguenots, however, at the end of the contest, were not more than one-twelfth of the people; and their inferiority in numbers and isolation as a sect have given colour to this charge against them. One of the first acts of Henry IV. was to abjure the faith of his Huguenot supporters, and to embrace that of the mass of his subjects. In the case of the lover of Gabrielle, who had often shown his indifference to all creeds, conscience probably hardly raised any questions; but, certainly, if there was ever an occasion when expediency becomes the highest law, it was in the instance of this conversion. The nation, though reconciled to its chief, and hostile to the remains of the League, was, in the mass, sincerely Catholic; and Henry's adherence to the Protestant doctrines would have probably rekindled the long civil war and alienated the great body of his subjects. It was natural, however, that his defection should have been condemned by many of those who had fought for him in the Reformers' ranks, and especially by the Huguenot preachers, who denounced it in passionate and unmeasured language. The following letter is characteristic of the boldness and licence of these uncompromising men—the true disciples of Knox and Calvin—whose single-mindedness we must respect, though we may think it ill-timed and narrow. The personal sarcasms cannot be mistaken:—

'You, who with a handful of men have won so many trophies and gained so many hearts, who bear the name of great among your titles of honour, must you be alike despised and hated? Among the Kings of Israel Solomon was the wisest and most learned, and nothing could be compared to his glory, as even we see in the New Testament. Yet we know and blush at his disgraceful fall; how in his old age he became besotted by women, and was led by them into paganism and idolatry. Jehu was the especial servant of God, and was anointed by the Prophet to execute His judgments on Jezebel and the house of Ahab; nevertheless he fell off and sinned at the end of his reign. Roman history informs us of the first years of Nero, and you know what a monster he became afterwards. Tacitus speaks of Galba as one fit to reign had he not reigned; that is, he was so esteemed before, not after his advent to empire. These few examples, Sire, taken from many others, may afford you some food for meditation.'

Such appeals doubtless, not to speak of the reproof—conveyed in very different language—of such men as Duplessis Mornay and D'Aubigné, fell lightly on the ear of the Prince, who, as it was said, spent in love the time when he should have been marching against Parma. Henry IV., however, did not fail to do justice to his Huguenot subjects. The Edict of Nantes, indeed, was not an original measure of toleration; it was a re-enactment, even with restrictions, of privileges conceded many years before; and, as a compromise, it was deficient, in some respects, in far-sighted statesmanship. Nevertheless the Huguenots esteemed it with justice the Great Charter of their religious rights; nor was it unworthy of the noble principles bequeathed to France by the illustrious L'Hôpital. It secured, under certain fixed limitations, full freedom of worship to all French Protestants; made them eligible to any office in the State without imposing any obnoxious test; confirmed their ecclesiastical and political organisation and their possession of certain places of strength; and even established a separate tribunal in each of the Parliaments to maintain their franchises. A measure so comprehensive and liberal provoked of course opposition in that age; and singularly enough that opposition was directed not against the most objectionable part of the edict, its leaving the Huguenots their cautionary towns, but against what was its principal merit, its recognition of their religious freedom. Henry IV., however, persisted steadily, and with a courage that does him honour, against the remonstrances of the great bodies of the State, and of many bigoted and ignorant counsellors, and he not only accomplished his object but caused the edict to be observed faithfully. His address to the Parliament of Paris reveals his position and sentiments at this juncture, and illustrates the character of the man—gay, light, and easy, but generous and humane, with great experience in affairs of state, and a true appreciation of the wants of his kingdom:—

'I have come to speak to you, not, like my predecessors, in a royal garb, with sword and robes, nor as a prince who addresses strange ambassadors, but in a purpoint, like the father of a family who wishes to say a word to his children. I entreat you to verify the edict I have caused to be made in favour of the Reformers. What I have done is for the interests of peace; I have made it abroad, I wish to make it at home. . . . We must put an end to all false rumours; we must make no distinction between Catholics and Huguenots, but all must be good and loyal Frenchmen. . . . I have for a long time desired to reform the Church, but I cannot do this until peace shall have been made. You cannot convert the Huguenots by force; and at any rate I am a shepherd-king, and will not shed the blood of my sheep.'

He thus addressed the notables of Toulouse, a town, down to our own times, remarkable for religious animosities :—

'I am surprised you cannot conceal your ill will. You have still too many Spaniards among you. Could any one honestly suppose that men who had exposed their lives, substance, estates, and houses in the defence and preservation of this realm would be unfit for public and honourable offices, like perfidious Leaguers, who deserve to be banished. Those who have moved heaven and earth to destroy this kingdom are, in your opinion, good Frenchmen, and alone worthy and capable of offices! I am not blind; I see very plainly; I wish the Reformers to live in quiet in my kingdom, and to have a right to receive employment from the Crown, not because they are Reformers, but because they are good subjects.'

This interesting record of an interview between the King and Daniel Chamier, one of the most celebrated Huguenot pastors, does honour to Henry's courtesy and good feeling, and shows his endeavour—in which he met with considerable success in his glorious reign—to soften down the sectarian rancour which was too apparent in both parties :—

'The King took me by the hand, and, having led me to a gallery, asked me if I was soon going away. I replied, as soon as I had received his commands. He said that he wished to make use of my services, not in the way many thought that he gained over his ministers, who were viewed with dislike and called his pensioners. He only asked of me what an honest man might do. He was not, as it was said, ruled by the Jesuits, he ruled them and his ministers too like a king. . . . It was wrong to have called the Pope Antichrist, and to have written letters to strange princes; it was not well to speak of Frenchmen as Papists; for his part, he would willingly lose an arm could he bring his subjects to agree in religion.'*

The religious animosities of France revived at the death of Henry IV.; and the first years of the reign of Louis XIII. were marked by Huguenot disaffection. It is absurd, however, with many historians, to make the Reformers alone responsible for the period of anarchy and civil war which terminated at the Peace of Alais. They often, indeed, betrayed the vehemence and passion characteristic of their race, and their cause, through their leaders, became identified with the expiring efforts of disorderly feudalism. But the revolts of the Huguenots were really due to their false and anomalous position in the State, to the character of the Government and the times, and to the numerous vexatious infringements, attended with insult and prosecution, that were made upon their chartered privileges. By leaving them in possession of their places of strength, and treating them as apart from the nation, the inevitable result of the Edict of Nantes was to make them a state within the State itself, and to separate them from the mass of their countrymen, with distinct interests, aspirations, and sympathies. The ascendancy of the old faction of the League during the feeble regency of Marie de Médicis provoked naturally their distrust and suspicion; and the perilous situation of Protestantism in Europe —contending against the Romanist reaction, and the enormous power of Austria and Spain, connected with France by a double marriage—inclined them against a Catholic monarchy. They would doubtless, however, have remained quiescent, had it not been for the criminal encouragement the Government gave to violations of their rights, and the series of provocations and wrong they suffered at the hands of the Catholic party. The following catalogue of Huguenot grievances in a petition drawn up in 1621 almost justifies their repeated insurrections :—

'In many places we are not permitted to worship in the manner sanctioned by your edicts. They will not allow us to live or die in peace. In opposition to your edicts, they set priests to lay siege to our sick-beds, and prevent the sufferers from thinking of God by dinning in their ears that they are doomed to perdition. Our enemies, though preferring our graves to our presence, cast stones at those who inter our dead, or unbury those who have been buried and fling the corpses into the common sewers. We are given infamous places for cemeteries;

* The Diary of Daniel Chamier (ancestor of the well-known English family of that name), from 1564 to 1621, containing a particular account of his journey to the Court of Henry IV. in 1607, has been published by Mr. Charles Read in a separate volume, which forms part of the series produced by the Société d'Histoire du Protestantisme Français. The 'Memoirs of M. de Bostaquet,' reviewed in a recent number of this Journal, also form part of the same collection.

the wills of our testators are set aside, and legacies are frequently invalidated. Our children are taken from us to be baptized; if grown up, they are married or put into employments against the conscientious wishes of their parents, the law of nature and conscience being thus disregarded, and our Christian liberty put under restraint. To sap our churches to their foundations we are denied the means of instructing our children; we are kept out of all honours, offices, and places enjoyed by your subjects; the benefits we should derive from the Chambers of the edict are never obtained within a reasonable time, either on account of vexatious opposition, or of repeated and costly appeals, or because it is impossible to execute their judgments. Our temples are burned; our assemblies attacked; our nobility are removed from your household; their pensions are given to less deserving persons; we are banished from towns, and mobs stirred up against us; in a word, we are persecuted to the death.'

The civil wars of this brief period have scarcely attracted sufficient attention, being, like the wrongs by which they were caused, forgotten in the grand series of events which form the next scenes of French history. The Huguenots displayed great stubbornness and energy: we quote from a contemporary account this sketch of an episode in the siege of La Rochelle, the Londonderry of French Protestantism:—

'More than 15,000 persons died of hunger: M. de Noyres says 23,000. They had not strength enough to dig the pits that contained the dead; when they fell exhausted they could not rise again. Such was their firmness that they would look out for a pit and bier, paying for them whatever price was asked; and, whenever a funeral of their friends took place, those who were most feeble remained in the cemetery, at the side of the new-dug graves, and, having begged their companions to go back, would lie down and at last drop in. The poorer inhabitants, though dying of starvation, never stole the corn of others when it was being brought to the mill. The eloquence of Gaulbert, the minister, wrought in them this endurance; and Guiton, the mayor, was wonderfully obstinate. This man answered a friend, who was pointing him out an honest acquaintance perishing of hunger, "Don't trouble yourself about it, we must all come to this; let them die, but as long as one of us remains to close the gates there will be garrison enough!"'

The energy and ability of Richelieu put an end to the religious wars that had desolated France, and placed the Huguenots in their proper position. He perceived the defects in the Edict of Nantes, deprived the Reformers of their cautionary towns, and interdicted the representative assemblies that gave them a separate political existence. But he guaranteed them a full measure of civil equality and freedom of worship; and his firm, severe, but national administration secured them in the possession of these advantages. The Reformers, no longer isolated as a sect, lost the power and the will to oppose the nation; and, freely admitted into the service of the State, and assured in the exercise of their religion, became contented and peaceful subjects. French Protestantism, during the thirty years that elapsed after the Peace of Alais, adds a brilliant page to the history of France. It is remarkable how large a proportion of the noblest and most distinguished members of the Court of Louis XIV. in the earliest years of his reign were, or had been, members of Protestant families. Even Madame de Maintenon affected to atone by the bigotry of her later years for the errors of her youth. But most of these Huguenot nobles abjured their faith, attracted by the fascinations of the Court, or perhaps indifferent to the cause of dissent when it had ceased to be a point of honour. The great names of La Tremouille and La Rochefoucauld were soon found in the Catholic ranks; and even the Rohans and the Chatillons were seen ultimately among the converts. Some, however, clung to the creed of their fathers; and Schomberg, Guébriant, and Turenne, till manhood, shed lustre alike on France and Protestantism. The Duchesse de la Force, who was incarcerated by Louis XIV. in a dungeon which may still be seen in the Castle of Anger, maintained her faith inviolate, even after her husband had conformed to the mandate of the Court. But the real influence of the Reformers, and the benefits they conferred on the nation, are to be found, not in the records of the great, but in the industrial and general improvement of France during this part of the century. The Huguenots, forgetting their political sympathies, and protected in their religious privileges, betook themselves to the arts of peace; and, by the admission of their detractors, became eminent in the van of progress. Their settlements were enriched by careful husbandry, they increased largely the commerce of the kingdom, and several of the present manufactures of France owe their origin to Huguenot skill and invention. Nor were they deficient in science and letters; their four academies at this period boasted many names of conspicuous merit; and, in the learned professions especially, the Reformers gained very high distinction. As for the moral and social results of this movement, they were such as experience has often verified. Without becoming indifferent to their faith, the Reformers mitigated some of its asperities, and lived at peace with their Catholic fellow-subjects, united parts of one great community. Above all, the disaffec-

tion vanished which had broken out lately into civil war; the old Huguenot loyalty revived and increased under a just government; and Mazarin, who carried out the policy of his predecessor with scrupulous fairness, could boast that 'his little Huguenot flock was fondly attached to its royal shepherd, even if it strayed into bad pastures.' It was the golden age of French Protestantism, a bright space between two dark eras.

During the early part of the reign of Louis XIV., the number of the French Protestants was not less, probably, than fifteen hundred thousand, and they composed some of the most valuable classes of the nation. The great families of the noblesse had nearly all conformed to the Catholic doctrines, and a considerable portion of the inferior seigneurie had gradually imitated this example. But the Huguenots filled the trading corporations; they had absorbed a large share of the commerce of France; they occupied wealthy and prosperous districts; they had many distinguished intellectual leaders; and everywhere they formed a contented population. M. Weiss—whose death we regret to notice while commenting on a kindred theme—in his excellent work on the French refugees, has given us an animated and interesting sketch of the state of the Huguenots at this juncture. Agriculture had made remarkable progress in the provinces, in which they were numerous; and it was owing mainly to their efforts that the slopes of Bearn were thick with corn, that cultivation ran up the Cevennes, that the valleys of Languedoc flowed with wine, and that a thousand farms in Normandy were rich with meadows and gay with orchards. They traded extensively with the Levant, with Canada, Holland, and the British Islands; and Huguenot captains and Huguenot crews had engrossed much of the profitable commerce between Dieppe, Bordeaux, and London. Their skill and industry had achieved remarkable results in manufactures; and the silks of Lyons, the serges of Abbeville, the paper of Ambert, and the cloths of Coutances—produced chiefly by Huguenot hands—had become celebrated over the Continent. As for their intellectual position, it was attested by such names as those of Claude and Basnage—the one the most illustrious reformed preacher, the other the greatest jurist of France—of Conrart, Pelisson, Dacier, and Dubosc, each variously famous in his generation, and of many others less equally known, but eminent at the bar and in the pulpit. Taken altogether, the Huguenots formed a most prosperous and energetic minority in the great mass of the French nation.

That a Sovereign of France should ever have thought of molesting such a body of subjects, in defiance of the laws of his kingdom, and of his own oaths and those of his ancestors, appears at present hardly credible. But France was sinking under a centralised despotism; the institutions and usages of the nation were being forced into a harsh uniformity; and a proud, bigoted, and ignorant king was told by flatterers and interested priests that he could obliterate religious distinctions, and make all Frenchmen of one faith, as easily as he could level differences in taxation. Though he confirmed at first the Huguenots' privileges, Louis XIV. from an early period resolved, as he said, 'to abridge their rights, and gradually to fence them round with restrictions.' Thirty years followed of harsh measures and vexatious edicts against the Reformers, the forerunners of a greater catastrophe. Commissions were issued to investigate the titles of the places of worship of the Huguenots, and the inquiries always ended in forfeitures. Their cemeteries were defaced, and their churches despoiled of their bells, ornaments, and other appendages; and it was expressly proclaimed that the royal arms should be erased from such impious edifices. The Huguenots were excluded from all offices of trust, from the upper ranks of the army and navy, and from employment in civil affairs; and, greatly to the annoyance of Colbert, they were banished from the corporate bodies, and forbidden to exercise almost every profession. Then came encroachments on their chartered rights; their tribunals in the Parliaments were closed; they were told to conform or expect no justice; and, like the Jews in the middle ages, they were occasionally forbidden to sue for their debts. At last royal iniquity and folly invaded their homes and broke up their families; and a series of odious ordinances deprived the Protestant parent of his natural authority, allured his children to interested conversions, and bribed them to disobedience and undutifulness. A detestable system of proselytism, too, by threats and corruption, was set on foot; and the influence of a powerful government was brought to bear all over the kingdom to degrade the Reformers and their religion. We quote an account of the deeds of this period, from the pen of a zealous Catholic priest, who played, like his fellows, his part in them :—

'Before revoking the Edict of Nantes, the King had sapped the foundations of Calvinism. He had caused numerous places of worship to be thrown down; had abolished the Chambers of the Edict; had shut out the Huguenots from all higher offices, and from municipal and cor-

porate bodies; had given large pensions to those who abjured; had condemned those who relapsed to death; and had sent missionaries everywhere to preach Catholicism. The way was thus opened to the completion of the good work, the most brilliant feat of an illustrious reign, the masterpiece of power and consummate policy.'

More violent measures were taken with the Reformers between 1683 and 1685. Their children were rudely torn from them on the information of hireling spies; and a host of busy proselytising priests were despatched to preach at them all over the kingdom. The mobs of the towns were stirred up against them; they were openly denounced as heretics and rebels; and lawless invasions of their property were winked at by the official authorities. To Louvois, however, belongs the infamy of having devised the most terrible means of coercing them into a change of religion. The ever-memorable dragonnades were the work of this bold and pitiless minister; and he carried it out with remorseless energy. Dragoon regiments, attended by priests, and usually headed by a bishop and intendant, were marched into the Huguenot districts; the inhabitants were summoned in a body to recant; and troops were quartered upon any recusants, with permission, as was significantly said, to do everything but murder and ravish. What atrocities were committed by this soldiery—how they gave free scope to their cruelty and insolence—how they sacked houses, destroyed villages, and turned whole cantons into desolation—what refined modes of torture they invented, and how they indulged their brutality and lust—is described by Michelet with extraordinary power; and it may be doubted if any persecution has been more indiscriminate and reckless. We see its spirit in this letter of Louvois, for the first time published in this collection:—

'The King has been informed by your letter of the 17th of the obstinacy of the Huguenots of Dieppe. These people having been especially conspicuous in refusing to submit to His Majesty's will, you are to have no clemency whatever towards them; and you may make the quartering of the soldiers upon them as disagreeable and severe as possible. You may increase the number of billets as you please, but without relieving the Huguenots of Rouen; and instead of exacting ten pence and provisions, you may put on each house ten times as much, and allow the troops to do any needful disorder. This is the way you will cure people of the kind, and make an example in the province.'

The documents relating to the dragonnades are so numerous in this collection, that we scarcely know which to select from them. The following narrative of M. Chambrun, a Huguenot preacher near Avignon, is an average specimen of this persecution. M. Chambrun was very ill and in bed when the dragonnade broke into his town; and M. de Tessé, the royal commandant, and M. de Cosnac, the Bishop of Valence, at first, as was usually the case, sought to win him over by gentle means:—

'The Count saluted me with much courtesy, asked me how I was, and then placed himself at the head of my bed, with the bishop at the foot. He then told me he took great interest in me; that he wished to show me particular favour; that he had not thrown me like my colleagues into prison; and that to overcome my scruples more easily, he had brought the bishop with him to explain everything. I thanked him for his politeness, but replied that I had a Master in heaven who claimed my obedience.'

Persuasion having been found impracticable, and M. de Chambrun having challenged the bishop to a theological discussion, M. de Tessé suddenly changed his language:—

'He said all that was nothing to the point; that the King, his master, had resolved to make me a Catholic, and that it was better for me to think upon it and accept the terms that were offered to me. I told him that all I required was a passport, so that I might go to Holland, like other French ministers. After a short time he took his departure, exclaiming that I had too much rhetoric for him, and that it would be well for me to reflect and obey. He had not been away two hours, when he sent forty-two dragoons into my house. These men kept beating drums all night to prevent me sleeping, and to compel me to submit. In a few hours my house was turned upside down. All the provisions I had were not enough for one of their meals. They broke in the doors to find out if anything had been concealed, and destroyed everything they laid their hands on. My wife resisted them with extraordinary courage; they insulted and abused her in the foulest language. At night they lit candles all over the house; yet, bad as all was, it would have been bearable had they not come into my room to stifle me with tobacco-smoke, and kept up drumming throughout the whole night.'

Meantime similar and worse scenes were taking place all over the town:—

'The troops were quartered instantly upon the Reformers, and they had no sooner received their billets than cries were heard in every street. The poor people ran up and down in despair; here and there a woman was seen at a window crying help for her husband, who was being batooned, or was hung up by his feet over a chimney, or, perhaps was kept with

a knife at his throat. Here and there a husband was lamenting his wife, who had miscarried in consequence of blows and other cruelties. Children were screaming everywhere "Help! help! they are killing my father," or "carrying away my mother." But here my hand must lay down the pen. The recollection of these barbarities fills me with such affliction that I cannot go on with the tragic tale.'

Some idea of the dragonnades may be obtained by picturing to ourselves such scenes repeated in every province in France. The efforts of the missionary soldiers were usually crowned with apparent success; and whole towns and settlements of Huguenots were converted by their atrocious arguments. Great was the joy at Versailles and Marly at this example of the providence of God, as Madame de Maintenon piously observed; and Chancellor Le Tellier, when he heard that hardly a Huguenot remained in the kingdom, sang the Nunc Dimittis with senile ecstasy. Yet numerous as were the nominal conversions, many Reformers defied the fiery trial; and, in spite of cruelty and intimidation, refused to abandon the faith of their ancestors. This was the case especially with that sex whose firmness of purpose in matters of conscience has often put that of men to shame; and Huguenot women in thousands of instances gave noble proofs of the martyr's constancy. The wrongs done to many of these victims, how they were torn from their homes and shut up in convents, how they were immured for years in loathsome dungeons, exposed to insults or hypocritical solicitations, would be almost incredible if not attested in hundreds of passages in this series: we quote a striking and horrible example:—

'When these ladies had been committed to their jailer's hands, he flung them into a prison full of mud and filth. He deprived them of their clothes and their linen; and put on them dresses taken from the hospitals, that had been worn by the most diseased patients, and were covered with stains of blood and ulcers. Mademoiselle Ducros was dressed in this manner. The wretch gave them bread that a dog would not eat, and a little water only to drink. He paid them a visit several times a day with warders, who caused them to be stripped, and beat them with extreme cruelty. Besides that, he used sometimes to plunge them into the moat, full of stagnant water and fetid matter, and dragged them out when they had lost all consciousness. They died under torments not surpassed in the annals of paganism.'

One of the most barbarous features of this persecution was the dishonour shown to the remains of those who, at the approach of death, had relapsed, conscience-stricken at the mockery of their conversion. It was a common spectacle in France at this juncture to behold their corpses torn from their graves, or tossed unburied into the common sewers; sights ominous of the yet distant times when brutalised mobs were to violate the tombs of the ancestors and descendants of that persecuting King, and inflict upon his own embalmed remains the outrages which had been offered by his authority to his unoffending subjects.* This series abounds in details of such cases: we select that of M. Paul Chenevix, an eminent member of the Parliament of Metz:—

'When he was dead his body was brought to the jail, and was condemned by the magistrate to be dragged upon a hurdle. The Parliament, shocked at such a treatment of the most aged member of their body, delayed the execution of the sentence for a time; but an order to the contrary came from the Court. The venerable body was then stripped naked and exposed without any covering whatever. It was dragged on a hurdle with every mark of ignominy. The spectators at the sight cried aloud with grief; and when the corpse had been thrown into the sewer, the Reformers rescued it and buried it decently.'

As a general rule, the commands of the King were obeyed with cruel and revolting zeal by all persons in authority in France. The bishops especially were distinguished in these acts of brutality, and vied with each other in making converts and covering their royal master with flattery. The eagle of Meaux, we regret to say, stooped to a flight so unworthy of him; and even the illustrious and gentle Fénélon acquiesced at least in the persecution. There were, however, some honourable exceptions, and this series contains more than one protest of honourable and right-minded Catholics against the folly and crimes of Louis. On the whole, however, the upper classes—the courtiers, officials, and even the noblesse—joined in the outcry against the Reformers, and co-operated in these acts of injustice—a circumstance not to be forgotten, perhaps, in any estimate of the King's conduct. One of the most vexatious trials of the Huguenots was to see renegades from their religion endeavouring to atone for their errors by persecuting with extraordinary severity.

* See the curious *Procès Verbal* of the desecration of the Royal tombs in the *ci-devant* Abbaye of St. Denis in 1794. The corpses of Henry IV. and Louis XIII. were found, on opening their coffins, to be scarcely changed; the body of Louis XIV. was dried up to a black mummy; that of Louis XV. was a mass of corruption. All were thrown into the kennel, or scattered to the winds of heaven.

The Countess de Marsan was a notable instance:—

'The town of Pons belonged to this aged penitent, who, thinking that tormenting heretics was the best way to obtain pardon for sins, imprisoned and ill-treated those unfortunate persons who refused to convert themselves to Catholicism. She practised these severities on persons of every age, but she directed her attention towards children particularly, and caused them to be carried off on all sides. Many men and women died after three weeks or a month in her prisons, but others survived and were at length liberated. Some children resisted her with extraordinary fortitude.'

Towards the close of 1685, reports came in from all parts of France that the Reformers had for the most part abjured, though some signs of resistance were visible. The King, ignorant of the truth, and intoxicated by the flattery of the sycophants who compared him to Theodosius and Constantine, was persuaded that a little more rigour would extirpate heresy altogether; and, in an evil hour for his own renown, revoked the salutary and time-honoured edict which, disregarded as it had been of late, was a fundamental law of the monarchy, and a protest against his recent oppression. All Huguenot churches that remained were overthrown; the cemeteries were dismantled and effaced; the Huguenot pastors were ordered to quit the soil of France under pain of death; and the exercise of Calvinism in public was prohibited under severe penalties. The emigration of all Protestants, who were not ministers, was strictly forbidden, the galleys, the halter, or transportation being reserved for those who made the attempt; and bands of soldiers were placed on the frontier to carry the mandate into execution. The trial discriminated and brought out clearly what was weak or vacillating, and firm or unyielding, in the afflicted body of French Protestantism. About one-third of the Huguenots, it is supposed, conformed ultimately to the Catholic doctrines and became absorbed in the mass of the nation, without any seeming religious distinction. Rather more than a third—though many of them had yielded to the storm of the dragonnades—remained in France attached to their faith; and in spite of disabilities and wrongs, maintained the creed of their fathers unchanged, and transmitted it to their existing posterity. The rest, perhaps eighty thousand families, between three or four hundred thousand persons, preferred their religion to the natal soil, and abandoned France when freedom of conscience was denied them within her misgoverned borders. Of these several were arrested and subjected to the terrible punishments denounced against them by the insensate King; but the large majority escaped by degrees in many instances, it is well known, with the aid of Catholic neighbours and friends, who secretly detested his odious tyranny.

The fate of the exiles is a well-known chapter in the history of France and the civilised world. Some took service in foreign armies, and in a series of bloody contests, from the day of the Boyne to that of Malplaquet, struck down the pride of the House of Bourbon, and avenged themselves on their royal persecutor. But the mass betook themselves to the pursuits they had followed in the country they had left, and, scattered in colonies in the British Isles, in Holland, Germany, and the American settlements, transferred to distant and alien nations the genius and grace of French industry. Their factories revived the wasted Palatinate, and repaired the ruin effected by Louvois; they introduced into Prussia and Saxony their manufactures of cloth and silk; the looms of Spitalfields and of Dublin owe their origin to their industrious skill; and, wherever they settled, they formed a population of orderly and well-disposed citizens. The exiles, too, produced many names distinguished for their public services, their industrial skill, and their private virtues,* such as those of Schomberg, Ruvigny, Romilly, Bouverie, Bosanquet, Hughessen, Martineau, Lefevre, Ouvry, Pigou, Labouchere, and Ligonier. As for the loss France sustained by their departure, it is best shown in the confidential reports made to Louis after the Peace of Ryswick. These documents, written by enemies of the Reformers, admit that an extraordinary decline in wealth and prosperity had taken place in the provinces in which the Huguenots had been numerous; and, even to this day, some towns and districts have not recovered from the effects of the emigration. We quote a passage from this series, referring to the condition of Saumur towards the close of the seventeenth century:—

'The inhabitants of the town of Saumur represent humbly to your Majesty, that your piety has allowed them to destroy the academy and

* The Camden Society published in 1852 an interesting volume of 'Lists of Foreign Protestants and Aliens resident in England,' 1618—1688, edited by W. Durrant Cooper, Esq., which contains the names of a vast number of these meritorious exiles. Many of them settled in the city of Norwich, and contributed to the manufacturing prosperity of that place, for England owes the seeds of her greatness as a manufacturing country to the religious persecutions which drove the artisans of France and Flanders to her shores.

temple of the Pretended Reformers, as they had for several years entreated; but that the French and foreign noblemen's sons who were educated there being now all gone, the merchants from Holland and other countries and nearly all the artisans having disappeared, this town, which was one of the most considerable in the kingdom, has become deserted and without trade, and is decaying from day to day.'

The original documents in this series on the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes are less numerous than we might have expected. Those, however, that relate to the cruelties inflicted on the unhappy persons arrested in different attempts to escape are very striking and full of interest. We quote from a contemporary observer a specimen of that 'life in the galleys' which became the doom of too many men of blameless conduct and high character:—

'People never would believe, were not the fact certain, what refinements of barbarity were practised on these galley-slaves. They were led to the port, coupled with robbers and assassins, with chains on their necks, their hands, and their feet, made a show of to terrify their fellows in religion. The heaviest chains were reserved for them. A red coat and cap was their usual dress, with a coarse shirt and stockings of felt. Their labours on the galleys were frightfully severe. The slaves were bound in pairs on the benches of each vessel, and could not move beyond the length of their chains, each eating and drinking in his own place. They were employed in rowing with the long and heavy oars by which the galleys were set in motion. They had no shelter against the rain and heat or the cold, often so severe at sea, but a thin awning spread over their heads. This was taken off when the vessel was under weigh, as it interfered with her speed. Along the benches ran a gallery, on which the officers walked up and down with a scourge in hand. The unhappy rowers were repeatedly beaten by their overseers. At the hour of Mass, when the Host was elevated, the Huguenot galley-slave was compelled to doff his cap. If he refused, he was stretched on his back naked, and was beaten severely with a rope's-end. His body, when sufficiently mangled and torn, was then washed with salt and vinegar.'

The following is an account of one of the scenes of transportation to the American colonies:—

'You have not, perhaps, yet heard of the new mode of persecution. Our friends are being shipped off to the islands in America, to be there exposed and sold as slaves. I went on board one of the transport ships. I saw eighty young women and others lying down in a pitiable state; I was horror-stricken, and could not utter a word. In another cabin were nearly a hundred old men in extreme misery; the tyrant's cruelty had reduced them to despair. They were of all classes and every quality; no one was spared. The women told me that when they set sail from Marseilles they were two hundred and fifty, men, women, and children, and that eighteen had perished in a fortnight.'

The Revocation of the Edict of Nantes was followed by a series of edicts, extending down to 1724, which, by a cruel and absurd fiction, declared Protestantism extinguished in France. The 'Newly Converted,' as the Huguenots were called, were 'presumed' to be of the national faith, and social outlawry and civil death were the sentence of the thousands of recusants whose acts and lives belied the presumption. The marriages of the Reformers were invalidated; they were declared incapable of succeeding to property; they were excluded from employment in the State; and they were treated as a degraded caste unworthy of the privileges of Frenchmen. Their religious assemblies, too, were made criminal, and even their private worship proscribed; their homes were invaded by an inquisitorial police; and any of their pastors who ventured within the borders of orthodox France were liable to instant execution and torture. The galleys or exile were the penalty of the slightest resistance or complaint; and even the smallest Huguenot meeting was watched with angry and jealous suspicion. Shut out thus from the pale of the State, and under the ban of persecuting laws, the Reformers during the eighteenth century became Helots among their fellow-subjects, and, as is the case with those who suffer injustice from power, were feared by the Government. On every occasion when France was at war they were alternately repressed or conciliated by promises made to be only broken; and when once they rose up in arms, they were crushed with a merciless rigour which has made the revolt of the Cevennes a proverb. How many unfortunate Huguenot pastors fell the victims to their zeal for the faith, how many among their flocks were torn from their homes, and sent to the slave-ship or the penal settlement, historians, usually on the side of power, have not as yet, we believe, estimated; but this collection shows that the number was large. Yet, even atrocities of this kind were less intolerable than the degradation of the Reformers in every social relation. The French Huguenot, from the cradle to the grave, was a mark of general scorn and dislike, sneered at as an unsocial and morose stranger, denounced as a heretic and a rebel, despised as one of questionable position, and considered unfit for the rights of Frenchmen from which he had been iniquitously excluded. Those who know what,

in a similar state of things, was the condition of the Catholic of Ireland, during the generation before the Union, will understand the social debasement of the French Huguenot in the eighteenth century.

The following passage may be quoted from a petition to Marshal Saxe, who, like Duquesne, was exempted by name from the disabilities that applied to Protestants—the conqueror of Fontenoy was felt to be a necessity to the House of Bourbon—in proof of the state of the Reformers in France about the middle of the last century:—

'Sixty years have been the witnesses of our miseries. Our temples and our ministers proscribed, their flocks wandering and often fugitive, dragoons set upon us as missionaries; ecclesiastics often more cruel than these, who allow us neither to live nor to die without having been constrained to acts which shock our conscience; the jails and galleys overflowing with our martyrs; our marriages dishonoured by hypocrisy or sacrilege; our Bibles burnt by the hangman's hands; our properties confiscated and reduced by fines; such, Sir, are the principal features of our condition. Even if our sufferings have diminished of late, we owe it merely to accidental circumstances. But persecution only slumbers; it is not dead. Our confessors remain in prisons and chains. Some are in the galleys, at the port of Brescou, and others have been immured in the tower of Cutance for ten, twenty, or thirty years. Our marriages are declared invalid and illegal, unless celebrated according to the Romish form, and in marrying we are compelled to make our recantation. Our religious assemblies are treated as seditious, even when our loyalty cannot be questioned; in a word, the old and new laws remain in force, and our enemies only await an opportunity to cause them to be put in execution.'

Another document of the same period gives a sketch of the cruelties practised in 1720 on a party of the Reformers accused untruly of attending a religious meeting:—

'Our prisoners yesterday set off from Montpellier. A company of cavalry, sabre in hand, and one of infantry with fixed bayonets, with six archers, formed the advanced guard. I will call the party neither good nor bad, for some were one and some the other; but each had a collar of iron on his neck, about the length of four fingers, to which a heavy chain was attached, and trailed down from the shoulders to the ground. So, four by four, or in parties of six, they were tied to each other by the neck, and were obliged to keep up the chain in their hands, its weight being really enormous. The prisoners were brought into the citadel in this plight, the garrison turning out, and mocking at them. The rain on that day was very heavy, but it did not prevent them, when they approached Nîmes, from baring their heads and breaking into a psalm. They had been mixed up with robbers and thieves; and indeed three of their women had been chained; two prostitutes, who had been taken up somewhere, being yoked on in the same way. As these good folk had been very ill treated at Montpellier, where they had lain in jail upon wet straw all together, they were now in a state not fit to be seen, all swelled and hardly able to stir.'

And the revolting punishments inflicted on the Huguenot galley-slaves continued in the eighteenth century:—

'You have perhaps heard how, for some time past, they have been more than ever determined to compel us to take off our caps during the Romish service. Some of us have been tied together and fastened to a bench, to force us to remain bareheaded at Mass; we have been dragged to the stern where their altars are set up; in the harbour we have been flogged and condemned to the hardest work. But nothing was so bad as what took place in October. The missionaries obtained, or extorted, an order that we should be bastinadoed until we took off our caps at their prayers.'

In spite, however, of persecution, of barbarous edicts, and social ostracism, the numbers of the Reformers increased, and towards the end of the eighteenth century they were not far from a million persons. That law which enlists the feelings of man on the side of a faith for which he suffers, retained the Reformers in the old ways; and French Protestantism, after a hundred years of fruitless efforts to root it out, remained deeply implanted in the kingdom. The 'Church under the Cross,' as it was called, throve under oppression and discouragement; while that of Fleury, of Tencin, of Dubois, though lapped in splendour, and sustained by power, was sinking into contempt and ruin. The ministers, at the peril of their lives, watched over 'the congregations of the desert,' to use their simple and pathetic language; and the Huguenot assemblies met and prayed, in secret and fear, but with not less fervour than when their ancestors blessed the name of the Great Henry in their favoured temples. A report of 1745 gives us this sketch of one of their gatherings, which, like those of the Scotch Covenanters, kept up the union and spirit of the sect:—

'On this day the Calvinists, or Pretended Reformers, held a public religious assembly, the first that had been seen in this country since the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. There were about six or eight thousand people of every age, sex, and quality. The place of meeting was in a meadow on the banks of the Dordogne, in the parish of Roquette, and diocese of Perigueux, a quarter of a league from the town of Sainte Foy. Many went to attend this assembly at daybreak, but it was not col-

lected until about eight, and it lasted until two in the afternoon. Rivoise Yot, a merchant draper, having a loud voice, began with a lecture which lasted nearly two hours; then came a minister or preacher named Jean de Loire. He preached, said prayers, and sang psalms. He baptized two children, published the banns of marriage of eleven couples, and fixed a day for another assembly. Contributions were given, books were sold and distributed; and there was a good deal of eating and drinking.'

It would be absurd to suppose that the French Protestants lived contented under this direful tyranny. They would have been unworthy of their race, and of manhood, had they not keenly felt its injustice. But they remained quiescent during the century, nor was this simply the result of weakness; there is strong evidence that the old spirit of Huguenot loyalty was never extinguished. This description by a young Catholic officer of a Calvinist assembly in 1757, which he happened to witness to his great annoyance, is a proof of the attachment still felt by the Reformers for the descendants of Henry:—

'After the sermon was over, some verses of the Miserere Mei were chanted which related to the subject of the discourse; and this was followed by a form of prayer in which they prayed for all conditions of men, from the King on his throne to the meanest peasant. But conceive my surprise when the minister prayed by name for the King, the Queen, the Dauphin, and the Dauphiness, and thanked God for Her Royal Highness's delivery. I could not credit my ears, nevertheless it was true. Judge, Sir, how amazed I was. You know in what colours our Huguenots are painted and in what way they speak of their assemblies. I, like many others, had been prejudiced against them, but I see I have been deceived, and that their enemies don't tell the truth.'

The proscription of the Protestant faith in France certainly did not contribute to strengthen the hold of Catholicism or even of Christianity upon the minds of the educated classes. On the contrary, infidelity spread and the authority of the Church declined, precisely during that period when the pious convictions of the Huguenot faith were crushed and extirpated as anti-Christian and heretical. The National Church, relieved from the task of a moral conflict with the Reformers, by degrees lost the true elements of her strength, and declined into lethargy and corruption. A Bossuet appeared to answer a Claude; but the mitred sycophants of Louis XV., who enforced orthodoxy by the galleys and the halter, were, usually, either profligate or ignorant. The place of a Church that had fallen into contempt was usurped by a succession of sceptics, who, destroying all faith in existing usages, proved the heralds of an anarchy of irreligion. Nor was this all; for religion became identified in the thoughts of men with the cruelties perpetrated in its name, and reason and conscience protested against a system allied with tyranny and injustice. 'Your persecution,' said Bayle in 1686, 'will recoil on yourselves and lead to Deism;' and the prediction was fully verified by experience. The ideas which found their highest expression in the writings of Voltaire and Jean-Jacques were antichristian in part and destructive; but this was because the essence of Christianity was confounded with accidents that seemed antichristian; and their strength lay, as has been remarked, in the liberality, the loftiness of thought, and the justice that was mixed up with their errors. So true it is that in human affairs wrong often works out its own penalty, and that the triumph of persecution may become ultimately its avenging Nemesis. Throughout the profligate reign of Louis XV., when the depravity of his Court and the relaxed state of public opinion were tending to the catastrophe which overtook his unfortunate successor, no amelioration took place in the deplorable condition of the King's Protestant subjects. It is a thing almost incredible, and which we were not aware of until we found the evidence of it in these volumes, that little more than one hundred years ago, in the year 1762, a Protestant minister named M. de La Rochette was hanged by sentence of the fanatical Parliament of Toulouse—the same which had recently perpetrated the judicial murder of the Calas family—for no other offence than that of preaching the Gospel in violation of the law, and that three Protestant gentlemen were beheaded at the same time for the crime of having attempted to rescue their minister. The narrative of this martyrdom is one of the most affecting pages we remember to have read, and the spectacle seems to have produced an effect even on the population of Toulouse, which had assembled to witness it:—

'The prisoners were led to the square of St. George, being the place chosen for extraordinary executions; but the square of La Monnoye was thought more fitting, inasmuch as the space was not so great, and fewer persons could have a view of the martyr. All the avenues were lined by detachments of soldiers; for a rescue was, it is said, feared; and if so it must have been the Catholics who devised such a scheme—they were grieved at the shedding of innocent blood—for the few Protestants who dwelt in the town had shut themselves up in their houses, in a state of terror, and mourning

in private. The windows of the houses that looked into the square were let at a very high rate; wherever the victims made their appearance they were received with lamentation and tears; you would have said that Toulouse had become Protestant. The people asked what was the faith of these men; and when they were heard speaking of Christ and His Passion, there was a general feeling of surprise and affliction. The clergyman of Taur could not stand the sight; he fainted away, and his place was taken by one of his curates. What was most touching was the perfect calmness of La Rochette; his face full of sweetness, of beauty, and of intelligence, his youth, his steadfast and sober words, all this excited profound interest. Besides, there was the additional reflection that he was dying because he would not tell an untruth, that his being a minister was his only crime, that there was no evidence nor even charge against him, that he had only to say a word to save his life, and yet he preferred a cruel death to abjuration.'

The edicts against the Protestants of France continued in force till 1787, and were not unfrequently put into execution. In a letter, written in 1774, Lafayette complains that hundreds of thousands of his countrymen were by law aliens, and deprived of the commonest rights of Frenchmen. Men still living remember the time when the Huguenot pastor who ventured to raise his voice in prayer for his scattered flock was liable to immediate death, and when the Huguenot husband and wife were denounced as living in concubinage and rearing up a family of bastards. The parents of such men of our own day as M. Guizot, Admiral Baudin, and M. Delessert, were excluded by law from the rites of marriage, from the privileges of citizenship, and even from the last indulgence of a tomb in consecrated ground. Even after the accession of Louis XVI. the galleys contained some Huguenot slaves; and not many years before that event, the judicial murders of Calas and La Rochette show that fanaticism had still the power of glutting its vengeance on French Protestantism. By degrees, however, a more kindly feeling grew up towards the persecuted sect; the religious indifference of the age was a security against the oppression of the past; and the awakening intellect of the France of Voltaire confessed and regretted the great crime committed in the preceding century.

The first amelioration in the condition of the Protestants of France was not made until 1787, one of the last free acts of Louis XVI. And it was not until the monarchy was perishing in the revolutionary storm, that the National Assembly redressed the injustice of which his ancestor had been the author, and not only swept away the disabilities to which the sect had remained subject, and raised it to equality with the Catholics, but offered the privilege of French citizenship to the descendants of the exiles of 1685. Since that time, under the various governments which have claimed the allegiance of the French people, the congregations of the Reformers have proved themselves loyal and faithful men; and their churches, protected again by the State, have for the most part retained unchanged the austere simplicity of the ritual and the doctrines of Calvin. At this moment the Protestants in France are stated by themselves to amount to 1,561,000 souls, and in their pursuits and mode of life resemble strongly their Huguenot ancestors. They have given the State some eminent servants, of whom Guizot is the most illustrious; they can show names of eminence in the camp, in art, in letters, and the learned professions; but they abound principally in the middle classes, distinguished by their industry and perseverance, and their strict, yet sincere and fervent, piety. France, indeed, has never become Protestant; from the days of the Guises to those of Napoleon, Catholicism has been the national faith; yet Protestantism has had a salutary effect on the thoughts, the feelings, and the tendencies of Frenchmen; and even now the Protestant supporters of liberty, of free thought, and constitutional government, comparatively few in number as they are, counteract to a certain extent the evils of a despotic government and an ultramontane clergy. That France remains in the van of civilisation, that, in the race of the last three centuries, she has not fallen behind like Austria and Spain, may in part be due to the share which Protestantism has had in her destinies. In our own day, the Protestants of France have acquired, perhaps, rather too much of that sectarian character, which is inseparable from the position of a small minority of persons, differing in opinion on essential points from the nation to which they belong. But at the head of every good and enlightened enterprise, for the relief of distress, for the spread of knowledge, for the defence of freedom, Protestant names will be found: and amongst these laudable undertakings the attempt of this Society to rescue from oblivion the sufferings and services of their Huguenot forefathers, deserves certainly to be honourably remembered.

ART. IV.—*An Examination of Sir William Hamilton's Philosophy, and of the principal Philosophical Questions discussed in his Writings.* By JOHN STUART MILL. London: 1865.

MR. JOHN STUART MILL'S 'Examination of Sir William Hamilton's Philosophy' has anew turned public attention towards metaphysical studies, and given a powerful impulse to metaphysical thought. The questions which have for some time past agitated most deeply the speculative mind of the country are there clearly stated and able discussed; and there is no volume which the student could more advantageously consult to learn the latest and the highest developments of speculative philosophy. The opinions of Sir William Hamilton and Professor Mansel are given with such fairness and fullness that we may easily learn and accurately understand the doctrines of the school to which they belong, and of which they are in recent times the most distinguished representatives; and Mr. Mill, who is certainly one of the greatest masters in the opposing school, gives its teaching in its finest and most defensible forms.

The radical difference between the two schools affects the nature of all human knowledge. Do we know anything beyond the mind and its modifications? That question has been discussed for more than two thousand years, and we seem to be as far from its solution as ever. The opposing champions have only unhorsed one another. Fifty years ago Dr. Thomas Brown elaborated the idealistic theory with a subtlety and analytic skill which have never been surpassed; but Sir William Hamilton attacked his system with a logic so resistless, and even so ruthless, that the system crumbled to dust beneath his blows. And on its ruins he reared his own idealistic theory so solidly, that it looked as if it could safely defy all assault. But Mr. Mill has now arisen, as if to be the avenger of Brown; and if he has not demolished the system of Hamilton, he has certainly made most desperate breaches in its walls. All this is very discouraging. It appears as if the truth were never to be found—at least in the directions in which it has hitherto been sought. If it were to be found at all in these tracks of thought, the men we have quoted could not have failed to have found it. It would therefore seem that the only chance of success in this search for truth is to abandon the beaten road and to strike into new paths.

Let us see what are the two prevalent theories in regard to the nature of the mind's knowledge; for not till we have come to a conclusion regarding them can we decide whether our knowledge be relative or absolute, or give a judgment in regard to the Unconditioned, or solve satisfactorily any of the other problems discussed in the 'Examination.' This inquiry is the primary one, and when it is settled every other will be easy. All philosophers are agreed that Consciousness is the fountain of knowledge, and Mr. Mill and Sir William Hamilton combine in defining consciousness as 'the recognition by the mind or ego of its acts and affections.'* But under this apparent agreement there is a wide difference between them. Mr. Mill and the idealists hold that we are conscious of nothing but the mind's own modifications, simply, purely, and apart from every thing else. Sir William Hamilton, on the other hand, holds that in perception consciousness gives as a conjunct fact the existence of me or self as perceiving, and the existence of something different from me as perceived. We are conscious not only of the mental affection, but of its external object or cause.

'We are immediately conscious in perception,' says he, 'of an ego and a non-ego, known together and known in contrast to each other. This is the fact of the duality of consciousness. It is clear and manifest. When I concentrate my attention on the simplest act of perception, I return from my observation with the most irresistible conviction of two facts, or rather two branches of the same fact, that I am and that something different from me exists. In this act I am conscious of myself as the perceiving subject, and of an external reality as the object perceived; and I am conscious of both existences in the same indivisible moment of intuition.'

The language of all psychologists till very recently involved a belief that thought and consciousness were not identical, but that the one was the object of the other's apprehension. Since the days of Dr. Brown, however, more correct opinions in regard to this matter have begun to gain currency, though the old phraseology is still commonly used, and in many cases the old belief creeps stealthily in and influences our arguments unawares. Whenever we speak of the mind being conscious of its own sensations—of its own ideas—of its own impressions—of its own modifications (and all psychologists ancient and modern use such language), we make consciousness the discerner of what passes within the mind. The mental mood and the consciousness of it are spoken of as different things. But though such language is still used, the opinion in which it originated

* Lectures, vol. i. p. 193; *Exam.* p. 108.

is now abandoned; and the true nature of consciousness is very accurately described by Brown, the elder Mill, and Hamilton.

'Sensation,' says Dr. Brown,* 'is not the object of consciousness different from itself, but a particular sensation is the consciousness of the moment; as a particular hope, or fear, or grief, or resentment, or simple remembrance, may be the actual consciousness of the next moment.'

'Having a sensation and having a feeling,' says Mr. James Mill† 'are not two things. The thing is one, the names only are two. I am pricked by a pin. The sensation is one, but I may call it a sensation, or a feeling, or a pain, as I please. Now, when having the sensation, I say, I feel the sensation, I only use a tautological expression; the sensation is not one thing, the feeling another; the sensation is the feeling. When instead of the word feel, I use the word conscious, I do exactly the same thing. I merely use a tautological expression. To say I feel a sensation is merely to say I feel a feeling, which is an impropriety of speech. And to say that I am conscious of a feeling is merely to say that I feel it. To have a feeling is to be conscious, and to be conscious is to have a feeling.'

'Consciousness,' says Hamilton, 'is the fundamental form, the generic condition of all thinking. Consciousness is not to be regarded as aught different from the mental modes or movements themselves. It is not to be viewed as an illuminated place within which objects coming are presented to, and passing beyond are withdrawn from observation; nor is it to be considered even as an observer—the mental modes as phenomena observed. Consciousness is just the movements themselves rising above a certain degree of intensity.'

These quotations carry us very far towards a right understanding of our mental nature. The word Consciousness may almost be regarded as a superfluity in our language. It is improper to say 'I am conscious that I know; I am conscious that I feel,' for that is simply to say, 'I know that I know, or I feel that I feel;' the simple formula 'I know;' 'I feel,' expresses the whole fact. But here the question urges itself upon us—What do we know? What do we feel? Sir William Hamilton says that in perception the mind is conscious both of itself as perceiving, and of the thing perceived. Mr. Mill says that in sensation the mind is conscious simply of its own affections. Now these sentiments both sanction the undoubted truth that all knowledge involves two factors—the subject knowing and the object known. We cannot know without knowing something. We cannot feel without feeling something. But when Mill and Hamilton combine in saying that the mind is conscious of the mind—that the ego knows the ego—that in sentiency we are cognisant of our sensations—they flatly contradict their own previous teaching in regard to the nature of consciousness.

It may be alleged that we must interpret the language of both by their clearly expressed teaching in regard to consciousness; that they merely used the phraseology which has obtained so strong a hold upon philosophical literature, but that neither of them means to affirm that the mind is conscious of its own operations. If it be so, then we ask, Of what, then, is the mind conscious? When we know, what do we know? When we feel, what do we feel? To know nothing, is to have no knowledge: to feel nothing, is to have no feeling. We can find no answer to these questions in the writings of either Brown or Mill. They unwaveringly maintain that we have anyhow no consciousness of the external world; if then we are conscious neither of the ego nor of the non-ego, neither of the mind perceiving nor of the object perceived, we cannot be conscious at all, for these exhaust all the possibilities of consciousness, unless indeed it be possible to be conscious without being conscious of anything.

Let us state this argument anew. We cannot be conscious without being conscious of something. But the objects of consciousness must belong either to the mental or the material world. The idealistic school declare with one voice that we are not conscious of the material world, and in their explanation of consciousness they demonstrate that we are not conscious of the mental world; but that we are simply conscient. Conscient of what? Of nothing? The realistic school maintain that we are conscious both of the mental and material worlds; but, at the same time, they show equally well as their adversaries that consciousness does not take cognisance of the mind's operations, and thus they annihilate with their right hand one of the hemispheres of knowledge which they had with their left hand put in subjection to the mind. They may comfort themselves, however, with the thought that the old hemisphere of outness remains to them, whereas their opponents are left in a wide vacuity—knowing, yet knowing nothing.

The truth is, out of the theory of consciousness above explained there has emerged an entirely new idealism—an idealism which does not believe in ideas; and the modern idealist has now forced upon him one of two alternatives. He must either admit that we can be conscious without being conscious of anything; or that we are conscious of our own mental acts and affections, notwithstanding his own repeated protestations to the contrary. It is certain there are passages

* Lecture XI.

† Quoted by Mr. J. S. Mill, pp. 115–16.

in the writings of all the modern idealists which favour the supposition that they often do take refuge in the old and abandoned belief that the mind can be conscious of its own affections. Mr. Mill frequently speaks of us being conscious of our sensations; and he tells us that Brown held that the object in perception was 'a state of mind identical with the act by which we are said to perceive it.' (Examination, p. 161). Sir William Hamilton, who was himself somewhat infected with idealism, as we shall afterwards see, is still more contradictory of himself on this point. He expressly declares, that consciousness involves three things. 1. A recognising or knowing subject. 2. A recognised or known modification; and 3. A recognition or knowledge by the subject of the modification.*

Is the doctrine, then, that we are conscious of our own mental moods defensible?—is it conceivable? We are afraid it is not; and if we have not greatly misunderstood the writings of the very philosophers whom we have here quoted, it has long ago been abandoned, as open to assault at every point. A mental modification is simply the mind modified; and therefore when it is affirmed that the mind is conscious of its own modifications, it is affirmed that the mind is conscious of the mind; and moreover, that the very act of perceiving is identical with the act of being perceived. Subject and object are thus confounded. In the one indivisible state of knowledge, the ego both knows and is known, and the knowing is the being known—two things generally regarded as totally distinct. Does not this doctrine in reality amount to a dividing of the mind from itself—to a doubling of our various mental states, by making them not to constitute our consciousness alone, but to be also the objects of it? To make such a theory even conceivable, we must, in the language of Hamilton, 'have a second consciousness through which we might be conscious of the mode in which the first consciousness was possible.' † But Mr. Mill has distinctly repudiated this hypothesis for both Hamilton and himself:—

'From the definition of consciousness,' says he, 'as "the recognition by the mind or ego of its own acts or affections," Sir William Hamilton might be supposed to think (as has actually been thought by many philosophers) that consciousness is not the fact itself of knowing or feeling, but a subsequent operation by which we become aware of that fact. This, however, is not his opinion. By the mind's recognitions of its acts or affections he does not mean anything different from the acts and affections.' (*Exam.* p. 114.)

But no one has better shown the contradictions involved in this opinion than Dr. Brown:—

'To suppose the mind,' says he, 'to exist in two different states in the same moment is a manifest absurdity. . . . There are not sensations, thoughts, passions, and also consciousness. . . . The fallacy of conceiving consciousness to be something different from the feeling which is said to be its object, has arisen in a great measure from using the personal pronoun I, which the conviction of our identity has led us to employ as significant of our permanent self. . . . But when we say, I am conscious of a particular feeling, in the usual paraphrastic phraseology of our language, which has no mode of expressing in a single word the mere existence of a feeling, we are apt, from a prejudice of grammar, to separate the sentient I and the feeling as different—not different, as they really are in this respect, that the feeling is one momentary and changeable state of the permanent substance I, that is capable also of existing, at other moments in other states, but so radically different as to justify our classing the feeling in the relation of an object to that sentient principle which we call I, and an object to it, not in retrospect only, as when the feeling is remembered, or when it is viewed in relation to other remembered feelings, but in the very moment of the primary sensation itself; as if there could truly be two distinct states of the same mind at the same moment, one of which states is to be termed sensation, and the other different state of the same mind to be termed consciousness.' (Lecture XI.)

It is allowed, then, on all hands, that sensation is not the object of consciousness, as sensation and consciousness are identical; and this is just another way of expressing the almost self-evident truth that the mind does not take cognisance of its own affections. The modern idealists are therefore driven upon the other alternative; and to save themselves from making shipwreck of their faith, must hold that the mind can be conscious, and yet be conscious of nothing, though consciousness of nothing is certainly synonymous with no consciousness. No doubt it was the difficulty here presented which led the old idealists to separate the idealistic object of our knowledge from the act of knowing it. The Epicureans had their *simulacra rerum;* Descartes had his material images in the brain; Locke and Berkeley had their ideas, conceived as different from the mind, and recognised as different from the mind in knowledge. But the logic which destroyed this theory rendered idealism for ever impossible. And it is strange that Brown, Mill, and Bain, the great mas-

* Lecture XI. † Ibid.

ter-builders of modern idealism, should have been the men who most effectually undermined the foundations of their own fair fabric.

But it is right we should take their own account of the mental fact involved in consciousness. 'I am conscious of a certain feeling,' says Dr. Brown, 'really means no more than this, I feel in a certain manner, or in other words, my mind exists in that state which constitutes a certain feeling.' This theory of consciousness could not be put more skillfully than it is here. 'I feel in a certain manner.' But can we feel in a certain manner, and yet feel nothing? 'My mind exists in that state which constitutes a certain feeling.' True: every mental state is a state of feeling or consciousness; but is feeling possible where nothing is felt; and if the mind does not feel the feeling, what does it feel? Should it be urged that our whole mental life consists in a series of fleeting sensations and ideas, that we cannot tell whence they come nor whither they go; that we do not know whether they have objects or whether they have none, and that therefore we are not warranted to conclude that there is anything but sensations and ideas in the universe; that in these is our whole knowledge. Our answer still is, that we cannot know without knowing something; and as it is demonstrated that we cannot know our mental moods, we can only know—if we know at all—material properties. The alternative before us is knowledge of outness, or no knowledge whatever.

How then are we to escape from these entanglements and contradictions in which the modern idealists have involved themselves by abolishing ideas as distinct entities and yet clinging to idealism? All that we have hitherto said has pointed to one inevitable conclusion—that the mind has no knowledge of its own acts and affections, but only of the external world. Herein it will be found is the true theory of human knowledge; and the theory is very simple and almost self-evident. In all knowledge there is a duality—the mind knowing and the thing known; but the mind always knows and is never known; it is ever the subject of consciousness and never the object of it. Because it is the one it cannot be the other.

We have at length planted our foot on solid land. Taking our premises from the idealists, we have reached the conclusion that we know the outer world, and the outer world only. But in this outer world is included a great deal which is generally and properly reckoned as part of ourselves. There are our bodies with all the myriad sensations which originate in them, and of which we are unceasingly conscious. The mind only knows, and every thing else in the wide universe may be the object of its knowledge—it may be the flow of blood in the vessels of the brain, or the ray which streams from the most distant star. To make this still more certain, let us rapidly analyse the different kinds of knowledge; and first of all sensations.

Our sensations are those forms of consciousness which constitute our knowledge of the sensible properties of matter. When any object of sense is presented to our organs of sense, we have a sensation of it; and in that sensation of it is our knowledge of it. That knowledge is immediate and direct. We have not first a sensation and then a consciousness of that sensation; we have simply a sensation, and thus the sensible object and the sentient mind stand face to face. According to the usual reckoning, there are five special organs of sense; let us now briefly examine the kind of knowledge which each of them gives.

*And first*, Smell.—When any odour reaches our nostrils, where the organ of smell is situated, we are said to smell it or scent it. The sensation we have is our knowledge of the odour, and that knowledge is immediate, and so far as it goes complete. Of course we are not able at first to refer the odour to its specific source. We cannot tell whether it is the odour of a rose or a lily—of a decaying body or a new-mown hay-field; but that is not the proper function of Smell; it merely makes us acquainted with the odour, whatever it is, and leaves us to learn from experience the cause in which it originates. Of the odour itself, however, though we may be entirely ignorant of its cause, we have at once such a knowledge that nothing can be otherwise added to it. Nothing but the smelling of an odour will make us understand what that odour is.

But it is said by the idealists that the sensation which we have in smell is quite different from the odour which comes from the rose and penetrates our nostrils. In one sense it undoubtedly is. Our knowledge of a rose is not the rose itself; and our sensational consciousness of its fragrance is not its fragrance. But by our organ of smell we feel its fragrance—immediately, directly—and than that nothing more is possible or even conceivable. To speak of a sensation in the mind as the idealists continually do, is, strictly speaking, nonsensical. There can be no such thing as a sensation in the mind. The mind is sentient when objects of sense are presented to its organs of sense; it knows them; is conscious of them; but the mind

and its objects can never be transmuted into one another.

Taste.—When a sapid body is presented to our organ of taste, which lies along the tongue and palate, we feel, and feeling we know, the peculiar taste of the body so presented, though we do not necessarily know the nature of the body itself. Taste is the only proper object of this sense; with that it acquaints us immediately and perfectly, and with nothing else.

Hearing.—When a sound reaches the ear we hear it. That is the simplest expression of the fact, and we believe the most accurate. It is only after long experience that we learn to refer the vast variety of sounds which reach us to their different sources; but this is not the office of the sense of hearing at all. It simply makes us acquainted with each sound, *per se*, as it strikes upon our tympanum; and it does this so perfectly that nothing can afterwards add to our knowledge. We are conscious of the sound, and when we say this we do not mean that we are conscious of what is called the sensation of sound, for there is no sensation of sound of which we can be conscious; but we are conscious of something external to ourselves which we call sound. We hear the report of the gun, the notes of the flute, the chirping of the bird—all things external to us; and such popular expressions are simply true. We may be told that the vibrations of the air which constitute physical sound must be something quite different from the feeling of sound in the mind. Now here we must protest again that, accurately speaking, there is no such thing as feeling in the mind; there is only the mind feeling or hearing, and of course the mind hearing must be quite different from the sound heard. There is no possibility of reducing the duality implied in knowledge into unity—there must ever be the subject knowing and the object known. But in all knowledge we know something that is external to us.

It is a cardinal doctrine of the ideal school that we could never have learned the existence of an external world from the senses of smell, taste, and hearing; and even Sir William Hamilton seems to concede this: 'In hearing, therefore,' says Dr. Brown, 'as in taste and smell, we do not derive from its sensations our knowledge of things external, but, in consequence of our knowledge of things external, we regard these feelings as sensations.'* 'Our belief of a system of external things, then, does not, as far as we can judge from the nature of the feelings, arise from our sensations of smell, more than from any of our internal pleasures or pains.' Now, if what we have said be true, and the principles of the idealists lead to it, we have in all these sensations a knowledge of what is external to us. The only question is, is it not possible that we may have a sensation of what is external to us, without knowing that it is so? We sometimes mistake a ringing in the ear for a confused noise heard from a distance, may we not in like manner mistake the external for the internal, and fancy that our knowledge of the outward is a knowledge of the purely inward? Is not the whole ideal philosophy a proof that this mistake, if it be a mistake, is made even by those who have paid most attention to the working of their minds? We frankly confess that we do not believe that this is possible; and as for the idealists they have been misled more by their speculations than by what they have experienced or can experience. Their appeal is always to the infant, to what it feels and knows. Now we are quite willing to carry our appeal thither too, though we are afraid we shall never get a perfectly final judgment from such a tribunal. We know, however, that the adult cannot smell an odour or hear a sound without an irresistible conviction that the odour or the fragrance comes from without, and we believe that the child of an hour old has the same irresistible conviction too. It feels something, though of course it cannot tell what that something is. 'It feels something,' such is the simplest form of speech, expressive of the simplest form of consciousness, and in it there is a clear distinction made between the 'It' which feels, and the unknown 'something' which is felt. But the controversy is set at rest by the principles of the idealists themselves. Mr. Mill, Mr. Bain, and Dr. Brown, and in this they are supported by Sir William Hamilton, all concur in declaring that the mind in consciousness is not conscious of its own affections. If the infant is conscious, and yet not conscious of its own affections, it must be conscious of something else, and consciousness is knowledge.

Touch.—The sense of touch is spread in a less or greater degree over the whole body; and not only over its external surface but over its internal membranes and vessels. We have sensations of this kind from the flow of our blood, the chemical action going on in our stomachs, the motions of our bowels, and the secretions of our glands, as well as from the substances which are constantly pressing against the outer surface of our frame. Extension, figure, solidity, hardness, roughness, and many other qualities of matter are generally said to be the objects of this sense. We have seen, however, that all

* Lecture XX.

the other senses which we have yet examined, have only one specific object, and we are inclined to believe that this sense has only one specific object too. By touch we are made acquainted with the palpable. It may be said that this is a mere play upon words, signifying no more than that by touch we know the touchable. But the same may be said of all our other senses, as there must, indeed, be an exact correspondence between the sense and its object. By smell we know only smells; by taste, tastes; by hearing, the hearable; by sight, sights; and by touch, the touchable. The palpable is quite different from the objects of all the other senses, and it is only through this peculiar sense that we could acquire a knowledge of it. Smell and hearing could never give us a knowledge of the palpable, any more than touch could give us a knowledge of odours and sounds. By the sense of touch our knowledge of the palpable is immediate, and so far as simple palpability goes, perfect. We can never by reasoning, or the assistance of the other senses, improve it; for each sense has its own province beyond which it cannot pass, and reason can never intrude into the province of the senses, though it may appropriate the knowledge which they furnish, and elaborate it in endless ways.

But how, it will be asked, do we obtain our knowledge of extension, without which we cannot conceive matter to exist at all? We submit that, having a knowledge of the palpable, we have a knowledge of the extended, because palpability includes extension. We smell perfumes and hear sounds without having the idea of extension forced upon us; but we cannot touch anything touchable without the rude idea that it occupies space.

But closely connected with this question is the other question—whether our mental sensibilities be not themselves extended? It is the general belief of the learned that all sensations are felt in the mind, and that the mind is seated in the brain; but in opposition to this, it is the universal conviction of the unlearned that sensibility is diffused over the whole body; that when the foot is burned it is the foot which suffers, and not the head; that when we lift a pen, it is the fingers and not the convolutions of the brain which feel it. Sir William Hamilton has countenanced this belief by quoting with approbation the old half-paradoxical saying in regard to the mind and its material framework, that it is the whole in every part, and every part in the whole. And Mr. Lewis, in his very interesting work, 'The Physiology of Common Life,' has endeavoured to prove by a great number of crucial experiments, that consciousness is not confined to the brain, but that it is diffused over the whole nervous system. We strongly incline to this opinion; and if it be true, it solves the problem of our idea of extension. When the mind is conscious of a sensation in the hand and of another in the foot, at the same instant of time, it has a knowledge of extension. We go farther and say, that when the embryo has sensations in different parts of its body, however dull and indistinct these may be, it has a knowledge of itself as extended. The very union of the mind with matter, and the diffusion of consciousness along all the living nerves of that matter, implies a knowledge of extension.

Following in the footsteps of Dr. Brown, Mr. Mill has endeavoured to show that the idea of time is the chief element in the idea of extension. To our mind, the two ideas are totally and altogether dissimilar. We may measure space by time, we may calculate the number of miles we have walked by the hours occupied in the journey, we may form an estimate of a surface by drawing our fingers along it; but that which we call extension is *toto cælo* different from what we call time. Both ideas are primary, and cannot be explained by each other, or by anything else. The explanation of the manner in which we acquire our notion of extension given by Mr. Bain in his really great work, 'The Senses and the Intellect,' and which Mr. Mill has quoted with applause, and adopted as his own, assumes a sensational consciousness of certain movements. Now it must be evident to every one that we can have no knowledge of motion unless we have already some knowledge of extended space, as the one implies the other. But in truth, no sensation, muscular or not muscular, can give a knowledge of anything beyond itself, if it be of the sensation alone we are conscious.

Hardness, softness, roughness, smoothness, figure, are all modifications of palpability, and made known to us through the sense of touch. It is only through experience, however, and often only after a series of experiments made with the tactile and prehensile organs, that we learn accurately these qualities of matter just as it is only through experience that we learn to discriminate the flavours of wine or the perfumes of flowers. A knowledge of hardness and softness involves a certain amount of muscular sensation; and our present conceptions of roughness, smoothness, and figure are no doubt founded partly upon vision as well as upon touch. The experiences we derive from both senses become blended together, and form one compound conception.

But we may be told that it has been con-

ceded, even by Dr. Reid, that our sensations of hardness, roughness, and figure are evidently quite different from these properties in bodies themselves.* To this we answer, as we have already done in regard to tastes and odours, that the sensation is certainly different from its object; but that in the touch we have immediate and, so far as it goes, perfect knowledge of the tangible. If the objection implies that our knowledge of the object is not a true knowledge—that it is entirely illusory—then, we ask, what is the proof of this? Have we a more accurate knowledge obtained in any other way? If so, in what does it differ from that of sense, and what is that more excellent way, that so we may follow it? If it has been really discovered that our sensations of hardness, roughness, and figure are not a true knowledge of these properties of matter, this implies that we have reached to a truer knowledge of these things by some other means, and thus been able to correct our old and erroneous impressions. There is no such higher knowledge; no such more excellent way; but the sensations we derive from touch are frequently intertwined with those we derive from vision, and hence there grows up a conception in some respects different from both. Thus we find it difficult to form an idea of a rough surface without thinking of the appearance which it presents to the eye, as well as of the impression which it makes on the hand; but the latter is the truer knowledge, as the eye can only tell us of certain varieties of light and shade arising from the inequalities of the surface, with the nature of which we must already have become acquainted by the exercise of our tactile organs. Our sight and our touch work wonderfully to one another, but each has nevertheless its own province, out of which it cannot pass.

Sight.—The organ of this sense is the eye: its object is light, but light as it is reflected from bodies in all its manifold gradations of colour. The eyes are not capable of seeing pure light. Isolate an eye in empty but illuminated space, and it would see nothing. Its light would be no better than darkness. But let the same eye receive the same light as it is reflected from wood and field, from tower and town, and it will be filled with visions. By this sense, then, we obtain our knowledge of colours, and in no other way could we obtain it. The blind can have no knowledge of colours. We may endeavour to explain their nature to them as we best can, but at the close of our explanations they will probably think, as a blind man once did, that scarlet must be like the sound of a trumpet.

It is certain that we now derive from sight a vast amount of knowledge beyond what it originally gives us. We learn by a glance of our eye the distance, shape, and magnitude of objects, as well as their colours. Still, after all, it is only their colour which we see; but the various shades of that colour suggest to the mind the distance, figure, and size of the coloured objects. Berkeley has demonstrated this in such a way that it is almost impossible to resist his demonstration. It seems certain, however, that sight gives us some knowledge of extension, as we cannot see colours but as extended, seeing they cannot exist but as extended.

We see no good ground upon which to rest the distinction made by many philosophers, and among others by Hamilton, between the primary and secondary qualities of objects. Odoriferousness is entirely different from hardness, and sonorousness from figure; but all of these are real qualities of matter, and each is immediately known by its appropriate sense. Perhaps, however, the objects of touch and sight, the palpable and the visible, force upon us more powerfully than the objects of the other senses, the idea of outness. We are not only conscious of these objects, but we are vividly conscious of them as external to ourselves. No amount of philosophy will ever bring a man to believe in earnest that the houses and streets, the men and women, whom he sees around him, are but phantasmagoria, or rather shifting moods of his own mind. He sees them, he feels them as entities apart from himself; his consciousness bears the most decisive testimony to the fact; and no arguments will overcome his convictions. The idealist himself is compelled to admit that his native beliefs cry out incesantly against his logic.

We think it will be conceded that the theory of knowing which we have sketched, is simpler than that of either Hamilton or Mill, and that is a presumptive evidence of its truth, for Nature is simple in all her ways. It is also much more in accordance with popular and wide-spread beliefs; and though we are not permitted in philosophy, as in theology, to lay down St. Vincent's rule for our guide (*quod semper, ubique et ab omnibus*); yet it must be admitted that we should not readily conclude that all the world is wrong in regard to the facts of its own consciousness. We smell perfumes, we hear sounds, we see sights, we touch the palpable—so say all the world, and so says the grand old

* Inquiry into the Human Mind, chap. v.

oracle, consciousness, too. A careful investigation of our mental structure bears out the same result. No one now believes, with the older idealists, that the mind discerns only sensations and ideas; that these hang like a pictured curtain between it and externality, and form a kind of shifting panoramic show. And it appears to be more difficult still to believe with the modern idealists, that in consciousness we are simply conscient, without being conscient of anything.

Sir William Hamilton, more emphatically than any other philosopher, makes his appeal to consciousness. To consciousness, therefore let us go, and see how far his system tallies with it. He declares, that in perception we are distinctly conscious of a dualism—of both the mind perceiving, and the object perceived. Now we ask if any one is really conscious of such a dualism. Drunken men are said to see things double; but sober men, never. When we look at a tree, we see the tree, and the tree only—certainly not also our own mind in the act of looking at the tree. There is a duality, but it is only that of the mind perceiving and of the object perceived. But Sir William Hamilton's theory, in common with that of Mill, is further based upon what appears to us the absurdity and contradiction—that the mind in the act of perceiving, perceives itself so perceiving. This is not only contrary to consciousness, but beyond our capabilities of conception.

What can have led so able a reasoner so far astray? Is there no sense in which we can be said to be conscious of ourselves? There is. We are compound things, made up of body and soul, most intimately blended together. The body is properly regarded as part of ourselves, and of that body we are unceasingly conscious. We cannot for one instant divest ourselves of this self-consciousness; and moreover, this self-consciousness interlaces itself, less or more closely, with every feeling and perception of the mind. The mind—that wondrous principle—so keenly susceptible of all other feelings, can never be conscious of itself, any more than the eyes, ever looking out into the wide world, can ever see themselves; but it is evermore conscious of the living mantle in which it is clothed. It is even wrong, in some respects, to speak of the body as being aught seperate from the soul—of the one being the vesture in which the other is robed--they constitute one being, and that being is conscious of itself.

But there is another circumstance to be taken into account, which is probably partly explanatory of the view held by Hamilton. None of our mental states are entirely simple. Sensations and memories are always less or more mingled together. It is, perhaps, impossible to have any sensation of the present, without having, at the same moment, some recollection of the past. There is here, then, a kind of double consciousness, and the consciousness of such feelings which connect, as it were, the past with the present, and, in the opinion of many, beget the idea of personal identity, may very easily be mistaken for a consciousness of self. There is, in truth, generally congregated in our mind a miscellaneous crowd of ideas and sensations, which form a kind of background in the picture, when any new sensation presents itself to our attention, and the one as well as the other enter into our consciousness. Here, then, is a dualism, somewhat different from that taught by Sir William Hamilton; but it is a dualism, and we can never have any other.

If Sir William Hamilton has landed himself amid inextricable difficulties by maintaining that the mind is conscious of itself, Mr. Mill has environed himself with still greater by teaching that the mind is not conscious of anything beyond itself. First of all, his system is self-destructive, inasmuch as it teaches that the mind takes no cognisance of its own acts or affections; and yet that there is nothing but these of which it can be cognisant. But besides this, his theory makes all those properties purely mental which are generally regarded as purely material. Colour, extension, figure, size, so far as we know these things, become properties of mind, and of mind only. It is rigidly right to speak of our sensations as being green or blue, of our ideas as being round or square; for greenness and blueness, rotundity and squareness, are nothing but mental affections. When a rose meets our eyes, it is not the rose which is red, but the mind; which is at the same time figured according to the exact pattern which we erroneously conceive the rose to possess. It is very hard to believe this; and yet we must believe it, if we adopt this idealism.

But Mr. Mill consistently carries out his theory to an entire negation of the material world, and this is the legitimate conclusion, as it is the crowning difficulty of the idealistic system. In this direction he goes much farther than Brown. Brown believes in the existence of an external world, though he maintains we are entirely ignorant of its properties. Mill, following in the track of Berkeley and Hume, maintains that there is no such thing as an external world—that our belief in matter is a mere delusion. He defines matter as 'A Permanent Possibility of Sensation.' 'If I am

asked,' says he, 'whether I believe in matter, I ask whether the questioner accepts this definition of it. If he does, I believe in matter, and so do all Berkeleyans. In any other sense than this, I do not.' This is very explicit, if not quite plain. He believes in matter, if we agree with him that matter is mind. (P. 198.)

Matter is 'a permanent possibility of sensation.' A sensation is now allowed on all hands to be nothing apart from the mind. It is simply the mind in one of its moods. Still it is something. But a possibility is nothing. It is a mere abstract word, with no entity corresponding to it. And matter is declared to be a possibility, and nothing more—the shadow of a shade. This appears to us simply a roundabout way of declaring it is nothing. But it may be said that Mr. Mill means that matter is nothing but permanently possible sensations. We do not think this is Mr. Mill's meaning; but though it were, it does not mend matters; for a merely possible sensation is not an actual sensation, and a sensation which is only possible and not actual is a nonentity. The truth is, Mr. Mill's idealism is of the purest type. He wishes honestly to teach that there is no such thing as matter, or even material properties in the universe; but knowing that the popular belief is against him, he constructs a theory to account for that belief, and his definition is a part of his theory.

The question, then, which Mr. Mill sets himself to solve is this: Seeing there is no such thing as an outer world, how comes it that all men nevertheless believe that there is an outer world? Mr. Mill has elaborated his answer to this question with infinite care and skill, and yet we must acknowledge that we have felt the greatest difficulty in understanding it. This has arisen not from any obscurity in his language, but from the difficulty we have experienced in placing ourselves on his standpoint, and from it looking out on the world. If, therefore, we should in anything misapprehend his meaning, this will be our excuse.

Mr. Mill postulates two things. 1. That the mind is capable of forming expectations, or conceptions of possible conceptions. 2. The laws of association. These taken together, he says, are enough to generate the belief in an external world.

'What is meant,' he asks, 'when we say the object we perceive is external to us, and not a part of ourselves? We mean that there is involved in our perceptions something which exists when we are not thinking of it; which existed before we had ever thought of it, and would exist if we were annihilated. . . . . The idea of something which is distinguished from our floating impressions by Perdurability . . . . constitutes altogether our idea of external substance. Whoever can assign an origin to this complex conception has accounted for what we mean by the belief in matter.'

Now we must protest that we mean something more than this by our belief in matter. We do not mean simply that there is involved in our perceptions something which exists when we are not thinking of it; but that we are cognisant of matter as a thing altogether apart from ourselves. Being thus cognisant of matter, we, of course, believe that it exists altogether independently of our thoughts of it.

'Now all this,' continues Mr. Mill, 'is but the form impressed by the known laws of association upon the conception or motion obtained by experience of contingent sensations, by which are meant sensations that are not in our present consciousness at all, but which in virtue of the laws to which we have learned by experience that our sensations are subject, we know that we should have felt under given supposable circumstances, and under these circumstances might still feel. I see a piece of white paper on a table. I go into a room, and though I have ceased to see it, I am persuaded that the paper is still there. I no longer have the sensations which it gave me, but I believe that when I again place myself in the circumstances in which I had these sensations, that is when I go again into the room, I shall again have them, and further that there has been no intervening moment at which this would not have been the case.'

Now what is meant by 'the laws to which we have learned by experience that our sensations are subject,' and according to which 'we know we should have felt certain sensations under given supposable circumstances?' The principal law of sensation is that it is only when an object of sense is presented to the organs of sense that we can be sentient. To assume that sensations arise like ideas, according to the laws of association, is to assume the whole question at issue. 'I see a piece of white paper on a table,' says Mr. Mill. Now he does not here mean that he really sees the white paper, or that there is such a thing as white paper in the universe, but only that he has a certain sensation or group of sensations which he denominates white paper. The white paper exists no farther than it exists in his mind. How then comes it that he is persuaded, as he says he is, that the paper continues to exist on the table though he has ceased to see it? The paper is nothing but his sensation of it; when therefore the sensation vanished, the paper vanished; and how

comes it that he should believe it to exist contrary to fact? What law of association will account for this? While he had the paper-sensation he may have had other mental affections—probably some thoughts about the paper—is he equally persuaded that these continue to exist though he no longer thinks them? What law of mind gives perdurability to the one and not to the other? But Mr. Mill further declares that he is persuaded that if he again enters the room he will again see the paper. How should he be so persuaded? Our ideas do not recur in such a fashion; how should our sensations? But in truth, why speak of sensations at all, for, *ex hypothesi*, our sensations are but ideas—both alike being simply affections of mind with no outward objects corresponding to them. But allowing the distinction between sensations and ideas, there is no such uniform experience in our sensational life as to create the persuasion Mr. Mill refers to. We frequently see an article in a room, and when we return we do not see it again, and yet we are not surprised, for we did not expect to see it. We knew it was there once, but we see it is not there now—that is the history of the whole fact.

'The conception I form of the world existing at any moment,' continues Mr. Mill, 'comprises, along with the sensations I am feeling, a countless variety of possibilities of sensation, namely, the whole of those which past observation tells me that I could, under any supposable circumstances, experience at this moment, together with an indefinite and illimitable number of others, which though I do not know that I could, yet it is possible that I might, experience in circumstances not known to me.'

Let all this be granted. Let it be granted that our conception of the world, so far as we can form such a conception, embraces not only our present sensations, but the memory of a myriad former sensations, which having experienced once, we believe we may experience again; all this does not explain the irresistible conviction that the world is something different from ourselves. It is the simple idea of outness, and not the many-sided idea which we have formed of nature, which is to be traced to its source. How that which is a mere series of mental affections, however concatenated, should stand out before us in bold relief, is the mystery to be accounted for, and we apprehend this explanation does not even touch it. The question is, How do we form a conception of the world at all, if the world does not exist?

'There is another important peculiarity,' says Mr. Mill, 'of these certified or guaranteed possibilities of sensations, namely, that they have reference, not to single sensations, but to sensations joined together in groups. When we think of anything as a material substance or body, we either have had, or we think that on some given supposition we should have, not some one sensation, but a great and even indefinite number and variety of sensations, generally belonging to different senses, but so linked together that the presence of one announces the possible presence, at the very same instant, of any or all of the rest.'

Now, it is certainly true that our sensations come to us in groups, and that one sensation very often suggests the recollection of others; but it is as true that no cluster or clusters of mental affections could ever suggest the existence of a material world which did not exist in fact. It is admitted that the idea of outness exists, and the whole question is—how is this idea generated? Outness is, *toto cælo*, different from Inness (if we may use so barbarous a word); it is its antipodes. There is nothing in the one to suggest the other, any more than there is anything in colour to suggest sound. How can any number of internal sensations, real or contingent, grouped or single, linked by association or not linked, suggest an idea which not only has no true basis, but which is entirely opposed to experience, as Mr. Mill interprets experience? All our experience, *ex hypothesi*, is of the internal, and yet with one consent we believe it is the external. It seems to us that if all our experience is inward, beyond that inward our ideas could not go, any more than the oyster can go out of its shell.

But in truth, according to Mr. Mill's theory, no idea is possible either of an external or of an internal, either of an ego or of a non-ego. He reduces knowledge to an absolute unity. That which knows is identical with that which is known, and the knowing is identical with the being known. Now, the external can be thought only in contrast to the internal; the non-ego only in contrast to the ego; the known only in contrast to the knowing. According to Mr. Mill there is no such contrast; there is only one entity at one instant in the universe,—the passing mental affection. Such a knowledge then is impossible. But further, we apprehend, all knowledge involves a duality, a something which knows and a something which is known; and Mr. Mill denies this duality. He thus renders impossible not only a knowledge of the external world, but all knowledge whatever.

Mr. Mill does not believe in mind any more than in matter. He defines the mind to be 'A Permanent Possibility of Feeling.' As feeling includes sensation, mind, accord-

ing to this theory, includes matter as a part of itself. Mr. Mill does not shrink from this conclusion; he avows it. 'What I call outward objects,' he says, 'are possibilities of sensation alone, whereas the series I call myself includes along with them, and called up by them, all those thoughts, emotions, volitions, and permanent possibilities of these, which are generally distinct from them and do not occur in groups.' The non-ego is therefore only a portion of the ego. 'The great globe itself' is simply a province of the mind; and that mind is nothing but a series of feelings, or rather a permanent possibility of these, which is equivalent to a permanent nonentity. Here, however, Mr. Mill confesses that he is confronted with a difficulty which he cannot overcome. The mind's phenomenal life, he tells us, consists not only of present sensations but likewise of memories and expectations, and each of these involves a belief in more than its own present existence. A memory involves a belief in the past, an expectation, a belief in the future.

'If then,' he says, 'we speak of the mind as a series of feelings, we are obliged to conclude the statement by calling it a series of feelings which is aware of itself as past and future, and we are reduced to the alternative of believing that the mind or ego is something different from any series of feelings of possibilities of them, or of accepting the paradox that something which, *ex hypothesi*, is but a series of feelings can be aware of itself as a series.'

Mr. Mill allows this difficulty to be insoluble, but thinks it is the final inexplicability which always comes, and resolves to accept the paradox rather than abandon his theory. It had been wiser if he had renounced his theory and retreated before the absurdity to which it had led him. But the difficulty is even greater than he seems to see. It is as absurd to suppose a feeling conscious of itself as *present*, as either past or future, and thus the difficulty, pointed out by Mr. Mill himself, applies to sensations as well as to expectations and memories.

Such are some of the objections which stand in the way of what Mr. Mill calls 'the Psychological theory of the belief in an external world.' The only way to get rid of them is to believe that there really is an outer world, the immediate object of all our knowledge. Man, shut up within the shell of his own consciousness, could never have created such a world for himself. The silk-worm has within itself the material out of which to spin its cocoon, but man must have made his world out of nothing.

We have hitherto spoken only of sensations, and have maintained that in every sensation we are immediately conscious of something different from ourselves. But what of memory? it may be asked. When we remember, it may be said, we are not so simply and immediately conscious of an outward object; we are merely conscious of a present state of mind, accompanied by a belief in something that is past. When such is the case, it may be argued, the doctrine that the mind ever knows and is never known, and in all knowledge knows something different from itself, breaks down. We acknowledge that if the description of memory given above is correct, the doctrine we have hitherto been teaching, signally breaks down here; but it breaks down in company with the repeated declarations of Brown, Hamilton, and Mill, that the mind cannot be cognisant of its own affections. We further acknowledge that the description we have given of memory is copied from that given by Hamilton, and adopted with applause by Mill; but we hope to be able to show that Hamilton, in departing from Reid in this particular, and holding that memory gives us a merely representative and not an immediate knowledge of its objects, has in effect abandoned his own system of philosophy, and left it in the hands of the enemy.

'An act of memory,' says Sir William Hamilton, 'is merely a present state of the mind, which we are conscious of, not as absolute but as relative to and representing another state of mind, and accompanied with the belief that the state of mind as now represented has actually been. . . . All that is immediately known in the act of memory is the present mental modification, that is, the representation and concomitant belief. So far is memory from being an immediate knowledge of the past, that it is at best only a mediate knowledge of the past; while in philosophical propriety it is not a knowledge of the past at all, but a knowledge of the present and a belief of the past. . . . We may doubt, we may deny, that the representation and belief are true.'*

From this passage it is too plain that, so far as memory is concerned, Hamilton was a pure idealist—he admits that the knowledge which memory gives is representative, and by that admission deals a death-blow to his own system. Mill is quick enough to detect the inconsistency. Sir William Hamilton had argued with great force in regard to preception, that we cannot have a perception without having at the same time a knowledge of the thing perceived. Mr. Mill here turns upon him, and says that if perception involves a knowledge of the thing

* Lectures, vol. 1. pp. 218–19 quoted by Mr. Mill, p. 110.

perceived, belief (as in memory) involves a knowledge of the thing believed. He thus drives him from his doctrine of perception by showing it is inconsistent with his doctrine of memory.

'An act of memory is merely a present state of the mind which we are conscious of, &c. . . . All that is immediately known in the act of memory is the present mental modification.' So say both Hamilton and Mill. Is it possible then for the mind to know its own present modifications? Am I simply conscious of myself when I remember? We had thought this doctrine was abandoned by everybody since the days of Brown. Is it needful to repeat that, since a mental modification is just the mind modified, it is absurd to speak of the mind modified being conscious of the mind modified, or of a mental modification being aware of itself? Nor will it do to say that there is simply a present conscious state, for we cannot be conscious without being conscious of something, and the question is, Of what are we conscious? Is it the mental modification, or the thing remembered? When an appeal is made to consciousness on this subject, its answer is decisive. In every act of memory we are distinctly conscious of the thing remembered, we are never conscious of the mind itself. To say that I recollect anything, is to say that I am memorially conscious of it; just as to say that I see anything is to say that I am visually conscious of it. In the one case the object is present to the memory, in the other it is present to the sight. Sense and memory are different; the former gives us a knowledge of the present, the latter of the past, but in both cases the knowledge is immediate.

Dr. Reid had a true insight into the bearings of this question.

'Suppose,' says he, 'that once, and once only, I smelled a tuberose in a certain room where it grew in a pot, and gave a very grateful perfume. Next day I relate what I saw and smelled. When I attend as carefully as I can to what passes in my mind in this case, it appears evident that the very thing I saw yesterday and the fragrance I smelled, are now the immediate objects of my mind when I remember it. . . . Philosophers, indeed, tell me that the immediate object of my memory in this case is not the past sensation, but an idea of it, an image, phantasm, or species of the odour I smelled; that this idea now exists in my mind or in my sensorium, and the mind contemplating this present idea finds it a representation of what is past. This is the doctrine of the ideal philosophy. . . . Upon the strictest attention, memory appears to me to have things that are past, and not ideas, for its object. . . . In the mean time I beg leave to think with the vulgar, that when I remember the smell of the tuberose, that very sensation which I had yesterday, and which has now no more any existence, is the immediate object of my memory. But though the object of my sensation, memory, and imagination be in this case the same, yet these acts or operations of the mind are as different and as easily distinguishable as smell, taste, and sound.' *

In this passage Dr. Reid has proved himself to have had a far truer vision than Sir William Hamilton in regard to memory. The stone which caused the latter philosopher to stumble appears to have been his difficulty in conceiving how things which confessedly do not exist can be immediately present to the mind. In all perception the object must be existent and present to the senses. But, in memory, the object is not present to the senses, and has often ceased altogether to exist. How can the absent and the non-existent be present to the mind unless by representative images? Now those who put this question forget that sense and memory are essentially distinct faculties, and that whereas the function of the one is to make us acquainted with the present, the function of the other is to make us acquainted with the past. We open our eyes and see a tower; we turn our back upon it, but remember it; the tower is as certainly the object of our memory as it was of our sight, and memory is just the mind remembering. To say that we remember not the tower, but a representative image of it, were absurd; to say that in remembrance we are conscious of such an image, is to say precisely the same thing, though it does not sound so ridiculous; and the whole belief is a shred of that idealism from which it seems so difficult to shake oneself free.

It is the same with imagination, and indeed with all thinking. We cannot think without thinking of something; and that something is always *outside* the mind in its act of thinking. There is ever the dualism—the mind thinking, the thing thought of. But anything in the great universe may be the object of thought. We may even transcend the universe of reality, and think of things which never were. We may think not only of the present, but of the past, and recall to memory scenes and circumstances with which we were familiar in our childhood, and even imagine other scenes and circumstances, perhaps brighter still, which our eyes never witnessed nor our ears heard. But in this last case it may be said there is surely nothing but an image in the mind, of which the very word 'imagination' is the proof. We can by no means concede this. Of such an image we are utterly unconscious. But

* Inquiry into the Human Mind, ch. ii. sect. 3.

our mind recalls the bright and beautiful in the external world, and out of the materials which memory so abundantly supplies builds its castles in the air. The things imagined, and not a mental image, are the object of imagination; and things imagined are simply things remembered in new combinations. 'Things imagined'—in that expression is the whole truth; it is *things* which are imagined—castles, cities, gardens, golden fruits, crystal fountains—and not mental images. We may be said to have mental images, as we may be said to have sensations, but we are not conscious of the one any more than the other, but only of their objects. The mental image is nothing but the mind imagining, and the mind may imagine anything. It may weave any web for which memory can furnish the weft and the woof. More than this it cannot do, for imagination is nothing but a somewhat loose and very brilliant memory. But what, it may be said, of those things which have no existence at all except in imagination? What of horned devils, long-haired mermaids, wandering hobgoblins and fiery dragons—these have no objective reality, and therefore they must be purely mental and subjective. The answer is easy. The elements out of which they are formed exist, and the mind only combines them in grotesque shapes. But when the mind thinks of them, it thinks of them as external entities, and it can think of them no otherwise. The mind imagines, but the objects in imagination are always furnished to us in their elementary forms by experience. The mind can no more conceive a new quality than it can create a new world. It can merely remember, and all its remembrances are of the external, but it may recall things not exactly as they were, but in new groupings, and this is what we call imagination.

Can the mind, then, in no case, think of itself? Can the mental eye, in no sense, be turned inward? In a way it can, else a mental philosophy had been impossible. The mind, as we have already repeatedly said, can never be conscious of itself—of its own faculties, acts, or affections; and this is what constitutes the great difficulty of psychology. But in every act of consciousness, we know what we are conscious of; and from the contents of consciousness, so to speak, we can infer its capacity. The mind, moreover, can reflect upon all its past experiences, for these can become the objects of its recollection or of its reasoning, and from the things which have been known we can infer the nature and powers of that unknown something which knows. It perceives the present, we call this sensation; it recalls the past, we call this memory; it works up into argument the materials furnished by sense and preserved by memory, and we call this reasoning. Thus we construct our system of Psychology; but the fact that we can never make the mind the direct object of its own perception, has been, and ever will be, the great hindrance to our learning its mechanism.

There is still a large group of mental states, which are generally regarded as purely subjective. We refer to those which are not intellectual but emotional—to our feelings, passions and desires. An analysis of these states, however, will show that they are not exceptions to the universal rule which requires a union of objectivity and subjectivity in order to consciousness; and that as we cannot know without knowing something, so we cannot feel without feeling something. The something felt will moreover be found to be different from the mind which feels it. It is usual to speak of feeling passions, affections, desires; but such phrases are not more correct than if we were to speak of feeling feelings. We do not feel feelings: we feel, love, hate, desire—these verbs express the whole mental portion of the fact; but, of course, there is always a something outside the mind which we feel, love, hate, or desire. It is usual also to speak of feeling joy, grief, pleasure, pain, &c. These phrases are not more accurate than the others. Joy, grief, pleasure, pain, are nothing apart from the mind which feels them, just as a sensation is nothing apart from the mind which feels it. A sensation is simply the mind in a certain mood, and so are joy, grief and all the other emotions. In the one case, as well as in the other, the mind has an object—the cause and occasion of its mood. Here a large and inviting field for analysis opens itself up; but we cannot pursue it further without diverging too widely from our examination of modern idealism. Let the student of psychology, however, bear in mind the truth taught in common by Mill and Hamilton, that the mind can in no case be conscious of its own acts or affections, and it will serve as a master-key to open doors in mental science which have remained closed for centuries.

We are now, and only now, in a fit position to consider the question discussed by Mr. Mill in the opening chapters of his 'Examination'—the Relativity of Human Knowledge. Sir William Hamilton laid the first foundation of his future fame by his article on Cousin's 'Philosophy' in the 'Edinburgh Review' (1829), in which he strenuously asserted that all our knowledge is relative; and he has reasserted the same opinion in his

Discussions and Lectures. Mr. Mill believes in the relativity of human knowledge too, and so far he has no fault to find with Hamilton; but then he maintains that Hamilton's doctrine of the relativity of knowledge is flatly contradictory of his other doctrine that the primary qualities of matter are known in themselves and immediately, and therefore that either the one or the other must be abandoned. These two doctrines —the immediate intuition of the external world, and the relativity of all knowledge— were those upon which the celebrated Scotch professor put forth his greatest strength, and it is difficult to say with which his reputation is most intimately connected. Is it possible he exhausted his life in proving contradictories? Must his disciples now surrender the one thesis to save the other—its alleged antithesis. It were strange if it were so, and yet stranger things than this have happened in the perplexed history of Mental Philosophy. We apprehend, however, that there is no real contradiction in Sir William Hamilton's teaching on these points, though a few stray expressions may be picked out of his writings to favour the opinion that there is.

Mr. Mill admits that the phrase 'the relativity of human knowledge,' may bear many different meanings; and several of these meanings he very carefully discriminates and defines. By most philosophers, he tells us, the phrase is used to indicate that we know and can know nothing of matter beyond the sensations which it produces in us, and that as we have no reason to believe that there is any resemblance between material properties and our mental affections, matter is to us necessarily and altogether unknowable. In this sense, he says, the doctrine 'is one of great weight and significance, which impresses a character on the whole mode of philosophical thinking of whoever receives it, and is the key-stone of one of the only two possible systems of Metaphysics and Psychology.' And he may well say so, for this doctrine reduces all our knowledge not only to a relation but to zero. Yet this is the doctrine which he lays at the door of Sir William Hamilton. If Sir William acknowledges it as his own, it must be confessed that his philosophy is a contradiction and a blunder. The passage which Mr. Mill quotes in support of his opinion is taken from one of the Appendices to the 'Discussions on Philosophy.' Let us see it.

'Our whole knowledge of mind and matter is relative, conditioned—relatively conditioned. Of things absolutely or in themselves, be they external, be they internal, we know nothing; or know them only as incognisable; and become aware of their incomprehensible existence, only as this is indirectly and accidentally revealed to us through certain qualities related to our faculties of knowledge, and which qualities again we cannot think as unconditioned, irrelative, existent in and of themselves. All that we know is, therefore, phenomenal—phenomenal of the unknown. . . . Nor is this denied, for it has been commonly confessed that as substances we know not what is matter, and are ignorant of what is mind.'*

Now, no one acquainted with the philosophy of Hamilton can have any doubt as to his meaning here. He simply means that we do not know substances, but through their qualities, and yet that we cannot think of these qualities out of relation to those hidden substances in which they adhere. This meaning he only qualifies in a very slight degree when he speaks of our knowing only those 'qualities which are related to our faculties of knowledge;' for, of course, we know only those things which we are capable of knowing. But though the meaning of the passage lies upon its surface, Mr. Mill toils ingeniously to put upon it every possible meaning but the true one. At length he hits upon the true meaning, or something approaching it.

'Perhaps,' says he, 'it may be suspected (and some passages in the longest of our extracts might countenance the idea) that in calling our knowledge relative, Sir William Hamilton was not thinking of the knowledge of qualities, but of substances, of Matter and Mind; and meant that qualities might be cognised absolutely; but that substances being known only through their qualities, the knowledge of substances can only be regarded as relative. But this interpretation of his doctrine is again inadmissible. For the relativity of which he is continually speaking is relativity *to us*, while the relativity which this theory ascribes to substances is relativity to those attributes; and if the attributes are known otherwise than relatively, so must the substance be. Besides, we have seen him asserting the necessary relativity of our knowledge of attributes no less positively than of substances. Speaking of things in themselves, we found him saying that we "become aware of their incomprehensible existence only as this is revealed to us through certain qualities, . . . which qualities again we cannot think as unconditioned, irrelative, existent in and of themselves." There is no reservation here in favour of the Primary Qualities. Whatever in his theory was meant by relativity of knowledge, he intended it of qualities as much as of substances—of primary qualities as much as of secondary.'

From this extract it is evident that Mr. Mill, after getting a glimpse of Sir William Hamilton's meaning, forthwith shuts his eyes,

* Discussions, p. 643; Mill, p. 17.

and begins groping about for it as one in the dark. 'The relativity of which Hamilton is continually speaking,' says he, 'is relativity *to us*, while the relativity which this theory ascribes to substances is relativity to their attributes.' Now, what Sir William Hamilton continually does say is, that we know substances only through their qualities, and therefore they are known *to us* not absolutely but relatively. 'If the attributes are known otherwise than relatively,' continues Mr. Mill, 'so must the substances.' Is there a necessary sequence here? Is it impossible to know attributes immediately, absolutely, and yet not know so immediately, so absolutely the substances to which they belong? But let us hear the conclusion of Mr. Mill's argument. 'Besides,' says he, 'we have seen him (Hamilton) asserting the necessary relativity of our knowledge of attributes no less positively than of substances. Speaking of things in themselves, we found him saying that we become aware of their incomprehensible existence only as this is revealed to us through certain qualities . . . which qualities again we cannot think as unconditioned, irrelative, existent in and of themselves.' Now all that Sir William Hamilton means to affirm here is that we cannot think of qualities in and of themselves, or apart from the substances to which they belong. We cannot conceive hardness, for instance, apart from some hard matter, for this plain reason, according to our way of thinking, that hardness is nothing but matter in a hard state. What are the qualities of matter? Are they something different from its substance? We say they are not. They are merely the substance in its different conditions, as sensation and thought are just the mind in its different moods. We cannot, therefore, know qualities without also knowing substances. When we see a round, green object, we see it in that condition which we call greenness and rotundity, but we see *it*, for properties are only modes of substance, and substance must always exist in some mode. It must be admitted that Hamilton has to some degree laid himself open to the criticisms of his adversary by speaking of substances and qualities as if they were different from one another, and as known only in relation to one another; but if it be fully understood that qualities are but modes of substances, and that substances are known only in their different modes, and never absolutely, which means, in no mode at all, the controversy is set at rest. It must be confessed that this is a somewhat lame and impotent conclusion; but it saves the doctrine, infinitely important to all mankind, of immediate knowledge of the outer world.

The doctrine that all knowledge involves a dualism—a mind knowing and matter known—involves the doctrine that all knowledge is and must be relative. Knowledge is a relation, the relation of the knowing and the known. The knowing ego is distinct from the known non-ego, and knowledge is the relation in which they stand to one another. Where there are two factors absolute knowledge is impossible. We know only as we know, and, indeed, only as we are capable of knowing. Our knowledge is limited by the limits of our mind, and is probably in other respects conditioned by it too. But this is very different, as Mr. Mill fully confesses, from saying that we in effect know nothing of the material world, or that our knowledge is at best entirely illusory. It has already been made plain that our knowledge is immediate, and being immediate that it is true.

Mr. Mill has protested with great spirit and force of argument against the doctrine laid down by Mr. Mansel, in his 'Limits of Religious Thought,' that justice, truth, and other moral attributes may be something quite different in Deity from what they are in us. Is it not just as monstrous to suppose that the Deity may know things differently from us, as that He should morally regard them differently? In truth, is it not certain that if he does know things differently, He must regard them differently? Our moral judgments are dependent on our intellectual perceptions; and if our intellectual perceptions are illusory, our moral judgments will be so too. Truth with us may be falsehood with God: justice with God may be injustice with us. We are thus driven to the conclusion either that the divine knowledge must be illusory like our own; or that we, walking in a vain show, are as likely to be deceived in regard to justice and truth as anything else. But the fact is, the divine knowledge is not different from human knowledge; there is the inevitable relation between the knowing and the known; but this by no means interferes with the reality of knowledge, though it implies that it is conditioned by the knowing mind.

Mr. Mill has endeavoured to fasten an inconsistency on Sir William Hamilton by showing that immediate knowledge and relative knowledge are irreconcileable and contradictory. We suspect the real inconsistency lies with Mr. Mill, who holds knowledge to be relative, and yet denies the existence of one of the terms necessary to the relation. According to him knowledge is a unity, a conscious state of mind, and nothing more. There is no external world to be known, and no mind to know it. There

is only the conscious state—conscious without being conscious of anything, a state without being a state of anything. Besides this conscious state there is nothing else in the universe; it *is* the universe, the absolute, the all in one. To this dizzy height of Hegelianism has Mr. Mill climbed, apparently without being aware of it.

But though Mr. Mill has failed to show that relative knowledge, as understood by Hamilton, is inconsistent with immediate knowledge, it has been shown that the doctrine of a double consciousness, as taught by the Scotch philosopher, is not only destructive of immediate knowledge, but leads inevitably to the doctrine of the absolute. This has been done, not by Mr. Mill, but by Professor Ferrier, in his exquisitely beautiful and subtle 'Institutes of Metaphysics.' He only postulates that along with whatever any intelligence knows, it must, as the ground or condition of its knowledge, have some consciousness of itself (the dualism of Hamilton); and from this he proceeds to prove by a series of propositions, linked together like the propositions of Euclid, that we can have no knowledge of mind *per se*, none of matter *per se*, but that mind and matter in conjunction is the absolute, and is known by us. Nor do we see how we are to resist Professor Ferrier's conclusions if we grant his postulate—and his postulate is simply the double consciousness upon which Sir William Hamilton has built his doctrine of perception. Thus do both Mr. Mill and his opponent, though both earnest preachers of the truth that all knowledge is relative, come by different roads to the same conclusion that knowledge is absolute. There is only one way of escape for them. Let them admit the only possible dualism of mind knowing and matter known, and then there emerges a knowledge which is relative and yet immediate—the knowledge after which Hamilton so strenuously strove, though he did not quite attain to it.

But though we cannot accept of the pure idealism presented to us by Mr. Mill, or of the double consciousness taught by Sir William Hamilton, we must place both disputants in the front rank of modern philosophers. Mr. Mill's 'Examination' will fully sustain his former great reputation as a clear thinker and most vigorous reasoner, but we suspect he has shown himself more powerful in pulling down than in building up. While he has shattered to pieces many old opinions, we doubt if he has himself built up a system of knowledge which will endure.

ART. V.—*The Albert Nyanza, Great Basin of the Nile, and Explorations of the Nile Sources.* By SAMUEL WHITE BAKER, M.A., F.R.G.S., and Gold Medallist of the Royal Geographical Society. With Maps and Illustrations. 2 vols. 8vo. London: 1866.

THE reader will not have travelled ten pages in the company of Mr. Baker, before he perceives that the last and most successful explorer of the sources of the Nile is a far more accomplished writer than any of the gallant adventurers who have preceded him on the rugged tracks of African discovery. It must be confessed that the number of these works had somewhat abated the edge of the curiosity with which they have been received by the public. To say nothing of missionary travellers whose knowledge of science hardly enabled them to take an observation and whose knowledge of letters appears to be confined to their own hymn-books—to say nothing of adventurers who have contrived to amuse the world with a romance of big baboons and cannibals picked up on the shore of the Gaboon river, it is not always that travellers of the highest character and merit, such as Captain Speke and Captain Grant undoubtedly were, have combined the art of travelling in wild countries with the art of relating what they saw there. Accordingly some of the narratives to which we refer have proved less interesting than might have been expected; and though the world is very well satisfied to be taken to those sources of the Nile which mankind has been in search of since the days of Herodotus, we may be pardoned for wishing to arrive at our destination by a shorter route. But Mr. Baker combines in so remarkable a degree all the qualities of a great traveller, that he has not only made one of the most extraordinary journeys ever recorded by civilised man, but he has given to his account of it an interest not to be surpassed in the pages of romance. Yet the materials of almost all these African expeditions are identical to monotony—village after village of filthy, brutal, and perfidious savages—the tyranny of native chiefs, astonished to find a white man in their power—the frauds of cowardly followers, ever ready to abandon their master in the hour of danger or to plunder him in the hour of confidence—the loathsome and scanty fare, the torrid soil—the drenching rains—the distant and unattainable object rendered valuable only by the difficulty of approaching it—may be repeated to satiety. It must even be acknowledged that the more we know of the interior of Africa, the less do we find in it to reward

the stupendous efforts which have been made to arrive there; and even the mighty mystery of the Nile loses something of its attraction when we have reached the great basins which feed its prodigious stream. Mr. Baker himself, at the close of his labours, when he found himself once more, after years of inconceivable danger and hardship, within reach of civilised man at Gondokoro, appears to have been oppressed by this reflection, and he exclaims, with something of that melancholy which attends the completion of every human achievement,

'We had worked for years in misery, such as I have but faintly described, to overcome the difficulties of this hitherto unconquerable exploration; we had succeeded—and what was the result? Not even a letter from home to welcome us if alive! As I sat beneath a tree and looked down upon the glorious Nile that flowed a few yards beneath my feet, I pondered upon the value of my toil. I had traced the river to its great Albert source, and as the mighty stream glided before me, the mystery that had ever shrouded its origin was dissolved. I no longer looked upon its waters with a feeling approaching to awe, for I knew its home, and had visited its cradle. Had I overrated the importance of the discovery? and had I wasted some of the best years of my life to obtain a shadow? I recalled to recollection the practical question of Commoro, the chief of Latooka.—"Suppose you get to the great lake, what will you do with it? What will be the good of it? If you find that the large river does flow from it, what then?"' (Vol. ii. p. 298.)

The answer to this doubt—the key to this spell which has fascinated so many brave spirits, and which rivets our own attention on these pages—is that it is not the people of Africa but the representative of England, not the savage brutality of the tribes on the White Nile, but the matchless intrepidity of our own countryman, not the most degraded offsets of humanity but the latest pioneer of civilisation, who bears with him our sympathy and commands our admiration. The qualities which everywhere claim respect, shine with tenfold lustre when they are contrasted with everything that is most opposed to them. The native of Central Africa is by some mysterious law of his being sunk considerably below the higher ranks of the brute creation, educated and domesticated by man. He is alike unconscious of a purpose in life, of duty, of affection, of God. The European traveller inflamed to heroism by the resolution to succeed in a great undertaking, strong in his faith in Providence, steeled against all hardships, fearing nothing, daring all things, encounters alone a wilderness of savages, and moved by a lofty conception of the glory of a great action, performs it. Courage and independence were never more signally displayed. A private English gentleman, aided by no public resources, prompted by no public bodies, starts in the exercise of his own discretion to attempt the solution of a problem which had baffled ages. Mr. Baker's first incentive was the hope of rescuing Messrs. Speke and Grant from a perilous position, but as he met them at the outset of his own journey, that motive ceased. With equal manliness of spirit they instantly placed at his disposal the results of their own explorations, and urged him to pursue the greater task of perfecting what they had well begun. He had already devoted several years to the hardiest feats of a great hunter and a keen shot in the jungles of Ceylon and the highlands of Abyssinia, which had nerved his frame and quickened his eye. To these qualifications he added two years of patient preparation for his great attempt—the acquisition of the power of scientific observation and the Arabic language—the purchase and adaptation of all the *matériel* necessary for so protracted a campaign, and the attempt to discipline a numerous band of followers. To the plots and treachery of these beings, who repeatedly broke out into open mutiny, and threatened him more than once with abandonment and death, he opposed an iron and commanding will, which at last moulded even these creatures to obey him. This moral authority was backed by a strength of arm that never failed to crush the offender by a timely blow and to punish every insult and infraction of discipline. Yet in a land where blood is poured out like water, where inhuman tortures are ruthlessly inflicted by the strong on the weak, and where every man who is not a slave himself is seeking to enslave some one else, Mr. Baker allowed no deed of violence to be committed which he could prevent, he rescued numberless victims from the lash of their tormentors, and by a judicious and open-handed liberality, he taught the natives the unknown lesson that an Englishman is not to be served by slaves, but by the fidelity of those whom he is ready to reward for their labour. One trait remains, and it is the most singular incident in this remarkable narrative, which gives to the journey of Mr. Baker an unparalleled interest. Through these regions where no white woman had ever been seen, through these tribes where woman is degraded by the grossest sensuality to be something below the beast of burden and the household drudge, he was accompanied by his wife. This lady, born of a good Hungarian family and married at an early age to the companion of her

adventurous life, possessing, as we infer from her portrait, uncommon personal attractions, and still in the bloom of youth, not only shared with her husband all the perils of this expedition, but by her quiet imperturbable courage, her tact and activity, contributed most powerfully to its success. On more than one occasion she said or did the thing that conquered the difficulty. And, above all, the presence, in the midst of whole races to whom the idea of marriage in our sense of the term is unknown, of the one Wife of the White Man, so ennobled this pair of travellers, and distinguished it so effectually from the marauding columns of ivory traders and man stealers, that even the savages of the White Nile acknowledged her influence.

To sum up in one word the cause of the interest with which this book will be read throughout the world, it consists in the *chivalry* which pervades it. The breeze which bore the crew of the 'Argo' to the shores of Colchis, the spirit which led the Crusaders to Palestine, the passionate desire to face and surmount unknown dangers, and the proud sense of marching in purity and honour across a world of abject beings, to whom the very sight of civilised man was a revelation, pervade these volumes. No doubt it may be called knight-errantry to go in quest of such hardships and dangers. But there is little risk that in any age the example will find too many imitators. Modern civilisation has not, however, extinguished—perhaps it has not even lessened—that gallant spirit. From the midst of our luxuries and refinements, men are not wanting who will start to encounter any perils and to perform any duty, just as boldly as in harder and in rougher times. But in addition to the physical strength and courage needed for such exploits, they carry with them a higher sense of the dignity of their mission, and perhaps they are rewarded by a keener enjoyment of success. These considerations are naturally suggested by Mr. Baker's narrative, for he is himself the very type of modern knighthood—chasing the elephant to his lair, braving the savage, protecting the child and the woman slave, enduring every vicissitude of hunger and thirst, heat and cold, sickness and pain—but withal retaining the simplicity and unpretending tone of a man who thinks it easier to do these things than to present them to the knowledge of the world. Well is it for England that there are those who go forth in her name, unbidden, to display this strength of character and this nobility of purpose. They may appeal with confidence to the respect and admiration of their countrymen, and in them they have their reward. Yet we cannot but reflect with shame and regret that if this is the only country in the world which sends forth men of so much intrepidity and independence, it is also the only country in Europe in which the Sovereign and the State contribute nothing to the honours which are justly due to such exertions.

Mr. Baker's journey commenced in the spring of 1861, for it was then he proceeded to execute his long-cherished design of exploring the sources of the Nile; but he had advanced very little way towards the great object of his ambition before he perceived that a knowledge of Arabic was indispensable to success. He therefore resolved to devote a year to this preliminary acquisition, and to spend that time in examining the Nile tributaries on the right bank of the stream from the junction of the Atbara river to the Blue Nile. It is at this point that the Nile presents the greatest volume of water, for the Atbara is the last tributary which falls into the great stream at a point not less than eleven hundred miles from the sea. An enormous amount of absorption and evaporation of course takes place in the passage of the stream through that dry and rainless region, to which the Nile alone contributes the moisture borne down from the Highlands of Abyssinia and the great nursing lakes of the White Nile. This journey of 1861 does not form the subject of the present volume, and Mr. Baker therefore dismisses it in a few lines; though he promises to give us an account of this expedition in a future publication. But we are at once enabled, by the comparison he has made of the two grand arms of the river, to explain that great phenomenon which so long perplexed mankind—we mean the periodical rising of the Nile, which causes its waters to attain their greatest height and to inundate the plains of Lower Egypt in the months of July and August, when all the other streams of the Northern hemisphere are at their lowest ebb. The vast mass of water which forms the main body of the stream, proceeding from the great lakes discovered by Captain Speke and Mr. Baker, and known as the White Nile, flows perpetually onwards without any sensible variation. The upper waters of the stream being extended in immense lakes or marshes are but slightly affected by the rainy season. The river has, in fact, no banks; there is no water-mark on the stems of trees or along the shore; and nothing indicates any important access or decrease in the quantity of water. The White Nile is the continuous and perennial fountain of the main stream. But the rivers on the eastern bank of the river which were visited by Mr. Baker in 1861 are of an opposite character. They

are the great drains of the Abyssinian Highlands—rapid mountain streams—perfectly dry at one time of the year, and swollen into enormous torrents in the rainy season. Thus the Atbara was perfectly dry when first seen by Mr. Baker—a mere sheet of glaring sand—and it remains in this state for many months in the year, and for a distance of 150 miles from its junction with the Nile. But the rainy season commences in Abyssinia in the middle of May. From June to the middle of September the storms are terrific; every ravine becomes a raging torrent; the Atbara and the Blue Nile then become huge rivers swollen with the entire drainage of Abyssinia, which they pour into the main Nile in the middle of June. The Nile itself is already full, though not flooded, at that season of the year, above Khartoum; but the sudden addition of the waters brought down by what we may term these intermittent tributaries at once augments the stream and causes the annual inundation in Lower Egypt. Were it not for the steady volume of the White Nile, Mr. Baker is of opinion that the whole of the Blue Nile and its other tributaries would be absorbed by the Nubian deserts before they could reach the 25th degree of latitude. It follows, therefore, that although the history of these secondary streams explains the inundation, yet the headwaters of the White Nile are the permanent sources of the river. The exploration of these sources is thus the grand problem which has now first been solved by Mr. Baker, following to a certain extent upon the track of Speke and Grant, and confirming by actual observation the information which they had collected from the native tribes.*

After this preliminary ramble on the Atbara and the Blue Nile, which lasted about twelve months, Mr. Baker descended the latter river to Khartoum and reached that spot (at which the White Nile and the Blue Nile unite) on the 11th June, 1862. Khartoum is the seat of government of the Soudan provinces. It contains 30,000 inhabitants, and about 6,000 Turkish and Egyptian troops; but, above all, it is the principal mart of that rude, inhuman, and brutalising commerce which is carried on between the native tribes of Upper Nile and the scum of Asia and Europe. The nature of this trade, the poverty of the country, the corruption of the Egyptian governors, and the difficulty of communication (for the rapids of the Nile below Khartoum obstruct navigation in that part of its course), are the causes which have in reality shut out mankind from a knowledge of the interior of this country, and which still present the most formidable barrier the traveller has to surmount. Gum-arabic and ivory are the chief articles of export from the Soudan; but this trade would not repay the Egyptians for the occupation of the country, were it not that above all else *the Soudan supplies slaves.* It is this accursed traffic existing in its most odious form which constituted the chief difficulty of Mr. Baker's journey. The trade of the White Nile is kidnapping and murder; yet it is only in some sort of connexion with the traders who frequent the country for their own nefarious purposes, that it is possible to enter it at all. When the traveller has so entered it, he has to encounter the incredulity and hostility of the natives who have never seen any white men except those who come among them to buy ivory and to steal women and children, and he has likewise to brave the jealousy of these traders who regard an English traveller either as a rival or as an antagonist. 'Every one in Khartoum,' says Mr. Baker, 'with the exception of a few Europeans, was in favour of the slave-trade, and looked with jealous eyes upon a stranger venturing within the precincts of their holy land—a land sacred to slavery and to every abomination and villany that man can commit.' Every house in Khartoum was full of slaves. The Egyptian officers received a portion of their pay in slaves; and they accordingly looked upon the exploration of the White Nile by an English traveller as a dangerous intrusion into their own preserves. Consequently all assistance was refused to Mr. Baker—even boats, and his application for a military escort was rejected at Alexandria. This discouragement only stimulated Mr. Baker's resolution, and at his own cost he engaged three vessels to ascend the Nile to Gondokoro—he hired forty-five armed men for an escort, and forty sailors, besides his own servants—provisions were laid in for four months—twenty-one

* It is amusing to compare the delusions of Bruce, who imagined that he had discovered the principal source of the Nile on a spot called Geesh, which he places in lat. 11° and long. 36° 55′ E., and at an altitude of two miles, with the more accurate accounts of later travellers, though Bruce was undoubtedly a careful and trustworthy observer. But on the point just mentioned in the text Bruce agrees with Mr. Baker; he says:—'These rains are collected by the four great rivers in Abyssinia: all these principal, and their tributary streams, would however be absorbed, nor be able to pass the burning deserts, or find their way into Egypt, *were it not for the White River*, which rising in a country of almost perpetual rain, joins to it a never-failing stream equal to the Nile itself.' (*Bruce's Travels*, vol. v. p. 333.)

So too Captain Speke observed when he passed the mouth of the Blue Nile:—'I was never more disappointed than with this river: if the White River was cut off from it, its waters would all be absorbed before they could reach Lower Egypt.' (*Speke's Journal*, p. 610.)

donkeys, four camels, and four horses, were purchased and embarked—and every arrangement was made which could promote the success and welfare of the expedition. But alas for the previsions of the ablest and most careful of African travellers! He is destined to see everything which he may have thought necessary to his comfort, to his safety, and even to his existence, fall away from him in rapid succession; until at length, if it be given him to surmount the inconceivable perils and privations which lie concealed in those frightful deserts between the starting-point and the goal, he must renounce all that he had once relied on for assistance and success—all but his own stout heart and much-enduring frame; and he will return like a shipwrecked sailor or one of the savages of those wilds, bare of everything, starved, fever-stricken, half-naked, with nothing in his hand but the rifle, which has been his chief means of procuring food and of defence. So it was with Mr. Baker. Scarcely had he quitted Khartoum on the melancholy voyage of forty-five days through the marshes which divide that place from Gondokoro, when he found that one of his vessels would not sail and broke her yard; that his only European servant, a German carpenter, died, and his best *choush* or native attendant was killed on the bank by a buffalo. No sooner did he land and begin his march than his men mutinied, betrayed, and forsook him; his horses perished first, then the camels, then the donkeys; the difficulties of transporting baggage being thus increased, much of it was left behind; and at length the expedition was reduced to no more than thirteen persons. The mutinous spirit of the Khartoum escort broke out already at Gondokoro, for the scoundrels had received five months' wages in advance, that being the custom of the White Nile, and Mr. Baker had no control over them, except that which one European may exact in threatening to flog or shoot the most refractory of nearly one hundred ferocious natives. It soon became apparent to him that his escort would give him more trouble than the open hostility of the African tribes.

These untoward circumstances were, however, largely compensated by the arrival of Speke and Grant at Gondokoro on the 15th February, 1863—only twelve days after Baker had reached that place, which was to be the real starting point of his explorations. Not only did this welcome incident relieve him from all anxiety on their account, but the newly arrived travellers proceeded at once to communicate to Mr. Baker the results of their own experience, with written instructions and a rough but accurate map of the country, which proved of the utmost value in enabling him to complete the discoveries they had commenced. This, therefore, may be the most convenient place to point out with precision the share in these discoveries which belongs respectively to each of the two expeditions. Speke and Grant had followed the course of a river which runs out of the Victoria Nyanza at the Ripon Falls, till they were obliged to leave it at the Karuma Falls (lat. 2° 17′). They called this river the Somerset or the Victoria Nile; and they concluded that it was in fact the Nile. But they were informed by the King of Unyoro (Kamrasi) that this river ran westward for several days' journey from the Karuma Falls until it fell into another great lake, called by the natives Luta N'zigé, from the northern extremity of which the Nile as a navigable river flowed towards the North. This last-mentioned lake Speke and Grant had never seen, though they reported the fact of its existence; and the question arose whether the river discovered by them was really that river whose unbroken course descends from the Equator to the Mediteranean, or whether it was only a stream flowing from one lake to another. This was the point Mr. Baker undertook to solve.

Speke and Grant had formed an erroneous conception of that vast sheet of water which they term in their Journal 'Little Luta Nzigé.' Upon meeting Baker at Gondokoro, Speke says:—

'Of course I told him how disappointed I had been in not getting a sight of the Little Lake Nzigé. I described how we had seen the Nile bending West where we crossed in Chopi, and then, after walking down the chord of an arc described by the river, had found it again in Madi coming from the West.' (*Speke's Journal*, p. 604.)

And in another place he adopts the opinion of Dr. Murie that 'the Little Lake Nzigé must be *a great backwater to the Nile*, which the waters of the Nile must have been occupied in filling during my residence in Madi' (p. 611). These are all erroneous conclusions. The river followed by Speke and Grant was not in truth the Nile, but a stream laterally connecting Lake Victoria Nyanza with the second Lake Nzigé: this second Lake, now called the Albert Nyanza, though still unexplored, is certainly of far greater extent than the former sheet of water, and is undoubtedly the principal reservoir of the true Nile. Mr. Baker, and not Captain Speke, is the first European who visited this lake, navigated its waters, and saw from Magungo its

northern outlet; he is therefore the real discoverer of the source of the Nile. This last discovered lake is the *sole reservoir* of the main stream of the Nile, for although the river which Speke traced from the Victoria Lake does eventually flow into the Albert Lake, it adds no appreciable quantity of water to the vast expanse in which the true Nile takes its origin. This lake is fed by the torrents from the lofty mountains which surround it, and from the enormous fall of rain within its own basin. Its level is almost 1000 feet above the level of the Tanganika Lake visited by Speke and Burton in their first journey, if the observations made by those travellers are correct; and as water cannot flow uphill, if this fact be true, no communication can exist between these two vast lakes, and the watershed of Equatorial Africa must intervene between them. It is, however, just to Mr. Baker's illustrious predecessors to add that although we think his discovery has eclipsed theirs in importance, yet they were the first to obtain and hand over to him the information which enabled him to direct his own course to the desired end, and if they had not been prevented by the King of Unyoro they would themselves have visited the Albert Nyanza.

The distance from Gondokoro to Magungo, on the Albert Nyanza Lake, near the outlet of the Nile, cannot be more than 200 miles in a straight line, and if it had been possible to march due southward from the starting point, as Mr. Baker originally hoped to do, this expedition might have been accomplished in as many weeks as it took months. Like the children of Israel on their way from Egypt to Palestine, Mr. Baker was destined to consume a long period of time, all his resources, and very nearly his life, in a long circuit of deserts and mountains before he touched upon his promised land.

The tribe of Africans in possession of the territory immediately to the south of Gondokoro is the Bari tribe. These people, who were formerly very friendly, have been hunted and murdered by the Khartoumers, until they resent the appearance of every stranger. They use poisoned arrows, and are now considered the worst population of the White Nile.

'The traders' people, in order to terrify them into submission, were in the habit of binding them, hands and feet, and carrying them to the edge of a cliff about thirty feet high, a little beyond the ruins of the old mission-house: beneath this cliff the river boils in a deep eddy; into this watery grave the victims were remorselessly hurled as food for crocodiles. It appeared that this punishment was dreaded by the natives more than the bullet or rope, and it was accordingly adopted by the *trading* parties.

'Upon my arrival at Gondokoro I was looked upon by all these parties as a spy sent by the British Government. . . . . Gondokoro was a perfect hell. It is utterly ignored by the Egyptian authorities, although well known to be a colony of cut-throats. . . . . The camps were full of slaves, and the Bari natives assured me that there were large depôts of slaves in the interior belonging to the traders that would be marched to Gondokoro for shipment to the Soudan a few hours after my departure. I was the great stumblingblock to the trade, and my presence at Gondokoro was considered as an unwarrantable intrusion upon a locality sacred to slavery and iniquity.' (Vol. i. p. 92.)

The question was how to convey a numerous expedition across this territory. Symptoms of mutiny were already but too perceptible in the escort. All Gondokoro was interested in preventing an European from penetrating into the interior far enough to reveal the mysteries of the trade of the White Nile; and a conspiracy was soon organised to defeat the expedition. In the following page Mr. Baker gives the result.

'One morning I had returned to the tent after having, as usual, inspected the transport animals, when I observed Mrs. Baker looking extraordinary pale, and immediately upon my arrival she gave orders for the presence of the vakeel (headman). There was something in her manner, so different to her usual calm, that I was utterly bewildered when I heard her question the vakeel, "Whether the men were willing to march?" Perfectly ready was the reply. "Then order them to strike the tent, and load the animals; we start this moment." The man appeared confused, but not more so than I. Something was evidently on foot, but what I could not conjecture. The vakeel wavered, and to my astonishment I heard the accusation made against him, that, "during the night, the whole of the escort had mutinously conspired to desert me, with my arms and ammunition that were in their hands, and to fire simultaneously at me should I attempt to disarm them." At first this charge was indignantly denied until the boy Saat manfully stepped forward, and declared that the conspiracy was entered into by the whole of the escort, and that both he and Richarn, knowing that mutiny was intended, had listened purposely to the conversation during the night; at daybreak the boy had reported the fact to his mistress. Mutiny, robbery, and murder were thus deliberately determined.

'I immediately ordered an angarep (travelling bedstead) to be placed outside the tent under a large tree; upon this I laid five double-barrelled guns loaded with buck shot, a revolver, and naked sabre as sharp as a razor. A sixth rifle I kept in my hands while I sat upon the angarep, with Richarn and Saat both with double-barrelled guns behind me. Formerly I had supplied each of my men with a piece of

mackintosh waterproof to be tied over the locks of their guns during the march. I now ordered the drum to be beat, and all the men to form in line in marching order, with their locks *tied up in the waterproof*. I requested Mrs. Baker to stand behind me, and to point out any man who should attempt to uncover his locks, when I should give the order to lay down their arms. The act of uncovering the locks would prove his intention, in which event I intended to shoot him immediately, and take my chance with the rest of the conspirators. . . . .

'Upon assembling in line I ordered them immediately to lay down their arms. This, with insolent looks of defiance, they refused to do. "Down with your guns this moment," I shouted, "sons of dogs!" And at the sharp click of the locks, as I quickly cocked the rifle that I held in my hands, the cowardly mutineers widened their line and wavered. Some retreated a few paces to the rear; others sat down, and laid their guns on the ground; while the remainder slowly dispersed, and sat in twos, or singly, under the various trees about eighty paces distant. Taking advantage of their indecision, I immediately rose and ordered my vakeel and Richarn to disarm them as they were thus scattered. Foreseeing that the time had arrived for actual physical force, the cowards capitulated, agreeing to give up their arms and ammunition if I would give them their written discharge. I disarmed them immediately, and the vakeel having written a discharge for the fifteen men present, I wrote upon each paper the word "mutineer" above my signature. None of them being able to read, and this being written in English, they unconsciously carried the evidence of their own guilt, which I resolved to punish should I ever find them on my return to Khartoum. . . . .

'The boy "Saat" and "Richarn" now assured me that the men had intended to fire at me, but that they were frightened at seeing us thus prepared, but that I must not expect one man of the Dongolowas to be any more faithful than the Jalyns. I ordered the vakeel to hunt up the men, and to bring me their guns, threatening that if they refused I would shoot any man that I found with one of my guns in his hands.

'There was no time for mild measures. I had only Saat (a mere child), and Richarn, upon whom I could depend; and I resolved with them alone to accompany Mahommed's people to the interior, and to trust to good fortune for a chance of proceeding.' (Vol. i. pp. 122–5.)

All, however, was vain; the escort dispersed; and the party was reduced to a very small band of faithful adherents. A plan was formed to make a dash through the Bari tribe on swift dromedaries, but it proved to be impracticable; and at length nothing remained but to leave Gondokoro on a venture, to march eastward through the mountains of Ellyria to the Latooka country, and to attach the small European party by force or bribery to a band of Turkish traders who were about to march into the interior in search of ivory, although Ibrahim, the chief of the gang, had previously refused to have anything to do with the European travellers. Nothing daunted, however, Mr. and Mrs. Baker started without a guide on this most unpromising adventure.

'I immediately ordered the tent to be struck, the luggage to be arranged, the animals to be collected, and everything to be ready for the march. Richarn and Saat were in high spirits, even my unwilling men were obliged to work, and by 7 P.M. we were all ready. The camels were too heavily loaded, carrying about seven hundred pounds each. The donkeys were also overloaded, but there was no help for it. Mrs. Baker was well mounted on my good old Abyssinian hunter "Tétel," and was carrying several leather bags slung to the pommel, while I was equally loaded on my horse "Filfil;" in fact, we were all carrying as much as we could stow.

'We had neither guide, nor interpreter. Not one native was procurable, all being under the influence of the traders, who had determined to render our advance utterly impossible by preventing the natives from assisting us. All had been threatened, and we, perfectly helpless, commenced the desperate journey in darkness about an hour after sunset.

'"Where shall we go?" said the men, just as the order was given to start. "Who can travel without a guide? No one knows the road." The moon was up, and the mountain of Belignan was distinctly visible about nine miles distant. Knowing that the route lay on the east side of that mountain, I led the way, Mrs. Baker riding by my side, and the British flag following close behind us as a guide for the caravan of heavily laden camels and donkeys. We shook hands warmly with Dr. Murie, who had come to see us off, and thus we started on our march in Central Africa on the 26th of March, 1863.' (Vol. i. pp. 141–2.)

Nothing can be more graphic than the narrative of that forced march, which at length brought the expedition, almost as fugitives, to Ellyria. But they were outmarched by the Turkish party of marauders, and it was only by the consummate tact of Mrs. Baker and the firmness of her husband that, at the most critical moment, they succeeded in gaining over the chief of the Turkish column, and subsequently proceeded with him in the interior. The men who had previously deserted Mr. Baker's camp joined a slave-trading party which was attacked by the Latookas and destroyed. This incident produced a great effect on the mind of the natives.

'No quarter had been given by the Latookas; and upwards of 200 natives who had joined the slave-hunters in the attack, had also perished

with their allies. Mahommed Her had not himself accompanied his people, both he and Bellaal, my late ringleader, having remained in camp; the latter having, fortunately for him, been disabled and placed *hors de combat* by the example I had made during the mutiny. My men were almost green with awe, when I asked them solemnly. "Where were the men who had deserted from me?" Without answering a word they brought two of my guns and laid them at my feet. They were covered with clotted blood mixed with sand, which had hardened like cement over the locks and various portions of the barrels. My guns were all marked. As I looked at the numbers upon the stocks, I repeated aloud the names of the owners. "Are they all dead?" I asked. "All dead," the men replied. "*Food for the vultures?*" I asked. "None of the bodies can be recovered," faltered my vakeel. "The two guns were brought from the spot by some natives who escaped, and who saw the men fall. They are all killed." "Better for them had they remained with me and done their duty. The hand of God is heavy," I replied. My men slunk away abashed, leaving the gory witnesses of defeat and death upon the ground. I called Saat and ordered him to give the two guns to Richarn to clean.

'Not only my own men but the whole of Ibrahim's party where of opinion that I had some mysterious connexion with the disaster that had befallen my mutineers. All remembered the bitterness of my prophecy, "The vultures will pick their bones," and this terrible mishap having occurred so immediately afterwards took a strong hold upon their superstitious minds. As I passed through the camp the men would quietly exclaim, "Wah Illahi Hawaga!" (my God! Master.) To which I simply replied, "Robiné fe!" (there is a God.) From that moment I observed an extraordinary change in the manner of both my people and those of Ibrahim, all of whom now paid us the greatest respect.' (Vol. i. p. 222.)

Although these circumstances diverted Mr. Baker from his straight course, and even compelled him to make a journey of nearly fourteen months in a different direction, the result was not unfavourable to geographical science, and it has contributed some of the most agreeable chapters to this book. Marching eastward for one hundred miles from Gondokoro, through Ellyria, our travellers reached the Latooka country, a region of singular fertility and beauty, abounding in game, and peopled by a remarkably fine race of men, who are distinguished by a peculiar kind of helmet, composed of feathers and beads interwoven with their hair. To perfect this elaborate coiffure requires a period of from eight to ten years.

'The Latookas are a fine, frank, and warlike race. Far from being the morose set of savages that I had hitherto seen, they were excessively merry, and always ready for either a laugh or a fight. The town of Tarrangollé contained about three thousand houses, and was not only surrounded by iron-wood palisades, but every house was individually fortified by a little stockaded courtyard. The cattle were kept in large kraals in various parts of the town, and were most carefully attended to, fires being lit every night to protect them from flies; and high platforms, in three tiers, were erected in many places, upon which sentinels watched both day and night to give the alarm in case of danger. The cattle are the wealth of the country, and so rich are the Latookas in oxen, that ten or twelve thousand head are housed in every large town; thus the natives are ever on the watch, fearing the attacks of the adjacent tribes.

'The houses of the Latookas are generally bell-shaped, while others are precisely like huge candle-extinguishers, about twenty-five feet high. The roofs are neatly thatched, at an angle of about 75°, resting upon a circular wall about four feet high; thus the roof forms a cap descending to within two feet and a half of the ground. The doorway is only two feet and two inches high, thus an entrance must be effected upon all-fours. The interior is remarkably clean, but dark, as the architects have no idea of windows.' (Vol. i. p. 207.)

Matters went smoothly enough at first, but ere long the brutal Turks began to insult the women of the tribe, and a general attack was threatened, which was only averted by Mr. Baker's foresight in fortifying his camp and by his readiness to defend it.

'It was about 9 o'clock, and the stillness had become almost painful. There was no cry of a bird; not even the howl of a hyena: The camels were sleeping; but every man was wide awake, and the sentries well on the alert. We were almost listening at the supernatural stillness, if I may so describe the perfect calm, when, suddenly, every one started at the deep and solemn boom of the great war-drum, or nogara! Three distinct beats, at slow intervals, rang through the apparently deserted town, and echoed loudly from the neighbouring mountain. It was the signal! A few minutes elapsed, and like a distant echo from the north the three mournful tones again distinctly sounded. Was it an echo? Impossible. Now from the south, far distant, but unmistakeable, the same three regular beats came booming through the still night air. Again and again, from every quarter, spreading far and wide, the signal was responded; and the whole country echoed those three solemn notes so full of warning. Once more the great nogara of Tarrangollé sounded the original alarm within a few hundred paces of our quarters. The whole country was up.

'There was no doubt about the matter. The Turks well knew those three notes were the war-signal of the Latookas.

'I immediately called Suleiman. It was necessary to act in unison. I ordered him to beat the drum loudly for about five minutes to answer the nogara. His men were all scattered in several small inclosures. I called them all

out into the open quadrangle; in the centre of which I placed the baggage, and planted the English ensign in the middle, while the Turks fixed their flag within a few paces. Posting sentries at each corner of the square, I stationed patrols in the principal street. In the meantime Mrs. Baker had laid out upon a mat several hundred cartridges of buck-shot, powder-flasks, wadding, and opened several boxes of caps, all of which were neatly arranged for a reserve of ammunition; while a long row of first-class double guns and rifles lay in readiness. The boy Saat was full of fight, and immediately strapped on his belt and cartouchebox, and took his stand among the men.

'I ordered the men, in the event of an attack, to immediately set fire to all the huts around the quadrangle; in which case the sudden rush of a large body of men would be impossible, and the huts being of straw, the town would be quickly in a blaze.

'Everything was in order to resist an attack in five minutes from the sounding of the nogara.' (Vol. i. pp. 231–3.)

These preparations had the desired effect, and Commoro, the Latooka chief, seeing that the strangers were prepared for him, desisted from the threatened attack. But a nearer view even of the best of these African tribes is not encouraging to those who would fain see in them beings above the lowest condition of humanity.

'Although the Latookas were far better than other tribes that I had met, they were sufficiently annoying; they gave me no credit for real good will, but they attributed my forbearance to weakness. On one occasion Adda, one of the chiefs, came to ask me to join him in attacking a village to procure molotes (iron hoes); he said, "Come along with me, bring your men and guns, and we will attack a village near here, and take their molotes and cattle; you keep the cattle, and I will have the molotes." I asked him whether the village was in an enemy's country? "Oh no!" he replied, "it is close here; but the people are rather rebellious, and it will do them good to kill a few, and to take their molotes. If you are afraid, never mind, I will ask the Turks to do it." Thus forbearance on my part was supposed to be caused from weakness, and it was difficult to persuade them that it originated in a feeling of justice. This Adda most coolly proposed that we should plunder one of his own villages that was rather too "liberal" in its views. Nothing is more heartbreaking than to be so thoroughly misunderstood, and the obtuseness of the savages was such, that I never could make them understand the existence of good principle;—their one idea was "power,"—force that could obtain all—the strong hand that could wrest from the weak. In disgust I frequently noted the feelings of the moment in my journal—a memorandum from which I copy as illustrative of the time. "1863, 10th April, Latooka: I wish the black sympathisers in England could see Africa's inmost heart as I do, much of their sympathy would subside. Human nature viewed in its crude state as pictured amongst African savages is quite on a level with that of the brute, and not to be compared with the noble character of the dog. There is neither gratitude, pity, love, nor self-denial; no idea of duty; no religion; but covetousness, ingratitude, selfishness and cruelty. All are thieves, idle, envious, and ready to plunder and enslave their weaker neighbors."' (Vol. i. pp. 240–2.)

Although slavery and the slave trade are the curses of Africa, it deserves to be noted that these abominable practices are indigenous to the soil of Africa, that they have not been taught to the African by the white man, but have ever been the peculiar characteristic of African tribes. The first act of a liberated slave in Africa is to procure a slave for himself. The man who had been kidnapped became a kidnapper, and none of them could be brought to condemn the system when they had ceased themselves to suffer from it. On the west shore of the White Nile there are tribes even more ferocious than those to the east of Gondokoro. One of the traders described the Makkarikas as

'Remarkably good people, but possessing a peculiar taste for dogs and human flesh. They accompanied the trading party in their razzias, and invariably ate the bodies of the slain. The traders complained that they were bad associates, as they insisted upon killing and eating the children which the party wished to secure as slaves: their custom was to catch a child by its ankles, and to dash its head against the ground; thus killed, they opened the abdomen, extracted the stomach, and intestines, and tying the two ankles to the neck, they carried the body by slinging it over the shoulder, and thus returned to camp, where they divided it by quartering, and boiled it in a large pot. Another man in my own service had been a witness to a horrible act of cannibalism at Gondokoro.

'The traders had arrived with their ivory from the West, together with a great number of slaves; the porters who carried the ivory being Makkarikas. One of the slave girls attempted to escape, and her proprietor immediately fired at her with his musket, and she fell wounded; the ball had struck her in the side. The girl was remarkably fat, and from the wound, a large lump of yellow fat exuded. No sooner had she fallen, than the Makkarikas rushed upon her in a crowd, and seizing the fat, they tore it from the wound in handsful, the girl being still alive, while the crowd were quarrelling for the disgusting prize. Others killed her with a lance, and at once divided her by cutting off the head, and splitting the body with their lances, used as knives, cutting longitudinally from between the legs along the spine to the neck.' (Vol. i. p. 297.)

Mr. Baker's performances in hunting the elephants which abound in the Latooka valley are worthy of a sportsman who had already spent nine years of his life in Ceylon in the pursuit of the noblest, and most formidable of animals, and he relates his exploits with extraordinary animation. But though elephant-hunting is a most exciting amusement, we have so much ground to travel over, in less known regions and under more arduous circumstances, that we must leave the reader to follow the sporting adventures of the author in his own pages. In this respect, as in many others, Mr. Baker's narrative presents a very favourable contrast to the missionary travels of Dr. Livingstone, who is totally insensible to the exploits of the field, and has had the bad taste to remark (in his second journey) 'that the proportion of "born butchers" in the population must be as great as that of public-house keepers to the population of Glasgow.' Our sympathies are with the sportsman, who risks his life in a running contest with the fiercest and strongest of the brute creation, and subdues them by the same qualities which have given to man the empire of the world. But the reverend doctor judges these things from a different point of view.

The object of Mr. Baker was constantly to work round to the South-west and so regain the Nile valley. At length a native of the Obbo country arrived at Latooka, and under his guidance the party set out on the 2nd of May, 1863, to cross the chain of mountains which bounds the Latooka valley. The march was long and difficult, but at last the travellers reached the Obbo country, peopled by a race of men more filthy and superstitious than their neighbors. Here, however, they were overtaken by the rainy season: the floods were terrific, the climate detestable; and not being able to proceed further south at that time as the rivers were impassable, it was resolved to return to Latooka once more. Here both Mr. Baker's horses died, besides several camels and donkeys. Mrs. Baker was attacked by gastric fever, and the small-pox broke out in the Turkish camp. At this place, however, Mr. Baker first got a further clue to the Albert Nyanza, from a wandering native of a southern tribe who brought cowries from a place called 'Magungo.' This spot was described to be situated on a lake so large that no one knows its limits. Large vessels were said to arrive there bringing cowrie shells and beads in exchange for ivory. On this scanty information Mr. Baker noted in his Journal—

'"His description of distance places Magungo on about the 2° N. lat. The lake can be no other than the 'N'Yanza,' which, if the position of Magungo be correct, extends much farther north than Speke had supposed. The 'white men' must be Arab traders who bring cowries from Zanzibar. I shall take the first opportunity to push for Magungo. I imagine that country belongs to Kamrasi's brother, as Wani says the king has a brother who is king of a powerful country on the west bank of the Nile, but that they are ever at war with each other."' (Vol. i. p. 349.)

This faint gleam of light was at length converted into certainty by his subsequent discoveries, and in the month of March of the following year Mr. Baker reached Magungo itself on the Albert Nyanza. But ere this result was accomplished a weary way was to be passed. The beasts of burden had all died, down to the last donkey; their place was supplied by three oxen (rejoicing in the names of 'Beef,' 'Steak,' and 'Suet'), who were trained to the saddle. The fevers incidental to the rainy season had become continual: the travellers were reduced to such a state of weakness that to travel on foot was impossible; their stock of quinine was exhausted; porters were hard to be procured; and it was not until the month of January 1864 that the march could be renewed. In the meantime, however, Mr. Baker had acquired increased influence over the people, by the kindness of his wife, and by his own good sense and firmness; and he at length proceeded with one hundred followers from the Turkish party in the direction of Unyoro, the kingdom lying on the east bank of the great lake. The services of these men were obtained by guaranteeing to their leader Ibrahim 10,000 lbs. of ivory—a pledge which was eventually redeemed more than threefold. In this manner, after numberless difficulties caused by the necessity of crossing the territories of tribes at war with each other, and all dreading the very name of the great Kamrasi, King of Unyoro, the expedition reached the Somerset River, or Victoria White Nile, on the 22nd of January, and found themselves on the track of Speke and Grant; on the following day they arrived at the Karuma Falls.

'Our course through the noble forest was parallel with the river, that roared beneath us on our right in a succession of rapids and falls between high cliffs covered with groves of bananas and varieties of palms, including the graceful wild date—the certain sign of either marsh or river. The Victoria Nile or Somerset River was about 150 yards wide; the cliffs on the south side were higher than those upon the north, being about 150 yards above the river. These heights were thronged with natives, who had collected from the numerous villages that ornamented the cliffs situated among groves of

plantains; they were armed with spears and shields; the population ran parallel to our line of march, shouting and gesticulating as though daring us to cross the river.

'After a most enjoyable march through the exciting scene of the glorious river crashing over innumerable falls—and in many places ornamented with rocky islands, upon which were villages and plaintain groves—we at length approached the Karuma Falls close to the village of Atāda above the ferry. The heights were crowded with natives, and a canoe was sent across to within parleying distance of our side, as the roar of the rapids prevented our voices from being heard except at a short distance. Bacheeta now explained, that "*Speke's brother* had arrived from his country to pay Kamrasi a visit, and had brought him valuable presents."

'I ordered all our people to retire, and to conceal themselves among the plantains, that the natives might not be startled by so imposing a force, while Mrs. Baker and I advanced alone to meet Kamrasi's people, who were men of some importance. Upon landing through the high reeds, they immediately recognised the similarity of my beard and general complexion to that of Speke; and their welcome was at once displayed by the most extravagant dancing and gesticulating with lances and shields, as though intending to attack, rushing at me with the points of their lances thrust close to my face, and shouting and singing in great excitement.' (Vol. ii. pp. 33–6.)

Not without difficulty could leave be obtained to cross the river.

'To assure the people of our peaceful intentions, I begged them to take Mrs. Baker and myself ALONE, and to leave the armed party on this side the river until a reply should be received from Kamrasi. At this suggestion the boat immediately returned to the other side.

'The day passed away, and as the sun set we perceived the canoe again paddling across the river: this time it approached direct, and the same people landed that had received the necklaces in the morning. They said that they had held a conference with the headman, and that they had agreed to receive my wife and myself, but no other person. I replied, that my servants must accompany us, as we were quite as great personages as Kamrasi, and could not possibly travel without attendants. To this they demurred; therefore I dropped the subject, and proposed to load the canoe with all the presents intended for Kamrasi. There was no objection to this, and I ordered Richarn, Saat, and Ibrahim to get into the canoe to stow away the luggage as it should be handed to them, but on no account to leave the boat. I had already prepared everything in readiness, and a bundle of rifles tied up in a large blanket, and 500 rounds of ball cartridge, were unconsciously received on board as *presents*. I had instructed Ibrahim to accompany us as my servant, as he was better than most of the men in the event of a row; and I had given orders, that in case of a preconcerted signal being given, the whole force should swim the river, supporting themselves and guns upon bundles of papyrus rush. The men thought us perfectly mad, and declared that we should be murdered immediately when on the other side; however, they prepared for crossing the river in case of treachery. . . .

'It was quite dark when we started: the canoe was formed of a large hollow tree, capable of holding twenty people, and the natives paddled us across the rapid current just below the falls. A large fire was blazing upon the opposite shore, on a level with the river, to guide us to the landing place. Gliding through a narrow passage in the reeds, we touched the shore and landed upon a slippery rock close to the fire, amidst a crowd of people, who immediately struck up a deafening welcome with horns and flageolets, and marched us up the steep face of the rocky cliff through a dark grove of bananas. Torches led the way, followed by a long pile of spearmen; then came the noisy band and ourselves—I towing my wife up the precipitous path, while my few attendants followed behind with a number of natives who had volunteered to carry the luggage.' (Vol. ii. pp. 40–2.)

The people of Unyoro who crowded round the strangers the next morning, and were filled with amazement at the long fair hair of that adventurous daughter of the North, who had not feared to place herself in their power, proved to be a far more civilized race than the savages of the Latooka mountains. The women were neatly dressed in short petticoats of bark cloth, for in the kingdom of Kamrasi nudity is considered to be shocking and indecent. The men are good blacksmiths and wire-drawers, and they even make a fine quality of jet black pottery in not inelegant shapes.

Although Kamrasi is a capricious and cowardly potentate, and caused himself to be personated for some time by one of his brothers who assumed his name, he had learned from Speke and Grant the solid advantages of receiving European travellers. Throngs of natives arrived to carry Mr. Baker's luggage *gratis* by the King's orders, and the caravan moved rapidly on through a thickly-peopled and well cultivated country. The Great Lake was now openly spoken of, and the natives all said that the Lake N'zigé is larger than the Victoria Nyanza. Unfortunately both Mrs. Baker and her husband here fell dreadfully ill from the miasmata of the marsh country along the river.

'"*Feb.* 2*d.*—Marched five miles. F. carried in a litter, very ill. I fell ill likewise. Halted.

'"*Feb.* 3*d.*—F. very ill. Carried her four miles and halted.

'"*Feb.* 4*th.*—F. most seriously ill. Started at 7.30 A.M. she being carried in a litter; but I also fell ill upon the road, and having been held on my ox by two men for some time, I at length fell in their arms, and was laid under a

tree for about five hours: getting better, I rode for two hours, course south. Mountains in view to south and south-east, about ten miles distant. The country, forest interspersed with villages: the Somerset generally parallel to the route. There are no tamarinds in this neighbourhood, nor any other acid fruit; thus one is sorely pressed in the hours of fever. One of the black women servants, Fadeela, is dying of fever.

*Feb. 5th.*—F. (Mrs. Baker) so ill, that even the litter is too much for her. Heaven help us in this country! The altitude of the river level above the sea at this point is 4,056 feet.

*Feb. 6th.*—F. slightly better. Started at 7 A.M. The country the same as usual. Halted at a village after a short march of three miles and a half. Here we are detained for a day while a message is sent to Kamrasi. To-morrow, I believe, we are to arrive at the capital of the tyrant. He sent me a message to day, that the houses he had prepared for me had been destroyed by fire, and to beg me to wait until he should have completed others. The truth is, he is afraid of our large party, and he delays us in every manner possible, in order to receive daily reports of our behaviour on the road. Latitude by observation at this point, 1° 50′ 47″ N."' (Vol. ii. pp. 57–8.)

At length on the 10th of February they reached the capital, where they were received in a dismal swamp, swarming with mosquitoes, cut off by the withdrawal of the canoe, and not without apprehensions of an attack from the treacherous natives. The following extracts give a brief but most expressive picture of the state of the expedition:—

'It rained in torrents, and our hut became so damp from the absorption of the marsh soil, that my feet sank in the muddy floor. I had fever daily at about 3 P.M. and lay perfectly helpless for five or six hours, until the attack passed off; this reduced me to extreme weakness. My wife suffered quite as acutely. It was a position of abject misery, which will be better explained by a few rough extracts from my Journal:—

'"*Feb. 16th.—All my porters have deserted*, having heard that the lake is so far distant; I have not one man left to carry my luggage. Should we not be able to cross the Asua river before the flood, we shall be nailed for another year to this abominable country, ill with fever, and without medicine, clothes, or supplies.

'"*Feb. 17th.*—Fever last night; rain, as usual, with mud accompaniment. One of Kamrasi's headmen, whose tongue I have loosened by presents, tells me that he has been to the lake in ten days to purchase salt, and that a man loaded with salt can return in fifteen days. God knows the truth! and I am pressed for time, while Kamrasi delays me in the most annoying manner.

'"Kamrasi came to-day; as usual he wanted all that I had, and insisted upon a present of my sword, watch, and compass, all of which I positively refused. I told him that he had deceived me by saying that the lake was so distant as six months' journey, as I knew that it was only ten days. He rudely answered, "Go, if you like; but don't blame me if you can't get back; it is twenty days' march; you may believe it or not, as you choose." To my question as to the means of procuring porters, he gave no reply, except by asking for my sword, and for my beautiful little Fletcher rifle. . . . .

'"*Feb. 21st.*—This morning Kamrasi was civil enough to allow us to quit the marsh, the mosquito-nest and fever-bed where we have been in durance, and we crossed to the other side of the Kafoor river, and quartered in M'rooli. I went to see him, and after a long consultation, he promised to send me to the lake to-morrow. . . . .

'"Ibrahim and his men marched this morning on their return to Karuma, leaving me here with my little party of thirteen men."' (Vol. ii. p. 67.)

At length, however, the day of starting arrived and a guide was procured. Kamrasi himself (or rather the man who personated him) came to take leave of the travellers, or as Mr. Baker puts it, 'to peel the last skin from the onion,' he begging for his watch and his rifle. Nor was this all; for the savage ended by begging *for his wife*. The scene must be told in Mr. Baker's own words:—

'In our present weak state another year of Central Africa without quinine appeared to warrant death; it was a race against time, all was untrodden ground before us, and the distance quite uncertain. I trembled for my wife, and weighed the risk of another year in this horrible country should we lose the boats. With the self-sacrificing devotion that she had shown in every trial, she implored me not to think of any risks on her account, but to push forward and discover the lake—that she had determined not to return until she had herself reached the "M'wootan N'zigé."

'I now requested Kamrasi to allow us to take leave, as we had not an hour to lose. In the coolest manner he replied, "I will send you to the lake and to Shooa, as I have promised; but, *you must leave your wife with me!*"

'At that moment we were surrounded by a great number of natives, and my suspicions of treachery at having been led across the Kafoor river appeared confirmed by this insolent demand. If this were to be the end of the expedition I resolved that it should also be the end of Kamrasi, and, drawing my revolver quietly, I held it within two feet of his chest, and looking at him with undisguised contempt, I told him, that if I touched the trigger, not all his men could save him: and that if he dared to repeat the insult I would shoot him on the spot. At the same time I explained to him that in my country such insolence would entail bloodshed, and that I looked upon him as an ignorant ox who knew no better, and that this excuse alone could save him. My wife, naturally indignant, had risen from her seat, and maddened with the excitement of the moment, she made him

a little speech in Arabic (not a word of which he understood), with a countenance almost as amiable as the head of Medusa. Altogether the *mise en scène* utterly astonished him; the woman Bacheeta, although savage, had appropriated the insult to her mistress, and she also fearlessly let fly at Kamrasi, translating as nearly as she could the complimentary address that "Medusa" had just delivered.

'Whether this little *coup de théâtre* had so impressed Kamrasi with British female independence that he wished to be off his bargain, I cannot say, but with an air of complete astonishment, he said, "Don't be angry! I had no intention of offending you by asking for your wife; I will give you a wife, if you want one, and I thought you might have no objection to give me yours; it is my custom to give my visitors pretty wives, and I thought you might exchange. Don't make a fuss about it; if you don't like it, there's an end of it; I will never mention it again." This very practical apology I received very sternly, and merely insisted upon starting. He seemed rather confused at having committed himself, and to make amends he called his people and ordered them to carry our loads. His men ordered a number of women who had assembled out of curiosity, to shoulder the luggage and to carry it to the next village where they would be relieved. I assisted my wife upon her ox, and with, a very cold adieu to Kamrasi, I turned my back most gladly on M'rooli.' (Vol. ii. p. 77).

In reality this crowning march from M'rooli to Vacovia on the banks of the Great Lake was not necessarily a very long one. The distance must be under one hundred miles. But it took Mr. Baker eighteen days, and it was interrupted by an accident of a very alarming character. The track lay along the right bank of the Kafoor River to avoid the marshes on the opposite shore, and it became necessary to cross the stream to regain the westerly course.

'The stream was in the centre of a marsh, and although deep, it was so covered with thickly-matted water-grass and other aquatic plants, that a natural floating-bridge was established by a carpet of weeds about two feet thick: upon this waving and unsteady surface the men ran quickly across, sinking merely to the ankles, although beneath the tough vegetation there was deep water. It was equally impossible to ride or to be carried over this treacherous surface; thus I led the way, and begged Mrs. Baker to follow me on foot as quickly as possible, precisely in my track. The river was about eighty yards wide, and I had scarcely completed a fourth of the distance and looked back to see if my wife followed close to me, when I was horrified to see her standing in one spot, and sinking gradually through the weeds, while her face was distorted and perfectly purple. Almost as soon as I perceived her, she fell, as though shot dead. In an instant I was by her side; and with the assistance of eight or ten of my men, who were fortunately close to me, I dragged her like a corpse through the yielding vegetation, and up to our waists we scrambled across to the other side, just keeping her head above the water; to have carried her would have been impossible, as we should all have sunk together through the weeds. I laid her under a tree, and bathed her head and face with water, as for the moment I thought she had fainted; but she lay perfectly insensible as though dead, with teeth and hands firmly clenched, and her eyes open, but fixed. It was a *coup de soleil.*

'Many of the porters had gone on ahead with the baggage; and I started off a man in haste to recall an angarep upon which to carry her, and also for a bag with a change of clothes, as we had dragged her through the river. It was in vain that I rubbed her heart, and the black women rubbed her feet, to endeavour to restore animation. At length the litter came, and after changing her clothes, she was carried mournfully forward as a corpse. Constantly we had to halt and support her head, as a painful rattling in the throat betokened suffocation. At length we reached a village, and halted for the night.

'I laid her carefully in a miserable hut, and watched beside her. I opened her clenched teeth with a small wooden wedge, and inserted a wet rag, upon which I dropped water to moisten her tongue, which was dry as fur. . . . .

'There was nothing to eat in this spot. My wife had never stirred since she fell by the *coup de soleil*, and merely respired about five times in a minute. It was impossible to remain; the people would have starved. She was laid gently upon her litter, and we started forward on our funeral course. I was ill and broken-hearted, and I followed by her side through the long day's march over wild parklands and streams, with thick forests and deep marshy bottoms; over undulating hills, and through valleys of tall papyrus rushes, which, as we brushed through them on our melancholy way, wavered over the litter like the black plumes of a hearse. We halted at a village, and again the night was passed in watching. I was wet, and coated with mud from the swampy marsh, and shivered with ague; but the cold within was greater than all. No change had taken place; she had never moved. I had plenty of fat, and I made four balls of about half a pound, each of which would burn for three hours. A piece of a broken water-jar formed a lamp, several pieces of rag serving for wicks. So in solitude the still calm night passed away as I sat by her side and watched. In the drawn and distorted features that lay before me I could hardly trace the same face that for years had been my comfort through all the difficulties and dangers of my path. Was she to die? Was so terrible a sacrifice to be the result of my selfish exile?

'Again the night passed away. Once more the march. Though weak and ill, and for two nights without a moment's sleep, I felt no fatigue, but mechanically followed by the side of the litter as though in a dream. The same wild country diversified with marsh and forest. Again we halted. The night came, and I sat by her side in a miserable hut, with the feeble

lamp flickering while she lay, as in death. She had never moved a muscle since she fell. My people slept. I was alone, and no sound broke the stillness of the night. The ears ached at the utter silence, till the sudden wild cry of a hyena made me shudder as the horrible thought rushed through my brain, that, should she be buried in this lonely spot, the hyena would . . . disturb her rest.

'The morning was not far distant; it was past four o'clock. I had passed the night in replacing wet cloths upon her head and moistening her lips, as she lay apparently lifeless on her litter. I could do nothing more; in solitude and abject misery in that dark hour, in a country of savage heathens, thousands of miles away from a Christian land, I beseeched an aid above all human, trusting alone to Him.

'The morning broke; my lamp had just burnt out, and, cramped with the night's watching, I rose from my low seat, and seeing that she lay in the same unaltered state, I went to the door of the hut to breathe one gasp of the fresh morning air. I was watching the first red streak that heralded the rising sun, when I was startled by the words, "Thank God," faintly uttered behind me. Suddenly she had awoke from her torpor, and with a heart overflowing I went to her bedside. Her eyes were full of madness! She spoke, but the brain was gone!

'I will not inflict a description of the terrible trial of seven days of brain fever, with its attendant horrors. The rain poured in torrents, and day after day we were forced to travel for want of provisions, not being able to remain in one position. Every now and then we shot a few guinea-fowl, but rarely; there was no game, although the country was most favourable. In the forests we procured wild honey, but the deserted villages contained no supplies, as we were on the frontier of Uganda, and M'tesé's people had plundered the district. For seven nights I had not slept, and although as weak as a reed, I had marched by the side of her litter. Nature could resist no longer. We reached a village one evening; she had been in violent convulsions successively—it was all but over. I laid her down on her litter within a hut; covered her with a Scotch plaid, and I fell upon my mat insensible, worn out with sorrow and fatigue. My men put a new handle to the pickaxe that evening, and sought for a dry spot to dig her grave!' (Vol. ii. pp. 84–9.)

Yet even from this paroxysm of distress, this agony of enterprise, the travellers rallied. They were within reach of the goal of all their efforts. The name of the village was Parkāni. Far to the west rose a range of enormous mountains; but the lake, the long-sought lake, lay *between* those mountains and the expedition. They were within a few hours of the end. By starting early in the morning they would be able to wash in its waters at noon.

'That night I hardly slept. For years I had striven to reach the "sources of the Nile." In my nightly dreams during that arduous voyage I had always failed, but after so much hard work and perseverance the cup was at my very lips, and I was to *drink* at the mysterious fountain before another sun should set—at that great reservoir of Nature that ever since creation had baffled all discovery.

'I had hoped, and prayed, and striven through all kinds of difficulties, in sickness, starvation, and fatigue, to reach that hidden source; and when it had appeared impossible, we had both determined to die upon the road rather than return defeated. Was it possible that it was so near, and that to-morrow we could say, "the work is accomplished?"

'*The 14th March.*—The sun had not risen when I was spurring my ox after the guide, who having been promised a double handful of beads on arriving at the lake, had caught the enthusiasm of the moment.' (Vol. ii. pp. 93–4.)

After a delay of eight days at the miserable fishing-village of Vacovia on the lake (lat. 1° 15′ N.) two wretched boats or rather canoes were procured—mere single trees hollowed out. In these a litter was fitted up, and off went the party with four rowers, and a few fowls and fishes on board, to coast along those unknown shores. The waters swarmed with hippopotami and crocodiles, but to avoid delay Mr. Baker repressed his sporting propensities and left them unhurt. Yet even here, the perils of the expedition only assumed new forms. After the first day the boatmen deserted, the pilot disappeared, and a storm soon sprang up from the south-west which threatened at every instant to swamp these frail barks. The breakers burst over the canoe, as it tore along before the gale with a large Scotch plaid for a sail; everything was soaked except the gunpowder which was in canisters; and although the distance to the shore was not great, it seemed impossible to reach it and uncertain whether they could land on it, if reached.

'On the following morning the lake was calm, and we started early. The monotony of the voyage was broken by the presence of several fine herds of elephants, consisting entirely of bulls. I counted fourteen of these grand animals, all with large tusks, bathing together in a small shallow lake beneath the mountains, having a communication with the main lake through a sandy beach; these elephants were only knee deep; and having been bathing they were perfectly clean, and their colossal black forms and large white tusks formed a beautiful picture in the calm lake beneath the lofty cliffs. It was a scene in harmony with the solitude of the Nile Sources—the wilderness of rocks and forests, the Blue Mountains in the distance, and the great fountain of nature adorned with the mighty beasts of Africa; the elephants in undisturbed grandeur, and hippopotami disporting their huge forms in the great parent of the Egyptian river.

'I ordered the boatmen to run the canoe ashore, that we might land and enjoy the scene. We then discovered seven elephants on the shore within about two hundred yards of us in high grass, while the main herd of fourteen splendid bulls bathed majestically in the placid lake, showering cold streams from their trunks over their backs and shoulders. There was no time to lose, as every hour was important: quitting the shore, we once more paddled along the coast.' (Vol. ii. p. 123.)

Thus they proceeded for thirteen days coasting the east shore of the lake, which gradually narrowed to a breadth of from fifteen to twenty miles. The banks were obstructed with an immense growth of papyrus rushes, so thick that a man could walk upon it; through this they reached 'Magungo,' the spot where the Somerset River falls into the Albert Lake. At this point the exit of the main stream of the White Nile in a navigable channel from the northern extremity of the lake was distinctly visible, as the natives had announced. More preplexing was the appearance of the Somerset River, which here arrives at the Great Lake in a broad channel of dead water, in singular contrast with the fine flowing stream which rushes down the Ripon Falls, the Karuma Falls, and the Murchison Falls.* To this last mentioned point, however, Mr. Baker ascended in his canoes. He there saw the river dashing down from a height of 120 feet about twenty miles above Magungo; and from thence (the oxen have been sent round with the guide) the party, exhausted and all but annihilated by fever, slowly made their way along the left bank to the island of Patovan. These observations are important, because, taken in conjunction with what Speke saw of the upper course of the river, which he conceived to be the main stream of the Nile itself, they afford a complete survey of the Somerset River from the point at which it leaves the Victoria Nyanza to that at which it falls into the Albert Nyanza. Mr. Baker sometimes calls this river the Victoria Nile, apparently from a feeling of respect and sympathy for his gallant and unfortunate precursor Captain Speke. We prefer to retain the name Speke himself gave it of the 'River Somerset,' because in fact it is not the Nile at all, but only a stream uniting the two great reservoirs of the main river. The true Nile is the river which flows out of the Albert Nyanza below Magungo.

At this stage of the expedition, though the work was done, the trials and sufferings of the travellers were by no means alleviated. On the contrary, each succeeding month spent in these pestilential marshes, without quinine and with no better remedy than now and then a few sour plums, rendered the attacks of fever more frequent and intense. Animal food was frequently entirely wanting, and they had to live for a fortnight on wild spinach, wild thyme, and wild honey. The only prospect before them was to be buried in these wild regions, uncertain whether even the record of their discoveries would ever reach Europe. Yet at this moment Kamrasi appealed to them to assist him in war against his enemies, and Mr. Baker suddenly roused himself, put on a full-dress Highland suit, with kilt and sporran, which by some inconceivable chance he had still in his portmanteau, and suddenly appeared to the eyes of the astonished natives in the heroic garb of a Scottish chief. Matters again improved after their return to Kisoona in Kamrasi's country, but when at length the expected war broke out between that monarch and his neighbours, Mr. Baker terminated the contest by his diplomacy rather than by his valour—hoisted the British flag, informed the invaders that the country was under his protection, and that an attack on it by the neighbouring tribes would be visited with condign punishment by the Turkish authorities at Khartoum. By this time, however, all chance of meeting the annual fleet of boats at Gondokoro was at an end, and the party therefore resigned themselves to stay several months in their quarters and assist the King by their advice in his resistance to his enemies. At length on the 20th September, a messenger returned from Gondokoro with reinforcements, and in November, after a residence of ten months in this wretched country, the party once more crossed the Karuma Falls, taking with them so large a quantity of ivory that it required 700 porters to carry it. This was the promised recompense to the Turkish escort, which alone secured their fidelity, and enabled Mr. Baker to effect his return. The Bari country was yet to be crossed, and it was not crossed without a fight, but in

* When Speke first saw the Victoria branch of the White Nile rushing out of the Victoria Nyanza, he remarked with surprise that the body of water appeared to be as great as that of the Nile itself. This same river had assumed much smaller proportions at the Karuma Falls, and eventually joins the Albert Nyanza with so little energy that it was difficult to perceive the motion of the current. The fact is that in these latitudes, and in the soil of Africa, rivers decrease very rapidly by evaporation and absorption, and if they were not supplied by vast lake basins, they would be dried up altogether before they reached the sea. In fact, as we have already remarked, this tributary, which is the outlet of the Victoria Nyanza, brings no perceptible accession of water to the Albert Nyanza, or to the White Nile.

this contest, which Mr. Baker describes as perfect child's play, he disdained to fire a shot; one or two Baris were killed, but the expedition proceeded unhurt. Like the spells of enchantment which the malignant powers in John Bunyan's immortal tale throw across the path of Christian in his pilgrimage of Faith, each successive attack decreases in power as we approach the close of this great initiation, until perils which to ordinary travellers might appear sufficiently formidable, pass comparatively unheeded. At Gondokoro no boats could be found at that season except the 'diahbech' which had been engaged for the ivory, and on this vessel the plague had broken out on her voyage up from Khatoum. This boat, however, Mr. Baker engaged for the homeward voyage. The fumigations he ordered did not dispel the infection; the men were seized with bleeding of the nose, which was the first symptom of this terrible malady; and poor Saat, a Christian negro boy of fifteen who had served throughout the expedition with uncommon courage and fidelity, died of the disorder three days before the boat reached Khartoum. The whole story of Saat is most touching, and may well warrant a hope that even among the debased and forsaken children of Africa, there is here and there a being with a heart and head not unworthy of a nobler position in the scale of humanity. Two more weary months were spent at Khartoum, and when the voyage could be resumed, it all but terminated fatally at the passage of the Cataracts. As it is Mr. Baker's last trial, he shall relate it himself.

'Many skeletons of wrecked vessels lay upon the rocks in various places: as we were flying along in full sail before a heavy gale of wind, descending a cataract, we struck upon a sandbank, fortunately not upon a rock, or we should have gone to pieces like a glass bottle. The tremendous force of the stream, running at the rate of about ten or twelve miles per hour, immediately drove the vessel broadside upon the bank. About sixty yards below us was a ridge of rocks, upon which it appeared certain that we must be driven should we quit the bank upon which we were stranded. The reis and crew, as usual in such cases, lost their heads. I emptied a large waterproof portmanteau, and tied it together with ropes, so as to form a life-buoy for my wife and Richarn, neither of whom could swim: the maps, journals, and observations, I packed in an iron box, which I fastened with a tow line to the portmanteau. It appeared that we were to wind up the expedition with shipwreck, and thus lose my entire collection of hunting spoils. Having completed the preparations for escape, I took command of the vessel, and silenced the chattering crew.

'My first order was to lay out an anchor up stream. This was done: the water was shallow, and the great weight of the anchor, carried on the shoulders of two men, enabled them to resist the current, and to wade hip-deep about forty yards up the stream upon the sandbank.

'Thus secured, I ordered the crew to haul upon the cable. The great force of the current bearing upon the broadside of the vessel, while her head was anchored up stream, bore her gradually round. All hands were now employed in clearing away the sand, and deepening a passage: loosening the sand with their hands and feet, the powerful rapids carried it away. For five hours we remained in this position, the boat cracking and half filled with water: however, we stopped the leak caused by the strain upon her timbers, and having, after much labour, cleared a channel in the narrow sand-bank, the moment arrived to slip the cable, hoist the sail, and trust to the heavy gale of wind from the west to clear the rocks, that lay within a few yards of us to the north. "Let go!" and, all being prepared, the sail was loosened, and filling in the strong gale with a loud report, the head of the vessel swung round with the force of wind and stream. Away we flew!—for an instant we grated on some hard substance: we stood upon the deck, watching the rocks exactly before us, with the rapids roaring loudly around our boat as she rushed upon what looked like certain destruction. Another moment, and we passed within a few inches of the rocks within the boiling surf. Hurrah, we are all right! We swept by the danger, and flew along the rapids, hurrying towards old England.' (Vol. ii. p. 346.)

At Berber, the mouth of the Atbara, the party quitted the Nile, crossed the desert to Souakim over the Red Sea, where they found a steamer to convey them to Suez.

The results of Mr. Baker's expedition to geographical science can scarcely be rated too highly, for he has rendered clear and certain what before was doubtful and inaccurate. Others indeed—as is the case in all human discoveries—had previously contributed to the achievement of exploring the Nile sources, and Mr. Baker has studiously abstained from saying one word to detract from their merit. But he has had the good fortune to complete the work, and he describes it in the following lines—

'The Nile, cleared of its mystery, resolves itself into comparative simplicity. The actual basin of the Nile is included between about the 22° and 39° East longitude, and from 3° South to 18° North latitude. The drainage of that vast area is monopolized by the Egyptian river. The Victoria and Albert Lakes, the two great equatorial reservoirs, are the recipients of all affluents south of the equator; the Albert Lake being the grand reservoir in which are concentrated the entire waters from the south, in addition to tributaries from the Blue Mountains, from the north of the equator. The

Albert N'yanza is the great basin of the Nile; the distinction between that and the Victoria N'yanza is, that the Victoria is a reservoir receiving the eastern affluents, and it becomes a starting point or the most elevated *source* at the point where the river issues from it at the Ripon Falls: the Albert is a reservoir not only receiving the western and southern affluents direct from the Blue Mountains, but it also receives the supply from the Victoria and from the entire equatorial Nile basin. The Nile, as it issues from the Albert N'yanza, is the *entire* Nile; prior to its birth from the Albert Lake it is *not* the entire Nile. A glance at the map will at once exemplify the relative value of the two great lakes. The Victoria gathers all the waters on the eastern side and sheds them into the northern extremity of the Albert: while the latter, from its character and position, is the direct channel of the Nile that receives all waters that belong to the equatorial Nile basin. Thus the Victoria is the first *source;* but from the Albert the river issues at once as the great White Nile.

'It is not my intention to claim a higher value for my discovery than is justly due, neither would I diminish in any way the lustre of the achievements of Speke and Grant; it has ever been my object to confirm and support their discoveries, and to add my voice to the chorus of praise that they have so justly merited. A great geographical fact has through our joint labours been most thoroughly established by the discovery of the Sources of the Nile. I lay down upon the map exactly what I saw, and what I gathered from information afforded by the natives most carefully examined.' (Vol. ii. pp. 304–6.)

Some future traveller may carry these researches yet further by navigating the waters of the Albert Nyanza and surveying its shores. It still remains to be ascertained whether that vast expanse of water, which must extend 200 or 300 miles to the south of the equator, is supplied solely by the rains and torrents of its own mountainous basin. But the discoveries of Livingstone, Burton and Speke, Speke and Grant, and Baker, have all concurred to demonstrate the truth of Sir Roderick Murchison's sagacious theory, that the central portion of Africa consists of a great plateau intersected by huge lakes and marshes. The drainage from this vast plateau falls down the southern water-shed to the Tanganika Lake, to the north-west towards the Niger and Lake Tchad; and the Victoria and Albert Lakes are the first of the system of African equatorial lakes which supply the stream of the Nile.

None of the results of Mr. Baker's exploration are more remarkable than the decisive confirmation he has given to the theory propounded by Sir Roderick Murchison in 1852—more than ten years before any European had reached this region—as to the geological conformation of Equatorial Africa. No portion of the globe bears such undoubted marks of the highest antiquity. All the rocks are primitive. This vast plateau, 4,000 feet above the sea, has never been submerged, nor does it appear to have undergone any changes either by volcanic or by aqueous action. And it is probable that the animals and races of man inhabiting this region are as old as any upon the earth. This fact is one of the most curious and important additions made in our time to geological science; and in his Anniversary Address to the Royal Geographical Society, delivered on the 28th of May of the present year, Sir Roderick again referred to the subject in the following terms:—

'On former occasions I have directed your special attention to the striking phenomenon of the long system of water-basins, lakes, and rivers flowing therefrom which prevails in the elevated plateau-ground of Central Africa. Many of these bodies of water lie, so far as we know, in shallow depressions, the edges of which extend into marshy lands. Now, the Albert N'yanza of Baker is a striking contrast to all such lakes; for this enormous body of water, estimated to be about as long as Scotland, is a deep excavation in hard granitic and other crystalline rocks. Looking to the simplicity and antiquity of the geological structure of Central Africa, it is this result of the exploration of Mr. Baker, or this profound excavation in hard rock, which has most interested me, and must, I am sure, interest all my brother geologists as well as physical geographers. For, if this great depression in hard rocks be not due, as I think, either to original conformation or to some of the great movements to which those rocks may have been subjected, how else are we to account for its existence? I have previously shown, from the absence of all marine deposits of tertiary and detrital age, that Central Africa has not been submerged in any of those geological periods during which we have such visible and clear proofs of great subsidences, elevations, and denudations in other quarters of the globe. Hence we cannot look to the sea as a denuding power in Central Africa. Still more impossible is it to seek in the existence of former glaciers an excavative power; for here, under the equator, not only can no such phenomena ever have occurred, but even if the application of such a theory were possible it would be set aside by the fact of the entire absence in Central Africa of any of those moraines or transported débris which are the invariable accompaniments of glaciers, or the erratic blocks transported by former icebergs.

'The discoveries, therefore, of Mr. Baker, which show that the deep and vast lake of Albert Nyanza lies in a hollow subtended by hills and mountains of hornblendic gneiss, quartz, and porphyry, is an admirable datum for geologists to rely upon, who, whether looking to the physical geography and outlines of

Central Africa, or to its extremely simple geological structure, are fairly enabled to refer this great variation of outline either to the original devious evolutions of great masses of igneous and molten matters, or to some great ancient movements of dislocation. In short, Central Africa presents no existing natural agent which, if it operated for millions of years, could have excavated the hollow in which the great Albert Nyanza lies.'

The results of Mr. Baker's expedition to ethnography, the interests of trade, and the prospects of civilisation are less satisfactory than those we have just indicated, but they are not without importance. He found that the African tribes in the vicinity of Gondokoro, the Latookas and Obbos to the east, the Bari and the Madi to the south on the banks of the Nile, and the reported cannibals to the west, are even more uncivilised, degraded, and ferocious than the natives of the countries visited by Livingstone and by Speke. Their country is so poor that the inhabitants have nothing to offer in exchange for the productions of Europe but ivory and slaves, and the whole value of the ivory brought down to Khartoum in a year hardly exceeds 40,000*l*. But the slave-trade of the White Nile is the true barrier against all commerce and all improvement. As long as that abomination exists, every stranger who sets foot in the country carries with him war, havoc, fear, and hatred. Yet, Mr. Baker argues, nothing would be easier than to suppress this infamous traffic, if the European Powers were in earnest, and if the Egyptian Government were compelled to exert its power for that purpose. The slave-trade of the Western Coast, with all its horrors, was less detestable, for it had for its principal object the supply of labour to the Western hemisphere, where the African race, in spite of all its sufferings, has risen to a point of civilisation still unknown in its native swamps and deserts. But the slave-trade of the White Nile is mainly carried on for the purpose of supplying women and children for the basest purposes to Egypt, Arabia, and the East. At the battues of the slave-dealers, when a village is attacked, the men are shot down like game, the women and children are kidnapped and driven off. But as the gangs of these unfortunate victims of cupidity and lust must all pass down the river, the whole traffic might be paralysed by preventing the departure of vessels from Khartoum for the south except under licence from the Government; by placing military posts at Gondokoro, and by establishing two steam cruisers on the river. Seven days' march south of Gondokoro, the Nile again becomes navigable, and vessels might ascend direct from that point to the Albert Lake, where they would at once command the trade of the whole extent of its coasts and complete the exploration of its shores. The tribes on the banks of the White Nile, though barbarous and formidable to a single traveller, have no power to oppose measures taken for this purpose by the Egyptian Government; and indeed their hostility would be disarmed as soon as they found that the object of the stranger was not to burn villages and steal women, but to give them a better price for their ivory and to supply them with cloths and beads from Europe.

These are the practical suggestions with which Mr. Baker concludes his book, and we doubt not that they will one day be acted upon by those who may have the courage and enthusiasm to follow him in his adventurous path. Meanwhile we are indebted to Mr. Baker himself for one of the most agreeable contributions to the geographical literature of the present day. He has conferred additional lustre on English discovery, which had already contributed so largely in the present century to a more complete knowledge of the habited and uninhabitable portions of the globe. He has approached nearer than any living man to the solution of that great mystery of the Nile, which has been the wonder of ages. He has accomplished these great objects by his own sole resources, alone and unaccompanied by any European, except that intrepid lady who is the worthy mate of such a husband; and the record of his travels will be read with interest wherever the English language is spoken.

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Art. VI.—1. *Report of the Assistant-Secretary to the Navy on the Attempt to relieve Fort Sumter in* 1861. New York: 1865.

2. *Reports of the Secretary for the Navy, with Appendices.* Washington: 1861–5.

3. *Diary of the War for Separation.* Vicksburg: 1862.

4. *Reports on the Fall of New Orleans presented to the Confederate Congress.* Richmond: 1862.

'To overcome the dangers springing from so formidable an insurrection, three results must be obtained. The shores of the Seceding States must be effectively blockaded; the course of the Mississippi and the whole water-system of the West must be mastered; finally, the rebellious Government must be

driven from Richmond, its chosen capital.' Such were the broad outlines (as traced by the Prince de Joinville's clear pen) of the great task which lay before the forces of the Union at the outbreak of the war five years ago. Plainly as he pointed out in his 'Campagne du Potomac' the inherent weakness of the Federal military system, and the manifold imperfections of the volunteer armies which it placed in the field, it is not to be supposed that his prevision, or that of any other single observer, reached through the long vista of the chequered struggle to come. Battles, sieges, marches lay before these armies surpassing in interest—even as mere military examples—all that the world has seen since the fall of Napoleon. Nor are fit chroniclers wanting to them. Each week seems to add to our knowledge of the campaigns in America. Grant has issued carefully elaborate reports, excusing or condemning in detail each of his subordinates. Sherman's friends are many, and thoroughly determined not to let their hero's reputation rust. Lee is himself said to be preparing the history of his great defence of the capital of the late Confederacy. All over Europe military writers use American strategy for a text, with commentaries as varied as their nationality, knowledge, and candour.

It is manifest, however, that the mass of works thus produced do not cover the whole of the subject. The important part borne by the American navy in the contest; its absolute performance of the first portion of the task indicated in our opening lines; the powerful share taken by it in the river campaigns which cut the Seceded States in twain; the vast weight due to its exertions in the final successes of the Federal Generals, have been but little noticed as compared to the din and shock of the great battles with which the New World rang. Yet nothing is more surprising in this great contest—no military, political or financial success has more completely defied expectation, prophecy, and precedent—than the work wrought by this arm of the Union forces; and wrought by it in the very process of creation out of actual nonentity.

European journals have not failed to make occasional comments on the Reports of the Secretary of the American navy. Yet out of the United States few persons are aware of the extreme penury of resources with which that officer and his chief, the new President, had to contend, when the terrible fact of the unavoidable contest burst upon them. Even in America the full truth of the difficulties which, in this department alone, beset the Cabinet of Lincoln, has only of late been made known by the publication of documents which, for personal motives, it had been designed to withhold. An attack upon the political reputation of Mr. Seward, made some months after the actual close of the contest, first brought to light incidentally the full particulars of the failure to relieve Fort Sumter in April, 1861, the papers concerning which had been once laid before the Senate, but suppressed by that body. The report of Captain Fox (now Assistant-Secretary of the Navy), the principal actor in the affair, reveals in vivid colours the destitute condition of the department at the breaking out of the war, and the shifting nature of the counsels which prevailed at Washington in the first dread of provoking actual conflict. This officer, who had left the navy for private employment before the era of Secession, was one of many bold and active spirits who flocked back to the public service of the Union when its existence was endangered. Events so vast as to afford a field for the most daring and energetic of the sons of the North were at hand, and were partly foreseen by the more clear-sighted of her politicians, though none fathomed fully their mighty scope and the great results to follow.

On the 9th of January, 1861, the 'Star of the West,' chartered to carry supplies to Fort Sumter, was turned back by shots from Morris Island, the first hostile missiles of the civil war, proclaimed by this outrage on the Federal flag. Captain Fox, being then in New York, and well acquainted with the approaches to Charleston, lost no time in laying before certain eminent merchants of strong Union principles his 'views as to the possibility of relieving the garrison, and the dishonour which would be justly merited by the Government, unless immediate measures were taken to fulfil this sacred duty.' Into the details of his proposal it is not necessary to enter here. So much effect did his vehemence and energy exercise on his hearers, that one of them, Mr. Marshall, undertook to furnish and provision the necessary vessels forthwith. Whilst these preparations were made, the authorities at Washington were communicated with; and on the 6th of February Captain Fox was present at the capital, summoned by a telegram from General Scott. Next day his plan was fully discussed in the presence of Mr. Buchanan; but the simple vacillation of the latter was (as his own confessions indicate) changed into downright weakness when news arrived on the following morning that the Seceding States had actually proceeded to the election of a president of their own. 'I called

upon General Scott,' says Captain Fox, 'and he intimated to me that probably no effort would be made to relieve Fort Sumter. He seemed much disappointed and astonished; I therefore returned to New York on the 9th of February.' Nor can we wonder at the retiring President's hopeless view of the case, when we learn from Mr. Welles's first Report, that the number of seamen officially under the control of the Navy Department in the first week of March amounted to *less than* 300 *on home service*, with a proportionately low supply of stores! This weakness was, however, in the main ostensible only; for even the few incidents already referred to show what a fund of energy private will could supply, and what wealth of means private resources could create when the spirit of the Northern States should be fairly aroused to grapple with the crisis of their fate.

That crisis was rapidly approaching. The day of compromises and expedients ceased with Buchanan; and his successor Mr. Lincoln was no sooner installed in the seat of peril, when the naval enterprise which had been at first rejected was again entertained.

'On the 12th of March (continues Captain Fox) I received a telegram to come to Washington, and I arrived there on the 13th. Mr. Blair [the Postmaster-General] having been acquainted with the proposition I presented to General Scott under Mr. Buchanan's administration, had sent for me to tender the same to Mr. Lincoln. . . .

'Finding there was great opposition to any attempt at relieving Fort Sumter, and that Mr. Blair alone sustained the President in his policy of refusing to yield, I judged that my arguments in favour of the practicability of sending in supplies would be strengthened by a visit to Charleston and the Fort.'

The visit paid at some personal risk, the adventurer returned to Washington, where his chief difficulties were still the objections made to his scheme by General Scott and other military authorities. In reply to these, Captain Fox, with a touch of the natural jealousy of the ex-naval officer, 'maintained the proposition, and suggested that it was a naval plan, and should be decided by naval officers.'

Dismissed by the President with verbal instructions, Captain Fox is again found at New York in consultation with his merchant friends, 'and making preliminary arrangements for the voyage.' At these interviews, no doubt, was laid the foundation of that new naval system to be created through private agency for the public service, which may be considered one of the most remarkable products of the great Civil War.

Undaunted by the withdrawal from the project of his first ally, Mr. Marshall, who thought 'that the people had made up their minds to abandon Sumter, and make their stand upon Fort Pickens,' Captain Fox pressed his project forward by another visit to the President. 'Delays which belong to the secret history of the time'—in plainer words, the irresolution of the majority of Lincoln's advisers and its effect upon their chief—

'prevented a decision until the afternoon of the 4th of April, when the President sent for me, and said that he had decided to let the expedition go, and that . . . I should best fulfil my duty to my country to make the attempt. The Secretary of the Navy had in commission, in the Atlantic waters of the United States, only the "Powhatan," "Pocahontas," and "Pawnee;" all these he placed at my disposal, as well as the revenue steamer "Harriet Lane," and directed me to give all the necessary orders.'

In addition to this squadron, Mr. Aspinwall, of New York, offered the large steamer 'Baltic' to carry the needful provisions and stores. Three tug-boats were also hired; but upon the arrival of the 'Powhatan' (the only steam-vessel of frigate class then available), which was to carry the armed launches and the sailors for manning them, depended the actual execution of the plan of Captain Fox, as he intimates plainly in his account of the failure which ensued.

On the 8th of April the 'Baltic' sailed from New York, the frigate having left two days before her. Captain Fox, with the former, made the rendezvous off Charleston before daybreak on the 12th, and three hours later the sound of heavy guns told that the attack on Major Anderson was begun. The small party of officers with Captain Fox, watched with anxious eyes the engagement, in which they had hoped to take a part; but the weather was rough and their means for landing in the night (the pith of their design) totally inadequate, as were those of the 'Pawnee' and 'Harriet Lane.' A heavy gale along the coast fully accounted for the non-appearance of the tug-boats; but the 'Powhatan' was looked for all day, and through the night signals thrown up. It was not until the next morning—that of the surrender of the fort—that Captain Fox first learnt that the frigate had been carried off to another service by still higher orders than those of the Secretary of the Navy under which he had sailed. The instructions of Mr. Welles to her captain, Mercer (who was to act as senior naval

officer), were issued in elaborate detail on the 5th of April, the morning after the President's promise to Fox that the expedition should sail. That in this promise the 'Powhatan' was specifically included does *not* appear; but that both Mr. Welles and Captain Fox *so understood it* is perfectly clear, although this all-important ship (as they considered it) was in reality already secretly engaged by Lincoln for another service!

Whilst Fox had been pressing forward his project for the relief of Sumter, Captain Meigs of the Engineers (since much distinguished for his services as Quartermaster-General) had been not less urgent with the President to attempt the reinforcement of the troops at Fort Pickens, the key of Pensacola Harbour. This port was so weakly garrisoned as to be subject to surprise from Bragg's force on the mainland; and yet of itself it was known to be far more susceptible of defence than Fort Sumter. Whether the merely military view of the question; or the advice of Mr. Seward who favoured this project; or the secret belief of the President that the fall of Fort Sumter was of more political value than the holding it to the Federal cause, prevailed in Lincoln's decision over the arguments of Fox, is not at this time clear. A consolatory letter addressed soon afterwards to the latter by the President concludes its compliments with a remarkable expression, which seems to justify the belief that the failure to relieve and consequent surrender of Anderson were events which his superior foresaw without much reluctance. The paragraph runs thus:—

'For a daring and dangerous enterprise of a similar character, you would, to-day, be the man, of all my acquaintances, whom I would select. You and I both anticipated that the cause of the country would be advanced by making the attempt to provision Fort Sumter, *even if it should fail.*"

Whatever were the cause, the President chose rather to sacrifice his failing hold on Charleston harbour than give up the fort at Pensacola. So small was the degree of confidence at that time reposed in his own officials, that Mr. Welles remained in complete ignorance of the new design, and was suffered (as we have seen) to issue instructions which secret and imperious orders from his chief set aside. When the 'Powhatan' was ready for sea and about to quit New-York, Lieutenant D. D. Porter of the navy and Captain Meigs stepped on board; and the former, producing the President's sign-manual authorising the proceeding, assumed command of the frigate and diverted her course to the Gulf of Mexico.

'It was not,' says Captain (now General) Meigs, in a recently published account, 'without some hesitation that Captain Mercer gave up the ship. The positive order of the President, detaching him and placing Lieutenant Porter in command, overruled the order of the Navy Department. The conflict was the result of the secrecy with which the whole business was conducted, and to that secrecy, in a great measure, was due the relief of Fort Pickens, and the retention of this finest harbour in the South by the United States.'

Besides preserving the control of the harbour of Pensacola (which the Union forces never from that time found difficulty in holding), Porter and his coadjutors were enabled on their way to save the islands of Key West and the Tortugas from yielding to the State authorities of Florida. So rapid and complete was their success, that the first news of it was brought back by Captain Meigs himself, up to the time of whose arrival the destination of the 'Powhatan,' and of the steam-transport 'Atlantic' which had accompanied her, was unknown to any save the President and the officers who executed the design.

The excuse of Lincoln (as made by General Meigs) for keeping Mr. Welles and Captain Fox in ignorance that their project for the relief of Sumter must give way to the operation so brilliantly executed at Fort Pickens, lay in the difference of the local circumstances. The latter place was far more open to assault by escalade from a boating expedition than the former; and the least breath of the true destination of the 'Powhatan' might, if communicated by telegraph to Jefferson Davis, have produced an instant order to Bragg to seize the work, which his superior force could certainly then have done. No such intelligence or orders were transmitted: and Bragg, with whose vacillation and weakness the misfortunes of the Confederate arms are largely identified,* was not of a character to take upon himself the responsibility of commencing active hostilities. His opportunity passed from him when the 'Powhatan' and her convoy were once allowed to enter boldly in and reinforce the threatened work.

Allowing the truth of all this, and the genuine importance of Pensacola, it is diffi-

* Officers lately high in command in the Confederate armies charge this general with not merely wasting the whole fruits of the victory of Chickamauga, but with leaving Stuart unsupported on the day of his death before Richmond; and, above all, with the loss of Wilmington—left unsuccoured by his fatal irresolution.

cult to conceive that the success of Porter could have compensated Mr. Welles and his adviser for the practical abandonment of their counter-project. It is not surprising that in his first Report—that of July 1861—the Secretary of the Navy makes no allusion to an achievement, the conception of which had been kept secret from him; nor that Captain Fox appears to have long harboured a very bitter feeling against Mr. Seward, to whose personal advice he attributed the President's decision. We are not here concerned with the personal or party aspect of the question, but have brought this, the first episode of the naval warfare in America, prominently forward; partly for the light it throws on the political chaos out of which so much energy, valour, and statesmanship was to be born; partly for the picture it affords of the extraordinary want of any ready means by which the Government of the Union could assert its authority. The Congress adjourning without providing any men or material to meet the threatened danger: the fleet so reduced that but one steam-frigate could be found to execute all the designs the President might have for the control of the Seceding ports: a Secretary of the Navy so new to his trust that it was thought necessary to keep from him the knowledge of the orders sent to his own department: a lieutenant sent with secret orders to supersede the post-captain on the deck of his own ship, and at the hour of his departure on an important service: expeditions involving civil war urged on the Government by private citizens, who yet made their aid dependent on the undeclared will of the people; such were some of the strange circumstances which surrounded the Executive of the Great Republic in the day when its power by land and sea seemed rent in twain. Never—if war must come—had a commercial State more need of a navy. Never were the apparent difficulties of creating one greater; for many of the merchant princes of the North inclined (as has been shown in one striking instance) to take a more lukewarm view of the Union cause when its defence seemed to threaten danger to their foreign trade, than in the first moments of excitement before the cost was fully counted.

Lincoln, however, was more fortunate in his Cabinet. Neither he nor any of his advisers shrank from the mere magnitude of the duties thronging on them, nor lacked that faith in their cause which should hereafter carry the whole North with it to a triumphant end. Mr. Welles swallowed manfully enough the mortification he had felt, and applied himself with diligence to the vast task before him; whilst Captain Fox was soon to find that the President's expressions of satisfaction with his conduct in the Sumter affair were no mere perfunctory commendations. An Assistant-Secretary of the Navy was one of the first additional offices recommended for the sanction of the new Congress; and on the approval of that body being obtained to this addition to the now important bureau, the appointment was at once conferred on Captain Fox, who held it until the war was brought to a successful end. No better selection could have been made. The happy combination he possessed of cultivated professional knowledge with close experience of the details of the Northern shipping trade, enabled him, in a degree to which perhaps no other man could have attained, to utilise the resources of the latter for the supply of the vast deficiencies existing in the department of which throughout the struggle he held practical charge.

How great these deficiencies were appears sufficiently in the first Report of Mr. Welles, made before the appointment of his energetic and able coadjutor. There is a brevity and frankness about the bare statements in this paper, which contrasts not unfavourably with the more laboured narratives of the work achieved by the department in those which came later. Forty-two ships in commission, with a complement of 7,600 men, formed the active fleet of the United States at the accession of Lincoln; and while thirty of these were absent on foreign stations, four only of the remainder, manned by 280 sailors, constituted the exact force left in the harbours of the States adhering to the Union.

But more serious still was the disaffection among the naval officers, a far larger proportion of whom than in the army sympathised to the full with the objects of Secession. It was found possible at a later time to fill the posts of the 260 who resigned their commissions with volunteers, who, like Captain Fox, had been brought up to the service. But before this could be done, one of the principal naval depots, the yard at Norfolk, had fallen into hostile hands. In it was a large steam-frigate, the 'Merrimack,' now nearly complete, which the Confederates, on the hasty evacuation of the place, succeeded in saving from the flames when some lesser vessels perished. Possessing thus at least one formidable vessel of war, they forthwith proceeded, with an ingenuity which made up for the limited means at their command, to convert her into such an invincible iron-clad as might hope to defy all the fleets of the North. To the

foresight and activity of Captain Fox it was due that this design was foiled in the end, by the countermeasures adopted at his instance.

Before his official appointment as assistant to Mr. Welles, that statesman had in this Report brought the subject of iron-clad vessels before the Houses of Congress; and a vote of a million and a half of dollars being granted for the purpose of obtaining experimental models, three of those submitted were speedily selected for practical trial. The first of the ships thus ordered was the 'Ironsides'—a steam-sloop armoured throughout with 4½-inch plates, and designed to carry eight of the Dahlgren 11-inch hollow-shot guns, up to that time the heaviest piece known in the navy. The next was the famous invention of Captain Ericsson, the 'Monitor,' the first ship built with a revolving turret. The principles of her construction were (as is universally known) altogether new in the history of naval architecture, and on their general scope it is not needful here to dwell. Plated very imperfectly, slow, and dangerously unseaworthy, inferior even in armament to her successors (her two guns being 11-inch, one of theirs always 15-inch), she yet, by her prompt preparation, and opportune despatch to the Chesapeake, arrived to do the State such service in her single harbour action as few vessels of the longest sea-going history can claim. The 'Galena,' the third model selected, seems to have been a humble and cheap imitation of the 'Monitor,' intended for river service, but on trial she proved incapable of facing heavy shore batteries, and therefore of little practical use to the department.

Undeterred by the sneers of the numerous critics, who prophesied that the 'Monitor' would never float, or if floating could never venture beyond Sandy Hook, the inventor and his employer with equal eagerness pressed her to completion. Such confidence did Fox and Ericsson inspire in Mr. Welles as the 'Floating Iron Battery' (her first official name) drew near completion, that the Secretary, before the time of actual test arrived, applied for and obtained, with a little gentle pressure, a special vote from Congress for twenty more iron-clad gunboats, the greater part of which were ordered to be constructed at once on the 'Monitor' principle. This was, however, some months later than the Report we are considering (that of July 1861), which touched only, as has been said, on the question of armoured ships as one for experiment. The additions already made to the strength of the navy in the first four months of Mr. Welles's charge are detailed in it, and comprised, besides 8 steam-sloops sanctioned by the previous Congress, 12 large steamers bought, and 9 more hired from the merchant service, to be fitted for war purposes with from 2 to 9 guns each. Much of the Report is devoted to an apology for the responsibility assumed by the Secretary in making this provision, and in ordering from private yards 23 gunboats of about 500 tons each—measures which are especially justified by a reference to the violence committed at Norfolk on the naval property of the Union, and to the insurrection against the Washington authorities of the people of Baltimore. It is evident that Mr. Welles was yet in some uncertainty as to the support the Cabinet might receive in their vigorous action—an uncertainty at once removed by the prompt approval of the Congress specially summoned to decide whether the Union was to be saved by war.

In the next Report (that of December 1861) it is vain to look for any great progress beyond that shown by returns of expenditure, purchase, and enlistment. With the exception of the disastrous campaign ending at Bull's Run, the autumn of this year was chiefly spent by the North in gathering up her strength by land and sea for that great war which she now saw plainly must be passed through if the Union was to be saved. Critics there were in abundance, at home and abroad, ready to denounce the expenditure as profligate, and the hope of reconquest as visionary. Yet every month added to the majority who supported Congress in their resolution to place the national forces on a thoroughly serviceable footing; and Captain Fox and his superior availed themselves to the full of the grants made for their department. Supplemental estimates for five millions of our money had been submitted in the summer Session, and sanctioned without delay; so that now, in addition to the engaging, by special bounties, a respectable number of seamen, 121 more vessels had been purchased from merchants and converted into transports or vessels of war, in addition to 52 begun or actually completed in the yards, or under special contracts—the greater part by the latter means. Of the old navy the number of vessels brought into service was 76; but one half of these were sailing-vessels, unsuited to the new exigencies of the service. It had already become evident that the proclamation of blockade, without an abundant use of steam-power, would have proved a nullity; while the capture now reported of 153 vessels attempting to break it, proved the wisdom of (we quote from Mr. Welles's fuller description in a later Report) 'the

steps which were promptly taken to recall our foreign squadrons, and to augment our navy by repairing and fitting, as expeditiously as possible, every available vessel, by rapidly constructing as many steamers as could be built at our navy-yards, and by employing, to the extent that we could procure materials, engines and machinery, the resources of the country in adding others from private ship-yards.'

The Confederates in the meanwhile had not been idle in their efforts to distract their enemies in the work of cutting off the Seceding States from all efficient aid from abroad. In hopes of drawing off some part of the blockaders, the Confederate President had, at the first sound of hostilities, begun to issue letters of marque. The first privateer which went forth under his authority, the 'Savannah,' fell speedily into the hands of the Federals, and her crew, by an act which now appears one of unjustifiable terrorism, were for some months treated as pirates. This severity did not prevent her being succeeded speedily by the 'Sumter,' an armed barque, whose captain, Semmes, first set the example of that destruction of Federal property at sea which has done so much to complicate future questions of naval warfare. The fear of the new Federal steam-fleet soon drove her to take refuge in Gibraltar, where her commander and crew finally abandoned her. But a more formidable danger to Federal commerce appeared in the 'Nashville,' a large steamer fitted originally for war purposes at Charleston. Having successfully run the blockade in October, she made her way by the West Indies across the Atlantic, and created a burst of indignant outcry in the North by destroying a large trading vessel, the 'Harvey Birch,' just before she ran into Southampton Water. Hither she was swiftly tracked and thenceforward watched by the 'Tuscarora,' one of the formidable steam-ships brought into Federal service during the nine months past.

On the whole, however, the year 1861 had given but little opportunity to show whether the American navy, under the new conditions, would prove equal to its former reputation. The validity of its blockade, the one work really accomplished, was questioned daily in the foreign press, whose critics—swayed often by national or party prejudice—measured it by the notorious number of escapes rather than by its practical effects upon the South. Yet as we now look coolly back, it is evident that the marine department of the Union forces had done more during this period of general girding for the strife than the administration of the sister service. It is true that masses of volunteers were accepted for the army and placed in camp: but until Bull's Run had been lost, not the smallest attempt was made to give them consistency and value by a working staff; nor were the efforts of M'Clellan, Halleck, and others for that end honestly seconded, until new and greater disasters taught wisdom to the President and his successive Secretaries for War.

Passing forward another year in our review, we find more conspicuous successes obtained by the energy of Mr. Welles's able assistant than perhaps even he had dreamed of when the mantle of office fell on him in a fortunate hour for the Union. The general result of his energetic exertions, and of the support and confidence he received from the President and Mr. Welles, is best given in the words of the latter's Report of the 4th December, 1862:—

'We have at this time afloat or progressing to rapid completion a naval force consisting of 427 vessels, there having been added to those of the old navy enumerated in my report of July 1861, exclusive of those that were lost, 363 vessels, armed in the aggregate with 1,577 guns, and of the capacity of 240,028 tons.

'The annals of the world do not show so great an increase in so brief a period to the naval power of any country. It affords me satisfaction to state that the acquisitions made to the navy from the commercial marine have proved to be of an excellent character, and though these vessels were not built for war purposes, and consequently have not the strength of war vessels, they have performed all the service that was expected of them.'

Some exceptions may hereafter be made to this broad statement; but the history of the Navy had now become largely the history of the War, and it is necessary to survey its achievements a little more in detail, in order to see how great a share it had already taken in determining the course of events.

Of the important mixed expeditions of the American War, the earliest and one of the most successful was that directed in January 1862, against the vast inner waters of the North Carolina coast, known as Albemarle and Pamlico Sounds. Attempts to blockade these effectually in 1861 had proved the necessity of seizing the possession of points within, in order to avoid the alternative of keeping a squadron to watch each passage between the sandbanks which divide them from the Atlantic. A determined effort to master the Sounds was therefore projected before the close of the year; and on the 13th January, 1862, Flag-officer Goldsborough's squadron of 17 steamers of light draught, carrying altogether 48 guns, appeared off Hatteras Inlet, the chief entrance. Under

their convoy came a numerous flotilla of transports with 10,000 soldiers under General Burnside. So narrow and intricate was the channel to be passed that the whole of the troop-ships were not carried in until the 4th of February; and the following morning found the expedition at last moving slowly against Roanoke Island, which separates the two Sounds, and is the key of both. This was protected by a garrison of 2,500 men, and by a flotilla of seven small gunboats drawn up behind a barricade of piles and sunken vessels. On the 7th, the attacking squadron, under the immediate charge of Commander Rowan, had got within range of the defenders' batteries, and after a five hours' engagement at long range, silenced the latter and drove the covering gunboats off. The troops were landed the same evening; and their advance next day, though made with all the uncertainty inherent in the attack by recruits of an unknown enemy in a wooded position, soon put Burnside into possession of the feeble works of the Confederates, the chief part of whom, to the number of 2,400, surrendered with their general.

Rowan forced a way for his squadron through the barricade the same day, destroying one of the Confederate gunboats and driving the rest northward across Albemarle Sound. Thither he at once pursued them, and early on the morning of the 10th attacked them in the creek called Pasquotank River, where they had taken refuge under protection of a small shore-battery. The contest was over in a few minutes, the Confederates abandoning and firing their steamers, one only of which was saved by the victors. The conquest of Newbern, Washington, and the minor posts accessible by water from each Sound, followed as a matter of course from these successes of the expedition. The honours devolved chiefly on Burnside, who gained by personal activity, wherever his troops were landed for action, a deserved credit which proved the speedy stepping-stone to that high command where he made such utter shipwreck of his reputation. The navy, however, had shown sufficiently its great importance in the joint operations; and its officers justified by their confident execution of their orders the care and expenditure by which their service had been already made so superior to that opposed to it.

A squadron, detached by Commodore Dupont from the South Atlantic fleet, about the same time, while reconnoitring the mouth of the Savannah River, was attacked by five small gunboats under Commodore Tatnall,* but repulsed him after a short fight, and drove him under cover of his forts. From Beaufort as a base Dupont with ease recovered the small Federal forts on the coast of Florida, and spread terror up the numerous inlets of the Sea Islands by his light steamers; and later in the spring a portion of his command gave General Gillmore in the siege of Fort Pulaski the same hearty co-operation by service in the shore-batteries as our own Naval Brigade under the gallant Peel afforded to the Allied armies in the Crimea.

The greatest success, as a purely naval operation, of the whole war—the greatest in naval history since Exmouth's victory at Algiers—was that achieved in the course of this spring at the mouth of the Mississippi. Capain Farragut,† whom Welles had specially selected as fitted by his resolute character to take charge of the active operations in that quarter, arrived at the scene of action on the 20th of February. The Western Gulf Squadron, hitherto under command of McKean, had been gradually increased from a few blockading vessels to a powerful fleet of 6 steam-frigates and 12 large gunboats. To these a flotilla of 20 bomb-vessels under Porter (raised to commander's rank for his earlier services) was added by the 18th of March. But the obstacles to be overcome were of the most formidable character. Two strong forts, Jackson on the west bank, St. Philip on the east, were connected by a huge boom of rafts and hulks, the approach to which, to be made against a powerful current, they swept with the fire of 80 guns, and seemed thus to bar wholly the way up the stream. Above this obstruction a flotilla of gunboats was ready to support the fire of the works; and iron-clad rams were known to have been some time in preparation in order to employ in the coming warfare that use of the blow of the prow disused for so many centuries, but now revived by the power of steam.

The first attempt of this kind in modern history had been already made off one of the mouths of the river by Commodore Hollins

* The same who endeared himself to Englishmen by his prompt assistance to our wounded in the Peiho disaster.

† An Act passed in December 1861 permitted the President to select *any captain or commander* for the charge of a fleet with the title of Flag-Officer, and rank equal to that of the old American commodore. Farragut's victory and the services of Foote on the rivers became just pleas for the creation in the following summer of the grade of rear-admiral, hitherto not admitted in the American marine. Four officers were at first thus raised to permanent rank, viz. Farragut, Foote, Goldsborough and Dupont; but the President continued to exercise his right of selection, and those appointed by him were only styled acting rear-admirals.

of the Confederate service in the previous October, when he had attacked and driven off a blockading squadron with the ram 'Manasses,' a small river-steamer plated rudely with railroad iron. Thus early in the war, however, the means of the Confederates proved unequal to the carrying out their bold designs. The shock of the ram fell partly, as it happened, on a coaling schooner alongside the steamer 'Richmond,' the vessel attacked; and although the latter was considerably damaged, she was not reduced to a sinking condition, whilst the ram suffered so much in her machinery as to be disabled from continuing the contest. A further attempt on the same occasion to destroy the alarmed blockaders with the fire-barges failed also, the former succeeding in drifting out of the way of the danger. Hollins then drew off without any practical advantage gained beyond the prestige established in favour of the dashing mode of warfare which he has the credit of being the first to revive, and which the fleet of Farragut had to prepare for as one of the most dangerous obstacles to their enterprise.

The navy were from the first designed to bear the labour and reap the honour of the capture of New Orleans unsupported; although General Butler, with 18,000 men, was despatched to the scene of action. It may be that the fatal example of Pakenham's defeat in his attempt to reach the city by land influenced the arrangements of Welles and Fox. Certain it is that their instructions to Farragut set aside all thought of active use of the troops in the attack. Their simple wording ran (after some preliminary details) thus:—

> 'When you are completely ready . . . you will proceed up the Mississippi river, and reduce the defences which guard the approaches to New Orleans, when you will appear off that city and take possession of it under the guns of your squadron, and hoist the American flag therein, keeping possession until troops can be sent to you. . . . As you have expressed yourself perfectly satisfied with the force given to you, and as many more powerful vessels will be added before you can commence operations, the department and the country will require of you success.'

Such success might have been all but impossible had the Confederate resistance been as perfectly organised as at the time was believed. A full knowledge of the truth—now easily gained from the official reports laid before the Richmond Congress—shows not only that much was left undone in the way of material preparation on the side of the Confederates, but that their commanders were wanting in the unity, vigour, and activity opposed to them by their formidable assailants.

Farragut's earliest reports refer chiefly to the transport of the needful supplies, and to the steps taken for carrying the larger steamers over the bar. The difficulties here encountered were greater than had been anticipated, and it was only on the 8th of April that the frigates were completely brought over the obstacle, with the exception of the heaviest, the 'Colorado,' which it was found impossible to tow through the mud-banks, however she was lightened. The rest had then to be fully armed and coaled; and in the meanwhile the whole squadron was fitted for the coming conflict, under orders previously prepared by the flag-officer with elaborate care to meet the various contingencies of a battle fought in the contracted space of a river's width. The mere issuing of instructions was by no means the limit of Farragut's care for his command. Imitating, perhaps unconsciously, the scrupulous anxiety of Nelson before the battle of the Nile, he visited every vessel under his flag, and saw that the commander personally comprehended his own share in the work. Thus, too, he was enabled (as his detailed report discovers) to utilise such suggestions as the ingenuity of individuals offered. The first of these was by the engineer of the 'Richmond,' who proposed that the sheet-cables should be stopped up and down the sides in the line of the engines—a plan which was immediately adopted by all the vessels. Then each commander made his own arrangements for preventing the shot from penetrating the boilers or machinery, by hammocks, coal, bags of ashes, bags of sand, clothes-bags, and, in fact, by every device imaginable. The bulwarks were lined with hammocks by some, by splinter nettings made with ropes by others. Some rubbed their vessels over with mud, to make their ships less visible, and some whitewashed their decks, to make things more visible during the fight, for the actual conflict was to take place in the night.

Whilst thus consulting in person with his captains, all of whose opinions Farragut declares himself to have heard, that of Commander Porter was listened to with a deference corresponding to his important charge and the reputation he had already gained, rather than to his relative rank. In his General Order of the 20th of April the flag-officer freely avows this, and declares himself to be about to essay an attack which was a combination of two modes suggested by that able and daring officer. The forts were at all risks to be run past in the dark, and the troops to be left behind until a sufficient

naval force to protect them was in the river above at a point (called the Quarantine) near to which they might be conveyed by a shallow creek which turned the Confederate main works. The latter could then be effectually besieged, whilst the bulk of the joint forces moved up along the stream, prepared to operate further by land or water according to the means of resistance—as yet unknown—which the enemy possessed. This project was in the end not executed in its integrity, because, the forts once passed, opposition practically ceased. The assault was preluded by a bombardment from Porter's heavy mortars. After careful reconnoissance that officer had towed his flotilla within range of the works by the morning of the 18th April, and the work of destruction began by their throwing that day nearly 3,000 large shells about the heads of the garrison.

Those who have wondered at the success obtained at New Orleans need do so no more when they contrast the completeness of the Federal preparations, and the vigour and decision with which Farragut at the proper moment went to work, with the divided counsels and inefficient armaments opposed them by the Confederates. On the 27th of March, General Duncan, a well-known artillerist, who personally commanded the defences, became aware that the enemy's fleet was crossing the bars. Both he and his superior, General Lovell, had previously anticipated this, and had made urgent and repeated applications for a change of armament at the forts, the guns in which were but old 32 and 42-pounders, justly held to be unfit for repelling the steam fleet which threatened the place; whilst a second line of works nearer to the city mounted but twelve of the former pieces, having been stripped even of the latter 'at the urgent request of the naval authorities,' who wished to use this part of the armament on some gun-boats fitting for defence of the creeks. How this most serious mistake of not supplying proper ordnance arose from underrating the imminence of the danger on the river side, appears plainly from General Lovell's Reports. We quote his own words at some length, not only for this end, but to show how early in the war the Confederate naval authorities had turned their attention to the use of iron-clad vessels, of which two large specimens, intended both for ramming and carrying guns in shot-proof batteries, were being prepared at New Orleans. Happily for the success of the Union fleet, the mechanical means which their foes controlled were by no means equal to their powers of conception. This deficiency produced continual delay; whilst the readiness of Fox and Farragut was so far beyond that anticipated by their professional opponents, that the iron-clads (originally designed for the 1st of February) were found unprepared for use when the Federal fleet, three months later, burst its way through to the fated city.

'Immediately (says General Lovell) after I assumed command of the department, finding there were no guns of the heaviest calibre, I applied to Richmond, Pensacola, and other points, for some 10-inch columbiads and sea-coast mortars, which I considered necessary to the defence of the lower river; but none could be spared, the general impression being that New Orleans would not be attacked by the river; and I was therefore compelled to make the best possible defence with the guns at my disposal. Twelve 42-pounders were sent to Forts Jackson and St. Philip, together with a large additional quantity of powder; and being convinced that with the guns of inferior calibre mounted there we could not hinder steamers from passing, unless they could be detained for some time under the fire of the works, I pushed forward rapidly the construction of a raft which offered a complete obstruction to the passage of vessels. The forts had eighty guns that could be brought successively to bear upon the river, were manned by garrisons of well-trained artillerists, affording a double relief to each gun, and commanded by officers who had no superiors in any service. Under these circumstances, although I feared that the high water in the spring, with the accompanying drift, would carry away the raft, yet every confidence was felt that the river would remain closed until such time as the iron-clad steamers could be finished. In March no heavy guns had yet been received, although strenuous applications were made by me to get some from Pensacola, when that place was abandoned. The general impression of all those to whom I applied was, that the largest guns should be placed above New Orleans, not below; although I had notified the department on the 22nd March, that in my judgment the fleet only awaited the arrival of the mortar-vessels to attempt to pass up the river from below.'

The personal exertions of an ordnance-officer, Major Duncan, a relation of the General, did at length procure three 10-inch and three 8-inch columbiad hollow-shot guns and five large mortars, which were mounted just before the bombardment commenced. This was, as before noticed, on the 18th of April; but a week previous to Porter's attack the raft was seriously damaged by a storm accompanied by a flood, which, according to General Duncan's statement, 'parted the chains, scattered the schooners, and materially affected the character and effectiveness of the raft as an obstruction.'

For six long days did the garrisons of the forts endure the pitless fire which Porter rained on them. Carefully as the casemates

had been constructed, the 13-inch shells inflicted serious damage, and disabled a number of the defenders' guns. The unprotected barracks in the fort were destroyed with all their contents (including the spare clothing most improvidently placed there) within the first twelve hours of this tremendous bombardment. The garrison could make but feeble response, owing to the inferiority of range of most of their pieces; yet the gunners never flinched, and the enormous expenditure of Federal ammunition determined Farragut to hurry on the endeavour to pass the batteries by main force in the hours of darkness. On the third night, under cover of a furious fire, an expedition of two gunboats, under Captain Bell, approached the barricade to attempt its destruction by means of petards. 'This duty,' says Admiral Farragut, 'was not thoroughly performed, in consequence of the failure to ignite the petards with the galvanic battery.' In fact, no officer of the American services had at that time been trained to the use upon or under water of this powerful engine of destruction.* 'Still,' he continues, 'it was a success, and, under the circumstances, a highly meritorious one.' In fact the 'Itasca,' under Lieutenant Caldwell, grappled one of the schooners, which that officer boarded at once, and detached from the chains which had secured her to the barricade which was then laid open. His gunboat was the only one seen by the look-outs of Duncan, who writes:—'A heavy fire was opened upon her, which caused her to retire, but not until she had partially accomplished her purpose. The raft after this could not be regarded as an obstruction.'

The following night the garrison were cheered by the descent from New Orleans of one of the two iron-clad rafts, the 'Louisiana,' mounting sixteen heavy guns. By this time the injuries in their defences were very considerable, and under her almost impregnable cover they had hoped to make the necessary repairs. On conferring, however, with Captain Mitchell, a naval officer who now arrived and assumed charge of all the steamers gathered for the defence, Duncan learnt that her motive power was incomplete, and that so far from taking the offensive against the enemy, his coadjutor was bent on keeping her above the forts until the mechanics had finished their labours. In vain did the General appeal to his chief at New Orleans, and the latter to Commodore Whittle, the successor of Hollins and superior of Captain Mitchell. The Commodore's orders were sent indeed to the latter, but with the proviso to execute them only 'if in his judgment it was advisable;' and in consequence Mitchell held to his determination of keeping the iron-clad for the present out of fire. It is fair to say that his view was supported by those of the naval officers under him. On the other hand, the naval volunteers who chiefly manned the steamers (eight in number, besides the small ram 'Manasses,' and a fire-raft flotilla), which had been prepared for co-operation with the forts, were jealous alike of the interference they had at first met with from the generals, and of that to which they now were subjected when transferred to the rule of their professional brethren.

It is not for us who inherit the memories of Walcheren, to lean too hardly on the errors which divided the command of the Confederates at this critical time, and kept the real chiefs at New Orleans, twenty miles above the vital point of action. It is enough to say that the fifth day of bombardment and endurance went by in vain correspondence and appeals. Not only did Mitchell refuse to place the 'Louisiana' where her battery might be of use, but the only immediate service remaining to be performed —the sending down of fire-ships in the night against Porter's fleet—was left undone, the tugboats allotted for that duty being under repair. 'This does not excuse the neglect,' says Duncan, 'as there were six boats of the river fleet available for this service, independent of those alluded to, and fire-barges were plentiful.' More plainly still does General Lovell's Report speak of what occurred that night and during the eventful one which followed:—'The river-defence fleet,' he writes, 'proved a failure, for the very reason set forth in my letter to the department of the 15th of April. Unable to govern themselves, and unwilling to be governed by others, their almost total want of system, vigilance, and discipline, rendered them useless and helpless, when the enemy finally dashed upon them suddenly in a dark night. I regret very much that the department did not think it advisable to grant my request to place some competent head in charge of these steamers.'

The 23rd of April broke warm and clear. The garrisons had now given up hope of immediate aid from the steamers, and attempt-

* After the war had actually commenced, submarine blasting was being carried on for the improvement of the harbour of New York by a Frenchman, who claimed reward for his work as a patent. General Totten, of the U. S. Engineers, under whom he was employed, entered into correspondence on the subject with Sir John Burgoyne, and then learnt that the so-called secret—the product of Pasley's work on the wreck of the 'Royal George'—had been in regular use thirteen years before by the Royal Engineers at Bermuda.

ed to repair their pressing damages as they best could under Porter's fire. Before night the latter slackened perceptibly; and Duncan, struck by this fact (which he correctly enough, as his letter of that evening proves, ascribed to the enemy's growing short of ammunition), and observing movements in the fleet below, once more wrote to Mitchell to urge the 'Louisiana's' being brought into a position to aid at least by her battery in the defence. His request was refused, and when, somewhat later, he communicated the additional news that his suspicions were confirmed by the enemy's boats fixing white flags in the line of their expected advance, he learnt only from Mitchell's reply that the 'Louisiana' would be ready *by the next evening*. Before that evening had arrived, the luckless iron-clad was prepared to be blown up by his own orders. Kept so carefully out of harm's way as she had been, the only damage inflicted by her was that caused by the explosion to the garrison she had been built to aid!

The anxiety suffered by Duncan and his troops during the early part of the night was enhanced by an increase in the fire of the bomb-vessels which took place when the darkness closed, and by their ignorance of what the enemy was doing under cover of Porter's shells; for, as on the previous night, the promised fire-rafts were not floated down by the flotilla. Who it was that should be charged especially with this omission it is hard to say. It is clear that Captain Mitchell, though invested nominally with the whole control of the river defence, was unable to make his authority felt by the naval volunteers, whose senior officer, Capt. Stevenson, declared officially three days before, in the name of his force, 'it would not be governed by the regulations of the navy or commanded by naval officers.'

At two o'clock on the morning of the 24th, Farragut gave his pre-arranged signal —two ordinary red lights, so as not to excite special notice—and the advance began in two columns. That on the right, under Captain Bailey (Farragut's second), was led by the gunboat 'Cayuga,' which bore the flag. She was followed by the steam-frigates 'Pensacola' and 'Mississippi," and five other gunboats in succession. The left column, the Admiral's own, was similar in formation, but stronger by a frigate, being led by his fleet-captain in the gunboat 'Scotia,' which was followed by the 'Hartford' (the flag-ship), two other frigates, and five more gunboats. The divided counsels of their opponents, the exhaustion of some, the insubordination of others, the incompleteness of their defences, were all unknown to the Federals; and how great was their commander's anxiety as to the issue of his bold advance, and the prospect of passing the forts with a respectable force, is best shown by his own General Order, sent round a short time before:—

'When, in the opinion of the flag-officer, the propitious time has arrived, the signal will be made to weigh and advance to the conflict. If, in his opinion, at the time of arriving at the respective positions of the different divisions of the fleet, we have the advantage, he will make the signal for close action, No. 8, and abide the result—conquer or to be conquered—drop anchor or keep under weigh, as in his opinion is best.'

At half-past three the fleet approached the barrier, the bomb-vessels having also placed themselves so as to fire freely on the forts, and being strengthened for the night by the addition of the sailing corvette 'Portsmouth,' which was towed up within range of Fort Jackson. Severely damaged already, the boom gave way to the rush of the leading gunboats, while at the same moment the forts opened fire, and one of the most fearful scenes began which naval annals record:—

'After we had fairly entered into the fight (writes Farragut), the density of the smoke from guns and fire-rafts, the scenes passing on board our own ship and around us (for it was as if the artillery of heaven were playing upon earth), were such that it was impossible for the flag-officer to see how each vessel was conducting itself, and he can only judge by the final results and their special reports, which are herewith enclosed. But I feel that I can say with truth that it has rarely been the lot of a commander to be supported by officers of more indomitable courage or higher professional merit.'

In short, the darkness of the night, the closeness of the action, and the tremendous calibre of the Federal cannon, made it hopeless for any officer to do more than control the movements of a single vessel in the confused uproar which arose. The flag-officer's own was soon in danger so imminent as to task his utmost energies, and we quote from the Report only that further portion which speaks of her share:—

'I discovered a fire-raft coming down upon us, and in attempting to avoid it ran the ship on shore; and the ram "Manasses," which I had not seen, lay on the opposite to it, and pushed it down upon us. Our ship was soon on fire half-way up to her tops, but we backed off, and through the good organization of our fire department, and the great exertions of Captain Wainwright and his first lieutenant, officers, and crew, the fire was extinguished. In the meantime our battery was never silent, but poured in its missiles of death into Fort St. Philip op-

posite to which we had got by this time, and it was silenced, with the exception of a gun now and then.'

Silenced perhaps for the minute; for the gunners at such times sought shelter in the casemates close by, which had preserved them during the preceding bombardment; yet only to rush forth at every interval of slackening in the fire of the frigates, and reply with their feeble pieces to the storm of grape hurled at them from 9-inch to 11-inch guns. Their gallantry is not merely testified to by their own commanders. More important witness to it is borne by the detailed Reports of the Federal captains, and especially by those of three gunboats, the 'Itasca,' 'Kennebec,' and 'Winona,' which became entangled in portions of the barrier after the frigates had gone by, and found the fire of the garrison still so insupportable as to compel them to head down the stream, and thus, for safety, to separate themselves from the rest of the fleet.

The forts and boom once passed, with the fire-rafts (of which only one, that which struck the 'Hartford,' did any harm) the squadron of Mitchell had yet to be encountered. These Farragut has estimated at 13 gunboats and two iron-clads, but the truth was, as we now know, far within this. The 'Louisiana' was but a motionless raft, so moored that she could hardly bring her bow-guns to bear, and fired (it was said by the garrison) but twelve shots. The eight gunboats had been but poorly fitted, and some of them mounted but a single large gun, whilst in weight they were no match even for the enemy's smallest vessels. The action, therefore, was of very brief duration, although gallantly undertaken by the Confederates. Four of their boats had been fitted with iron plates over their bows with the intention of using them as rams, and two of these, the 'Governor Moore' and 'Quitman,' came immediately into collision with the 'Varuna,' which had in the *mêlée* with the forts got ahead of the rest of the fleet. She was in chase of an unarmed steamer, on board of which was General Lovell himself (who had arrived from New Orleans on a visit of inspection just as the firing commenced), when the 'Governor Moore' attacked her boldly, firing a bow-gun which disabled thirteen of the 'Varuna's' hands, and charging her afterwards on the starboard side. The Federals, however, succeeded in bringing an 8-inch gun to bear on the assailant, and disabling her completely in a few minutes; but the 'Quitman,' which had approached the 'Varuna' on the port side at the same time, now butted at her twice, at the second collision driving in her side. In doing this, however, she swung round, and the Federals, before their vessel sank, sent five of their 8-inch shells into their new enemy, and had the satisfaction of seeing her in flames. Of the rest of the 'defence fleet,' the 'Defiance' was the only one saved under the guns of the fort at daybreak, the others having been sunk, burnt, or driven ashore, disabled by the overwhelming batteries which the frigates had opened on them. These last had been attacked indeed by the 'Manasses' with a boldness worthy of better success; but her feeble power and small tonnage were found perfectly unavailing to injure the ships through the chain-armour so judiciously prepared. Her encounter with the flag-ship 'Hartford' has been already mentioned. Passing on whilst the latter was on fire, she charged the 'Brooklyn' full on the starboard gangway, but with little effect, beyond breaking some of the links of the chain and driving in three planks above waterline. Wedged in between her huge antagonist and the shore, the ram found herself unable to get up speed for a fresh charge, and was glad to drop down stream. She then crossed over to attack the 'Mississippi,' and struck her with a very partial effect, inflicting injuries similar to those of the 'Brooklyn,' and then passing down to the forts, where she lay for a short while.

The gray of early daylight now succeeded to the flashes of the hostile guns which had lighted up the scene; and Farragut, discovering the completeness of his victory, signalled to discontinue action. His fleet had begun to form and steam slowly upwards when the indomitable little ram was seen singly in pursuit, and preparing to renew her assaults. The Admiral at once signalled the 'Mississippi' to turn and attack her; and Captain Smith, aided by the gunboats 'Pinola' and 'Kineo,' charged her at once. Captain Warly (who from her first construction, had commanded the ram), seeing the huge bows of the frigate coming straight towards him, steered to avoid the direct shock, and ran his vessel aground, exposing her to the full broadsides of the enemy. From this helpless position he escaped with his crew to the shore, and the once famous 'Manasses' was fired by the boats of the 'Mississippi,' which had been ordered off to board her. This was the last episode of the battle; for Farragut, leaving behind him the sheltered forts and the relics of the enemy's flotilla, went upward on his path of conquest. Captain Bailey, still leading in the 'Cayuga,' soon came in sight of a small camp of sharpshooters on the

right bank, who, finding their position and line of retreat along the levee under command of the gunboats, surrendered at once. Near this point—the Quarantine—the river is approached by the creek before mentioned, as turning (for shallow boats) the forts and barricade. The flag-officer now made use of it to communicate with Porter and General Butler, and leaving two gunboats to protect the latter's advance from the enemy still left at the forts, proceeded on with the rest of the fleet. The further progress of the Federals occupied all that day and the early part of the 25th, 'owing to the slowness of some of the vessels, and want of knowledge of the river;' but New Orleans was finally approached at 10 A.M. on the 26th. Then came a ten minutes' contest with the inner works, armed, as we know, with but a dozen 32-pounders. The rest of the story of the conquest—the public thanksgiving ordered by the flag-officer on board his victorious fleet—the fierce heart-burnings of the city, which lay helpless under his guns—the unjust obloquy thrown on General Lovell by the Confederates for not ensuring its destruction by a useless resistance with his petty garrison of 3,000 men—these things, and, above all, the shame and humiliation which followed on Butler's taking possession, are well known. We pass them, therefore, by; citing merely the following paragraph of Farragut's letter, which tells the final history of the forces of Duncan and Mitchell, and observing that the surrender of the former was compelled by the violent insubordination of the same volunteer gunners who had obeyed him with cheerful endurance until their retreat was cut off:—

'On the evening of the 29th, Captain Bailey arrived from below, with the gratifying intelligence that the forts had surrendered to Commander Porter, and had delivered up all public property, and were being paroled; and that the navy had been made to surrender unconditionally, as they had conducted themselves with bad faith, burning and sinking their vessels while a flag of truce was flying and the forts negotiating for their surrender, and the "Louisiana," their great iron-clad battery, being blown up alongside of the vessel where they were negotiating; hence their officers were not paroled, but sent home to be treated according to the judgment of the Government.'

With the 'Louisiana' the Confederates had lost their iron-clad frigate 'Mississippi,' the most important naval structure they had undertaken, which was lying unfinished at a wharf near the city, and was burnt on the approach of Farragut, whose victory was as complete as any officer commanding afloat could have desired over a combined land and sea force. The garrison of Lovell, and all their stores, should perhaps have been added to the prize; but the Federals were, strangely enough, not aware that a single ship anchored ten miles above city would, at the then height of the river, have completely commanded the only exit, which, through their ignorance, was left open for several days. At the least, however, the success was almost beyond price to the Union Government from its moral importance on both sides of the Atlantic. As to the material advantage won, it may be best judged of by the statement of the well-known Confederate writer and partisan Pollard:—

'The extent of the disaster is not to be disguised. It was a heavy blow to the Confederacy. It annihilated us in Louisiana; separated us from Texas and Arkansas; diminished our resources and supplies by the loss of one of the greatest grain and cattle countries within the limits of the Confederacy; gave to the enemy the Mississippi River, with all its means of navigation, for a base of operations; and finally led, by plain and irresistible conclusion, to our virtual abandonment of its great and fruitful valley.'

'Treachery' was the cry raised by the indignant South at the loss of its commercial capital; and although such a charge against the Confederate commanders bears no inquiry, the fall of New Orleans and its consequences must, as has been shown, be held due in part to the improvident delays and discordant counsels of the defenders, as well as to the want of appreciation in their chosen Government of the greatness of the danger which threatened the Confederacy at this vital point. Allowing fully for all these, the highest credit must yet be given to the judgment which planned and the vigour which executed this successful stroke. If the language of Mr. Welles seems a little exaggerated when he says, 'It was regarded everywhere, both at home and abroad, as the grandest achievement of the war,' no less is it certain that, in calling the capture of New Orleans 'one of the most remarkable triumphs in the whole history of naval operations,' he is fully justified, both by the daring with which unknown dangers were faced and the vast importance of the victory gained.

The success of Farragut was marred, as has been seen, by the loss of only a single gunboat; and comment on the battle won by so hastily formed a fleet would be incomplete indeed if it omitted special notice of the fact that the 'Varuna' *was the only one* of Farragut's gunboats 'converted' from the merchant service, instead of being built expressly for the rougher business of the navy.

'Here let me pause (says Lieutenant Swasey, in a very clear report of the disaster) whilst we reflect upon the unadaptedness of a merchant-built vessel for war purposes, particularly such as the "Varuna" was called to take part in. Had we been built with that strength which all the other vessels possessed, and the need of which becomes more apparent to the mind of the naval officer each day, we would yet be afloat, off the city of New Orleans. Such vessels may perhaps do for the ordinary duties of a blockade, and I think it is yet a question whether they will or not; but certainly they are not fit to trust lives and property on to engage works of the strongest magnitude.'

New Orleans once secured and handed over to General Butler, Farragut pushed up the Mississippi, and in the course of the next two months the Union flag was hoisted at Bâton Rouge, Natchez, and every town of importance as high as Vicksburg. This city, strong by its natural position on high bluffs, sloping gently landward, and already partly converted into a fortress by entrenchments heavily armed, was now (since the surrender of Memphis on the 6th of June) the only point of importance held by the Confederates on the banks of the great river. It at once, therefore, assumed an importance well warranted by its later history. Summoned on the 18th of May to evacuate the place, General M. L. Smith, who held it, gave a decided refusal; and Farragut found it necessary to await once more the arrival of Porter's flotilla, which was not brought up and reported ready until the 27th of June. On the 28th a general attack took place, Farragut succeeding in taking two of his three frigates and six gunboats above the batteries, but producing no effect upon the defences. 'The enemy leave their guns for the moment,' says his hasty report, 'but return to them as soon as we have passed, and rake us.' About fifty men were killed and wounded on board, and the 'Brooklyn' frigate, with two gunboats, forced to retreat below the place.

The bombardment continued at intervals, pending an application to General Halleck at Corinth for a corps of his army to aid the fleet, and the result of an experiment (the first of three) made to cut a ship canal through the isthmus opposite Vicksburg, and leave the Federal ships an independent passage. On the 15th of July their possession of the river was suddenly challenged by a large ram, the 'Arkansas,' which the Confederates had been fitting on the Yazoo, a considerable stream entering the Mississippi just above Vicksburg. This new enemy was built, in imitation of those destroyed at New Orleans, with a screw-propeller, and iron-clad sides sloping inwards; and, besides the means of offence offered by her sharp prow, she mounted nine guns. Her plating, however, proved to be weak, and her machinery very defective. Uneasy at the reports of her, Farragut had sent a small river-steamer, the 'Tyler,' to explore the Yazoo, and this probably brought her down incomplete; for she appeared suddenly, on the evening of the 15th, coming into the Mississippi, apparently in chase of the 'Tyler,' and forthwith ran down to take shelter under the guns of Vicksburg. In passing she received and returned the broadsides of Farragut's whole squadron; and several of the heavier shot crashed through her armour, tearing up her unplated deck, damaging her fittings, and killing and wounding some of the crew. But this was not fully known to the Federals, and her escape for the time spread alarm as far as the garrison of Butler at New Orleans. Her history, however, need not be pursued at length. On the first leaving her shelter to co-operate with a Confederate land force in the attack (made 5th of August) on Bâton Rouge, her engines broke hopelessly down when yet five miles from the place, and, drifting to the shore end on, she fell an easy prey to the shells of the 'Essex,' a large iron-plated river-boat, whose commander, W. D. Porter,* had taken charge of the Lower Mississippi on the departure of Farragut. The latter officer, in compliance with orders from Mr. Welles, had abandoned his contest with the Vicksburg works on the 20th of July, and made down stream for New Orleans, whence he proceeded with his squadron to carry on operations along the coast of Texas, where the chief posts were (for the time) recovered to the Union by his detachments in the course of a few weeks. 'All we want,' he wrote on the 15th of October, 'is a few soldiers to hold the places, and we will soon have the whole coast. It is a more effectual blockade to have the vessels inside instead of outside.' In this simple remark lies the key to the constantly increasing success of the Unionists in restricting their enemies' trade—a success which was complete only when Wilmington fell to Porter and Terry more than two years later in the war.

Second only in importance to the exploits of Farragut's fleet during this remarkable year, were the services rendered on the rivers by the squadrons of the Mississippi and Tennessee. Flag-officer Foote (raised to rear-admiral's rank afterwards with Farragut) directed their operations with extraordinary activity until disabled by the effects of a

* One of the captains under Foote, and not to be confounded with the more famous D. D. Porter.

wound in May. They were continued for the next four months under Captain Davis, who had succeeded to the temporary charge. In October, however, a new flag-officer appeared in the person of Porter, whose services as lieutenant and commander we have already noticed. The constant approval of Farragut, Bailey, and all with whom he served, had fully justified the selection of this officer at the opening of the war for high charge by the President; and the latter, proud of so fortunate a choice, took occasion now to advance him *per saltum* to the rank of acting rear-admiral, and to the command left vacant by Foote. Much of the uniform though slow success of the Federal armies in the central States depended henceforth on the activity and energy by which Porter showed himself worthy of his unexampled promotion. But the story of his deeds in that quarter, of Foote's, and of Farragut's, when he appeared a second time in the Mississippi to co-operate in the fall of Vicksburg, forms so essential a part of the campaigns of General Grant, that we prefer to leave it to those writers who have made the progress of the chief General of the Union their special theme.

The year 1862 and its naval operations have an interest for us even higher than that which belongs to the subjects we have hitherto treated. The world-famous battle of the 'Monitor' and 'Merrimack' on the 9th April opened first the way to that practical solution of the proper form of iron-clad steamers which no government as yet has as nearly attained to as that of the United States. It is as well to be fully understood on this matter; and the Report of Mr. Welles sets forth in the clearest light the importance of the 'Monitor's' victory, the prescience shown by his practical adviser, Captain Fox, at the outset of the war, and the conditions aimed at in the construction of the original vessels built on the turret principle. The details of the battle—the sudden appearance in Hampton Roads of the 'Merrimack,' heavily plated with layers of iron, fitted as a ram, and well armed—her attack and easy destruction of two large wooden ships of war—the dangerous state of the blockading steam-frigates, unfitted to cope with and unable to escape from their antagonist, from whom they were only saved the first day by her dread of the shallows—the unlooked-for arrival (in the middle of that anxious night) of the 'Monitor,' hurried from New York by Captain Fox's exertions to meet and foil the long-threatened design of the Confederates—all these particulars have been so often and so fully given to the world, that we forbear to repeat them. At noon next day the 'Merrimack' abandoned her attack and retreated to Norfolk, leaving the honours of her discomfiture to her diminutive but invulnerable foe.

'Thus terminated (writes Mr. Welles) the most remarkable naval combat of modern times, perhaps of any age. The fiercest and most formidable naval assault upon the power of the Union which has ever been made by the insurgents was heroically repelled, and a new era was opened in the history of maritime warfare.'

Then, after referring to the numerous vessels of the 'Monitor' pattern under construction, he continues:—

'Whatever success may attend the large and costly armoured ships of the "Warrior" class, which are being constructed by some of the maritime Powers of Europe for cruising in deep waters, they can scarcely cause alarm here, for we have within the United States few harbours that are accessible to them, and for those few the Government can always be prepared whenever a foreign war is imminent. It has been deemed advisable, however, that we should have a few large-sized armed cruisers of great speed for ocean service, as well as some of the class of smaller vessels for coastwise and defensive operations.

'In the construction of iron-clads of the "Monitor" class, the nautical qualities of the vessel have not been the governing object, for with light draught and heavy armament, high speed is not attainable. But they are adapted to the shallow waters of our coast and harbours, few of which are accessible to vessels of great magnitude. While the larger armoured vessels, with their heavy armament, cannot nearly approach our shores, those of the "Monitor" class can penetrate even the inner waters, rivers, harbours, and bayous of our extended double coast.'

A success so great as that won over the 'Merrimack' by the first employment of the revolving turret in action, might well cause Mr. Welles and his assistant to press forward the completion of the iron-clad squadron, from which they hoped such further advantage as should throw even the victory at New Orleans—won that same eventful month—into shade. Charleston itself, with the famous Fort Sumter, whose surrender had so bitterly touched the pride of the North, were the prizes intended to be added to the laurels already won by the American navy. The watch which the 'Monitor' after her victory held in Hampton Roads became no longer needful when her adversary was blown up by Commodore Tatnall's orders to save her from falling into the hands of the Federals on the abandonment of Norfolk in the summer to their army. The Confederates had then no longer any vessel within

the Chesapeake waters which their enemy's gunboats could not master, and the 'Monitor' became available for employment in some new scene. It was not, however, until joined by the 'Passaic,' the first one finished of her consorts, that she prepared to leave Hampton Roads for the Carolina coast. The close of the year had drawn near, and her new commander, Bankhead (for Lieutenant Worden, who had fought her in the spring, was for some months invalided from a wound), was directed to choose his own time and weather for making his way southward.

He started on the 29th December, accompanied, for safety's sake, by a powerful wooden steamer, the 'Rhode Island,' and for the first twenty-four hours had nearly smooth water. On the evening of the 30th a slight gale was encountered, and the vessel soon became nearly unmanageable, pitching heavily, yawing greatly, and making much water round the base of the turret, where the caulking of oakum had become loosened by the motion. After two hours of this the water suddenly (at 8 P. M.) began to gain so fast on the pumps as to show that the shocks had sprung a leak below; and although every possible assistance was rendered by the 'Rhode Island,' Commander Bankhead was compelled before long to abandon his vessel, which went down soon after, taking with her four officers and twelve men, whom it was impossible to transfer to her tender. The latter had indeed been put to great hazard in saving the rest of the crew from the deck of her unmanageable consort, to come into collision with whose sides or bow would, in the heavy sea-way, have proved instant destruction. Thus were the former detractors of the 'Monitor,' as originally constructed, almost as much justified in their special view as her projectors had been. Great efforts have since been made in America to improve upon the first design as to details, but the immediate result of the disaster was to confirm Mr. Welles in his projected design of leaving to turret ships the operations in shallow waters, and constructing for ocean warfare a few of another class of vessel, a broadside iron-clad of the largest class. His arguments in favour of this opinion are well worthy of the attention of the statesmen of other countries, and are thus very aptly concluded:—

'Each of these vessels must, in order to accomplish its work, present in its construction armour, armament, and propulsion, all the power that the resources of modern invention and mechanical science and art can furnish for attack, resistance, and pursuit. A vessel of this description must, of course, cost a large price. But then a wise statesmanship will not fail to perceive that the possession of even a very few such unconquerable ships must, while vastly augmenting the force and renown of our navy, afford us at the same time an inestimable guarantee of peace with foreign nations; nor, in counting the cost of such floating structures, can we forget that, large as that cost may be, it yet sinks into insignificance in contrast with the expenditures and sacrifices of a single year, or even a month, of foreign war.'

We take this extract from the Secretary's Report for 1863, in which, however, he states that there were no private yards in America fully prepared to build the required vessels, and strongly urges the necessity of Government enlarging its own means for the purpose.

The loss of the 'Monitor' was not suffered to retard the intended attack upon Charleston, and the additional precautions which followed on it enabled her sister vessels to make their way without further accident, from shelter to shelter, as they were separately despatched to join the fleet off that harbour. At the commencement of April 1863, Admiral Dupont had under him the 'Passaic' and six other of this new class. Some additional strengthening of the central framework had been added to the original design, to enable the chief of the Bureau of Naval Ordnance, Captain Dahlgren, to carry out his favourite design of mounting for sea service his new 15-inch gun throwing a spherical shot of 450 pounds. Greater weight and calibre, this artillerist had long maintained, would avail to give greater accuracy and range, without the wear and uncertainty of rifling; and his theory has since become the favourite one in the American navy, whose large rifled guns on the 'Parrott' (or reinforcing with wrought-iron) system, cannot be considered as successful as their simpler competitors. Each of these seven 'Monitors' carried one of these new gigantic weapons, and one 11-inch in her turret. A smaller vessel, the 'Keokuk,' of the 'Galena' or 'turreted gunboat' pattern, carried one* 11-inch gun only.

Admiral Dupont transferred his flag to the 'Ironsides,' (already described as the first and largest vessel of the three original models selected,) which had been lately sent to aid him in the attack. She arrived just in time to complete the efficiency of the blockade which had been for a few hours put in jeopardy by two small Confederate rams, the 'Chicora' and 'Palmetto State,' which

* As stated in the official Return of the chief gunnery officer of Dupont's fleet. Yet she was designed to carry two 11-inch guns in separate turrets.

issued from the harbour before daybreak on the 31st January, designing to surprise the Federal squadron. The 'Mercedita,' the first vessel run into by them, was totally disabled and surrendered; but meanwhile the alarm spread so rapidly that the project failed. After engaging and inflicting considerable damage on the 'Keystone State,' the next of the gunboats, the assailants yielded to the resolute advance of Captain Taylor (the senior Federal officer) in his steamship the 'Housatonic,' supported by the 'Quaker City,' 'Memphis,' and 'Augusta,' and returned to the protection of the forts, claiming a success for what was in fact a failure, caused by their small tonnage and slow speed.

Dupont having collected his iron-clad squadron, and issued orders to use their fire solely on Fort Sumter until that work should be reduced, proceeded to the assault at noon on the 7th of April, leaving the rest of his fleet outside. His design was to enter so far into the harbour as to lay his nine vessels round the north-west face of the work; but this a line of obstructions skilfully sunk by the defenders prevented so effectually, that the 'Ironsides' was unable to approach within a thousand yards of the fort, whilst the 'Monitors' lay at from six to eight hundred yards' distance. A tremendous cross-fire was opened on them from Sumter and the opposite battery at Fort Moultrie before they had reached their positions, and continued until, in obedience to signal, they withdrew from action at 4.30 P.M., having delivered but 139 shot in reply to the vast number which some 70 guns (10-inch hollow shot and 7-inch rifled) had rained upon them. The new experiment of the 'Monitor' system as against strong works had failed decisively; and the 'Keokuk,' which had ventured the nearest, as she was also the weakest of the squadron, was injured beyond repair, and sank at daylight.

'I made signal (reports the disappointed Admiral) to withdraw from action, intending to resume the attack the next morning. During the evening the commanding officers of the iron-clads came on board the flag-ship, and, to my regret, I soon became convinced of the utter impracticability of taking the city of Charleston by the force under my command. No ship had been exposed to the severest fire of the enemy over forty minutes, and yet in that brief period, as the department will perceive by the detailed reports of the commanding officers, five of the iron-clads were wholly or partially disabled; disabled, too (as the obstructions could not be passed), in that which was most essential to our success—I mean in their armament, or power of inflicting injury by their guns. . . . I had hoped that the endurance of the iron-clads would have enabled them to have borne any weight of fire to which they might have been exposed; but when I found that so large a portion of them were wholly or one-half disabled, by less than an hour's engagement, before attempting to remove the obstructions, or testing the power of the torpedoes, I was convinced that persistence in the attack would only result in the loss of the greater portion of the iron-clad fleet, and in leaving many of them inside the harbour to fall into the hands of the enemy.'

This failure of the long-prepared experiment was not suffered to pass unchallenged at Washington. Mr. Welles, before receipt of the official news, had already sent instructions to the Admiral, in case of failure, to make further demonstrations, sufficient to occupy the garrison and prevent their making detachments to the armies in the field. But this measure and the mild terms in which the order was couched were deemed insufficient by the President, and he followed his perusal of the Admiral's first report by taking the matter into his own hands. He plunged, in short, into personal control of the operations with that irregular vigour which had in the previous year proved so fatal to the strategy of M'Clellan. His rights as Commander-in-chief of the Naval Forces had been suddenly laid aside ever since the early expedition to Pensacola, which, as we have seen, was carried out by the actual overthrow of the plans of his secretary. He now as suddenly assumed them and telegraphed to Dupont:

'Hold your position inside the bar near Charleston; or if you shall have left it, return to it and hold it till further orders. Do not allow the enemy to erect new batteries or defences on Morris Island. If he has begun it, drive him out. I do not herein order you to renew the general attack. That is to depend on your own discretion or a further order.'

The Admiral was not of a character to patiently bear with what seemed to him unmerited censure on the measures he had taken for the safety of his iron-clads, already withdrawn to Port Royal for repairs. In acknowledging the telegraphic order, and promising every exertion to comply with its provisions, he proceeds in his dispatch to detail fully the dangerous position in which the 'Monitors' would thereby be placed, adding:—

'I have deemed it proper and due to myself to make these statements, but I trust I need not add that I will obey all orders with the utmost fidelity, even when my judgment is entirely at variance with them; such as the order to re-occupy the unsafe anchorage for the iron-clads off Morris Island, and an intimation

that a renewal of the attack on Charleston may be ordered, which in my judgment would be attended with disastrous results, involving the loss of this coast.'

Finally, with greater wisdom if not greater patriotism than M'Clellan had shown under the like interference, he resigned in the following frank and noble terms the command exercised for the preceding eighteen months with unvarying approbation from his superiors:

'I know not whether the confidence of the department so often expressed to me has been shaken by the want of success in a single measure which I never advised, though intensely desirous to carry out the department's orders and justify expectations in which I could not share. I am, however, painfully struck by the tenor and tone of the President's order, which seems to imply a censure, and I have to request that the department will not hesitate to relieve me by an officer who, in its opinion, is more able to execute that service in which I have had the misfortune to fail—the capture of Charleston. No consideration for an individual officer, whatever his loyalty and length of service, should weigh an instant if the cause of his country can be advanced by his removal.'

His resignation was accepted by the President, and Foote (reported to be recovered from his wound) was appointed to succeed him. This officer, however, falling ill and dying at New York upon his way, the vacancy was finally conferred on Dahlgren, who, with especial view to his powers as an artillerist, had been appointed as second in command. He took over his new charge on the 6th of July; but before handing it to him, Dupont had had the satisfaction of reporting on the most instructive and successful action (according to Mr. Welles's very just view) of the year, and the first in which his successor's famous 15-inch gun was tested against ship-armour.

At Savannah the Confederates had been busy during the spring in the preparation of this, their new substitute for the lost 'Merrimack.' On the hull of a large iron screw-steamer, the 'Fingal,' their engineers had built up a structure which they hoped to make impregnable to the heaviest Dahlgren guns. The vessel had been cut down so as to leave the original hull but two feet above water. A casemate, with the sides and ends sloping at an angle of thirty degrees to the horizon, was erected upon it, so framed as to overlap the sides of the hull six feet and to project over the ends, towards which it was tapered. The sides were protected by timber, running from a point several feet below the water-line to the edge of the deck, forming a heavy, solid overway of wood and armour. The armour, four inches in thickness, was composed of two layers of two-inch rolled iron plates, seven inches wide, the inner of which ran horizontally, and the outer vertically. They were secured to a backing of oak three inches thick, and of pine fifteen inches thick. A pilot-house erected above it in a pyramidal form was similarly cased. Four rifled guns, two of 6-inch calibre and two of 7-inch, were the armament, and the bow terminated in an iron beak, forming a ram. On the 17th of June, with full magazines and a complement of 135 officers and men, this formidable iron-clad descended Warsaw Sound, at that time known to be guarded by two of the 'Monitors' of the Charleston squadron, the 'Weehawken' and the 'Nahant.'

There is no doubt now as to the Confederate plan. To make straight for the nearest 'Monitor,' run aboard her and pierce her armour through by the close fire of the rifled guns, was their intention, and from the superior elevation of their portholes (which were guarded by four-inch iron shutters) a decisive advantage at close quarters was expected, while the casing which had been prepared was judged sufficient to keep out any hollow shot fired from a distance at the low velocity which had been remarked as a characteristic of the Dahlgren cannon. The capture of the two hostile vessels was confidently looked for, and as the new ship was calculated to steam ten knots an hour, her transfer to other ports blockaded was designed to follow.

These hopes, however, were destined to a speedy end. The Federals, having caught sight of their unknown adversary at dawn, steamed with alacrity to meet her. The 'Weehawken,' having their only pilot on board, led the way; and when about a quarter of a mile off, opened fire on the 'Atlanta' (for thus the former 'Fingal' was now named,) with her two guns alternately. Three of the first four shots were seen distinctly from the 'Nahant' to strike the enemy; and at the fourth a white flag was suddenly run up, and the Confederate colours were hauled down ten minutes after the action had commenced. The Federals on boarding their prize were scarcely less astonished than their adversaries at the tremendous effect of the fire of the 15-inch gun. Its first shot had carried in armour and backing, strewn the deck with splinters, prostrated by its concussion about forty men, and wounded fourteen. The second, aimed higher, had struck the iron plates, which forced the top of the pilot-house, carried it bodily off, wounded the steersman, and left the vessel

unmanageable. The 11-inch shot had done no damage, save to the shutter of one of the portholes, which was struck when opened back and completely shattered. Never was victory over a confident enemy more decisive and more easily won than this remarkable battle, which at once proved the new Dahlgren gun to be one of the most formidable pieces of ordnance constructed, and put the floating battery or 'Monitor' into such a foremost position for smooth-water service as even the most sanguine views of its designer, before the days of this weapon, could have never reached.

Notwithstanding the remark made later by a Board of Survey on the imperfect nature of the pine backing used in the 'Atlanta,' which proved both to have little power of resistance and to be extremely dangerous by its splinters to those it was designed to protect, yet there can be no doubt that this roughly built iron-clad would have stood a formidable test from ordnance of the old patterns. Ignorance, in short, of the true power of their enemy's pieces caused the Confederates to run their new champion into this speedy destruction: but they can hardly be judged over bold, so little do the Federals appear at this time to have known of the exact value of the monster gun.

The victory of the 'Weehawken' procured her captain, Rodgers,* the rank of Commodore; while Dupont—whose watchfulness had prepared it—left his command with flying colours and the earnest thanks of the department. His views of the strength of Charleston were fully justified by the conduct of his successor. Dahlgren did not repeat the naval attack, and his fleet played but a secondary part in the operations of Gillmore; nor was it until the latter had captured Morris Island that the blockade was made effective by vessels placed in the smooth water near it, and the commerce of the city ceased. Yet so formidable did Sumter, even in its ruins, appear, that so late as the following summer, a fresh attempt to force the 'Monitors' between it and Fort Moultrie was discussed and deliberately rejected by the Admiral and his captains assembled in council of war.

The services of Farragut during the year 1863, including his forcing a passage at tremendous risk and loss past Port Hudson, the new Confederate fortress on the Mississippi, and his subsequent co-operation in the all-important conquest of Vicksburg, though of themselves gallant and memorable achievements, are yet, like Dahlgren's, of a secondary nature, being bound up with the history of Grant's armies, with which Porter also acted throughout the year.

The spring of 1864, however, found the former Admiral returning from a brief sick leave, and preparing for a new enterprise, more perilous in appearance than the attack on New Orleans, where well-won success had first raised him to fame. Mobile Bay was one of the few refuges remaining to the blockade-runners at this period of the war. The main entrance to it was guarded by Fort Morgan, a bastioned work of great strength armed with 10-inch hollow shot and rifled 32-pounder guns. The channel was narrow at this part, must be entered by daylight, and was thickly beset by such torpedoes as that which had recently, in spite of Dahlgren's precautions, proved fatal to the steam-sloop 'Housatonic' at Charleston, and placed the 'Ironsides' herself in danger. Yet more to be dreaded than fort or torpedo was the ram 'Tennessee,' commanded by Admiral Buchanan, whose courage and ability were well known to Farragut, and of strength and armament beyond any of those which the Confederates had launched. Her description, given with exactness by deserters, spoke of her as built upon the same principles as the 'Atlanta,' but with the casemate large enough to carry six guns, and plated all over with three layers of two-inch iron, by which additional strength the Confederates hoped to save her from the fate of her model. Her speed was slow, and Farragut declared on his arrival that he would not hesitate to encounter her with his larger wooden ships, but for the fear of her taking refuge in such shallow water as they could not enter. 'Wooden vessels,' he added, 'can do nothing with these iron-clads unless by getting within one hundred or two hundred yards, so as to ram them or pour in a broadside.'

Four 'Monitors' being at length supplied him in July, he prepared to test the strength of his enemies without delay, the latter being known to be striving hard to add other iron-clads to the 'Tennessee,' which alone proved ready for action. She was aided by three gunboats only, when the Federal fleet entered the channel on the 5th of August, in great strength, but with much uncertainty as to the issue of the attack. The seven frigates and steam-sloops which carried the principal batteries were not only protected by chains stopped up and down, but were lashed each to a gunboat on the port side, in order that if crippled in the narrow channel, they might be towed out of range of Fort Morgan, which was on the starboard hand.

* The officer who lately commanded the American squadron during the bombardment of Valparaiso.

The 'Monitors' formed a single line between it and the ships, engaging the work and absorbing its fire as far as possible. Thus covered, the wooden vessels in their double column forced their way up, (the Admiral most gallantly taking the lead when the first ship, the 'Brooklyn,' hesitated at the sudden appearance of a line of buoys), and found themselves in half an hour above the forts on which their starboard broadsides had poured such a continuous fire of grape—the missile specially chosen beforehand by Farragut—as the gunners could hardly endure. Not one ship was disabled, and but a hundred of their crews killed and wounded. But the 'Tecumseh' which led the 'Monitors' was struck in sight of all by a torpedo, and went down with her crew. Her fate did not prevent her comrades from gallantly carrying out the allotted task; and when the 'Tennessee' sallied from a side channel higher up to assail the wooden squadron, the 'Monitors' strove to take share in the general assault Farragut directed to be made on her. He had prepared for this bold movement of Buchanan's by providing false bows of iron to the frigates to charge the ram more effectually as soon as she drew near; and having already cast loose from their respective consorts, they steamed unhesitatingly to meet her. Then began a contest of a completely new order in naval tactics, and in which the ram never, as it proved, had a chance of success. Some of her enemies crowded round her sufficiently to impede her motion, whilst the larger steamers strove to run her down in turn. Steering badly, slow in movement, and close pressed on each side, the 'Tennessee' received in succession the charges of three of her assailants without perceptible damage, 'the only effect being to give her a heavy list,' and continued to ply her guns for near an hour. The flag-ship 'Hartford,' after charging under the personal direction of the Admiral, (who stood lashed in his main-top) poured a broadside of 9-inch shot at her casemates at a distance of barely ten feet. Two of the 'Monitors' fired their 15-inch guns steadily at her whenever an opening was made; and though one only of their shots damaged the plating of the casemate, another destroyed her steering chains, and her chimney was carried away. The decisive injuries, however, were inflicted by successive damages to the shutters of her gunports; and three of them being jammed or made useless by the concentrated fire of the frigates, her reply slackened, until a shell entering one wounded Buchanan dangerously, and caused her immediate surrender. The fall of the forts soon followed, and Mobile, though still protected by a shallow bar above, became harmless against the Union: whilst the victor, whose heroic conduct had won him the personal adoration of his fleet, stood confessed the first seaman of the age. This last achievement obtained for him from the grateful Congress, the special rank of Vice-Admiral—a just reward, which placed him on an equal footing with General Grant.

Small as has been the success of the Confederates with their rams, the last brilliant feat of their arms in the war—the capture by Hoke in the spring of 1864 of the forts so long held by the Union forces on Albemarle Sound—was due in great part to the aid of a small vessel of this description, which attacked and drove off the covering gunboats, sinking the boldest of them with a blow of her prow. This first feat of the 'Albemarle' proved, however, to be her last. In the following October she perished by what may beyond question be called the most daring action of the war—the attack on her at night by a steam-launch carrying a torpedo at the bow. Of the gallant volunteers who undertook this work, two only were saved death or capture, the boat being sunk by the effect of their own engine: but one of these was the young commander, Lieutenant Cushing, already four times thanked for conduct before the enemy, whose new exploit might fairly rank with the boldest deeds of the youth of Nelson or Dundonald. His escape forms an episode of the war, so romantic in itself and so well told by the hero, that we prefer transcribing from his simple narrative:—

'A dense mass of water rushed in from the torpedo, filling the launch and completely disabling her. The enemy then continued his fire at fifteen feet range, and demanded our surrender, which I twice refused, ordering the men to save themselves, and removing my own coat and shoes. Springing into the river, I swam, with others, into the middle of the stream, the rebels failing to hit us. The most of our party were captured, some drowned, and only one escaped besides myself, and he in a different direction. Acting-Master's Mate Woodman, of the "Commodore Hull," I met in the water half a mile below the town, and assisted him as best I could, but failed to get him ashore.

'Completely exhausted, I managed to reach the shore, but was too weak to crawl out of the water until just at daylight, when I managed to creep into the swamp, close to the fort. While hiding a few feet from the path, two of the "Albemarle's" officers passed, and I judged from their conversation that the ship was destroyed. Some hours' travelling in the swamp served to bring me out well below the town, when I sent a negro in to gain information and found that the ram was truly sunk. Proceeding through another swamp, I came to a creek and captured a skiff belonging to a picket of the enemy, and with this, by eleven o'clock

the next night, had made my way out to the "Valley City."'

No wonder that this feat procured Cushing not merely his step to commander in the volunteer service, but the special thanks of Mr. Welles under his own hand, with the offer from that statesman of a transfer to the regular navy upon the completion of the requisite course of study.

The naval operations of the war, which began by Lieutenant Porter's relief of Pensacola in defiance of Bragg's guns, were fitly closed by Admiral Porter's capture of the defences of Wilmington, the last port of the Confederacy, before the very eyes of the same general. As nothing was here proved of the iron-clads save their general fitness to share in a steady bombardment of forts of inferior armament, and as we are informed from undoubted authority that the Federal success was assured as much by the fatal weakness of the opposing commander (who, though supplied with full means, made no effort to relieve his exhausted garrisons) as by the vast superiority of the fire of the fleet, we do not think it needful to comment on the details.

Long before this affair the efforts of the South by sea had been reduced to what appeared to all the world rather a mere form of revenge than any useful warfare. Failing utterly in the purpose of embroiling the North with any neutral nation, these doings have left a seed of bitterness, such as it will need much wisdom and patience to stay from becoming bitter fruit in the future. From the fall of Wilmington, the advantages of blockade-runners and the mushroom growth of their trade became things of the past. For the rest of the war the Confederate flag only covered what was, after all (if we except the cruise of the iron-clad 'Stonewall') an ignoble piracy, legalised in default of provision made against it by jurists. The Cabinet of Richmond, which sanctioned this system to the end of their rule, have left as a legacy one of the most difficult problems on international duties ever offered for statesmen to solve. But we are more concerned here to point out the urgent necessity which will arise, in case of England's engaging in a war, for our commerce being more efficiently guarded at sea than by iron-clads of 5,000 tons, or firstrate wooden frigates. A class of swift corvettes, carrying two or three heavy guns, with engines so powerful as to enable them to overhaul any ordinary merchant steamers, will be absolutely indispensable if our trade is to escape ruin, whilst privateering is employed against it. At such a class Mr. Welles and Captain Fox aimed when they ordered the 'Kearsarge' and her consorts; but in this particular service alone did their efforts wholly disappoint expectation. The 'Alabama,' 'Sumter,' and 'Florida' (managed certainly with consummate skill under most difficult conditions), roamed unchecked over the ocean. At the close of 1864, the capture of 193 vessels, valued with their cargoes at 13½ millions of dollars, bore testimony to their activity, and to the danger to which, under the new conditions of naval warfare, an unprotected commercial marine is exposed. That these losses were not from expenditure being too narrow, but from the peculiar direction which it had taken under Mr. Welles, is abundantly shown by his Report of that date. The navy which four years before had counted but 76 ships, in and out of commission, and of these about one-half sailing vessels, was now increased to a total of 671. Of this number no less than 71 were iron-clads of different classes, 37 of them of formidable strength and carrying heavy Dahlgren guns; and only 112 of the whole were without steam-power, being in fact used for transport purposes.

Whether the fleet thus enumerated is, as Americans openly declare, infinitely beyond any that Europe can show in fighting power, is a question we do not here attempt to decide. Our space does not allow us to do more than indicate some of the more important questions connected with the discussion, and raised by even a cursory view of the performances of the Union navy.

The first of these that naturally occurs is the subject of the exact value and use of Monitors. A quotation we have already given from Mr. Welles's original Report upon these vessels shows clearly that it was not in England or France alone that official men mistrusted their ever being fitted for sea service. That they were at first very much disliked by naval officers, and easily disabled in action, the records of the attack on Charleston abundantly prove. On the other hand, it is certain that Mr. Welles and his advisers have since approved of the construction of Monitors, (the 'Puritan,' 'Dictator,' and 'Roanoke'), built specially for sea service—that the navigation of another large one round to the Pacific has been found by no means so dangerous as was anticipated—that the crews of these vessels have not found them unhealthy—and that the Charleston experience has been wonderfully utilised for the improvement of the mechanism of the turret and ports, so that (as is alleged) the same shots which then produced so much disabling effect, might

now be easily endured. The value of these assertions no one is more desirous to see practically tested than Captain Fox himself. As we close these remarks it is announced officially that, under the special sanction of Congress, he has undertaken to bring across the Atlantic a large double-turreted vessel, the 'Miantonomah,' for the conviction of the sceptical ship-designers of Europe;* and in his able hands we may well leave the question for the present.

Closely connected with it is that of the American system of heavy smooth-bore guns; for such as those which won the fight of Warsaw Sound—and far more the new 20-inch—are evidently too weighty for any broadside vessel now in use. We know the objection which lies to their moderate charges and the consequent low velocity of their projectiles. On the other hand it is clear that this may yet be overcome by even a slight improvement on the present 'Rodman' method of casting on a cooled bore, or by the use of wrought iron; whilst even as they exist their 450 lbs. and 990 lbs. balls, fired with only $\frac{1}{8}$th or $\frac{1}{4}$th charges, are missiles so powerful as none but the highest class of iron-clads could endure. Since the result of all late experiments in Europe is to cast great doubt on the possibility of constructing any large rifled guns which can be relied on for more than a few hundred rounds, we cannot but consider it a very grave question whether our artillerists are right in confining their exertions entirely to their improvement, and leaving it to the Americans to complete to perfection the simpler and more enduring piece which has already done such great things in actual practice. But this subject would demand a special article for discussion, and we therefore pass it by. For the same reason we do not enter on that of the torpedo system of defence and assault, to the practical solution of which the American examples serve—although dimly and incompletely—to point the way.

There is one deduction which might be made from a hasty survey of the naval annals of the war, against which we desire to give an earnest warning. Some will say—as some have already said—that the chief thing shown is the possibility of creating, from private resources during actual war, all that a great contest at sea may require without that elaborate preparation and vast expenditure to which in this country we dedicate millions yearly in time of peace. The example of the Great Republic and the precepts of the successful statesmen who have carried her safely to a triumphant reunion, prove, when closely studied, the very contrary. It cost them years of toil and uncertainty and oceans of expenditure before the naval predominance to which the North had full right was completely asserted. No minister has ever more loudly deprecated the relying too much on private shipyards than Mr. Welles, to whose earnest and repeated recommendation it is due that the Congress is even now engaged on the question of determining the site of a grand depôt for the future construction of American iron-clads. We in England, if entering into a struggle for that supremacy of the seas which involves the preservation of our own coasts from danger, and the protection of a vast and wide-spread commerce, must look to meeting not a raw seceding province, but Powers who are ready to attack, and will allow us brief space to prepare. A sufficient fleet must in such event be ready, not waiting the chances of a hurried creation. Be then the shock what it may, we doubt not it would be met by hearts as brave, by heads as cool, and arms as skilful, as those of the seamen whose exploits we have here briefly traced. The jealousies of a day, we trust, will die, while common blood and language will create new ties; and Englishmen who desire this, will not be slow to recognise as worthy successors of our own great naval chieftains, those names which now fill with pride the hearts of our kinsfolk on the other side of the Atlantic.

* This vessel is at Spithead at this moment, and she does the greatest credit to the American flag, since it must be confessed that there is not a vessel in the British navy which could destroy her by gunnery, or which she could not destroy. It should be stated, however, that this formidable ship, not having adequate propelling power for a long voyage, was chiefly towed across the Atlantic, as her sister-ship the 'Monadnock' was towed round Cape Horn.

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Art. VII.—1. *The Natural History, Ancient and Modern, of Precious Stones and Gems, and of Precious Metals.* By C. W. King, M. A., Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. London: 1865.

2. *Handbuch der Edelsteinkunde, für Mineralogen, Steinschneider und Juweliere.* Von Karl Emil Kluge. Leipsic: 1860.

3. *Gems and Jewels, their History, Geography, Chemistry, and Ana, from the earliest years down to the present time.* By Madame de Barrera. London: 1860.

4. *Diamonds and Precious Stones, their*

*History, Value and Distinguishing Characteristics, with simple Tests for their Identification.* By Harry Emmanuel. London: 1865.

What, we may ask, have been the sources of that fascination which precious stones have from time immemorial exercised over the minds of men? How came it that in this nineteenth century a little diamond not half the weight of a sixpence will sell for 400*l*., and as small a ruby for 600*l*. or 700*l*.? Just as in the days of the Triumvirate the opal of Nonias, a stone no bigger than a hazel-nut, was valued at 20,000*l*. of our money (vicies HS.): yet its owner went penniless into exile rather than surrender it to the greed of Marc Antony!

What can thus gift these little bits of stone with such extraordinary value? What sort of passion is it that would seem so little restrained by conscience or by reason? To say that it is mere cupidity is not to explain it. The imagination certainly enhances the pleasure derived from the beauty of a diamond, a ruby, a sapphire, or an emerald; for only an eye trained by custom, or instructed by science, can distinguish these stones from their glass counterfeits. It is not, therefore, this beauty alone that gives them their value. Nor is it their adaptation for practical uses that confers on them this quality; for except in the limited applications of diamond dust, to what useful purposes are these stones applied? Nor is it their mere rarity, else would an ounce of platinum be worth a thousand times more instead of four times less than an ounce of gold, and many a substance in nature would be precious far beyond the diamond. It is not, then, the desire merely to possess what others have not. It is rather the passion for doing what others do, and possessing what it is the fashion to possess, that gives these tiny stones their price. They are pretty objects, and are comparatively rare, and they have the advantage of being almost indestructible, in consequence of their hardness. But what makes them worth many pounds a grain is that they have acquired by tradition a prestige which fashion perpetuates; a prestige rooted in strange attributes and mystic powers wherewith the fancies of five thousand years have endowed such stones; a fashion that has been ever pandered to by a harpy host of money-making parasites, and has been fostered by that human weakness which, while endeavouring to associate what is pretty with what is costly in the materials chosen for personal ornament, is apt to attach more importance to their price than to their real beauty, in proportion as cupidity is a passion more common than refinement and taste.

It will be our object to trace some of the sources whence this prestige of the stones accounted precious has sprung; and after briefly describing such as have attained to this prerogative, to inquire at what periods these became known in the ancient world. By investigating the minerals known by particular names to the Greeks and Romans, we shall have gone over ground not perhaps in itself possessed of other than an archæological interest; but we shall have prepared the way for a future discussion of the art which these stones so often enshrine, and which makes them the instruments for conveying to us no contemptible part of our heritage in the arts of Greece.

The earliest evidences by which we recognise the action of a human intelligence on our globe, are presented in those singular arrow-heads and axes which come up to us from the fossil world as if on purpose to link the age of man with the long roll of earlier ages through which his planet has passed, and to entwine his history with that of old world animals that till lately were supposed to have passed away ere the reign of our race in nature had begun. Yet even among those weird monuments of early human life we find axes and implements sometimes fashioned out of stones eminently beautiful and obviously chosen for their colour and texture. Such are certain green stone hatchets found in Brittany, formed of a mineral differing from ordinary jade, but related to a translucent variety of zoisite held among the most precious substances in China and throughout the east of Asia. Stone axe-heads of jade are found in New Caledonia; and the New Zealanders as well as the South African natives also use a fine translucent green serpentine and a jade for personal ornaments, instruments, and weapons. They thus bring a remarkable testimony to the universality of this instinct for the selection and use of colured stones, by showing that it did not exclusively belong to the archaic period when metal was unknown, but that it at this moment actuates men who are practically living in a stone age of their own, though contemporary with this our period of civilisation. The Mexicans used to carve into strange and rude forms of men and monsters various green stones, including apparently an augite or green diopsich, occasionally also an amazon-stone felspar, and another stone of rich green mottled with white, probably a jadeite (or zoisite), to which they knew how to impart a most beautiful lustre: while the glory of the Peruvian was the true emerald, astonishing specimens

of which must have come to Europe as well as have been distributed over India immediately after the conquest of the New World.

It is perhaps not from caprice that green stones have been especially selected by the various races of men for ornamental materials. It more probably is due partly to the beauty of their colour, but partly also to the singular toughness (as distinct from mere hardness), and to other useful properties that characterise these minerals.

The belief in the talismanic influences of gems is certainly an extremely ancient one, and presents a phase of the subject which would possess more than a merely antiquarian sort of interest could we trace it to its true sources. As it is, one can but vaguely surmise what properties possessed by stones first suggested to men's minds the mysterious influences ascribed to them.

A mineral, like heliotrope and bloodstone, splashed with blood-like spots, or a crystal presenting its beautiful clear and polished form beset with facettes symmetrically implanted on it, might seem to bespeak a formative power native in the substance, or a sympathy with human suffering potent to invest the stone with a blood-stained dress, and why not therefore to extend to a beneficent power of healing if only men knew how to avail themselves of such a boon? So, too, as the crystal is the result of a power competent to fashion the hard material with a spontaneous precision into exact geometrical forms, why should not that power, it might be asked, be able to direct its further growth, nay even (as believed by Theophrastus) its reproduction after its kind? Boethius de Boot (1609), one of the last of the long list of writers on the dreary subject of the talismanic influences of stones, speaks of precious stones having been formed to be the abode of angels; language in which we may hear the echo of what was said by Arabian writers long before his day, as in this again we have the tradition of older thoughts coming from the distant East, if indeed they be not forms of superstition natural everywhere to the human mind. Throughout the East this belief in mystic powers resident in stones has been always universal: form and system was all that it acquired under the magianism of Persia and of Babylon, but it was with this systematised shape of it that the western nations became acquainted.

A belief in mystic powers animating all nature has a poetical side to it. The fancy of the imaginative East has coloured it with attractive hues; for who has not at some period of life lingered with pleasure in the haunts of Oriental fable, charmed with its tales of those Genii and Efreets that in earlier centuries and in more sombre tints played their part in the religious angelology of Persia and Mesopotamia. It is strange indeed to see this belief in talismans and magic after passing from India and Persia to Greece and Rome, and after playing an essential part in the Gnostic systems of Alexandria, becoming finally transferred into the Christian Church without apparently any inspection of its credentials! Let us not ridicule the poor Arab who has recourse to his blind faith, and possibly indeed to some practical experience in the healing influence of a cold slab of bloodstone when applied to reduce the inflammation and assauage the pain caused by the scorpion's bite; nor think with contempt of the Roman who powdered amber with attar of roses to cure his deafness, or with honey to cure weakness in his eyes,—and the limpid drops of amber, be it remembered, were in one myth the tears a god had wept, even Apollo himself the Sun God, Elector, to whom electrum was sacred. These comparatively harmless forms of credulity were founded probably on as secure a basis of experience as that which makes even Mr. King, the author of the work at the head of this article, believe the wearing an amber necklace to be a certain means of warding off attacks of erysipelas! and they were certainly rational in comparison with the kind of faith exhibited by St. Jerome when we find him gravely writing that the sapphire conciliates to its wearer the condescension of princes, quells his enemies, disperses sorceries, sets free the captive, and even assuages the wrath of God Himself! This was no transient fancy or superstition of an individual writer; rather it formed part of a system handed on from age to age with undiminished vitality, as we may see by perusing the work on stones by Bishop Marbœuf, of Rennes, in the eleventh century, wherein he versified their talismanic influences. Among whole pages of similarly astounding nonsense, he gravely asserts that the heliotrope endows its wearer with the gift of prophecy and immunity from poison, or with proper ceremonies can make him invisible! And even so late as the reign of Elizabeth we find Archbishop Parker presenting to her Highness the Queen's Majesty an agate with an engraving on it of an Androgenous Venus and Cupid, as a prophylactic charm. It seems, to quote from the very appropriate doggrel into which Mr. King has been so good as to translate the Bishop of Rennes' Lapidarium that,

'The Agate on the wearer strength bestows,
With ruddy health his fresh complexion glows;
Both eloquence and grace are by it given,
He gains the favour both of earth and heaven.'

This stone was therefore admirably adapted to be the vehicle in a substantial form of the Archbishop's apostolic benediction. With probably a keener sense of what might really constitute the power of a talisman, Runjeet Singh inquired what kind of special spell it was that had made the Koh-i-nur from immemorial time the talisman of Indian sovereignty. 'By what do you estimate its value?' asked the Sikh Maharajah of his victim, as the surrendered Koh-i-nur lay on the arm of its new master—'By its good luck,' said Shah Soujah, 'for it hath been ever his who hath conquered his enemies.'

The talismanic influence of stones was a belief, no doubt, in some cases linked with the worship of them; but it is impossible to say when or how they first acquired a sacred character. Indeed the line of demarcation between awe and respect for a talisman and the direct worship of the material that embodied it, would depend rather on the degree of barbarism of the fetish-worshipper than on the principle involved in his superstition. The time-honoured and still-subsisting reverence for the Kaaba-stone at Mecca probably originated in the same sentiment that a few years ago made the great meteoric stone that fell at Parnallee in Madras, now in the British Museum, an object of adoration to many thousands of Hindoos. The famous Venus of Cyprus, and the image at Ephesus that fell down from Jupiter, may, in common with the Kaaba and the Parnallee stones, have been meteoric in their origin, and have been seen to fall from the midst of a serene sky to the earth with explosion and fire—as Hephaistos may have fallen on Lemnos.

The Shekinah on the breastplate of the High Priest of the Jews gleamed with a sombre darkness that came over the stones (in one account it was a special stone, the sapphire, that was the sensitive agent of this manifestation) when the anger of the Lord was kindling, but when He was at peace with His people the light of heaven shone brightly on the stones of the sacred vestment. The minute description of the jewels which were to form part of the sarcerdotal apparel, in the 28th chapter of Exodus, indicates the symbolical reverence attached to them even by the Israelites.

A brighter phase in the history of ornamental stones is that in which we see them as the shrines of art, and pre-eminently as the materials on which the Greek loved to lavish all his exquisite powers of expressing form and sentiment; for in the gems he has left us thus adorned, he has transmitted to our time the only unabraded and perfectly fresh illustrations of his art that we possess. Then with an interest not second to this, though invested with very far less of its artistic charm, there comes the application of these beautiful and hard substances to the purposes of signets and seals of various kinds by other nations, during ages that were running their course long before the golden era of Hellenic art had dawned; and we have afterwards later forms of the engraver's work belonging to the centuries which succeeded to the three or four which formed that golden age.

Mr. King, one of the Senior Fellows of Trinity College, Cambridge, has devoted the life and leisure of a fine scholar to the whole of this subject. A treatise, the only one in our language, on Gems in general—that is to say, on hard and more or less precious stones engraved as works of art, was the first volume, which he published in 1860. This was followed in 1864 by a treatise on Gnostic Gems, in which he dealt with some of the more superstitious uses and motives of the works of the gem-engraver. The last of Mr. King's books, published in 1865, is that which stands at the head of this article. It treats of the history of Stones and Metals, and must be looked on as a second and expanded edition of those portions of his treatise on Gems which were devoted to these topics. Never exhaustive of his subject, and hardly ever original in his interpretations of the terms used by Greek or Roman authors, he has nevertheless brought together much curious learning in his book; and if it bears evidence of being the work of a scholar rather than a man of science, it is, on the other hand, the best summary of the mineralogy of antiquity and the middle ages. As regards the modern part of the subject, the German treatise of Kluge is a work of research and erudition, and one is surprised to find that Mr. King's book, published in England in 1865, was apparently written in ignorance of so important a work as Kluge's, printed in 1860. Of the two other works, to which our attention has been directed, that of Madame de Barrera is amusing partly from the sort of matter she has collected in it, but chiefly from the errors with which it teems; while Mr. Emanuel's book, with several inaccuracies, is still so far better than a mere advertisement that one of the contributors to it has furnished a useful though not very complete list of works and memoirs on the subject of precious stones. It also contains a few interesting references to Chaldee literature, for which Mr. Emanuel must have placed under contribution the learning of some Rabbi of his race. It is with the ancient lore to which Mr. King's last treatise is chiefly devoted that we have now most to do; and in taking hereafter a

survey of the art of gem-engraving, and of the stones employed for gems, among the nations of antiquity, we shall find him a most valuable, though, perhaps at times, a somewhat too enthusiastic guide.

The materials out of which an account of the knowledge of the ancients in mineralogy is to be built are not very satisfactory. First of all, we have what has come down to us of the mineral substances themselves in the form of gems and ornamental works; and we have besides what are doubtless imitations in various kinds of glass of the rarer or more valued species of coloured stones. We certainly know minerals and varieties of gems that were never seen in antiquity; but the ancients, on the other hand, could have known no minerals that are unknown to modern mineralogy, though they undoubtedly obtained precious stones from localities some of which became exhausted so far as their mining art was capable of exhausting them; while others have been lost to our knowledge under the different waves of human circumstance that have swept over the countries from which, in antiquity, minerals were drawn. Thus the conquests of Alexander deepened and strengthened the current of Eastern commerce that, no doubt, even in the dawn of European history was flowing to Europe in the channel of Phœnician enterprise. The concentration of wealth, and the encouragement it gave to the more refined arts in Egypt under the Ptolemies, and in Italy during the Imperial age of Rome, fostered the development of this Oriental commerce, the most important elements of which were doubtless not only the 'ivory, apes, and peacocks' of earlier times, and the gold and tin of the trans-Indian golden Chersonese (the Malay Peninsula); but ebony, the precious stones (sapphires, garnets, &c.) of Ceylon, the diamonds and beryls of Lower India, besids the onyx, the murrhina, and the textile fabrics, both coarse and fine, of India. But the march of Mohammedanism displaced again the barriers within which the tide of Oriental commerce flowed; perhaps the languid energies of the declining empire had already made its waters stagnant. At any rate, countries that certainly sent many a beautiful mineral into the jewellers' bazaars in Byzantium or Rome receded gradually from the view of Europe, and, strange to say, at this moment we probably know less of the mineral products of the territories that now constitute the Turkish and Persian empires, or even of Africa and Asia Minor, nay, of Greece and the Levant, than did Theophrastus, the pupil of Aristotle, or King Juba II., the Numidian sovereign contemporary with Augustus.

The only other source of information is to be found in classical authors. There existed, indeed, a special literature on mineralogy in the Greek and Roman libraries. But all that remains to us of it is a treatise of Theophrastus on Stones, the 37th book of Pliny, some notices by Solinus, the author of a geography written probably in the middle of the third century, describing the substances found in the countries he took note of, and a mystic work of rabid magianism, the 'Lithica,' by an author called by the pretended name of Orpheus, generally attributed to the Alexandrian school of Christian philosophy, but by Mr. King supposed to be at least as old as the middle of the second century B.C.

Finally, we have such epithets or allusions to special stones as may be found scattered up and down the poets and the prose literature of the centuries that stretch from Plato to Constantine. Coming down to later times, we may put the encyclopædic compilation of Isidorus Hispalensis (Bishop of Seville from 600 to 635 A.D.) under contribution; or, like Mr. King, we may go to Marbœuf, Bishop of Rennes (1067—1081), Latinised as Marbodus, and study his Latin poem entitled a 'Lapidarium,' from which we have already quoted, in the belief that we may there find really the abridgment, he boasts his work to be, of a 'bulky volume by Evax, King of Arabia, presented 'to Tiberius Cæsar!' Isidorus, however, has but given us a brief summary made from Pliny, together with a few small scraps of knowledge picked up from one or two other treatises now lost. The poem of Bishop Marbœuf is of much the same stamp as that of the pseudo-Orpheus; it is a tissue of marvels, charms, and talismans, which we would commend to the tableturners, rappers, and spiritualists of our time, as a resource when other forms of their 'magorum infanda vanitas' are exhausted.

Theophrastus and Pliny are, therefore, our sole substantial authorities. The Περὶ τῶν λίθων βιβλίον of Theophrastus is a philosophical treatise so far as the subject could be handled philosophically in the absence of all knowledge of the composition of minerals, or of their scientific forms and properties. The great pupil of Aristotle could scarcely write on any subject without showing the result of thought, if not of practical observation, and certainly Mr. King would have done good service if he had employed his scholarship in giving in one of his volumes a good literal translation of this short work, with a few notes on the corrupt passages with which it unfortunately abounds. This fragmentary work of Theophrastus remained the only treatise on minerals that professed to

be philosophical down almost to the age of Linnæus. For all the literature of the subject that has reached our time, if we except one book of Pliny, and a work or two from Persian hands, is little else than one long tissue of talismanic nonsense.

The 37th book of Pliny, on the other hand, the last be it remembered that he wrote, professes to be a summary of what had been written before his time and of the information its learned and laborious author had been able to record in his common-place book. It is a crudely-digested mass of curious but invaluable matter, collected previously to A.D. 77, two years before Pliny lost his life under Vesuvius. He quotes from Theophrastus often word for word, sometimes misquoting or misunderstanding him, and often, there can be no doubt, describing the same kind of stone twice over, first under the title which Greek authors had given to it, and again under the name by which it was known in the Latin world of the age of Titus.

In the origin of the names of the more precious stones our subject assumes a form of very great interest, and one that should be fruitful of some results for the early archæology of minerals. We to this day use with little real change many of the names by which the Greeks spoke of precious stones at least 500 years before the Christian era, however we may have transposed the application of those particular names from one stone to another. Jasper, diamond, sapphire, agate, beryl, are some of these. Yet few of these names are Greek in root or sound though clothed in a Hellenic garb. The Greek, indeed, with an instinct to adopt such words into his language, and with a fine ear and a tongue that played on them with a sort of serious punning as soon as he had adopted them, gave to some of these names, the origin of which was essentially exotic, a Greek meaning and form; often slightly changing the form the better to adapt it to its novel meaning.

Although it may seem hypercritical to seek a root outside the Greek language for so Greek-sounding a term as adamas, 'the indomitable,' the Hebrew word 'achlamah,' derived from 'chalam,' implying, in one of its senses, to be hard, compact, and the Persian name for the diamond, almas, a word said to be foreign in root to the Persian language, suggest the possibility that both the Greek and the Persian terms were originally derived from the Semitic name for a material (probably corundum or massive sapphire), which Phœnician commerce brought from India, or even quarried in its coarser form as the smir (Græcised in form as smyris, our emery), within the basin of the Mediterranean.

The jasper, iaspis, is undoubtedly a word of Semitic origin. It is the Hebrew jashpeh —firm, tough, from jashaf, to be strengthened, a derivation that derives some interest from the fact that nearly all the Semitic (Phœnician) gems we know are engraved on a chloritic green jasper known as jaspis by Greek and Latin lapidaries.

The sapphire, in Greek sappheiros, was the name applied by Greeks and Romans to what we call lapis-lazuli. But it is obviously a word foreign to the Greek tongue. According to the Talmud the tables of the Law were fashioned of sappir. The word is connected with the root from which are derived the Hebrew terms for a book, writing, or engraving. This root is 'safar,' to engrave, but it seems also to have the meaning 'to shine,' and this may be the source of the application of the name sappir to a precious stone.

From these Semitic names we pass to a Persian root. The sard—sardion—sardius, was the favourite stone of the Greek engraver; it was a yellow chalcedony with a dark aspect when looked on but of a fine golden tint when seen through. Pliny, plainly copying from older authorities, tells us it came from near Babylon. It therefore bears a Persian name, zard, yellow.

Mr. King would refer the name hyacinthus (ὑάκινθος) to the jacut of the Persian, whereof our jacinth is as it were an intermediate form; and thus the myth of the flower that sprang from the blood of Ajax, or, as in another form of the story, of Hyacinthus, is as unsubstantial as the letters AI, AI or Y pretended to be found upon the flower itself.

The amethyst, again, was a name which in its Greek form (τὸ ἀμέθυστον) was capable of translation into the meaning of its being an antidote to the intoxicating influence of wine. Hence a Greek story repeated by Pliny that the wine drank from the amethyst cup was harmless, so far true that such cups must certainly have been very small. But as a gem also it was fondly looked on as an antidote, when worn on the finger, to wine drank from less precious and less moderate cups. Mr. King quotes a pretty stanza from the Anthology on the signet of Cleopatra—which he has also turned in rhyme—to show how far the gem fulfilled this promise—

> 'On wineless gem I toper Bacchus reign;
> Learn stone to drink, or teach me to abstain.'

The emerald, a term at first applied to the beryls or aquamarines of India, though afterwards given to other green stones, came to Europe under its Indian (Sanscrit) name

'marakat,' connected with esmarak, a sea monster, or makara, the sea. Transferred to Persian and Arabic it became 'zabarjad,' and in the Greek and Latin smaragdos or zmaragdos, the Greek recognising probably a Greek root to the word in μαρμαρυγή, a flashing, from μαρμαίρω, to sparkle. In the Hebrew the term was Baraket. It is observable that maritime subjects, or any with allusion to water-gods, continually appear in antique gems engraved on the aquamarine. The root of the name beryl (ἡ βήρυλλος) is unknown and appears not to have been the subject of conjecture. The Bdellium of Holy Writ, or Pedolach, may possibly afford a clue to its source. It is derived from the Semitic 'badal,' to flow out in drops like a gum, and was very probably the ancient name for the gum copal found on the Zanzibar coast, or in other parts of the country gathered from the living trees. It came apparently to be applied also to the pearl, perhaps from its drop-like form. Indeed, not impossibly our word pearl is the same term in another shape. Its transfer to the stone we know as the beryl would be one of those shiftings of the applications of words which it is easier to illustrate by examples than to explain. Mr. King has drawn attention to a curious etymology of the German word 'Brille' (a pair of spectacles), founded on the use of the beryl as an eyeglass; probably by employing the pieces, often rather curved in form, that are broken off by the regular cleavage from the long prismatic crystals of beryl. The topaz is a name of which the root may possibly be found in the Sanscrit term for yellow, 'pita.' This, transferred to the Greek through a Semitic form, 'patadz,' by transposition of the letters becoming tapadz or topaz, might have been the source of the modern form of the word.

Such are a few of the more prominent names which suggest themselves as illustrating this curious philological chapter of our subject. But it is a chapter capable of being made of singular interest by a master of the science of language; for it would show the intercourse of the East and the West as evidenced by language, at a time long anterior to all historical records. Nay, inasmuch as the Oriental words and names that form the nucleus of Hellenic myths must have preceded the mythology that crystallised round them, we may assume that these relations of archaic intercourse must have existed in times long antecedent to those even of mythic tradition.

We have still to discuss the important section of our subject which deals in the nature and properties of the actual stones that are now and have been in former times accounted precious; but in entering on it we find our path no longer single and straight. It divides at once into two diverging lines, the one leading along the rigid road of modern science, the other into the more obscure but curious tracks of archæology and virtù. One can describe the minerals used as precious stones and gems in the language of the modern mineralogist, or one can speak of them in the phraseology of the modern jeweller, and as they were treated by ancient writers, superficially and without regard to their scientific structure. But as our object is to make as clear as possible what were the stones viewed as precious and as such used by the ancients, and what the names they gave to them, in order on another occasion to go into the history of the art and into the varieties and styles of gem-engraving, we shall treat the subject of precious and quasi-precious stones the rather from this practical and archæological point of view. It will be necessary, however, to follow the stricter path of scientific nomenclature and description up to a certain point, in order that we may afterwards tread on firmer ground among the loose phraseology and inexact definitions of ancient writers and modern jewellers.

This will at once be seen when we observe that colour alone is the property in regard to which the precious stones have been universally classified down to the end of the last century, and still derive their names in the jewellers' shops. Thus, the ancient Egyptians in naming the precious stones they used in their ornaments and inlaid work, called the red jasper and other red stones *khnem* (red, the *red* stone), while the green jasper and the emerald seem to have fallen together under the title *uat* (the *green* stone). The lapis-lazuli, and probably the cyanus or blue glaze and paint of Egypt, were *kheshet* (the *blue* stone); the name of the yellow stone (so rare in Egyptian monuments) seems unknown; but the sard and carnelian had the name of *mat* (the middle or heart of a thing), implying that it occurred in the middle of the rocks in which it was found, as we know it to do in nodules in the heart of trap rocks. Pliny says the sards were found near Babylon enclosed 'like a heart' in other stones when these were broken open, but had failed in his time.

This nomenclature of Egyptian writers accords with the mineralogical systems of later days. The precious stones that Pliny describes are grouped in series of which colour is the distinctive feature; and that the names now employed by the jewellers are very little in advance of this is shown by the ruby, the sapphire, and the Oriental

topaz of modern Europe being treated as distinct minerals in their nomenclature, whereas they are one and the same substance differing merely in the accident of colour. So the topaz, the Oriental topaz, the Bohemian or Spanish topaz, are the names given to minerals that have not one mineralogical character in common, except their attribute of a more or less intense yellow or orange hue.

But here we must indicate how it is that modern mineralogy comes to attach so little comparative importance to this attribute of colour. It was not till chemistry, little more than a century ago, had decomposed, and begun to explain the true nature and composition of all the materials of the inorganic and organic worlds, that the mystery was dissipated which had surrounded precious stones from the earliest time, had raised them into talismans, and endowed them with qualities that money could scarcely buy. For when the diamond, the ruby, and the opal severally became in the chemist's eyes simply carbon, alumina, and silica, differing in no respect but in their being crystallised and pure from charcoal, clay, and flint, the mystery of their nature was dissipated and there was no more a dark and magic place in them for the abode of genii. The colours of precious stones were soon found to be in the majority of cases due to minute traces of substances generally foreign to the composition of the mineral, but dissolved as it were in its substance, such as oxides of iron, chrome, or manganese. Thus sapphire and ruby and many other so-called 'oriental' stones became one and the same mineral, only differently tinged by these colour-giving accidental ingredients. Science, carrying on her inquiries, soon brought all the other physical properties of minerals, and therefore of precious stones, within her domain. Crystallography showed every crystallised substance to have its own peculiar forms, obedient to simple mathematical laws; while optical characters belonging to the crystal structure have also been discovered, so that through the instrumentality of polarised light, the eye of science can discern at a glance the crystal structure and therefore the character of a transparent mineral, even though it be but in a minute fragment. It is thus that the mineralogical characters of a stone need a higher science than the mere eye-knowledge of the dealer in gems, who is almost always grossly ignorant of their real nature, and only knows enough to enable him to give them names and to convince a purchaser that the long experience of a trained eye is an infallible authority in fixing on them a jeweller's price.

The actual mineral species employed for personal ornaments are extremely few, and those on which fashion throws its capricious smile are fewer still. The more valuable kinds, the really 'precious stones,' are the diamond, the sapphire, the spinel, the beryl, and the turquoise. The opal is a variety of the same chemical substance as quartz-crystal. But the chrysoberyl and the zircon should be included with the more precious stones, though out of fashion with the jewellers. The garnet, the chrysolite, the tourmaline, dichroite, and different varieties of quartz, including amethyst, cairngorm stone, and a long and beautiful array of jaspers and chalcedonies, such as agate, onyx, sard, plasma, and chrysoprase, may be placed in a list of stones of the second degree in point of value, if that value be estimated by rarity and price, and therefore inversely to the magnitude of the largest specimens. We propose to take a rapid survey, in the first place, of these different mineral species, including their coloured varieties, in a scientific order. We can then discuss them severally in the order of colours, in conjunction with Pliny's accounts of the stones used in his day. It will be only necessary, however, to treat thus separately those mineral species which are distinguished by a somewhat varied colour-suite, and the varieties of which are known by names more or less equivocal.

The mineral substance that ranks next to the diamond, whether we estimate it by its hardness, the splendour of its colour or its rareness in the choicer forms, is that called by the mineralogist corundum. It is pure crystallised alumina (the oxide of the now well-known metal aluminium). To this class belong the ruby, the sapphire, and other stones of gorgeous colour, distinguished by the epithet 'oriental' prefixed to the name. The ruby or red sapphire is the red stone *par excellence* of jewellery. Its finest colour is a most rich and lovely crimson, known as the 'pigeon's blood' tint, but its scarlet tints are also beautiful. It is never a large stone; for whereas the sapphire occurs in very considerable masses, a ruby above the size of three carats is worth more than a diamond of the same weight. The yellow variety of corundum is called the 'oriental 'topaz.' It is of a pale straw-yellow, very rarely exhibiting the rich orange tint of the true topaz from Brazil, but rather those of the kinds of that stone from other localities which rarely if ever possess the colour requisite for an ornamental jewel. The oriental emerald is similarly the green variety of this species, but, like the last stone, it lacks the rich hues of the splendid mineral after which it is named—the true emerald. It is lust-

rous, but almost universally of an extremely pale hue. There is another green variety called the oriental peridot. This is a pistachio green sapphire, singular rather than beautiful. The oriental aquamarine is a greenish blue sapphire. The blue variety of this mineral is that lovely gem to which the name of sapphire is in common parlance confined. There is one hue of it of a soft pure azure, distinguishable from the commoner kinds by its retaining its fine blue even by candlelight, when an ordinary sapphire looks black. Unlike the ruby, the sapphire occurs in specimens of considerable size. One large and beautiful cut stone was to be seen in the Exhibition of 1862, of which it was related that the noble lady who once had owned it had contented herself with an exact imitation of it for many years, consoled with the sum for which she had sold the original. A splendid suite of sapphires exhibited in the Great Exhibition of 1851, and said now to belong to Miss Burdett Coutts, is among the finest, perhaps as a suite is the finest, in the world.

The 'oriental amethyst' is an amethystine variety often formed by a mixture of ruby and sapphire in the same crystal, part of the stone being one and part the other, the united effect being that of the amethyst. Often, however, the hue is homogeneous. The 'girasol sapphire,' or 'ruby catseye,' is formed from the more opaque kind of stones, which when cut in the boss (or *en cabochon*) form, show a glimmering light in the surface which is rather brighter in its blue, its pink, or its amethyst colour, than is the body of the pale sapphire, ruby, or oriental amethyst, of which it consists. The star-stone, or asteria-sapphire, or ruby, is a similar stone to the last, but exhibiting a six-rayed star corresponding in the direction of the rays with the direction of those planes along which the crystal may be 'cleaved' or easily split (a property of all these crystals). The transparent colourless corundum remains only to be described; it generally has a faint blue tint, but is at times perfectly colourless. It is said to have been sold for the diamond; but this could only have been done fraudulently, as the sapphire never could have been mistaken for the diamond by an eye in the least degree experienced in stones, as its refractive power is less than three-fourths that of the diamond, and is indeed very little, in fact only about one-seventh, higher than that of quartz.

The next species to be described is that comprised in a well-marked mineralogical group termed the spinels. It is, however, only with the transparent and more precious forms of this mineral that we have to do. The name is traced to the Greek σπίνος, connected in its root with σπινθὴρ, a spark. Precious varieties consist essentially of alumina combined with magnesia, and tinted perhaps with iron. Their colour is more limited than in the case of the corundum varieties, but it includes two resplendent stones; namely, the spinel ruby, a scarlet variety of considerable fire and of rich colour; and the balais, or balast ruby, called from one of the most celebrated localities of the spinel in former times, namely Beloochistan or Balastan. The latter is of a delicate and rarely deep rose colour, showing a blue tint when looked through and a redder one when it is looked at. Both of these minerals are termed rubies by the jewellers, and the deeper tinted kinds are sometimes sold for the true ruby. Nearly all the large and famous stones that pass under the name of rubies belong to this species; such is the ancient ruby in the crown of England, which was presented to Edward the Black Prince by Don Pedro the Cruel, and such the enormous stone, time-honoured in Indian tradition, that accompanied the Koh-i-nur into the possession of Her who is now the Sovereign of India. An orange red variety of the spinel is known by the name of the rubicelle. There are also varieties, the one of a pale Berlin blue and the other of a 'duck blue' containing much green, which are rare and curious rather than beautiful forms of the spinel. It also sometimes occurs with a tint containing more blue than the balais ruby, and approaching the almandine garnet in hue though generally paler; a variety which has received the name of the almandine ruby.

The next mineral to be described is the chrysoberyl, called also by the jewellers the 'oriental chrysolite.' Pliny's stone of this name (chrysoberyllos) is a yellowish beryl. That known to modern mineralogy, when in its greatest beauty, is a stone of almost adamantine lustre and transparence. Indeed, it is more like the diamond in these respects than are the varieties of the sapphire. It is a compound of alumina and the rare oxide glucina, a constituent of the beryl. This stone has usually a peculiar, sometimes a very delicate, greenish yellow or primrose colour: it is then one of the most beautiful of jewels; a lovely specimen, for which Mr. Hertz is said to have received 300 guineas from Mr. Hope, is among the recent acquisitions of the Mineral Department of the British Museum. It occurs also of a yellowish brown hue. In hardness it is very nearly the rival of the sapphire. A green variety from Siberia, called Alexandrite, is of a dull green mixed with a reddish

amethyst colour, which latter hue is the only one it exhibits by candlelight. The finer specimens of the transparent and delicately-tinted chrysoberyl are from Brazil; the ancients might however have obtained it in its less beautiful varieties from Ceylon. The term cymophane is given by the French to the mineral species of the chrysoberyl, and refers to an appearance as of a floating cloud, which is generally, but not always, seen in even the most transparent crystals of chrysoberyl, more particularly in the direction of one plane of the crystal. It is a curious thing thus to see a mist, as it were, lying in a stone which in every other way of looking at it is as limpid as a dew-drop. The more chatoyant kinds forming 'the chrysoberyl catseye' are in general only translucent.

The emerald and the beryl are one and the same mineral—a silicate of alumina and glucina, which owes to a small trace of iron its green, blue, pink, or yellow tints, or else to a little chromium the transcendent green which characterises it as the emerald. This beautiful gem is now chiefly obtained from Santa Fé de Bogotà, in New Granada, a spot which has supplied the whole world with emeralds since the conquest of the country by the Spaniards. Siberia furnishes a few stones to our jewellers, and probably the mines in the neighbourhood of Catharinenburg need only enterprise and capital to produce magnificent specimens. Inferior emeralds are obtained in the neighbourhood of Saltzburg, in a micaschist just like that in which they are found in Siberia; and, it may be added also, not to be distinguished from the parent rock in an ancient Egyptian locality, Mount Zabara, worked in the time of the Ptolemies, from which Sir G. Wilkinson obtained several emeralds of pale and poor quality, which are now in the British Museum. The New Grenada emeralds are found in a calcareous rock often charged with bituminiferous matter. Pegu is also a reputed locality of the emerald.

The beryl, known in jewellery as the aquamarine, is also found in great perfection at Oduntschilon, and Mursinsk, in Siberia. It exhibits every gradation of tint from a pale azure blue to a fine 'mountain green;' a celandine green, or yellow green, are its more usual colours, but these are quite distinct from the pure 'emerald green' of the true emerald. There is also a pale and pretty orange yellow variety, and many intermediate tints again intervene between this yellow and the green. Among other localities of the beryl, one in India, Cangayum in the Deccan, was formerly in much repute. Brazil also has been a rich source of the beryl, and even the Emerald Isle itself might have won its name from the beryls which it has produced from more than one locality; the little blue crystals from the Mourne Mountains vying in colour with those from Siberia.

The zircon, the name of which is derived from 'zerk,' the Arabic word for 'a gem,' is a mineral with a somewhat varied colour-suite. It consists of the mixed oxides of silicon and of the rare element zirconium (silicic and zirconic acids), and is one of the heaviest and most lustrous of gemstones. Sometimes of an unpleasing brownish green colour, termed the jargoon, and very rarely of a deep greenish blue, its colourless variety is the nearest match in brilliancy and refractive energy for the diamond; while the deep orange-tinted red zircon is that transcendent gem the true hyacinth. It is a very heavy stone, and its refractive index is far above that of the sapphire, being about five-sixths that of the diamond; hence its near rivalry of that stone and its always fine lustre.

The tourmaline is a singularly interesting mineral. Its name appears to be in its orignal form a Cingalese word, 'turamali.' It is a very complex silicate, containing oxide of boron, and often also lithia. Its optical characters are valuable, in consequence of its property of absorbing one of the polarised rays of light, into which it divides every ray that enters the side of its prism-shaped crystal. A slice of that crystal cut parallel to its side becomes in consequence a most useful instrument in the hands of the optical experimentalist. Its colour-suite is very extensive. The finest colour is that of the ruby red variety termed rubellite, or siberite, found in Siberia. Among the varieties of other colours are brown, black, claret, and brownish yellow tints, most of them showing one colour when looked through along the prism and another when seen across it. The green variety called Brazilian emerald is often used as a precious stone: the Catholic bishops of South America use it instead of the amethyst, the episcopal signet-stone of Europe. There is also an indigo blue kind called indicolite; but, like all the rest of the tourmalines excepting the rubellite, it is of a dull and unpleasing hue. Ceylon furnishes brown and yellow varieties, and the latter are the only kinds of tourmaline likely to have penetrated into the Greek or Roman bazaars.

The topaz consists of a fluosilicate mixed with silicate of aluminium. Its Brazilian kind, of a rich orange yellow, when cut forms a very handsome stone. A pale blue kind from Siberia is also a pretty variety, and its

colourless crystals, called the *goutte d'eau*, are sometimes mistaken for the diamond by unskilled eyes. The other varieties of the topaz are the pale pink kind, generally produced by heating gently the orange variety, but sometimes also found in nature; the other is the ordinary straw-coloured topaz, a stone with little claim to beauty. Magnificent crystals, forming the finest suite in the world, of a fine sherry-colour, from Siberia, exist in the British Museum; but the light is known to bleach them completely, and they are consequently kept in the dark.

The chrysolite is a pale yellow mineral of which the peridot is a fine pistachio or olive-green variety, composed of a silicate of magnesia; soft for a precious stone, being just under quartz in hardness. Large specimens of the peridot have come from Constantinople, but the rocky home of this mineral is as unknown now as is that of the topazius, the mineral on Pliny's list which it represents. Minute specimens of the yellow kind, called olivine or chrysolite, occur in lavas and basalts, and in some of the masses of meteoric iron that have fallen to the earth from space.

The garnets, like the spinels, form a well-defined mineralogical group, though their composition is more complex. Their more transparent varieties contain similar constituents with the spinels, with, however, the addition of a little iron (chiefly as protoxide) and silica as silicic acid. The precious garnet is thus essentially a silicate of aluminium, magnesium, and iron. The garnets are well-known stones, and can hardly be classed with those we have discussed, if price is to be our guide. They are, however, among the most magnificent of the coloured products of nature's laboratory. The carbuncle is their name in jewellery when cut *en cabochon*, that is to say, of a boss form, usually hollowed out underneath to allow the colour of the stone to be seen. The name garnet is supposed to be derived from granaticus, a pomegranate (from the red colour of the seeds and juice), or else from the term garamanticus, one of its Roman appellations.

The pyrope and Bohemian garnet are names for varieties of a deep blood-red and of fiery character; the almandine (probably a corruption of Pliny's alabandine, though Mr. King thinks it is derived from the almond flower as recalling the pink hue of that blossom) or Syriam garnet (so named from the old capital of Pegu, Syriam), are names given to the kinds which owe to admixtures of blue their very pretty carmine tints. The guarnacino is the Italian name for a brownish red garnet of the colour of tawny port wine, while the hyacinthine garnet and essonite (or cinnamon-stone) are characterised by different tones of orange and yellow mingled with the reds of the other varieties. The finest of these is that with a hyacinthine hue, often called by the jewellers 'hyacinthe la belle,' and still oftener confounded by them with the true hyacinth.

The diamond, it is almost unnecessary to say, consists of crystallised carbon: soft plumbago or pure charcoal are different forms of the same protean element which in the diamond becomes the hardest substance known. The beauty of this gem is due to its very extraordinary reflecting power or lustre, and to its quality of diverting a ray of light from its course to a far greater extent than any other gem. The result is an extraordinary brilliancy in the diamond; but this is independent, to a great degree, of the property of flashing out the colour of the rainbow, which a piece of the heavy glass used to counterfeit the diamond possesses to at least as effective a degree. Our modern supplies of the diamond are drawn almost entirely from Brazil. Borneo sends a few, but India, that supplied the world down to a century ago, no longer furnishes them, or only in very small numbers. The colour-suite of the diamond is rather an extensive one. Brown and a pale brownish-yellow are common colours, a pale pink champagne colour, a fine canary yellow, and a very plain aquamarine or bluish green colour, are also not rarely met with. At Dresden there is a diamond weighing 40 carats of a very fine green colour; and in the collection of the late Mr. Hope was one of 40¼ carats of a decided (but rather steel-like) blue. In that same collection were formerly to be found an apricot-coloured diamond of 12½ carats, one of a fine hyacinth red, others with the colours of a Brazilian topaz, the blood-red garnet, the green tourmaline, and one of a lilac colour.

Mr. King has dug out of old books some curious diamond lore. He has found an old engraving of the famous diamond of Charles the Bold, one of the first cut in Europe, by Louis Berquem, and he explodes a story that hitherto confounded it with the Sancy Diamond. He also adds a very curious bit of information which confirms the identification of the Koh-i-nur with the great diamond of Indian tradition, which Tavernier seems to have mistaken for a great diamond which was cut and spoilt at Delhi about 1665. De Boot in 1609 quotes from Monades to the effect that the largest diamond he knew was an Indian one with the weight of 187½ carats. The one Tavernier saw at the court of Aurungzebe weighed 119½

ratis, which would be about 186 modern English carats, while the Koh-i-nur in 1861 weighed 186¼ English carats, corresponding to 187$\frac{1}{16}$ Indian carats, a very near approximation to the 187½ of Monades. The great Indian talisman has now been reduced to 102$\frac{3}{16}$ carats—to suit the regulation pattern of the modern diamond-cutters, now called 'the brilliant,' a form invented in order to make the most of the lustre with the smallest diminution in weight of octahedral or dodecahedral crystals of diamond. But the art of cutting diamonds is all but extinct in England, and the modern cutters of Amsterdam, and even of Paris, are not what their predecessors were. Their art is one of routine, and they are quite unable to deal with the difficult problem of how to cut a stone so as to preserve its bulk and to develop its splendour, each in the highest degree; a problem, indeed, which may be said to have never been thoroughly grappled with. Thus the Koh-i-nur had to be reduced to a shape which is only a brilliant in name, for it is far too thin for the true brilliant of the days of Jeffries or of Ralph Potter, the first diamond-cutter Europe has produced, who lived at the beginning of this century. Many a stone is now called Indian, and supposed to be superior to any of the diamonds of Brazil, merely because it was cut when diamond-cutting was more of an art and less of a mechanical process than it is now. No loss in weight, however, can take from the Koh-i-nur its unique prestige. It presents to the eye a much larger surface than before it was cut, and if it lacks the fire and iridescence of smaller diamonds, this is mainly due to its greater size; for as a stone rises in weight and size above twenty carats it loses proportionally in effect. So large a stone as the Koh-i-nur could never be endowed with the splendour of a smaller diamond. Had its old Indian cut and rounded facettes been repolished, it would not have been less beautiful than now. It is now the fifth of the great diamonds of Europe. Before, it was second only in size to the Russian diamond, while it ranked in quality with any diamond among the crown jewels of Europe.

We may now turn to the pages of Theophrastus and Pliny, and inquire how far this and the other stones we have thus far described were known in antiquity, and by what names they were designated. As regards the diamond, the classical scholar will find no difficulty in recalling passages in ancient authors that prove the term adamas to have been used at first in allusion to some very hard metal, sometimes apparently for steel itself, that rarest of substances in early times; while subsequently it came to be applied, as by Theophrastus, to some precious stone of great hardness. In the age of Augustus the term had come to be technically used for a small precious stone, the *adamas, punctum lapidis, pretiosior auro* of Manilius (iv. 926).

Rings exist of Roman workmanship in which the diamond is set in its original octahedral form unpolished save with its natural somewhat resinous lustre, and there can be little doubt that several of the six varieties enumerated by Pliny under the name were the true diamonds. Whether the variety first described by Pliny as his Indian adamas was that from Golconda, or whether it was the small sapphire crystal of the Carnatic, remains an unsettled question. He apparently confounded an 'Indian' adamas, consisting probably, as we have seen, of the colourless and pale sapphire described by some old Greek author when diamonds were scarcely or not at all known, with the true diamond, which in Pliny's time must certainly have come by the direct route from India. So, on the other hand, his 'Arabian' adamas would probably have been the true Indian stone that found its way into commerce through some other than the ordinary channel. As regards the other varieties of Pliny's adamas, his Æthiopian kind, not larger than a cucumber-seed, was probably also a true diamond, and the description in respect to form, size, and colour correctly represents some sorts of the stone. Possibly it found its way into commerce by the coasting trade up the African coast, having first reached the shores of Zanzibar in that direct trade with India which dared to cross the open sea under the steady breath of the monsoons; or, and this is the more probable conjecture, this name originated in that confusion between Æthiopia and India that even led Alexander to expect that he might reach the sources of the Nile in his Indian expedition.

The cenchrea, of the size of a millet-seed, again a characteristic description, Pliny introduces only as a form of the Arabian adamas; while the 'Macedonian' and 'Cyprian' varieties are probably taken by the Latin encyclopædist from the same Greek treatise that suggested the first divisions of his Indian adamas, recording the knowledge of a time when that name was applied to the pale little crystals, and perhaps to rolled pebbles of sapphire, supplied partly by India and partly by Grecian localities. His heavy siderites was most likely magnetite, the heaviest and hardest ore of that steel to which, doubtless, the title of adamas was originally vaguely applied. This mineral

crystallises in octahedral and dodecahedral forms like those of the diamond. To it Pliny applies this identical name in his description of the magnet in his 36th Book; but *nominis tantum auctoritatem habent*, says Pliny of these kinds of diamond, with good reason.

The agates and jaspers we have not treated among the mineralogical accounts of coloured minerals. They belong to a peculiar chapter of mineralogy, and seem to be more advantageously discussed by themselves.

To go into the mineralogy of silica, including all the varieties of quartz, chalcedony and opal, would need a more extended field. We may, however, group these innumerable varieties into four divisions, characterised by the one common characteristic that they are silex, or silica (oxide of silicon) in various degrees of purity.

First we have quartz crystal, or crystallised silica, of which the ordinary colourless kind, the amethyst or lilac kind, the 'smoky' quartz and cairngorm stone, as well as the Brazilian kinds with their yellow and orange hues, are the more important varieties. Of these the pale yellow is termed the citrine quartz, the more orange 'Bohemian' and 'Spanish topaz.' Then we have opal, which is silica in a purely physical and chemical condition, not crystalline, perhaps incapable of crystallisation, generally combined with water, and presenting itself with various colours but with a uniform wax-like or resinous appearance. One of its varieties is that most lovely gem the 'noble' or 'precious opal,' in which minute fissures apparently striated with microscopic lines, due it may be to laminæ formed by an incipient crystallisation of quartz, flash out colours of the purest and most brilliant hues. The colour is not due to any colouring matter, but is a consequence of the diffraction of the light produced by these fine lines. The commoner varieties of opal are of various tints of yellow and of brown, and are marked by the characteristic common to all the minerals of the opal kind, a wavy texture and resinous lustre. The fire opal of Mexico is a rich hyacinth red variety of the same stone.

Next to the opal may be put the chalcedonic sorts of silica. Pure chalcedony is a most intimate mixture of silica in the two states of quartz and opal and in variable proportions. It is colourless or of a very pale horn colour; but tinted with small quantities of iron or of other substances, it forms a brilliant and endless variety of sards, agates, and carnelians, plasmas, &c. Mixed with other minerals in a state of mechanical admixture, it forms the equally long catalogue of jaspers; the former we may call the agate chalcedonies, the latter the jasper varieties of chalcedony. We must distinguish certain of each of these groups. Of the agate kind we have the sard, a variety richer probably in quartz than is the more earthy, softer, and more impure, perhaps more opaline carnelian. The sard is translucent, often almost transparent, and presents various red and orange hues. Some are black in aspect but blood red by transmitted light; they represent the various kinds of 'Morio' or mulberry stone of Pliny, and are also included in his sardius: they are the sardoine of the French. Others are red or brown in aspect, but a soft beautiful pale yellow when looked through. These are the stones on which the finest remains of ancient art are usually enshrined. The finest in ancient as in modern times came from India, but the ancients probably had other sources for the beautiful stones on which some of the earliest Greek works are engraved.

The prase is the name given by the mineralogist to a dull but hard green impure translucent quartz, a different kind from the often beautiful mineral termed prase by the gem collectors, which is the plasma (an Italian corruption of the word prase or prasina) or green chalcedony of mineralogy. The latter, in its many varieties of colour and translucency, is the stone so valued by the Romans of Pliny's day, to be recognised probably under several of his names for varieties of smaragdus, jaspis and prasius. It is found in India and at Olympus in Asia Minor. The chrysoprase is a kind tinged with oxide of nickel, of an apple-green. The Silesian locality of this stone is a modern discovery; but there are gems apparently antique engraved on a stone that cannot be distinguished from chrysoprase.

Agates are mixtures in curious forms of various varieties of chalcedony. The hardest and finest coloured are those of India and Uruguay. Softer agates are found in Germany and in other localities. All these stones have usually been formed by infiltration of siliceous waters into cavities in trap rocks, and the layers in the agate mark the successive and often concentric walls of the cavity as from time to time new deposits were formed in its interior. When these are cut parallel to the red, white, or brown layers of successive deposit, and there are *more than two* of these layers, the stone is called the sardonyx; when there are *only two* layers it is, in modern phraseology, the onyx; when one is dark and covered by a thin white layer, generally ground by the

artist till the under layer is seen through, so as to give this upper white film a bluish tinge, it is the nicolo (onyculo or choice little onyx), a favourite stone of the gem-engravers of the Lower Empire. When the stone is so cut that the layers run across the face of it—usually dark sard and white layers are those which are chosen thus to alternate—it becomes the so-called 'tricoloured' or 'banded agate,' a very favourite stone of the Italo-Greek engravers. The jasper onyx and jasper agate are varieties in which one or more of the layers of the agate are formed of a coloured jasper.

The jaspers, or chalcedonies mechanically mixed with other minerals, are always opaque, except where they are on the border line that separates them from the agate varieties, when some of them are translucent. The green jasper used in antiquity for the earliest Assyrian cylinders as for the latest Gnostic amulets, is a mixture of the green mineral chlorite with chalcedony. Spotted with red spots it is bloodstone. Heliotrope is a translucent kind of plasma often similarly spotted. There is a fine homogeneous red jasper of a vermilion colour that is found in a breccia in India and also in Egypt, and often used for Roman gems in the later times of the Empire. Besides these there are a pea-green kind, much used for inlaid work in ancient Egypt and occasionally for cylinders in Mesopotamia, a brown jasper, one of a fine yellow tint, and a host of other mottled and otherwise variegated and coloured kinds; but those just enumerated are the most common among the jasper gemstones of antiquity.

Of all these siliceous minerals we may with some certainty assert the crystallus of the Romans and of Greece to have been quartz crystal. The amethyst also retains the name it bears direct from the Greek tongue, and it is hard to believe that the opalus of Pliny is not the mineral known to us as the precious opal. Although we do not know of any Indian locality for this lovely stone, and Pliny, who describes the precious opal with the vivid language of one who had admired it, mentions India as the locality for the specimens of the finest quality known in his time. The precious opal is so rare a stone that with all our mining enterprise and geological research over the far vaster world of modern geography, we know of only two certain localities for it, namely, in Hungary and in Mexico. But the quartz in the trap rocks of the Ghauts above Bombay sometimes shows an iridescence on certain of its crystal planes that seems to be due to the presence of this kind of opal. It is not impossible therefore that formerly an Indian locality was really known for this stone.

The determination of the names given in antiquity to the varieties of onyx, sardonyx, and agate has called forth a little literature, headed by Köhler; and Mr. King has grappled with the subject with some success, though the exposition of his views is not very lucidly expressed. The onyx of Theophrastus was the tricoloured agate; though we believe those with very wavy angular or ribboned strata rarely, if ever, to have been used by the Greeks. Pliny nowhere defines the onyx of his time, though he gives half a dozen of the discordant descriptions of other authors, some of which would point to the onyx as consisting of parallel horizontal layers, like the onyx of our day; others, however, describe a more irregularly marked stone, and the use of the term onychines, as applied to vases and vessels made of such a material, seems to preclude the idea of its being formed of a stone in regular layers. It would appear, in short, and this Mr. King seems to mean, that in one sense the 'onyx' of the Romans was used for a stone lying in regular layers—our nicolo being one variety of it, and an opaque black and white layered stone being another, namely, the Arabian variety—but that in another sense or at another period the word was used for the irregularly marked and eyed agates, an example of which Mr. King recognises in the large tiger's head in the British Museum, from the Townley Collection.

Mr. King is happy in his account of the Vasa Murrhina so far as it goes, but he has not brought out the best point in his explanation of their character. They were like onyx but were not onyx. They came with onyx from the Nerbudda, as related by the author of the Periplus. They were, moreover, 'baked in ovens.' To this day, in the neighbourhood of Broach, nodules of onyx are dug in the dry season from the beds of torrents; they are then of a dark olive green inclining to grey; after being exposed to the sun to dry, they are packed in earthen pots with dry goat's dung, which is set on fire. When removed, after cooling, the stones have changed in colour, often to rich hues of orange and hyacinthine red; and the more ornamental of the mottled onyxes that come from Cambay are those thus artificially beautified. These facts have escaped Mr. King, but in them perhaps we may see the true source of the *Parthis Murrhina cocta focis*. The onyxes of their natural colour are probably the onychines which classical authors contrast, and certainly do not confound as Mr. King seems to do, with these Murrhina.

We may observe that no stones are so porous or so easily coloured by artificial means as the varieties of chaledony. Sards and onyxes are now imported from Uruguay quite as hard and beautiful as the naturally coloured ones from India, and the jewellers must be reaping a rich harvest from the enormous prices they are in our time charging for ornaments made from this beautiful stone. Many of the opaque varieties of chalcedony, those, namely, which we know as jaspers, are referred by Mr. King to the different sorts of Pliny's achates (the word from which our term agate comes). Some of these belong, however, to the green stones enumerated under other heads by Pliny. The beautiful 'sapphirine,' and, in one or two instances, 'amethystine' chalcedonies, so called from their tints, stones that were very rife among the later Assyrian and Persian cylinders and seals, are included under several of the heads of Pliny's iaspis; indeed, he states them to have been the most valued sorts of jasper, and accordingly of them, as of the prase of modern amateurs (or plasma of modern mineralogy), he makes several varieties.

It might seem very easy for a mineralogist, while making an analysis of Theophrastus and Pliny, to write opposite to each of the several stones they describe a modern name, and so to find a place in their nomenclature for each of the red stones enumerated. It is certainly an easier task in this case than in that of the green stones, but even here we cannot speak with entire certainty. Thus, we cannot say whether Theophrastus knew either the true ruby, or even the spinels. The former is improbable; if he knew the spinel and the balais rubies he certainly confounded them with the garnet, which, in its different varieties, was essentially the ἄνθραξ of Greece, as it was the carbunculus of Pliny. The signification of the two words was the same, the latter being the diminutive of carbo, which, like anthrax, means a live coal. That Roman artists sometimes engraved on the ruby seems tolerably certain. We are not unfamiliar with their works on almandine garnets, but no certain Greek or early Græco-Roman work is recorded on the blood-red garnet. Mr. King adduces a very dubious instance of it, that of the famed Sirius head in the Marlborough Collection; a gem cut into the stone to an extraordinary depth, so that one sees down the very throat of the dog. It is cut with astonishing ability in a transcendent pyrope; but it is without a history. It was described by Natter in 1754, a period suspicious on account of its forgeries in gems, when such a gem could certainly have been cut, and when Natter confesses to having at least copied it. His splendid copy on topaz is in the Hermitage.

Pliny associates with his carbunculus a stone called by a Greek name, lychnis, implying a lit lamp, the anthracites which he takes from Theophrastus, and the sandaresus. The sandaresus is doubtless the stone termed avanturine, a red translucent quartzose stone with little fissures in it, which produce a sort of scintillation. The name is usually derived from the accident which 'peradventure' happened to a Venetian glassblower who upset a pot of glass coloured by copper, and so chanced to form the far more beautiful avanturine glass. This name is more probably, however, of older origin. In the Targum of the pseudo-Jonathan-ben-Uzziel, referred by Mr. Deutsch to the middle of the seventh century, a stone, translated jasper in our version, is called the margniath apanturin, or panther-gem. The step from *apanturin* to *avanturine* is a short one. It is remarkable that Pliny describes a green stone 'like panther eyes.' A green variety, the spangling of which is inferior and only seen in one direction of the stone, is found in large masses in India. It corresponds with the green sandaresus, or sandastros, which Pliny says was from India, of an apple or olive green, and of no value. Mr. King seems to assign another attribution to these names of Pliny's; but for once the mineralogy of Pliny is not at fault. Indeed, the Roman writer also mentions a variety which would not take a polish, and this is no doubt a micaceous schistose stone, of which specimens occur frequently in modern collections very like avanturine, but too soft for use.

The best varieties of Pliny's carbuncles came from India, Carthage, Æthopia, and Caria, and there were seven other localities for inferior kinds, five of which are taken from the descriptions of the anthrakion of Theophrastus. He says the amethystizontes, the carbuncles tending to an amethyst or violet colour, were the best. These undoubtedly are the almandine garnets, of which we find many carrying good engraved work of the early imperial age. His 'alabandini' were from Orthosia in Caria, and were prepared in the wealthy city of Alabandæ; they were no doubt the 'polygonal and hexagonal' (probably the ordinary rhombic dodecahedron which has the form of a hexagonal prism) kinds of anthrax which Theophrastus called Miletian, from their locality Miletus, in Caria.

Finally, we have to deal with Pliny's lychnis. It was of two kinds; the Indian was the best, the Ionian the next best kind. This latter sort was of two varieties; one with a

crimson (purpura), the other with a scarlet (cocco), colour. Pliny derives the name from the ion, a plant which Mr. King calls the pink cyclamen. Pliny also speaks of the lychnis as sometimes called a more languid or paler (*remissior*) carbuncle. This and the divisions into which he groups it would seem to indicate that here we have the true ruby in the Indian lychnis as distinct from the spinels (the spinel, and balais ruby), which we exactly recognize in the Ionian lychnis. These last would probably be found in small specimens in various parts of Asia Minor.

We conclude, then, that Pliny's carbunculus was our garnet, that the favourite sort was our almandine kind; both names as terms for the garnet being in this case probably direct in their descent to our times; but that the Indian lychnis was the name for the ruby, the two sorts of Ionian lychnis comprising our two kinds of red spinel. The Carchedonian and Carian would be garnets often occurring, as coarse and veined garnets now do, of size sufficiently large to form snuff-boxes and small vessels. Mr. King describes an antique cup as large as the half of a goose's egg, engraved with the name of its ancient owner, Codrus, and mentions two others possibly also antique. We would only add that the dark kind of Carthaginian garnet is described by Pliny as sometimes showing a star. This is true of some of the deep-coloured carbuncles that come now into the market, when they are cut in the right way to show it. On the other hand, the asteria, or star-stone variety of the ruby or sapphire, is almost invariably confined to the paler tints of those two stones.

The only yellow stones we believe that have come down to us from antiquity are pale citrines, or yellow quartz. Of cinnamon-stone and hyacinthine garnet, perhaps also of the true hyacinth, we have splendid examples among the finest gems of Græco-Roman artists. It is, of course, impossible to affirm that neither Greeks or Romans were acquainted with the more rare of the purely yellow stones of modern jewellery; but the absence in the collections of Europe of any one of these stones other than the citrine with indubitable ancient work on it, goes far to confirm the belief that, at all events, they must have been extremely rare and exceptional. Mr. King quotes a remark from Pliny that the Romans were not fond of the colour yellow, the hue of gold being not in estimation for gems or other things. And yet the chrysolithus is coupled by Propertius with the emerald in the presents that won the heart of a certain fair Cynthia:—

'quoscunque smaragdos
Quosque dedit flavo lumine chrysolithos.'—II.16.

What might the stone with this yellow light in it have been?

Pliny says 'Æthopia sends the hyacinth (our sapphire), *and the chrysolite*, which has a splendid golden hue *when the light shines through it* (*aureo fulgore translucentes*); the Indian, however, are the best.' The stone which this describes exactly, and the only stone that bears out Pliny's further statement, that by contrast it makes gold look like silver, is the hyacinthine garnet, or the transcendent stone of which it is the alter ego, the true hyacinth. It is possible that an Egyptian or Abyssinian locality may have been known in antiquity for the sapphire, the Essonite garnet, and the zircon, just as we now receive them all in the same bags from Ceylon; but the explanation before given of the confusion of Æthopia in early times with India may well explain the locality here assigned by Pliny, especially if he was copying from an older author; or the commerce in his own time between India, through Cane, on the Red Sea, with Port Avalites in Abyssinia, might explain it. Mr. King would include with orange yellow or deep honey-coloured stones, the pale Oriental topaz under the chrysolithi. But his ground for doing so is, that Pliny tells of the chrysolite making gold look pale as silver, and that these were mounted clear without a foil behind them. It is the rarest thing even now to find a yellow sapphire, with its usually so pale a straw yellow, capable of looking other than a very pallid stone when set in gold.

One of the most difficult problems bequeathed to modern mineralogists by Pliny in his 37th book is certainly that of attributing to all the green stones he mentions their corresponding modern names. He gives a list of some twelve varieties of smaragdus, a name which would mislead were we to translate it emerald, though our word comes by direct descent from, and applies certainly to, the true and typical smaragdus. Then, with more than his usual mineralogical insight, he classifies the beryl as a kind of smaragdus, with eight varieties which he enumerates.

We will at once select from this formidable catalogue of stones the true emeralds and the beryls. He distinguishes between his first three varieties of emerald—the Scythian, Bactrian, and Egyptian, and the inferior sorts. These three were, in fact, the true emerald; the Scythian coming no doubt from the Siberian locality near Bissersk, to the east of Ekatharinenberg; the so-called

Bactrian most likely came from a locality unknown to us, to the north or north-east of the Hindoo Coosh, possibly from the Altai, where, in the Tigeretz Mountains beryls are now obtained. It is more probable, however, that their locality may hereafter prove to be within the Chinese frontier. From such a locality a few emeralds are said still occasionally to cross the Himalaya passes, with a pale kind of turquoise into North-western India. The discovery of the Zabara emerald mines in Egypt, with the houses almost intact in which the workmen formerly lived, establishes Pliny's Egyptian locality for the emerald. His beryls would have come from the Cangayum locality in India, and his description of them might have been written yesterday. Of Pliny's other green stones included under the head of Emerald, the medical and the Laconian kind, the first of which is simply the Cyprian sort of Theophrastus, may be assumed to have been malachite, from various localities, or under various guises.

The green iaspis of Pliny was a fine emerald-like stone, often translucent or transparent. It came from India and from Amisos, and calls to our mind a fine green Indian plasma from the Vendyah Hills. It seems to have been the only iaspis of a green colour, all the other substances included under that name being chalcedonies of a blue or amethyst hue, or, again, of other mixed and variously disposed colours. For the chola, or clora, used in Arabia in conjunction with alabastrites in inlaid architectural ornament, a serpentine marble suggests itself as a probable material; and Mr. King assigns the tanos, with some probability, to the Amazon stone felspar. Of Pliny's inferior green stones, the prasius seems to have been the green jasper of our mineral collections. One kind was spotted with bloodlike spots, our heliotrope or translucent bloodstone, from the neighborhood of the Nerbudda; the heliotrope of Pliny's Appendix being the opaque bloodstone remarkable for its polish, and probably well adapted for observing solar eclipses by reflection, a purpose to which Pliny says it was applied. Another prasius, also described under the iaspis by Pliny, was a white-veined green jasper, also found in India. The chrysoprasius, of which large cylindri and cymbia (drinking vessels) were made, were from India, and one kind must have had the colour of the very pale oil green or greenish yellow beryl; another was of a rather golden topazius (brownish green) colour. These were most likely the pale yellowish and the deeper green jades, or nephrites, so often used in India as the material for the well-known elegant cups and vases that are among the most beautiful of the products of the native arts and monuments of the untiring industry of the artisans of that country. The Nilion and the molochites close this list. The former was from India; the word in Sanscrit implies a blue or blue green colour; it is the Indian name for the sapphire, and the name of the Nile probably came from it. This mineral was of a poor and dull lustre, and a variety was said to be found in Attica. A bluish green jasper often streaked with white, used for dagger-hilts in India, may possibly be this Nilion; and Mr. King thinks a favourite green jasper in ancient Egypt of a pale pea-green may be the molochites. This, however, was an Egyptian stone, and is found near Thebes, and Pliny would scarcely have called it Arabian.

Of the blue stones the sapphire is the only transparent species habitually employed by the jewellers. The blue diamond is a rare curiosity; so is a greenish blue spinel, and a zircon of a similar tint. The Indicolite, a blue tourmaline, impure in its hue and rarely limpid, is occasionally used. The blue topaz is not deep enough in hue nor rare enough to be a stone of price, and therefore of fashion. The blue beryl was a prized stone in antiquity, the berillus aëroides of Pliny, and Siberia has produced specimens of it considerable in size and of good colour. It forms a lovely jewel when its colour is of its greatest depth and purity. The only other transparent blue stone calculated for employment in jewellery is the dichroite, or iolite, a mineral more curious than beautiful, from the singular degree to which it exhibits the optical property known as pleochroism, the crystal being blue, yellowish buff, or greyish in colour, according to the direction in which one looks through it. The dichroite is rarely used as a jewel, though it is often met with in parcels of sapphires from the East, and sometimes even passes for that stone. Mr. King brings conclusive, though not novel, arguments to show that the hyacinthus of Pliny was the sapphire of our day. He also allows the Cyprian diamond, at least that which, according to his translation and reading (*aërius color*), an azure hue characterised, to be this stone. But he also includes with these the siderites, distinguished by its high specific gravity and softness from the others; an inconsistency which one can hardly imagine even Pliny to have been guilty of.

There are still two opaque blue stones, and one that is translucent, which remain to be considered. The former are the lapis-lazuli and the turquoise, the last is the sapphirine chalcedony. The sapphirine chalcedony,

however, we have already described, and have placed it among the jaspers of Pliny. The callais of Pliny we have also stated to be the blue and more highly appreciated turquoise of modern jewellery, the green variety having been that on which the Romans set the highest value, under the name of callaina.

The turquoise (or Turkish stone) of the vieille roche, so called to distinguish it from a spurious substance made by colouring bone with copper, is a phosphate of alumina tinged with phosphate of copper and phosphate of iron. The finest, or at least the best-known specimens, come from a Persian locality. They occur also in the Sinaitic peninsula, and an Armenian locality is also said to exist. A vast mass of bluish green turquoise in the British Museum found in the Chinese Summer Palace, bespeaks another locality, probably in Tartary, for this stone. The fine suite of turquoises belonging to Lady Wharncliffe was chiefly collected by Lord Wharncliffe in the mountains of Thibet, where the larger specimens were regarded with mystical reverence by the chiefs who wore them. This stone is very liable to lose its colour under the action of alkalies such as are contained in soap, or even by exposure to the light and the action of the air. It is a curious fact that the Mexicans had a turquoise which they used just as the Persians have always done, to ornament objects in clustered masses.

The lapis-lazuli is, without any doubt, the sapphirus of Pliny and of Theophrastus. It is described as an opaque stone with gold spangles in it (of iron pyrites), coming from Media (Bokhara), sometimes tinged with purple (reddish-blue ?), sometimes of a rich blue. If we could translate *cum purpurâ* directly as purple, this would exactly describe the lapis-lazuli. Pliny was, in fact, doubtless aware that the artist would produce the deep violet blue of the darker lapis-lazuli by mixing a little of the purpura (moroon-red) with the ordinary blue colour of its paler varieties. The word sapphire we have traced to a Semitic source, but it may be doubted whether the Hebrew word really means our sapphire. The tables of the Law were made of sappir; and in Exodus xxiv. 10 it is written, if we translate literally, 'And they saw the God of Israel; and under His feet, like the work of pavement of sappir, and like the essence of heaven in purity.' This comparison with heaven might apply to either stone, the transparent sapphire or the opaque lapis-lazuli, though the pyrites-studded lapis would at first sight seem the more exact representation of a star-spangled sky and more adapted for an inlaid pavement.

We have now passed in review the more prominent of the stones deemed precious in the modern as well as in the ancient worlds. The Greek, the Egyptian, the Etruscan, and the Roman used coloured stones either as materials for their gems and signets, or, if as ornaments, then only as ancillary to their elaborate and tasteful work in gold. They never cut them with facettes, as the modern practice is; they adhered solely to the use of stones as pebbles, beads, or carved ornaments strung on or set off by gold, a form of the finely coloured jewels too much neglected by modern jewellers, though it has lately been revived by Signor Castellani and his imitators.

It is impossible to treat a subject, scientific in one of its aspects and archæological and involving classical criticism in another, so as to make it interesting to every kind of reader; but the foregoing pages are a necessary introduction to the subject of gem-engraving. We hope to proceed to the discussion of this more generally interesting and somewhat neglected branch of fine art on a future occasion.

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ART. VIII.—*Charles Lamb: a Memoir.* By BARRY CORNWALL. London: 1866.

THERE is an imaginative and pathetic anachronism in one of the tales of 'Mrs. Leicester's School,' written either by Charles Lamb or his sister, which may well be applied to his own destiny. A little girl is so charmed with the ceremonies and accompaniments of her father's second marriage, and especially by the beauty of the bride, that she sits down at the door of what was her mother's room, and cries with sorrow that her own dear mamma is not here to see how beautiful it all is. So may we lament that Charles Lamb is not here now among us to see with what curious and dutiful interest we honour the memory of a life which passed under the eyes of the last generation utterly unregarded, and how there has been written about his quiet and simple existence at least as much as he wrote at any time on any subject whatever. He would look on our proceedings with pleasure, because he liked the sympathies of mankind; but his prominent feeling would have been one of intense humorous satisfaction at the oddity of the circumstances, and the contrast between the different ways of the world in its dealings with intellect and genius.

Through the long, monotonous, servile years of his clerkship it probably never came into his head that those masters of his, who were reigning over the distant millions of the

East, would soon be utterly extinct and forgotten personages, while his name would be so familiar to the popular literature of his country, that nobody would think of putting 'Mr.' to it; or that, when he parted from their august presence in an ecstasy of gratitude at receiving a pension of two hundred a year, he left no one man in that hive of intellectual industry and political power, not even the philosopher who is now applying with such signal success the stores of his reflection to the practical statesmanship of his time, whose employment would add more lustre to the service of the great Company than his own. But, even if such fancies in some hour of secret self-recognition ever crossed his brain, it must have seemed to him an unimaginable absurdity that posterity should care about those modest, almost austere habits, of his daily life—about the grave calamity that shadowed it—about her who was all-in-all to him, but nothing to any one besides. Yet so it is; and the story of Charles Lamb and his sister, though known already in its outlines in all literary biography, will be heartily welcomed in a new form by the hand of Mr. Procter, the 'Barry Cornwall' of his time and its associations.

Charles Lamb might, indeed, have reflected that in one sense this is the common fortune of distinguished humoristic writers. The hopes and fears, the emotions and the caprices, the fancies and the follies of other men are, so to say, the capital of their literary adventure, and they in turn must submit to their own analysis by posterity. The tragedy of the foiled ambition and turbid life of the Dean of St. Patrick's to its catastrophe in mental gloom, and the melodrama of the gay Canon of York, from his vagrant childhood to the dissecting-room at Cambridge, are inexhaustible sources of interest and speculation, and future times may be as curious about Sydney Smith or Theodore Hook or Douglas Jerrold as is the present about the essentially monotonous and uneventful story of Charles Lamb.

It is the lot of Mr. Procter to have outlived nearly all, if not all, that generation of intellects, of which Coleridge was the philosopher, Wordsworth, Leigh Hunt, Shelley, Keats, and himself the poets, Southey the historian, Hazlitt the critic, and Lamb the humorist. Around these now notorious names grouped many men who have not left any distinctive mark on the literature of their time, but whose sympathies sustained, and whose tastes encouraged, the combatants in their long and hard encounter with the social panic the French Revolution left behind it, and with the literary bigotry that associated all novelty of thought and expression with subversive ideas. Of the former we have lately had an example the more in the Diary and Letters of the well-taught and well-tempered Windham, where, in a letter to Mrs. Crewe, he finds his sole consolation for the present state of things in the hope that, 'when he meets the Duke of Bedford, 'the Plumbers, and the Cokes in exile and 'beggary in some town on the Continent, 'their wretchedness, from the greater indulg-'ences which they have always required and 'enjoyed, will be something sharper than his 'own.' The orthodox style and character of Rogers's poems did not prevent Sir Joseph Banks from excluding him, though a Fellow of the Royal Society, from all its social meetings, on account of his supposed liberal opinions; and when to social and political heresies were added the enormities of free thought on ecclesiastical and theological subjects, original or resuscitated forms of diction, wild flights of fancy, and a passionate utterance that might be interpreted into license, the ban was absolute, and all processes of the critical Inquisition legitimate. We, who have come to look on Coleridge as a conservative politician, and on his philosophy as an earnest reconciliation of many tormenting problems with Christian truth—who give to Wordsworth, Shelley, and Keats their unchallenged places on the poetic roll—who can enjoy both the verse and prose of Leigh Hunt, notwithstanding his fantastical conceits and defects of taste, may be permitted to look back on the methods of controversy which were adopted against such men with sorrow and with shame. If, on the one hand, they show the elasticity of real mental power against oppression, they afford painful evidence how much of sheer malice and falsehood will infect and pervert even honest criticism the moment that other than æsthetic considerations guide the pen and affect the judgment. To assume that all the men were habitual drunkards because they met at taverns in days when there were no clubs to go to, and to believe all the women incontinent because Mary Woolstoncraft had vindicated their 'Rights,' was not only permitted, but applauded in the best circles of contemporaneous literature; and we find the young Byron, himself the victim of a censorship which we should now consider truculent, if not unjust, writing in this strain:—

'Yet, let them not to vulgar Wordsworth stoop,
The meanest object of the lowly group,
Whose verse, of all but childish prattle void,
Seems blessed harmony to *Lambe* and Lloyd.'

Here even Lamb's name was not spelt correctly, but the connexion with Lloyd was

legitimate, the two young poets having published a volume together in 1797, with some pieces by Coleridge, or, as Lamb expresses it, 'under cover of the greater Ajax.' Charles Lamb appears as 'of the India House,' both in the title-page and in the dedication to him in 1798 of Lloyd's now forgotten novel 'Edmund Oliver' (of which the character of the young Coleridge and his enlisting adventure form the main interest)—a designation that now would hardly be assumed by a literary aspirant, but which implies the distinction that the service then conferred on its least important agents.

It was at the age of seventeen that Charles Lamb obtained that post in the Accountant's Office of the East India Company which secured him the decent competence that sufficed for his subsistence, and made literary occupation the luxury, and not the necessity, of his life. The very humbleness and simplicity of his duties accorded with the character of his genius, and was perhaps far more favourable to its development than a more ostentatious career. Next to this good fortune may be estimated his education at Christ's Hospital (of which, in the delightful contradictions of his two Essays, he has given so complete a picture), not only for its special use, but for that friendship which played so important a part in his future life. The intellectual benefit he must have derived from the constant association with so rich and suggestive a mind as that of Coleridge must have been considerable; for, with his lowly origin, rare acquaintances, and uninteresting duties, he might have stagnated into an obscure and even sottish mode of life, redeemed indeed in the estimate of the higher justice by its continual self-sacrifice and noble affection, but lost to the outer world and the benefit of mankind. Besides this, too, the intimacy with Coleridge brought him into the appreciative society which made his own existence and that of his sister as happy as, under the shade of the great sorrow, it could be, and gave him, what is so rare in the circumstances of superior men, habitual intercourse with his equals in intelligence and in position, without taint of the patron or the client, without the requirements of delicacy or the exigencies of gratitude. Who shall say how much of the gentlemanlike repose, the agreeable stand-at-ease of Lamb's Essays, the present contentedness that reigns throughout, making chimney-sweepers pleasant companions, and illness nearly as comfortable as health, was not due to this good connexion with those about him? Who would imagine that the writer had been himself the victim of a domestic calamity of almost fabulous horror; that his reason (having once failed) was only kept stedfast by his own strong will; and that he had never known wealth, nor fame, nor power, nor conjugal happiness, nor the love of children, nor any of those relations with the outer world that naturally make a man satisfied with his own lot and solicitous for that of others?

The story of his great misfortune is now for the first time wholly told. All whom it would afflict are gone, and there is no further ground for reticence. About the end of 1795, three years after he obtained his appointment, his mother was ill and bedridden, his father almost fatuous, and he himself the inmate of the asylum at Hoxton, where, as he wrote to Coleridge, 'his head ran upon him, as much almost as on another person who was the more immediate cause of my frenzy.' Who this was is unknown; she remains only the 'Alice W.' of his poems, the object of a passion which might have blossomed into happy fruit but for the incidents of the next year. He returned home sane, and the family life went on as usual till the September of 1796. On the 23rd of that month, his sister Mary, who had been for some time ill and moody, was seized just before dinner with a burst of madness. She seized a case-knife lying on the table, pursued a little girl (her apprentice) round the room, hurled about the dinner-forks so as to wound her father in the forehead, and, before Charles could snatch the knife from her hand, she had stabbed her mother to the heart. The sad publicity of a trial was somehow avoided. After the inquest Mary Lamb was removed to an asylum. She rapidly recovered her senses, and the question came what was then to be done. It seems to have been easier then than it now is to obtain the liberty of a dangerous lunatic, for no opposition to her release seems to have been made by the authorities. When becoming sane, Mary said, 'she knew she must go to Bethlehem for life: one of her brothers would have it so; the other would not wish it, but would be obliged to go with the stream.'

This one brother, John Lamb, held a clerkship, with a considerable salary, in the South Sea House (the subject of the first of the collected Essays), and seems to have been a hard, dry, selfish man, who cared little for his relations; but after his mother's terrible death he, too, was in danger from the family disease. 'I fear for his mind,' writes Charles to Coleridge; 'he has taken his ease in the world, and is not fit to struggle with difficulties.' But the 'other brother' did not go with the stream. He made up his mind at once what to do, and he did it, his

whole life through. To enable him to devote his being entire to his desolate sister, he began by burning the little journal of 'my foolish passion, which I had so long time kept,' and even, under the exaggeration of the first sense of self-devotion, and to wean himself off from the occupations and hopes of a happier past, he got rid of the letters of his best and wisest friends, and of all his own compositions in verse, 'Mention nothing of poetry,' he writes; 'I have destroyed every vestige of poor vanities of that kind.' The whole income of the household at that time was, at the most, not more than 180*l.*, 'out of which,' he says, 'we can spare 50*l.* or 60*l.* for Mary while she stays in an asylum; if I and my father, and an old maidservant, cannot live, and live comfortably, on 130*l.* or 120*l.* a year, we ought to burn by slow fires. I almost would, so that Mary might not go into an hospital.' The brother and all the other members of the family opposed her discharge, but the solemn undertaking of Charles to act thereafter for life as her protector prevailed. Whenever some irritability or change of manner prognosticated the returning malady, the brother and sister would walk quietly, but often weeping, to Hoxton Asylum, he carrying the strait-jacket, which at that time was the indispensable adjunct of insanity. But even when there he did not leave her entirely. 'When she is not violent, her rambling chat is better to me than the sense and sanity of the world,' and he rarely went elsewhere for relief or diversion. I am afraid there is something of dishonesty in any pleasure I take without her.' With eloquent pathos indeed does Mr. Procter write—

'In this constant and uncomplaining endurance, and in his steady adherence to a great principle of conduct, his life was heroic. We read of men giving up all their days to a single object: to religion, to vengeance, to some overpowering selfish wish; of daring acts done to avert death or disgrace, or some oppressing misfortune. We read mythical tales of friendship; but we do not recollect any instance in which a great object has been so unremittingly carried out throughout a whole life, in defiance of a thousand difficulties, and of numberless temptations, straining the good resolution to its utmost, except in the case of our poor clerk of the India House.'

But it may be no extravagance of the theory of compensations to believe that something besides the satisfaction of accomplished duty was the result of his devoted life. Though, in one form of insanity, structural disease deadens or distorts the perception, and, extending to the organs of all the faculties, paralyses the intellectual force and reduces the individual to a simple machine, and, in another, the inefficiency or misdirection of the intellectual force is the sole cause of derangement and produces disease by the violence of its existence and the want of the habit of controlling the thoughts and checking the imagination,—there will always remain a border-land of sanity and madness, in which the saving power is the abstraction from self—the fixed occupation of the mind in other matters than its own phenomena. The saddest impression a visitor takes away from an asylum is the utter lovelessness of its inmates; and it seems almost as if the sense of one passionate sympathy might disperse the darkest of those clouds. Certain it is that though, just before that catastrophe, Charles Lamb was placed under control, the precaution was never necessary again, notwithstanding all the stress of mind caused by the dreadful event and its consequences. Under the ægis of that intense fraternal love his spirit walked secure.

In a short essay of his mature years, the 'Sanity of True Genius' is nobly vindicated:—

'The true poet dreams being awake: he is not possessed by his subject, but has dominion over it: he ascends the empyrean heaven and is not intoxicated: he treads the burning marl without dismay: he wins his flight without self-loss through realms of chaos and old night. . . . . Herein the great and little wits are differenced, that if the latter wander ever so little from nature or actual existence, they lose themselves and their readers. Their phantoms are baseless, their visions night-mares. They do not create, which implies shaping and consistency. Their imaginations are not active, for to be active is to call something into act and force, but passive as men in sick dreams.'

So could Charles Lamb write, looking back, perhaps, in his thoughts even as he wrote, to those distant months in the mental night of Hoxton Asylum, and know himself rescued by his own great wit and great heart, by his humour and his affections.

The only sign of deficient connexion between thought and speech that endured was the hesitation which is said to have added much to the effect of his sayings. For instance: 'Charles,' said Coleridge, 'I think you have heard me preach.' 'I n-n-never heard you do anything else;'—or, when Leigh Hunt wondered at Coleridge's religious fervour: 'N-n-never mind what Coleridge says—he's full of f-f-fun;'—or, when some one complained of the cold manner of the late King of Hanover, 'It's only natural in the Duke of Cu-Cumber-land.'

The personal reminiscences which give this volume its special charm do not begin before 1817.

'Persons who had been in the habit of traversing Covent Garden at that time (seven-and-forty years ago), might by extending their walk a few yards into Russell Street, have noted a small spare man, clothed in black, who went out every morning and returned every afternoon, as regularly as the hands of the clock moved towards certain hours. You could not mistake him. He was somewhat stiff in his manner, and almost clerical in dress; which indicated much wear. He had a long, melancholy face, with keen penetrating eyes; and he walked with a short, resolute, step, City-wards. He looked no one in the face for more than a moment, yet contrived to see everything as he went on. No one who ever studied the human features could pass him by without recollecting his countenance; it was full of sensibility, and it came upon you like a new thought, which you could not help dwelling upon afterwards; it gave rise to meditation and did you good. This small, half-clerical man, was—Charles Lamb.'

His writings up to that period had been printed in magazines; and though well appreciated by a certain circle of men-of-letters, it was not till their appearance in a collected form in 1818, that they could be said to be known. In fact, as Mr. Procter says, 'they came upon the world by surprise.' His verse, though remarkable for gravity of thought, for the firm simplicity of its diction, and for the avoidance of the magniloquent common-places that so often betray the unpractised writer, was not of a kind to attract attention; and his humour grew with maturer years, as that faculty is wont to do. Even the natures wherein it is strong, often shrink in their youth from its play of contradictions and sudden transitions of ideas, as a violation of that complete unity of thought and life to which the best aspire; and it is only when that noble hope is beaten down by the difficulties and confusion of circumstances, that the full compensating worth of humour is felt, and its exercise, either in one's own mind or in the minds of others, duly cultivated and esteemed. The 'Farewell to Tobacco' is an exception to the general character of his verse; it is a real inspiration of 'the only manly scent'—'Brother of Bacchus, later born,' whose merits a younger poet, under the mask of S. S. C., has lately sung with a humoristic grace * that Lamb would have enjoyed:—

Thou who, when fears attack,
Bidd'st them avaunt, and black
Care, at the horseman's back
Perching, unseatest;
Sweet, when the morn is grey,
Sweet, when they've cleared away
Lunch, and at close of day
Possibly sweetest.

I have a liking old
For thee, though manifold
Stories, I know, are told
Not to thy credit.
How one (or two at most)
Drops make a cat a ghost,
Useless, except to roast,
Doctors have said it.

How they who use fuzees
All grow by slow degrees
Brainless as chimpanzees,
Meagre as lizards:
Go mad, and beat their wives,
Plunge, after shocking lives,
Razors and carving-knives
Into their gizzards!

Confound such knavish tricks:
Yet know I five or six
Smokers who freely mix
Still with their neighbours:
Jones (who, I'm glad to say,
Asked leave of Mrs. J.)
Daily absorbs a clay
After his labours.

But the contributions to Mr. Leigh Hunt's publication, the 'Reflector,' and the Essays on the 'Old Dramatists,' and on the 'Genius of Hogarth,' were worthy precursors of Elia, which designation first appeared in the pages of the 'London Magazine,' 'now,' in Mr. Procter's words, 'under the protection of that great power called "Oblivion."' We have here an interesting account of the constitution and character of that periodical, which held a high place in the literature of its time. It began in 1820, and soon numbered among its writers Hazlitt, Lamb, Carlyle, De Quincy, Cary (the translator of Dante), Allan Cunningham, Thomas Hood, George Darley (a writer whose works and remains would be well worth collection and recollection), Elton, and Savage Landor—while Keats, Hartley Coleridge, Montgomery, and Clare appear among the occasional poets, and Mr. Procter, under his pseudonym of 'Barry Cornwall,' was often present, both in prose and verse. These slight sketches of the fraternity make us hope that he may be induced to dive again into the sunny seas of his memory, and give us what, after all, may be only the waifs and strays of literary history, but which should not pass away altogether. He evidently dwells with much pleasure on the personality of Hazlitt, and a companion-volume to this before us, placing the intellectual character and moral nature of that remarkable man in a clear and intelligible light, is a

* As a second volume of 'Translations' from the pen and with the name of Mr. Calverley, has just appeared, there is no longer any secret in the authorship of his most pleasant and scholarly volume of 'Verses and Translations.'

work which perhaps no living man could execute but himself. A name of strange and criminal associations here, too, occurs—Wainwright the poisoner, who is believed to have been the first to apply to his uses the fatal, and still mysterious, properties of strychnine, then quite untraceable by chemical sagacity. Having been transported to Australia for the offence of forging a power-of-attorney, he there ended his days as a popular and skilful portrait-painter, having himself supplied the ideal portraiture for Sir Edward Lytton's hero in the novel of 'Lucretia.' On the death of Mr. John Scott, the editor, the Magazine passed into the hands of Messrs. Taylor and Hessy, who opened a house in Waterloo Place for its publication.

'It was there that the contributors met once a month, over an excellent dinner, given by the firm; and consulted and talked on literary matters together. These meetings were very social; all the guests coming with a determination to please and be pleased. I do not know that many important matters were arranged, for the welfare of the magazine, at these dinners; but the hearts of the contributors were opened, and with the expansion of the heart the intellect widened also. If there had been any shades of jealousy amongst them, they faded away before the light of the friendly carousal; if there was any envy, it died. All the fences and restraints of authorship were cast off, and the natural human being was disclosed.

'Amongst others Charles Lamb came to most of these dinners, always dressed in black (his old snuff-coloured suit having been dismissed for years); always kind and genial; conversational, not talkative, but quick in reply; eating little, and drinking moderately with the rest. Allan Cunningham, a stalwart man, was generally there; very Scotch in aspect, but ready to do a good turn to any one. His talk was not too abundant, although he was a voluminous writer in prose. His songs, not unworthy of being compared with even those of Burns, are (as everybody knows) excellent. His face shone at these festivities. Reynolds came always. His good temper and vivacity were like condiments at the feast. There also came once or twice the Rev. H. F. Cary, the quiet gentleness of whose face almost interfered with its real intelligence. Yet he spoke well and with readiness, on any subject that he chose to discuss. . . . . Cary was entirely without vanity; and he who had traversed the ghastly regions of the Inferno, interchanged little courtesies on equal terms with workers who had never travelled beyond the papers of "The London Magazine." No one (it is said) who has performed anything great ever looks big upon it. Thomas Hood was there, almost silent, except when he shot out some irresistible pun, and disturbed the gravity of the company. . . . . Hazlitt attended once or twice; but he was a rather silent guest, rising into emphatic talk only when some political discussion (very rare) stimulated him.—Mr. De Quincy appeared at only one of these dinners. The expression of his face was intelligent, but cramped and somewhat peevish. He was self-involved, and did not add to the cheerfulness of the meeting. I have consulted this gentleman's three essays, of which Charles Lamb is professedly the subject; but I cannot derive from them anything illustrative of my friend Lamb's character.'

Mr. Procter candidly admits the Cockneyism of his friend. He may not have indeed disliked a glimpse of the Lakes, and probably meant what he said, that the day he saw Skiddaw would stand out like a mountain in his life, and that he could live under his shadow for two or three years; but he added sincerely, 'I must have a prospect of seeing Fleet Street at the end of that time, or I should mope and pine away.' He said 'the London smoke suited his vision;' and his Essays are full of contentment with the pleasant place in which his life is cast. When in his comparative wealth he removed to a 'gamboge-coloured house,' at Enfield, the country, suburban as it was, weighed heavily on him. 'Let not the lying poets be believed who entice men from the cheerful streets.' He could do with the country by the fire and candle-light, but when day returns it becomes intolerable—'he falls into a calenture and plunges into St. Giles's.' Perhaps it was not so much the abstract Town that he loved, but his own City, with its story-telling houses and its familiar localities. He would probably have liked Belgravia no better than the green pastures and the 'woolly bedfellows' he had no fancy to 'lie down with:' the streets in which he would set up his tabernacle were all about the Temple where he was born, the Hospital where he was educated, the Salutation-and-Cat-Tavern, in whose little parlour he smoked his Oronooko and heard Coleridge build up his Pantisocracy in lofty talk. 'I gather myself up,' he writes, 'into the old things.' One does not indeed see why he ever left the haunts where he had passed the really happy days of his life—his pure London, and his Wednesday evenings, and his sister's company, when she was well, and his own care of her when she was otherwise, and the frequent play-goings at the time that England had a theatre, and the immense gratification of old books, when the purchase of any one was a serious luxury, to be won by labour and by thrift.

It is this spirit which makes his exposition of past literature so delightful and instructive; there is no antiquarain dilettantism about it. When he kissed an old book, as he often did, it was unwittingly, almost se-

cretly. We have seen an annotated copy of Wither, where some one remarks, 'The beauty of this passage is too apparent to need a comment,' and Lamb writes under, 'Then why give one?' If the book or passage was not good in itself, Lamb never thought of making it so by his praise. Mr. Procter finds an exception to this rule in Lamb's extreme affection for the Duchess of Newcastle's Life of her Husband. But we cannot admit this; for the serious quaintness of that philosophic and courtly dame has something almost of Lamb's own humour about it, sublimated by the conceit of a supernatural self-importance; and we should have predicted at once that it must be a book after Lamb's own heart, and should have been very happy to have introduced it to him. Nothing can be truer, however, than Mr. Procter's observation that Charles Lamb naturalized and cherished what was in a manner foreign to his age, and brought the wisdom of old times and old writers to bear upon the taste and intellect of the day. The 'dangerous figure irony;' as he calls it, was never wielded by more delicate and graceful hands: he may have interrupted grave and plausible discourses with some light jest, not quite irrelevant; but he would use it tenderly against his friends, as when he told Mr. Cary 'he was a good parson—not, indeed, as good as Parson Adams, but perhaps about as good as Doctor Primrose,' and, if ever roughly, only against himself, as when one day he expressed his deep satisfaction at the death of an old woman, 'she has left me thirty pounds a year!' he did not say that it was he himself who had paid her this annuity for many years out of his hard-earned and modest income.

'His jests,' says Mr. Procter,' were never the mere overflowings of the animal spirits, but were exercises of his mind.'

And again:—

'In reading over these old Essays, some of them affect me with a grave pleasure amounting to pain. I seem to import into them the very feeling with which he wrote them; his looks and movements are transfigured and communicated to me by the poor art of the printer. His voice, so sincere and earnest, rings in my ears again. He was no Feignwell. Apart from his jokes, never was a man so real and free from pretence.'

In these two sentences Mr. Procter gives us the intellectual and moral measure of the perfect humorist. In an age and society so meanly furnished with this talent as ours is, we must take what we can get without repining that it is not the best of its kind; we must be thankful when we meet genial spirits with but scanty culture, and we must not dive too deep into the well of pleasantry to look for a goddess at the bottom; but we may show our estimate of something better that our own, by esteeming aright the hero of these reminiscences and the biographer who can so characterise him.

The Prince de Ligne says somewhere that for every good thing a man of real wit utters for the amusement of others, he thinks a dozen for his own pleasure; and it is agreeable to believe that the absence of cynicism which so remarkably distinguishes the writings of Lamb, expresses his habitual condition of mind as well as the gratification and relief he derived from their production. Most justly Mr. Procter describes them as

'Delightfully personal, and when he speaks of himself you cannot hear too much: they are not imitations but adoptions. We find his likings and fears, his fancies (his nature) in all. The words have an import never known before; the syllables have expanded their meaning, like opened flowers; the goodness of others is heightened by his own tenderness; and what is in nature hard and bad is qualified (qualified, not concealed) by the tender light of pity, which always intermingles with his own vision. Gravity and laughter, fact and fiction, are heaped together, leavened in each case by charity and toleration. Lamb's humour, I imagine, often reflected (sometimes, I hope, relieved) the load of pain that always weighed on his own heart.'

So it is with his Letters, of which so many are now public property, and phrases in them already vernacular. It is in these that he pours forth (what he afterwards composed into a charming essay) his feelings at receiving his pension from the East India Company—this was in exact figures, 441*l.* a year during the remainder of his life, and an annuity after his death to his sister. To Wordsworth he writes: 'I came home for ever on Tuesday last. The incomprehensibleness of my condition overwhelmed me; it was like passing from time to eternity.' To Bernard Barton: 'I have scarce steadiness of hand to compose a letter. I am free, B. B., free as air. I will live another fifty years. . . . Positively the best thing a man can have to do is nothing, and next to that perhaps good works.' To Miss Hutchinson: 'I would not go back to my prison for seven years longer for 10,000*l.* a year. . . . My weather-glass stands at a degree or two above CONTENT.' Alas! in 1829, only four years after this paroxysm of delight, he writes: 'I assure you *no* work is more than overwork; the mind preys on itself—the most unwholesome food. I have ceased to care for almost anything . . . Home I have none. Never did the waters

of heaven pour down on a forlorner head. What I can do and overdo is to walk. I am a sanguinary murderer of time. But the oracle is silent.' And there he might be seen wandering over all the fields in the neighbourhood of Enfield, accompanied by, or rather following, a large dog, to whose erratic propensities he became a slave. The untold usefulness of the habit of mechanical labour to such a temperament as his became too apparent. His secure literary success does not seem to have given him any pleasure, indeed he seems hardly to have believed in it. He asked the American writer, Mr. Willis (who said he had bought 'Elia' in America)—what he gave for it? 'About seven and sixpence.' 'Permit me then to pay you that,' gravely counting out the money. 'I never yet wrote anything that would sell. I am the publisher's ruin. My last poem will sell—not a copy. Have you seen it?' Willis had not. 'It's only eighteen pence—and I'll give you sixpence towards it.' Nor did the confidence in his own powers sustain him. He wrote to Southey a little before this: 'I find genius declines with me, but I get clever.' He was worried out of proportion, by being asked to write in albums and in the pretty glossy illustrated Annuals that were then so popular. 'If I take the wings of the morning and fly to the uttermost parts of the earth—there will albums be.' Four years after, in 1833, the Lambs moved somewhat nearer to their London friends—to Church Street, Edmonton—his last abode.

The next year Coleridge's health began to decline, and he died in July, bright and powerful to the last; saying a few days before his dissolution, 'the scenes of my early life have stolen into my mind, like breezes blown from the Spice Islands.' Lamb to the end of his life was often heard murmuring to himself, 'Coleridge is dead—is dead;' and he said with solemnity, 'I cannot *think* without an ineffectual reference to him.' That Coleridge should thus have possessed himself of the mind of his friend of fifty years will not be surprising to any thoughtful man who formed part of the generation in this country to which Coleridge was the paramount master and interpreter of philosophic truth. No such wide and varied influence over the modes of thought of cultivated men, both in sympathies and in antagonism, has been given to any writer since his time, although the radiation from the spirit of Thomas Carlyle may bear some comparison with it. When Mr. Mill quoted the 'Lay Sermon' as an authority of political opinion in a late debate, it must have sounded to more than one of his elder hearers as an echo of his youthful days, when a passage from the 'Aids to Reflection' was a valuable support on either side of a religious controversy, and when the tyro in metaphysics came down fiercely on his antagonist with the distinctions of the Reason and the Understanding.

Very far short of the many happy years of learned leisure and pleasant converse that Lamb anticipated on his release from his clerkly toil were granted him. In 1833, cough and cramp became his bedfellows; 'we sleep three in a bed,' he wrote. The 'otiosa eternitas' of his later life, as Mr. Procter expresses it, lapsed into the great deep beyond, on the 27th of December, 1839. Mary survived thirteen years, protected by her calamity from fully understanding the magnitude of her loss, and cared-for by all his many friends. Finely does Mr. Procter draw the moral of the tale he has written; would we could anticipate other such Lives of the Poets and Men-of-letters of our century!

'Charles Lamb was born almost in penury, and he was taught by charity. Even when a boy he was forced to labour for his bread. In the first opening of manhood a terrible calamity fell upon him; in magnitude fit to form the mystery or centre of an antique drama. He had to dwell, all his days, with a person incurably mad. From poverty he passed at once to unpleasant toil and perpetual fear. These were the sole changes in his fortune. Yet, he gained friends, respect, a position, and great sympathy from all; showing what one poor unbeneficed man, under grievous misfortune, may do, if he be active and true and constant to the end.'

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Art. IX.—*International Policy. Essays on the Foreign Relations of England.* 8vo. London: 1866.

This volume is a deplorable proof of the confusion of ideas and the ignorance of principles, in relation to foreign policy and international law, which exist even amongst the educated classes in this country. It contains seven Essays, designed by their authors, some of whom are men filling responsible positions in the University of Oxford, to advocate a more systematic policy in the international relations of mankind, based on a moral, not a political or purely national foundation. So far their object is a laudable one, and we entered upon the perusal of their schemes with curiosity and interest, though the proposition from which they start amounts simply to a truism. But a very

short acquaintance with the doctrines which these gentlemen have imported from the school of M. Auguste Comte, destroys all respect for their opinions and all confidence in their conclusions. The morality to which they would subject the international relations of mankind is spurious and fantastical. They are apparently ignorant of the first principles of international law, and of the science of jurisprudence, on which all law is founded. Their knowledge of history is superficial and distorted; and their schemes for the regeneration of political society are governed by sentimental predilections which are paradoxical to absurdity. One of these gentlemen exults in the occupation of Sleswig and Holstein by German troops, on the ground, we suppose, of morality and justice; another would exclude Russia and obliterate Austria from the European system, while he upholds the Turkish Empire, on the ground of its freedom from religious prejudice; another contrasts the piety and morality of the Chinese with the rapacity and bad faith of Christian nations; all recommend the immediate surrender of Gibraltar, as an indispensable sacrifice by the public morality of England to the claims of Spain! To show their superiority to national prejudices, they traduce and defame the conduct of their own country in her relations with other States. In the place of those positive obligations, on which the maintenance of peace and order depends, they would substitute an ill-defined allegiance to the idea of Humanity. In fact their estimate of national rights and duties resolves itself into an application to politics of M. Proudhon's celebrated maxim, 'La Propriété c'est le Vol.' It is not our intention to waste any space on a critical examination of these crude and mischievous theories, which will probably find but few readers, and fewer converts. But it is a matter of shame and regret that, at a moment when the affairs of Europe call for wise and cautious consideration, members of the great English University, which ought to be a storehouse of sound knowledge and just principles, should put forth so foolish and discreditable a production.

The moment, indeed, is one, beyond all others in the memory of two generations, when questions such as those which are raised, but not resolved, by these writers, press upon the minds and interests of all European nations. The disorder in the relations of the several States which compose the most civilised portion of the globe is complete. War has broke out in the heart of the Continent of Europe, not only between nations divided from each other by traditional hostility and territorial claims, but between the leading Powers of Germany, which have long been, and ought ever to be, united by common duties immeasurably more important to themselves and the world than the miserable feuds which have bred this quarrel between them. Such a war, as may easily be perceived at the very outset of it, is not a mere civil contest between the rival members of the Germanic Confederation, or a struggle between two great military Powers for a political object. It rends asunder the numerous ties which peace, commerce, and nationality have created throughout that vast portion of central Europe which is peopled and ruled by the German race. It shakes the fabric raised in 1815 at the termination of the great wars of the French Revolution; for the destruction of the union of the German Powers breaks up the very centre and nucleus of the system, and opens a broad and easy path to the ambition, the cupidity, and the separate designs of every neighbouring State. That respect for the general public law of Europe, which had been maintained for half a century, in spite of numerous revolutions and of some partial changes which are inevitable in all human affairs, is lost. The last effort to preserve peace by the good offices of neutral States, and by the temperate authority of a united Conference, failed, and could only fail since no one would have been bound by its decisions. From that moment it became certain that the authority of treaties and the restraint of common obligations are at an end; and even if peace be restored as the result of the prompt and decisive termination of the campaign, it will be long before the relations of the German and the other European Powers will recover their former security.

This great and dreadful change in the condition and the prospects of Continental Europe cannot, in our opinion, be explained or estimated by a mere reference to the incidents which *appear* to have occasioned it. The causes of a struggle, which has brought a million of men into the field, must be sought far beyond the inglorious contest between Prussia and Austria for an illgotten ascendancy in the Duchies of the Elbe, and beyond those passionate aspirations of the Italian people for the liberation of Venetia, which dignify even the imprudences and excesses of their policy by a genuine sentiment of patriotism. It was said the other night in the House of Commons that this was 'a war without a quarrel; and so it is, if it be considered only in relation to the sparks which have lit the conflagration. Down to the outbreak of hostilities in Germany, the question was—for it has ceased to be a ques-

tion at the present hour—whether the authority of existing public law expressed by treaties is to be maintained, or whether the territories and rights of States are to be abandoned to a lawless scramble? The most extraordinary circumstance in the present situation of the Continent is, that this question has been raised not by the aggressive designs of Russia, not by the military power of France, which has not ceased to recognise the treaties she avowedly detests, but by Prussia, a Power which took an active part in the construction of those treaties, and which risks everything by the subversion of them.

No doubt the work of the Congress of Vienna in 1815 left much to be desired. It too often disposed of nations and provinces on the ground of temporary motives, arising out of dread and hatred of the French Revolution, and not with due regard to their permanent feelings and interests. The work of the Congress was still further perverted in the following years by the reactionary tendencies of the Northern Courts, united to each other by the mystical ties of the Holy Alliance. But Europe owes to the labours of that Congress a general peace of fifty years and a lesson for all time. That lesson, as we read it, is this. Throughout the wars of the French Revolution, from 1792 to 1813, no real union and sincere co-operation existed between the European Powers. Each of the Continental States in turn felt the tremendous force of the military strength of France, guided by the genius of Napoleon; each of them fell successively at the feet of the great conqueror. England alone maintained a constant enmity to the oppressor of Europe. She laboured in vain for years, and on manifold occasions, to restore to the councils of the Continental States that union which could alone re-establish a solid and lasting peace; but it was not until the intolerable aggressions of Napoleon had combined all nations in the cause of resistance, that the work of concord was achieved. In other words, a general European interest was established upon the basis of a general treaty, and in spite of the occasional differences and quarrels which have occurred, all the States have till now continued to acknowledge the force and utility of this fundamental compact. France herself, although she regards that compact as one framed in a spirit of hostility to herself, has admitted by her policy that it was more for her advantage to respect that agreement than to violate it; and she judged rightly, for time has enabled her to obtain important modifications in some of its provisions, and she, like all the rest of Europe, has gained incalculably by the general maintenance of order and peace. The affairs of Europe lay, therefore, as long as this compact lasted, within the grasp of what was fondly regarded as a sort of Amphictyonic Council; and the principle of co-operation has in the end prevailed over temporary dissensions, even when they reached the point of actual war. For it was one of the results of this beneficial arrangement that war itself, as in the Crimean campaign, was strictly limited to its own proper theatre and object; and upon the cessation of hostilities in 1856, the Congress of Paris immediately resumed the authority of the great conclave of Europe, and proceeded to introduce important changes in the maritime laws of the world. The sanction of a public engagement was extended to the principle that States should in future submit their differences to friendly arbitration before having recourse to arms. With what sincerity Prussia and Italy gave their assent to that doctrine the events of the present year show.

On no other basis, then, than some such general concert, can peace and order be restored and maintained. Sooner or later we must revert to that condition of things, though it may well happen that events will take place in the interval which will materially alter the adjustment of the rival forces and render their union hereafter more difficult and more insecure. Indeed it is only by this solemn recognition of a common interest, and by making all the Powers of Europe jointly and severally responsible for the maintenance of their common obligations, that a sanction can be given to public law and authority to public engagements. Those engagements are what the lawyers call contracts of imperfect obligation, because there is no single power competent to enforce them. That power is only to be found in the combined action of the totality, or at least the majority, of the Cabinets of Europe. A State which without provocation assumes the right to pursue its own ends by its own force, without regard to the common interests and engagements of the world, deserves to be regarded as a common enemy; and would be so regarded if the other members of the great commonwealth of nations were not already disunited.

At the present time no such combined action is possible—no genuine alliance exists between any two of the leading Powers—no Minister will venture to affirm that he knows with certainty what are the real intentions of the other governments of Europe, or can place reliance on the assurances of yesterday or the projects of to-morrow. Treaties which

have lost the support of those Powers which call them into existence, have lost their vitality; and it is idle to invoke the terms of an engagement when its spirit is departed. This country has of late been accused of too great an indifference to continental affairs, and of having withdrawn her moral support from the stipulations to which she was a party. Yet of all the States in Europe, England is certainly that which carries to the furthest point her respect for the legal and literal interpretation of a treaty; but in several recent and memorable instances she has met with no response from Continental Governments when she has invoked their fidelity to common engagements, and she has recoiled from the Quixotic task of maintaining, single-handed, stipulations which Powers more immediately concerned in them than herself were ready to abandon. We refer more particularly to the efforts made by the English Government to obtain the support of other Powers for the independence of the Free Town of Cracow, when it was annexed by Austria in 1846; for the rights of Switzerland in relation to some parts of Savoy, when that province was ceded to France in 1860; and to the proposal made by England to France and Russia to uphold the Treaty of 1852 for the regulation of the Danish succession. These negotiations were unsuccessful, not however by any default of Great Britain.

It is a melancholy reflection to those who were disposed to place confidence in the formation and stability of a confederacy of nations, governed in their external relations by arbitration and mutual justice, that the present disturbances have broken out within the Germanic Confederation, which was itself a more strictly organised League of the same nature. That body consisted of States united by a common nationality. It succeeded to the traditions of the oldest political institution in Europe—the Holy Roman Empire. It was by its very nature 'a perpetual Confederation for the maintenance of the external and internal safety of Germany:' the members of the Confederation, equal with regard to their rights, equally engaged to maintain the Act which constitutes their Union. They expressly promised not to make war against each other upon any pretext, nor to pursue their differences by force of arms, but to submit them to the Diet, and to the ultimate sentence of that body. These are not only the terms of the Act which constituted the Bund, they are also the express terms of the General Treaty of Vienna, to which every other State in Europe is a party. What has Prussia done with these engagements? She has destroyed them by an act of secession more anti-federal than the ordinances by which the Southern States of the American Union attempted to resume their independence. Austria and her allies have, on the contrary, taken up arms in defence of engagements of the most strict and positive character.

The decisive step taken by Prussia on the 14th of June, when in reply to the legal but coercive measures of the Diet she declared that compact to be at an end, was no more than the natural termination of the policy she has long pursued. Indeed, if our limits and our leisure allowed us to look back to what the Berlin Herodotus called his 'Nine Books of Prussian History,' we should find in every page of the annals of that monarchy, examples of the same aggressive and ambitious spirit, prompting the sovereigns and ministers of Prussia to similar acts of treachery, bad faith, and violence. A nation of which Frederic II. is the hero, may well be said, like his Scottish biographer, to have deified force and fraud. The maxims by which the conduct of that Court has been governed, since it assumed a place among the greater Powers of Europe, are so incredibly cynical and immoral, that the authenticity of the document which contains them has been denied. But the acts of the Prussian Government for the last hundred and fifty years transcend even the language of her rulers. No other Government has laid it down as an avowed principle that self-aggrandisement justifies the breach of every engagement and the partition or seizure of unoffending neighbours. Prussia alone, since the fall of Napoleon, has done more than proclaim these principles, she has given effect to them.

For it is demonstrated by the course of events already known, as much as if we could trace them to their secret springs, that Prussia alone has caused this war. Prussia has taken each successive step to render it inevitable, on Prussia alone rests the moral guilt of this political crime. The war began in reality two years ago by the breach of the Treaty of 1852 and the attack on Denmark. Her object in adopting a course of policy, which is now apparently condemned by all the great Powers of Europe and by most of her former Confederates, was not—as was fondly supposed by the credulous enthusiasm of the German people, and even by some of the quidnuncs of the British House of Commons—to liberate the provinces of Sleswig and Holstein from the tyranny of a Danish ruler, but simply and brutally to annex them to her own dominions. This, however, was but the first and smallest step

in the scheme of Bismarck. He foresaw that a rupture with Austria was the certain result of the armed intervention in the Duchies whatever course the Cabinet of Vienna might pursue. Had Austria upheld the Treaty of 1852 and opposed the Federal execution in 1864, she might have had our support, but she would have had against her all the rest of Germany with Prussia. Pressed by the fear of war against Germany, and by the insane popular cry of the Germans against Denmark, Austria committed the great fault—the one fatal sacrifice of principle and duty—which can be imputed to her in these transactions. She reluctantly consented to take part in that infamous campaign against a small and gallant monarchy, which had been made only twelve years before the especial subject of a European treaty, signed by Prussia and Austria in conjunction with the other Powers. The result of the war placed not only the Elbe Duchies, but Austria herself, in Bismarck's grasp—for if the Duchies were his spoil, Austria was his accomplice. The joint occupation, the *condominium*, the contested rights of the Diet in these provinces, afforded to Prussia a ready pretext for a quarrel, whenever she pleased bring it about; and it has been a mere question of convenience and preparation at what moment of the last twelve months it should begin.

For throughout these transactions Prussia *meant* this quarrel. And she meant it for a purpose immeasurably beyond the pretext she avowed. Prussia has not gone to war for the Duchies. Still less to aid the conquest of Venetia by Italy. She went to war because, in the opinion of her daring and unscrupulous Minister, the time is come to strike a great blow for the headship of Germany, to break up the existing Federal system of that country, to destroy and absorb most of the smaller Northern States and territories, and, as an indispensable preliminary, to wrest from Austria that imperial ascendancy in Germany which she had enjoyed for centuries before the name of Prussia had occurred in history, and which she still retains as the perpetual President of the Confederation of the German States. Probably but a few weeks ago, the bare supposition of so bold and violent a project would have been received with intense incredulity in the matter-of-fact, money-making, Europe of this century. The British daily press, with all its numerous correspondents and its high ability, failed to point out the true peril. The diplomatic world, ever eager to rely on temporary expedients, fancied that the storm might blow over. Had the question really been no more than a dispute arising out of the joint occupation of the Duchies, it would have blown over; and indeed it might at once have been settled, as was proposed by Austria, in the most legal and honourable manner by submitting it to the Diet, and by engaging to abide by the Federal award. But Bismarck, like a poisoner who plies his victim with small reiterated doses, had ever in hand some fresh expedient to counteract the diplomatic antidote. He tried every artifice to throw upon his antagonist the apparent responsibility of the rupture. But in vain. Austria committed no mistake in the later portion of these negotiations. She kept her temper; she spoke with unvarying candour, address, and dignity; she maintained her true Federal position in Germany. Nor can she be blamed in any appreciable degree, for attaching conditions to her assent to the proposed Conference, which at once proved that, as regards the other belligerents, that Conference was a mere blind and a sham. Had the Conference met the scene of the rupture would merely have been transferred from Frankfort to Paris—from the Diet, where Austria was surrounded by a majority of the German States, to the Tuileries, where she would have found herself without an ally.

The question, therefore, which has already passed from the control of law to that of force, may be thus stated. Is Germany to remain a composite body of States, possessing equal sovereign rights, but united by a perpetual league for national purposes, Austria, as well as Prussia, being both members of this confederation? Or is the federal system of Germany to be overthrown, the reigning Houses mediatised, and the principle of national unity established by reducing Austria to the condition of a non-German Empire of Slovacks, Czecks, and Magyars, while the King of Prussia assumes the first rank in Germany and one of the first positions in Europe, by subjecting the whole German nation to his sceptre and his sword? The second of these propositions involves one of the greatest revolutions which has occurred in Europe in any age, and one not hastily to be accomplished, even after the great successes of the Prussian army.

The project is based on two certain elements. The ambition of the House of Brandenburg, which has been pursuing this object, by the avowal of Frederic II. himself, ever since it acquired a royal crown; and the incontestable eagerness of a considerable portion of the German people to exchange their petty sovereigns for the common dominion of a great Power. The cry of Italian Unity has reverberated beyond the Alps, and it is in the name of

German Unity that Prussia hopes to carry on this contest. There are those among the most advanced Liberals of Germany, who, with a full knowledge of the arbitrary spirit and complete duplicity of Bismarck, think, nevertheless, that he may serve their cause, by bringing about changes which men of legality and good faith could not attempt; and Bismarck may have hoped to throw dust into the eyes of these credulous and unprincipled politicians, and even to convert them into his most active allies. For, on his part, he will not scruple to appeal to the revolutionary element in Germany to lend its aid to an enterprise which is in reality that of military government and arbitrary power. Prussia, however, enters upon this contest without a shred of legal right or political provocation. She has engaged in a difficult enterprise without the open countenance and support of any other Power. One thing alone is wanting to complete the iniquity of her conduct—that she should have purchased the secret connivance of a foreign potentate to abet her revolutionary designs at home.

We, as Englishmen, are cordially desirous to see the steady progress of Germany in the twofold course of freedom and of union —of constitutional government and of national influence in Europe. For we have certainly nothing to apprehend from the increasing power and influence of Germany, when that power is exercised under the control of parliamentary government. It is the irresponsible nature of that power which makes it, at this moment, a curse to the world. But we greatly doubt, and indeed entirely deny, that the formation of a unitarian State in Germany, more or less on the Imperial model, based on democratic institutions and crowned by bayonets, could be regarded as any gain to true freedom. It is, on the contrary, the latest and the worst form that despotism has assumed, for it is despotism disguised in popular sympathies. Such a State would immolate at the feet of a Prussian corporal the noblest elements of German society, and reduce Germany herself to be a bad copy of the French Empire. No result would be more fatal to the cause of liberty in Europe. It is easy to foresee what would be the fate of small and free States, as Holland, Denmark, Belgium and Switzerland, lying at the mercy of such neighbours as France and Prussia would then be, which despise them for their weakness and hate them for their freedom. One by one the lesser lights would be put out, and England would again find herself the only champion of a free press, and the only free asylum in the Old World.

It is unjust to argue that a Federal Constitution cannot secure to Germany an adequate amount of national representation and force. That may have been the result of the form of the Federal Acts of 1815 and 1820, and they will doubtless now be altered and recast. But the recent struggle in the United States proves that weakness is not necessarily inherent in federal unions. As in North America, so in Germany, we hold that the maintenance of what are called 'state-rights' is an essential condition of freedom and good government in mixed States; and that a revolution which should obliterate these historical distinctions would very shortly consign the whole people of Germany to the uniform despotism of a single ruler. Equality and military glory would become the passion of the people, rather than free institutions and self-government; and the national character of the Germans, which is already degraded to a very low sense of political morality, would sink into absolute servility to the chief who might have the art to gratify their passions or play upon their delusions. No change could, therefore, occur so fatal to the freedom, the virility, and the political education of the German people as that which is offered them at the hands of Bismarck. It may suit the purpose of those depraved politicians who are ever ready to justify violent and illegal actions by suggesting that they are necessary to the triumph of liberal opinions and the progress of mankind, to palliate the iniquitous policy of the Court of Berlin by assuming that the national unity of Germany is to be purchased at this price. But their principle and their anticipations are alike false and unsound. Under this mask of German unity, which has already served as the pretext for so many follies and crimes, the real object is Prussian domination. The scheme of Bismarck is not to confer equal national rights upon the whole population of a great country, but to subdue those independent communities into provinces ruled by the iron sway of the Prussian military system and the Prussian police. The reception given to the Prussian troops in the towns and States they have invaded and seized, within a week from the declaration of war, distinctly proved that the Germans are well aware of the fate in store for them. Resistance was impossible, for everything had been prepared beforehand to overpower it. Hanover, Saxony, Hesse, Hamburgh, were instantaneously occupied by Prussian troops and placed at the mercy of Prussian commanders. The inhabitants of those States are not passionately devoted to their own petty rulers; many of them, perhaps the majority, would be favourable to the establishment of a true German Empire.

But they were not deceived by what M. Bismarck had to offer them. The Prussian troops were everywhere received in sullen silence, for it was well understood that their entry marked the commencement of an epoch of military oppression, far more severe and intolerable than the minor grievances caused by the late governments. In no case, as far as we have been able to ascertain, were they received as liberators or even as friends. In no case could they be mistaken for the harbingers of national independence and free institutions. They mean the extension to the conquered States of the system of insolent oppression which has been successfully maintained in Prussia during the present reign, and they mean nothing else. The *National Verein*, representing the opinions of the most advanced party in Germany, has energetically protested against the means employed by Prussia in support of their own views. The States which have been annexed in the North have yielded to force and intimidation. South of the Maine, the whole of Germany is united against Prussia; and the patriotic party in Wurtemberg, Baden, and Bavaria has distinguished itself by the strongest determination to resist her.

But if the object of Prussia be of questionable value, the modes of attaining it, and its consequences when attained, are still more mischievous and reprehensible. It involves, of course, a total revolution in the political condition of Germany, and a revolution which can only be ratified by sheer military force or by a false appeal to some of the worst passions of the people. It involves the defeat or destruction by Prussia of the armies of Austria and of those States which are acting with her; and the astonishing vigour and success with which the Prussian operations have been conducted, appear already to have attained this result; for there is this peculiarity in the policy of Bismarck that, in order to arrive at the strength and unity of Germany, he directs one half of her fighting power against the other half, a process by which one portion must be destroyed, and the other weakened, and the whole therefore notably reduced. And when this point is reached, Germany is fairly warned that she will have to account with France. The Emperor Napoleon has recently expressed his detestation of the Treaties of 1815: Prussia has already torn them in pieces before his eyes. The Emperor has subsequently informed the world that, however contented he might be to leave the balance of Europe unassailed, yet the augmentation of any other State in power or territory will, in his opinion, entitle France to a corresponding acquisition. In fact, Prussia stands in this dilemma—she began the war with no willing allies, relying solely on the valour of her own troops, holding what is notoriously the worst military position in Europe, open to attack on every side, from the frontier of Poland to the frontier of Flanders. If she had been defeated in the plains of Saxony or Silesia, she had nothing to fall back upon between the Elbe and the sea. She would have had to pay the price of defeat; and even if she obtained the doubtful aid of France, she would obtain it at the cost of moral infamy and territorial concessions more degrading to the Court of Berlin than the loss of a dozen Jenas. If, on the contrary, Prussia is successful in her military operations and her political intrigues, and if she places herself by success at the head of a large portion of Germany, united under her own sceptre, then, with one voice the French Government and the French nation would say to Prussia, 'You have altered the fundamental conditions of power in Europe. Not content with what you obtained in 1815 at our expense, you have now enlarged your dominions at the expense of your own confederates. You must give us back all that the peace of 1815 took from us.' This is not language to which the German armies and people would listen with indifference, and the ultimate result would be a foreign war far more sanguinary and formidable than that just raging in Bohemia.

Indeed, it deserves to be added, that one of the reasons for which we combat the design of a United German Monarchy is, that we believe it would prove highly unfavourable to the maintenance of peace. The existence of a certain number of small States, too weak to excite apprehension, between the frontiers of Great Powers, by which the neutrality and independence of these small States are guaranteed, is an important security to all Europe. Switzerland and Belgium afford that species of neutral *casing* to the French frontier on its most vulnerable points: and this is the most satisfactory solution of the problem how to dispose of provinces of mixed or contested nationality. The exact line of demarcation between France and Germany has been disputed for a thousand years. Convert each State into a powerful military empire, and the strife will last for a thousand more. But if it be possible to preserve and protect small intermediate States by the authority of public law, the cause of interminable wars may be removed, and it is to this expedient that the peace of the last fifty years is mainly due. Suppose France to take advantage of the divisions of Germany, and to acquire possession of the left

bank of the Rhine by conquest or by concession. How long would she hold it unchallenged, when Germany had recovered her strength and union? Or are we to suppose that a people who rose like one man to wrest from the King of Denmark two Duchies connected with his Crown by the most ancient ties and by the most recent engagements, would submit to see Cologne, Coblenz, and Mainz occupied by French garrisons? To raise this question is to prepare the elements of continual or repeated war between the French and German races, and to throw back the civilisation of Europe two hundred years.

However such an example may interfere with the theory of the late Mr. Buckle that human affairs are directed by general causes only, and that the will of individuals has no effect on the result, it must be acknowledged that the events we are now witnessing are distinctly attributable to two persons—a very weak King and a very bold Minister. The statesmen of this age are generally more remarkable for prudence than for enterprise, and for the lesser and more practical qualities of administration than for grandeur and vigour of political conception; just as a country gentleman is a less energetic and conspicuous character than the highwayman who stops him on the road. He, therefore, who greatly and boldly dares, without reference to principles or to consequences, towers into pre-eminence among them; and the gifts of Count Bismarck are of this lofty nature. No living man in Europe has played for stakes so large, except the Emperor of the French, whose successful career will be the eternal apology of hazardous courses and desperate adventurers. When M. Bismarck entered public life about fourteen years ago, it was as an ardent member of the *Kreuz* party—a champion of absolutist opinions and an enemy of the Constitution. To these views he had until lately remained consistent, for his appeal to the doctrine of universal suffrage is but a few weeks old, and not Buckingham or Strafford ever trampled more insolently on the representatives of a people. The principal cause of the differences between the King of Prussia and his Parliament was the military system of the kingdom, the Minister wanting to enlarge and consolidate the standing army. It is now clear that the determination of William I. and his adviser to keep under arms a larger body of regular troops than had served for his predecessors, was not without an object, nor the troops without a use, since they were designed to attack and plunder his neighbours. In King William's recent address to his people, this point is expressly admitted, and it establishes the preconcerted nature of the whole enterprise. The King says:—

'*In anxious anticipation of what has now taken place*, I have been forced for years to consider it as the first duty of my royal office to prepare Prussia's military resources *for a strong development of force*.'

M. Bismarck did not share the prevailing infatuation of German statesmen and people on the Sleswig-Holstein question. On the contrary, he was wont to describe it as a feverish burst of revolutionary passion, which he, of all men, was disposed to resist: and as late as January 1864 he affected to maintain the principle of the integrity of the Danish Monarchy. War, however, was precipitated by the Diet on the banks of the Eider, and M. Bismarck soon found it expedient to take it into his own hands, to annul the Federal intervention of Hanover and Saxony, to entice Austria into the plot, to repudiate the Treaty of 1852, to crown the Prussian standards with the cheap laurels of Duppel, and to take joint possession of the disputed territory. At the sixth sitting of the London Conference, on the 28th May, 1864, the Prussian Minister expressly demanded on behalf of Prussia and Austria the 'union of the Duchies of Sleswig and Holstein in one State, under the sovereignty of the Duke of Sonderburg-Augustenberg.' But he accompanied his proposal with a demand for the cession to Prussia of the harbour of Kiel, the canal from the Baltic to the Elbe, and the fortification by Prussia of the strongest points of the country. The Duke of Augustenberg was not base enough to submit to these terms, and the consequence was that Bismarck abandoned, proscribed, and threatened to imprison him. Other candidates were then started—a prince of Hesse, a prince of Oldenburgh: but the real claimant was yet to appear; for it was not until the month of July 1864 that M. Bismarck discovered from the law-officers of the Prussian Crown (there are still it seems 'judges at Berlin' though the Miller is no longer a match for the King) that the true legal title to the Duchies had all the while been vested *in the King of Denmark*, and consequently had been transferred by that sovereign to the victorious Powers by the Treaty of Peace signed at Vienna after the campaign. This discovery M. Bismarck had the audacity to impart to the world, although it condemned *ab initio* every pretext put forward to justify the war. Does he adhere to it now? If so, what has become of the common right of conquest vested in Austria, whose troops have been expelled from Holstein by a su-

perior Prussian force? For if the Treaty of Gastein, which was a mere agreement for the temporary partition of these rights of conquest, be at an end, then the provisions of the Treaty of Peace should resume their force, until they are interrupted by war. The Treaty of Gastein was, however, only another step on this downward path, and it was described by M. Drouyn de Lhuys in the following terms:—

'What are the motives which have guided the two great German Powers? Was it to confirm the rights of ancient Treaties? Certainly not. The Treaties of Vienna had established the Danish Monarchy on certain conditions: those conditions have now been overthrown. The Treaty of London was a fresh mark of the solicitude of Europe for the duration and integrity of that monarchy: that Treaty likewise has been torn by two of the Powers that signed it. Was it to recover an alienated inheritance, that Austria and Prussia combined? Instead of restoring it to the most accredited heir, they have shared it between themselves. Was it in the interest of Germany? Their Confederates only learned these arrangements of Gastein by the public press. Germany desired an undivided State of Schleswig-Holstein, separated from Denmark, and governed by a Prince of her choice. The candidate is thrust aside, and the Duchies are divided. Was it in the interest of the Duchies themselves? But that, we were told, required their indissoluble union. Was it to satisfy the population? The population has never been consulted, and even the Diet of Schleswig-Holstein is not convoked. On what principle then does this Austro-Prussian combination rest? We can find no base for it but force; no justification but the mutual convenience of the partitioning Powers. Modern Europe had lost all custom of such practices, and precedents can only be found in the worst ages of history. For violence and conquest pervert the very notion of right and the conscience of nations.'

It is impossible to describe that scandalous transaction in more forcible or becoming language; and the censure is the more valuable as it proceeds from the pen of a French Minister.

We shall not pursue these details much further. Every part of them is stamped with dishonesty and contradiction. One moment Bismarck engaged in a financial intrigue against Austria; the next he offered her twelve millions for her share of the Duchies. In one of the proposals of 1864, made to implicate Austria in the Danish war, Bismarck agreed to support the Emperor Francis Joseph against Italy, in the event of an attack on Venetia; in the present year an alliance with Italy, and a simultaneous attack by the two States on Austria has been arranged, although such an engagement to aid in foreign war against a confederate is a flagrant violation of the spirit and the letter of the Treaty of Vienna and the Federal Pact. In January of this year, he appealed to Austria to combine with him *against the revolution*, and to crush the feeble agitators who had got up meetings at Frankfort and Altona; in April, he lets loose a proposal for the re-organisation of all Germany by a Radical Parliament, chosen by direct and universal suffrage! These inconsistencies would be ludicrous, if they were not stamped with the mark of guilt. They are indications, not of mere levity, but of a settled purpose to accomplish an object by whatsoever means, fair or foul, true or false, right or wrong.

In spite of Bismarck's manœuvres to throw on Austria the responsibility of taking the first step to hostilities, such has been the prudence and moderation of that Power, that every aggressive movement has been made by Prussia. It was on the 28th February that King William held his first council of war, followed by an attitude of more decided hostility. The armament of Austria had not then commenced. The charges of military preparation brought against her were mere pretences; her preparations barely kept pace with the progress of events. On the 24th March the Prussian revolutionary proposal for the re-organisation of the Bund was hurled at the Diet. Austria replied that she was not averse to attempt that reform, but that it could only be accomplished at a time of peace, and in a spirit of concord. More recently Bismarck addressed to the Imperial Minister a despatch of unmeasured arrogance and impertinence, in language unknown not only to Courts but to gentlemen. Austria responded by convoking the States of Holstein to deliberate on the affairs of the province, and submitted the whole question to the Diet. Prussia dispersed the States by force, arrested the Austrian commissioner, and stopped one of the Imperial couriers. The troops of Austria evacuated Altona, and marched through Hanover. Still no blow was struck by her, and at length, Prussia having repudiated the legal authority of the Bund altogether, gave the order to invade the territories of Hanover and Saxony and Hesse, because they had supported the perfectly legal proposition of Austria to call out the whole Federal army. She has since completed the occupation of those countries; hoisted the Black Eagle on the public buildings; assumed the rights of sovereignty; forced their armies to capitulate; and sent their princes into confinement.

No doubt these events afford a signal example of that retributive justice which commonly attends great political crimes. For nearly a century the Partition of Poland

has continued to perplex and harass its perpetrators and their descendants. The invasion and annexation of the Duchies of the Elbe, under false and artificial pretences, does not sit lightly on Prussia, or on Austria, which condescended, in a moment of weakness, to join in the act, or on the whole of Germany, which applauded it. That act was deliberately condemned at the time by the judgment of the rest of the civilised world; and the authors of the offence have now taken upon themselves to avenge it upon one another. But though the mind derives satisfaction from the operation of these laws of eternal justice, which run through the tangled skein of human affairs, and overrule alike the purposes of the good and of the wicked, the indirect consequences of such events to private interests, the incalculable losses, the immeasurable woes which rush forth, as from the vials of the Apocalypse, plead to Heaven against their author. Since the termination of the career of Napoleon Bonaparte, what living man has dared to avow and act on the hateful doctrine, that no amount of human suffering should avert the execution of a political design? Even the nephew of the great conqueror turned aside from the blood-stained field of Solferino and offered peace. Upon King William of Prussia and Bismarck, rests in this age, the first unprovoked and wanton shedding of the innocent blood of their own subjects and countrymen, for no object but their own aggrandisement, arrogance, and ambition.

The rapidity with which the Prussian armies spread over the Northern States of Germany, and completed in a week the bloodless conquest of a flock of undefended princes and kingdoms, proves to demonstration that the whole operation had been carefully prepared beforehand. The withdrawal of the Prussian Envoy from Frankfort on the measure of coercion being carried in the Diet was the signal for the execution of a conspiracy and a *coup d'état* against the Federal Constitution, as daring and as determined as the blow of the 2nd December which made Louis Napoleon the master of the Assembly and of France. Indeed, it is to that achievement that M. Bismarck's policy may most fitly be compared in audacity, in secrecy, in promptitude, and apparently in success. Whatever might be thought of the intentions of the Prussian Government, Europe was not prepared for the astonishing energy with which this design has been carried into effect: still less for the feeble and inadequate resistance which has hitherto been offered to it. It may confidently be affirmed that down to the very latest moment, when doubt was possible, the soundest political and military judgments in Europe discredited the possibility of such a result. It was known that the minor German States were unready and ill-prepared to face the perils of a great civil war, and that the storm struck them from the quarter in which they least expected to meet it. But the Austrian army was believed to be the second in Europe. Immense efforts and a vast expenditure had been employed to supply the deficiencies which had proved so fatal to it in the campaign of 1859. The army of the North was placed under the undivided command of Marshal Benedek, an officer of the highest reputation, who had the entire confidence of the troops and the nation. That Austria should not at once assume the offensive was consistent with her habitual caution and with her political position in this quarrel. Her defensive position appeared to be invincible, for her forces were concentrated within the mountainous angle of Bohemia, which has the profile of a colossal fortress. The passes in these mountains, and even the plains of Saxony beyond them, were at her command, though she made no attempt to defend them. Her base rested on a great line of fortresses and strong positions connected by railways: and while Prussia had been compelled to extend her line of operations longitudinally across the whole of Germany, the main Austrian army awaited the attack in a concentrated mass, perpendicular to the line of the enemy. When Bohemia was invaded, the Prussian corps were necessarily separated from each other by a considerable extent of difficult country, and Benedek, holding the concentric position with the power of manœuvring on the inner line, like Napoleon in the campaign of 1814, seemed to be admirably placed to defeat them in succession. Setting apart the skill of the rival commanders, and the arms of the men, the valour of the troops might be taken to be equal: but the Austrians had probably the advantage in numbers, in physical strength, and in experience of war, for except in the Danish campaign of 1864, in which the Prussians had not greatly distinguished themselves, few men in the Prussian ranks could have seen actual warfare. On these substantial grounds the great preponderance of military authority both in France, Russia, and England anticipated the success of the Austrians. The events of the war, down to the time at which we write, have, as is well known, confounded these anticipations. It would be premature to discuss the causes of this unforeseen result, or to speculate on the effects of the reverses hitherto sustained by the Imperial armies in Bohemia. But the most obvious of these causes is the superiority of the firearms borne by the Prussian infantry; and it

would seem as if this great crisis in the affairs of Europe turned for the present on the adoption by one of the combatants of a breech-loading gun. To this it may be added that the introduction of arms of precision into modern warfare has rendered a new system of formation and tactics indispensable to the protection of troops from the fire of these formidable weapons. The American war was fought by troops continually entrenching themselves in the field for shelter, and always attacking in light skirmishing order. The heavy columns and close drill of the German armies result in wholesale massacre, when opposed to the rapid fire of the breech-loading rifle. This experiment would seem to be decisive, and it points to a termination of hostilities between forces unequally armed; for the bravest troops in the world cannot bear up against the tremendous odds of a gun which fires at least three shots for one. But if the success of the Prussians in this campaign be chiefly due to this adventitious circumstance, which gives them at this moment an advantage over every other army in Europe, we may be certain that ere long this temporary inequality of arms will cease, and the art of war will adapt itself to these altered conditions.

At the moment at which we are writing it would seem that the first act in this bloody drama is played out. The Austrian army has sustained a defeat at the battle of Sadowa scarcely less decisive than those of Austerlitz and Wagram, and it may be hoped that this dreadful conflict is for the present at an end. It would be ungenerous to insist on the errors of policy and the defects of military organisation which have led to this result, and they are sufficiently obvious. The immediate consequence has been the surrender of Venetia, which appears to have been decided upon before the last Prussian victory; and the reluctant admission by the Court of Vienna of its inability to hold that province is the most important result of the war. We trust that this sacrifice may remove one of the causes which threatened the peace of Europe and may lead to the consolidation of the Italian kingdom. But the future organisation of Germany is still undetermined; and in spite of the prodigious successes the Prussian armies have obtained in the field, and the ascendancy the Court of Berlin has thereby acquired in Europe, the relations of the German States with each other and with the other neighbouring Powers are questions which cannot be solved without the concurrence of the German nation and the other parties to the Treaties of Vienna.

When the treaties which constitute the fundamental compact of Europe are denounced by one great Power and broken by another; when the legitimate alliances of States for avowed objects are dissolved, and countermined by clandestine associations of conspirators against the peace of the world; when these Governments recoil from publicity, defraud their own subjects of all control over their affairs, and complete the destruction of liberty by schemes of war, we can entertain no hope that a re-settlement of Europe will be speedily or easily accomplished, or that when it is accomplished it will bear the mark of wisdom, justice, and permanence. It will still be the law imposed by conquerors on the conquered. It will still be conceived in the spirit of mutual distrust. Far from disarming the enormous military establishments of Europe, it will increase them. It will inflame the military spirit of another generation, and perhaps reopen an indefinite series of recurring wars. The crowning trait in the policy of Bismarck is to attack the revolutionary influence of France in Europe by acts more revolutionary than her own; as a traveller sets fire to the leeward side of the prairie or the forest to escape from a conflagration threatening him to windward. But this is a race in which the Imperial power of France will not long be left behind.

We hold it to be no reproach to the Parliament and the statesmen of England that they have not been swift or eager to express opinions on the tremendous military operations now taking place in central Europe; and that, committing themselves to no partial view on either side, they have studied rather to maintain a neutral and impassive attitude in so great a quarrel. For in its details the political interests of this country are not at present concerned. Whether Germany be divided into two or three States, or into many; whether her national government be federative or single; whether the chief seat of power be in the north, or in the south, or in the centre, are matters of which the Germans are the sole judges. We have ceased to have any territorial connexion with that country, and we have entirely relinquished the obsolete theories which pledged us, for the sake of a disputed province or a reigning House, to take an active part in the affairs of the Continent. England, moreover, has nothing to envy or to dread in the aggrandisement of Prussia, or in the successes of the army which fought by her own side at Waterloo.

But it would be a mistake to imagine that because we now require our Ministers to abstain from restless inteference and unsolicited advice in these disputes, we are insensible to the great general interests which bind this country to the continent of Europe. The withdrawal or diminution of the moral in-

fluence of England from the affairs of the Continent would be an abdication of that lofty and glorious position which the freest State in the world has held for centuries; and would be not less injurious to the interests of mankind than to our own honour. We cannot with impunity see the weak trampled on by the strong, when by holding out a hand it is in our power to help them. This very war is an example of the service which would have been rendered to all Europe, if two years ago a British fleet in the Belt and the Sound had resolutely announced that Denmark 'was not alone' in her hour of danger, and had saved the Duchies from a Prussian invasion. We cannot see the fabric of European treaties swept away, and the balance of power between European States overthrown, without remembering that there are points we may have to defend, and there are principles we can never abandon.

The first condition of the foreign policy this country desires to practise is a close and honest understanding with France, because we are convinced that we have more common interests with the French than with any other people, and that the combined power of the two great Western States is irresistible when it is exerted for the same public objects. And this alliance has further the advantage that, as long as it lasts, it can never be used to oppress or injure other nations, since one Government acts as a check upon the other. We believe and hope that the Emperor Napoleon sets on this connexion a high value, and that, whatever his views may be in reference to other States, he will not willingly engage in a course which would lead to the greatest of all calamities—a rupture with England. For that is a quarrel in which both parties have literally everything to lose, and, from each other, nothing to gain. But having ourselves no objects to conceal and no desires to gratify, except a very cordial wish for the restoration and maintenance of peace, we have a right to claim from other Cabinets a frankness equal to our own. The cession of Savoy and Nice to France by Piedmont in exchange for the acquisition of Lombardy, was a matter of no territorial importance to this country; but we had reason to complain that the transaction was wrapped in mystery and even in denial, and to require that the rights of Switzerland, affected by the transfer, should be respected. It was the disappointment justly felt by this country on these points which gave rise to a temporary coolness between the two governments, and greatly modified the feelings of Lord Palmerston towards the French Emperor. Events are possibly tending to the acquisition by France of a certain extent of territory on the left bank of the Rhine. Such an accession of a territory would, in our opinion, be a very doubtful benefit to the French Empire, for the population would be disaffected and the resentment of the Germans implacable. But England has no interest in the matter, beyond the desire that provinces should not be bartered and chaffered by the sole right of conquest. We readily make to the alliance of France the sacrifice of many old prejudices and jealousies; but we have a right to expect that her policy should be controlled by a reasonable deference to the real interests and security of Great Britain, when they are at stake. In justice to the Emperor Napoleon it must be said that the views of the British Cabinet have frequently had great weight with him—that he has more than once yielded his own intentions to them, as in acknowledging the unity of Italy—and that we have no reason to impute to him any but the most friendly sentiments towards this country.

Foreign nations, which are apt to form very superficial and inaccurate notions of the opinions and policy of this country, have adopted the belief that England is enervated by her prosperity, and emasculated by the selfish doctrines of the Manchester school. The Emperor Nicholas acted upon that conviction in 1853, and the Crimean war, the defeat of Russia, and the miserable termination of his own reign and life, were the results of the delusion. For it is a delusion to suppose that this country is either less powerful than of old, or less energetic in the use of her power, though she may be more prudent in the application of it. Events may happen—possibly they may soon happen—which would rouse the people of England with irresistible force, and suddenly change this apparent listlessness into a new display of conscious power and determined will. We do not intend to interfere in the internal affairs of foreign nations; we do not conceive that the interests or the dignity of England are affected by fancied consequences arising out of a modification of territorial possessions on the continent; but if the great principle of the independence of nations were attacked, if advantage were taken of the present disordered state of affairs to establish any paramount authority by force of arms over the rights and liberties of other States, we are satisfied that the support of England would not be wanting to the cause of right and justice, which is not always strong enough to protect itself without her assistance. If that time comes, the voice of England will be heard to recommend institutions framed in a more liberal spirit, more unrestricted commercial intercourse,

more enlarged religious toleration, a nicer regard to the sensitive distinctions of national feeling, and a more intimate connexion between the common interests of neighbouring countries. Dark as is this day, we are not without hopes that the storm will sweep away much that is worthless and antiquated; that it will contribute in the end to the progress of nations; and that when peace is permanently restored, it may be no longer an armed peace, scarcely less oppressive to mankind than war, but a peace established upon a firmer basis of national content, of mutual confidence, and of public law.

We have witnessed with the deepest concern the fall of the Liberal Administration, which had presided for seven years over the destinies of the British Empire; and this regret is heightened by the transfer, at this momentous crisis in Europe, of the direction of foreign affairs from tried to untried hands. In the Earl of Clarendon, the country possessed a Foreign Minister of complete experience, of consummate address, of indefatigable activity, and of the highest influence abroad. His successor is no doubt the ablest member of the new Government and one of the most promising statesmen of England—inferior to none in power of work and in enlightened liberal views—but the experience derived from a long and intimate acquaintance with men and things abroad, and the personal influence abroad which that experience confers, cannot but be wanting to Lord Stanley. In times such as these, a change in the Foreign Office, when its duties have been so ably discharged, is a serious loss and evil to the country. But this and all minor consequences are included in the general catastrophe which has just broken up the Administration and transferred the Government of the country to a Ministry and a party avowedly not possessing a majority in the House of Commons or the confidence of the country.

We shall not here discuss the causes which have brought about this untoward event. Recrimination on the past is useless; and the future course of action of the Liberal party has yet to be determined. But we may be permitted to remark that nothing has occurred which was not foreseen and predicted by ourselves twelve months ago. It was argued by this Journal in July 1865, that 'the progress of Parliamentary Reform had been checked, not so much by the resistance of the Tory Opposition, as by the want of uniformity and agreement among the Liberal Members of the House of Commons as to the shape the new Reform Bill should assume:' that 'whenever the Liberal party is united, and resolved as one man to carry a Reform Bill, the Bill will be carried; but that until that time be come, the preparation of the measure is incomplete:' and that 'nothing could be more fatal to the true Liberal interests of the country than the belief that Ministers are prepared to force on measures for which the country is not prepared.' The experiment has now been tried, and we are not consoled for the overthrow of a Liberal Administration and a certain period of Tory rule, by the assurance that the party to which we have the honour to belong will be triumphantly restored to office by a great increase of popular agitation and radical ascendancy.

For we assert with unabated confidence that the majority of the House of Commons and of the country is, at this moment, Whig. The majority is not in favor of radical changes in the Constitution, for even the Reform Bill of the late Government, which well deserved to be regarded as a measure of conciliation, did not obtain efficient support in the House of Commons. The majority is certainly not in favour of Tory principles or Tory Government, for it is only by borrowing Whig principles that the Tories can hope to govern. The opinion of the country, almost without reference to the old distinctions of party, is in favour of a liberal and progressive policy—a cordial sympathy with the cause of freedom and national rights abroad, without abetting war and revolution—a desire to extend the electoral franchise at home, without throwing preponderating power into the hands of the democracy. Yet by an extraordinary concourse of events, the present Ministers of the Crown are taken from the party which has no claim to represent these opinions; and the leader of the old and renowned party, identified with these moderate and liberal principles for two centuries, falls from office at a moment when its policy is indisputably in the ascendant! Such is the result of the division, which, be it from one side or from the other, has paralysed the majority and disunited the Liberal party. The evil will probably not be of long duration; but whenever it comes to an end, the lesson to be learnt from these events is that extreme measures are fatal to the combination by which a Liberal Administration can alone be supported, and tend to defeat their object by throwing a considerable proportion of public opinion and political influence into the opposite scale. We therefore, in conclusion, humbly tender our advice to the future leaders of the Liberal party, whether in or out of office, to avoid the 'madness of extremes,' and to adhere to that wise and temperate mean course which can alone give strength to the Government and security to the country.

THE

# EDINBURGH REVIEW

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ART. I.—1. *The History of the Sepoy War.* Vol. I. By JOHN W. KAYE, Esq. London: 1864.

2. *Notes on the Revolt in the North-Western Provinces of India.* By CHARLES RAIKES, of the Sudder Court at Agra, late Civil Commissioner with Sir Colin Campbell. London: 1858.

IT was for some months our intention to await the publication of the second volume, at least, of this important and deeply interesting work, the first part of which Mr. Kaye has written with so much vigour and ability, before we proceeded to pass our judgment upon its merits. And we were confirmed in this resolution, which accords with our usual practice, by the consideration that we had previously gone over much of the ground traversed hitherto by Mr. Kaye; and had not only devoted a whole article to the expression of our opinion upon the policy and character of Lord Dalhousie, but had also found occasion, in reviewing the recent advancement of British India in material prosperity, to state briefly the conclusion to which we had come, 'that the mutiny of 1857 was in no manner or degree the consequence and retribution of civil misgovernment. It was the ferocious outbreak of a pampered and blindly trusted soldiery, not the insurrection of an oppressed and indignant people.' And there we might have been content to let the matter rest for a while—however serious we felt it to be—if we had found that there was any prospect of the completion, or even the continuation, of the 'History of the Sepoy War' within a short period. But being disappointed in this hope, and adverting to the strength and earnestness with which Mr. Kaye has urged an opinion directly at variance with our own—as if it were a point of indisputable certainty—and that, too, in a work so ably and popularly written, and so universally read, as to carry erroneous impressions on the subject into the minds of thousands, we feel bound to do justice, without further delay, both to the Government and to the people of India, by stating explicitly the grounds on which the opposite conviction is founded. The point at issue between us and Mr. Kaye is a highly practical one, because it is clear that the terrible events of 1857–8 ought to teach us essentially different lessons for the guidance of our future conduct, according as we are satisfied, after the careful investigation which such a question demands, that those events were the results either of a military mutiny or of a popular rebellion.

Mr. Kaye has devoted much time and labour to trace back the outbreak to causes lying deep in the more recent policy of our Indian Government towards native princes of every class, and in our fiscal treatment of certain members of our own agricultural community. He speaks of 'manifold causes.' We, on the contrary, believe that an influence so powerful as to be rightly regarded as the main—almost, indeed, the sole—motive of the insurrection is to be found much nearer the surface, and is, in truth, so simple as to admit of being defined in a very few lines. Mr. Kaye, in short, regards the rising as a rebellion of the people of India; to us it appears to have been merely a military mutiny, of which a few who wished to shake off our rule, and a few of those who loved license and plunder—both classes together utterly insignificant, in point of numbers, when compared with the subject millions,—took advantage to further their respective ends.

In maintaining the former opinion, Mr. Kaye, we regret to say, has made himself, to a great extent, the mouthpiece of a party small in numbers and smaller in ability, Englishmen too—for the verdict of thoughtful foreigners has been very different—who regard the onward march of their country in India as one great crime; who can see in each acquisition of territory nothing but the result of an unscrupulous and short-sighted greediness; and who maintain that to assume that the people of India are better governed and more happy under British dominion than when ruled by their native princes, if it be not a mere figment to cloak ambition, is, at the best, but the dictate of national vanity, without the slightest root in reality.

We lament that Mr. Kaye should have been impelled—by honest convictions, we have no doubt—to lend the credit of his high reputation to abet those party-writers who have not scrupled to brand Lord Dalhousie as 'the very worst and basest of rulers,' and have even expressed 'sincere regret' that that great statesman 'could not have lived a few years more to witness the definitive downfall of his once great reputation;' 'to feel his labours nullified and his plans annihilated by wholesale revision and reversal, his titles and dignities tarnished and vulgarised, his wealth turned into a shame and a reproach, every memory embittered, and every thought of posterity poisoned by the unanimous censure of two nations.' Mr. Kaye, it gives us pleasure to record, writes in a very different spirit. He has given Lord Dalhousie full credit for the entire singleness and purity of his motives. He has said generously, but not more than justly, while deprecating his policy :—

'At the bottom of this great error were benign intentions. Dalhousie and his lieutenants had a strong and steadfast faith in the wisdom and benevolence of their measures, and strove alike for the glory of the English nation and the welfare of the Indian people. There was something grand, and even good, in the errors of such a man; for there was no taint of baseness in them, no sign of anything sordid or self-seeking. He had given himself up to the public service resolute to do a great work, and he rejoiced with a noble pride in the thought that he had left behind him a mightier empire than he had found; that he had brought new countries and strange nations under the sway of the British sceptre, and sown the seeds of a great civilisation. To do this he had made unstinting sacrifice of leisure, ease, comfort, health, and the dear love of wedded life; and he carried home with him, in a shattered frame and a torn heart, in the wreck of a manhood at its very prime, mortal wounds nobly received in a great and heroic encounter.'

Again speaking of the inevitable antagonism of the British Government to the superstitious and idolatrous abominations of the people, Mr. Kaye observes :—

'From love of this kind (of "truth above error"), from the assured conviction that it was equally humane and politic to substitute the strength and justice of British administration for what he regarded as the effete tyrannies of the East, had emanated the annexations which had distinguished his rule; and as he desired, for the good of the people, to extend the territorial rule of Great Britain, so he was eager also to extend her moral rule, and to make those people subject to the powers of light rather than of darkness; and so he strove mightily to extend among them the blessings of European civilisation.'

Strange that one thus capable of appreciating the motives and aims of Lord Dalhousie should speak elsewhere of that great statesman, and of those who shared his views, as if they were actuated by the vulgar greed of mere territorial aggrandisement!

In return for his support, the more rabid of the assailants of Lord Dalhousie have taken offence at Mr. Kaye's candour, and denounce him as a half-hearted comrade, wanting in courage to follow out his conclusions to their logical consequences; meaning thereby his refusal to ascribe the meanest and basest motives to every one who dares to differ from them in regard to the policy and character of the British Government in India. Towards those who presume to hold that the mutiny of the Bengal army was not the rebellion of the people of India their language is, if possible, still more unmeasured and contemptuous.

We have said that distinguished foreigners have arrived at very different conclusions in respect both to the character of the Government of British India and to the causes of the mutiny. We cannot cite higher or more impartial authorities than MM. de Tocqueville and de Montalembert. The former has compressed his opinion into a single sentence, as vigorous as it is profound. 'Je crois,' he observes, speaking of the mutiny, 'que les horribles évènements de l'Inde ne sont en aucune façon un soulèvement contre l'oppression; c'est une révolte de la barbarie contre l'orgueil.' M. de Montalembert, after stating, 'sans hésiter, que la Compagnie des Indes Orientales est de toutes les dominations connues dans l'histoire des colonies du monde ancien et moderne, celle qui a fait les plus grandes choses avec les plus petits moyens, et celle qui, dans un espace de temps égal, a fait le moins de mal et le plus de bien aux peuples soumis à ses lois,' proceeds to observe, with reference to the

mutiny, 'Ainsi j'explique un fait de la plus haute importance, et qui suffit à lui seul pour absoudre la domination anglaise. Depius bientôt dix-huit mois que dure l'insurrection, elle est restée purement militaire; *la population civile n'y a pris aucune part sérieuse.** Sauf dans quelques rares localités, elle a refusé tout concours aux insurgés, malgré les occasions, les tentations nombreuses que lui offraient les désastres partiels des Anglais et le nombre si restreint de leurs troupes. Loin de là; on sait que c'est encore maintenant au concours des princes indiens et d'auxiliaires empruntés à de races différentes de celles qui composent l'armée du Bengale que l'Angleterre doit d'avoir pu lutter victorieusement contre les insurgés. La révolte a été exclusivement l'œuvre des Cipayes enrégimentés de la Compagnie.' And almost in the words of M. de Tocqueville he calls the insurrection 'une lutte engagée entre la civilisation et la barbarie.' With these opinions that of Sir John Lawrence, reviewing with the pen of his secretary, in a despatch to the Supreme Government, the trial of the ci-devant Emperor of Delhi, entirely concurs. The secretary writes:—

'Nothing has transpired on this trial or on any other occasion to show that he (the Emperor) was engaged in a previous conspiracy to excite a mutiny in the Bengal army. Indeed, it is Sir John Lawrence's very decided impression that this mutiny had its origin in the army itself; that it is not attributable to any external or antecedent conspiracy whatever, although it was afterwards taken advantage of by disaffected persons to compass their own ends; and that the proximate cause was the cartridge affair, and nothing else.'

That was, no doubt, the match that fired the train. The questions at issue between Mr. Kaye and ourselves are, what was the combustible matter which that train primarily exploded? Was the gathering together of that matter the result of a wide-spread and long-concerted conspiracy, embracing many and powerful native princes, landholders of every class, and especially those who had been newly adjudged liable to pay revenue, as well as great numbers of the general commuuity, particularly those of the Moslem faith? Or was, as we affirm, the explosion limited, in the first instance, to the ranks of the Sepoy army, from which the conflagration spread when the first outbreak seemed to promise success, to the disaffected of every grade, to the rabble of the large bazaars, to the convicts whom they let loose, to the Goojurs, and other half-reclaimed tribes of freebooters; and, lastly, to a considerable number of ambitious or fanatic Mahomedans, who deemed that the happy opportunity had come, through the internecine strife of two bodies of infidels, for the re-establishment of their ancient and only legitimate dominion?

Now, without building upon the high authorities whose opinions we have cited, and to whom it would be easy to make large additions, we are satisfied that we shall be able to prove, by an abundance of the strongest evidence converging upon the point at issue, the fallacy of the former, and the soundness of the latter theory. But we are bound to make one admission. We do not doubt that Brahminical influence had been for some time at work, poisoning the minds of the Sepoys, and indoctrinating them with an undoubting conviction which their most trusted and best-loved English officers were unable to eradicate, that their chief rulers, both in India and in England, entertained a deliberate design to destroy their caste, to subvert their religion, and to compel them to become Christians. It must seem scarcely credible to those who have no practical acquaintance with the people of India, that any men could be so absurd as to fear that they might be made Christians against their will, either by fraud or violence. But there is nothing strange in such an apprehension to those who know what the faith of ignorant Hindoos, such as our Sepoys were, really is. It is absolutely devoid of the slightest spiritual essence. It is a thing composed exclusively of 'meats, and drinks, and divers washings and carnal ordinances.' It is certain, indeed, that as respects what we mean by religion, not a Hindoo in the whole Sepoy army could have given an intelligible account of what he believed; but it is equally certain that there was not a man in its ranks who could not have told what his caste was, what privileges it conferred, what observances were essential to its due maintenance, and how it might be endangered or lost.

This state of things being premised, it will be seen that one half of the fear of the Sepoys was reasonable. It was absurd, of course, to suppose that the Government could make them Christians whether they would or not; but it was not absurd to believe that the Government, if so minded, might entrap them into some act of ceremonial uncleanness which would deprive them of their caste, and thus render them outcasts from Hindooism.

By whatever means the impression had been infused into their minds, the great bulk of the Hindoo Sepoys sincerely believed

* The italics are M. de Montalembert's.

that such a pitfall had been dug before their feet, and that it was the one great aim of the British Government to push them headlong into it. They were firmly persuaded that Lord Canning and General Anson, both newly arrived, had been commanded by the Queen, and had pledged themselves to her, to make all the natives of India Christians. This, with the vast majority, was the sole cause of the mutiny. Upon some minds the effect of this delusion was mere terror, but it stung fiercer natures to frenzy; and hence, we are persuaded, resulted such acts of murderous cruelty as were actually perpetrated by Sepoys, and not—as probably most of them were—by ruffians from the bazaars and jails. Thus the few committed the crimes for which the whole body of each mutinying regiment was necessarily and justly held responsible. But there were some, no doubt, who were actuated in part, at least, if not altogether, by ambition. They knew—for the Sepoys, in their frequent changes of quarters, became acquainted with every station in the country—that there were but two British regiments between Calcutta and Agra, a distance of 800 miles, and they were, consequently, persuaded that they were masters of the situation. Why, then, should they submit to be the ill-paid tools of the Feringee, when they might be colonels and generals, or even Governors and Princes themselves?

Together with a few Hindoos, chiefly Mahrattas, the great majority of those who joined the insurrection under the influence of ambition were Mahomedans. At the same time, we are satisfied that the professors of that faith were not, as many have supposed, the contrivers, the instigators, or the leaders of the outbreak. As to a deliberate plot, indeed, we do not believe that beyond the injection into the minds of the Sepoys of the delusions to which we have referred, there was any plot at all. As regards the part taken by Mahomedans, it is certain that the first overt acts of mutiny at Barrackpore were committed by Hindoos; that the single Sepoy, 'faithful found among the faithless,' who risked his own life to save the lives of his English officers, when Mungul Pandy fired the first mutinous shot, was a Mahomedan; and Mr. Kaye records that 'the inquiries into the state of the 34th Regiment at Barrackpore,' at the same period, 'had resulted in the belief that the Mahomedan and Sikh soldiers were true to their salt, but that the Hindoos generally of that corps were not to be trusted.' That the first, as a body, should have remained faithful, with such a tempting bait before them, in their view of the crisis, as the probable recovery of their ascendancy, is more than could be expected of human nature in general, certainly of Mahomedan nature. Many yielded to the temptation, and flung themselves, heart and soul, into the conflict. Many, no doubt, but by no means—as the ill-informed and credulous in general, and especially the Calcutta alarmists, believed—the whole body of the Moslem of India. The great bulk of the population of that creed remained throughout the crisis passive and neutral. Not a few, we are happy and proud to know, were faithful to the salt of the Government which they had served, or under whose rule they and their fathers had enjoyed a large measure of civil and complete religious liberty, together with the peace and prosperity flowing from those sources. There is, indeed, no greater or more mischievous delusion in regard to India than the vulgar error of supposing that all Mahomedans are bigots and fanatics. Beyond question there are many such among them; just as many as—it may be, perhaps, more than—there were Christians of a like character in Europe when the Inquisition murdered its thousands, and when Henri IV. and William of Nassau fell by the hands of assassins, from which our own Elizabeth scarcely escaped. But neither did then more than a few in Europe, nor do now more than a few in India, act up to even what they believed and believe to be the treacherous and bloody dictates of their respective religions. And millions, probably, in both instances, had not and have not any practical belief in the obligations of such a creed as their fanatical co-religionists accepted and endeavoured to render universal and effective. There are lukewarm and indifferent Mahomedans, there are sceptics and unbelievers among those who are numbered with Mahomedans, just as there are the same classes of characters among those who 'profess and call themselves Christians.' Millions prefer their ease, their safety, and their immediate worldly interests to their religion, even with Mahomedan ascendancy superadded; and we rejoice in the knowledge that while the faith of Islam, as interpreted by bigots, is held to enjoin the extermination of infidels, there were not a few among the Mahomedans of India whose conduct during the mutiny was governed rather by their natural sense of right, or by a feeling of gratitude and affection towards individual Christians, than by the Koran, or by intensified glosses put upon its dogmas by fanatics. For the Koran does not enjoin the destruction of 'men of the book,' as Christians are. At any rate, whatever the motives, this much is certain, that from the

outbreak to the suppression of the mutiny, and from one end of India to the other, thousands upon thousands of Mahomedans, high and low, rich and poor, princes and servants, soldiers and civilians, not only refrained from lifting a finger against the British Government, or any Christian individual, but rendered active and most useful service—at the hazard often of their lives and fortunes—to both it and them. It would fill pages to enumerate, even in the baldest manner, instances in substantiation of this position. Let these suffice. Of native princes, the Nawab of Rampore, a Mahomedan of the Mahomedans, a descendant of the gallant Fyz Mahomed, (who struggled so bravely, though in vain, against the British force with which Warren Hastings abetted the cruel tyranny of the Nawab of Oude,) and the Begum of Bhopal, whose subjects are also Rohillas, Affghans by descent, and perhaps the most warlike tribe in Hindostan, were not merely faithful but signally helpful. The Nawab of Tonk, son of the celebrated Ameer Khan, a formidable leader in the Pindaree war, who probably rules over more Mahomedan fanatics than any prince in India, stood by the British Government with exemplary firmness. Salar Jung, the Prime Minister of the Nizam, not only kept down the turbulent and bigoted population of the Mahomedan city of Hyderabad, but when he was informed that a fanatic was preaching in a mosque the duty of a crusade against the Christians, went in person with his bodyguard to the spot, arrested the preacher in the midst of his harangue, and sent him to cool his zeal in jail. A Mahomedan Rissaldar (a native major) of our Irregular Cavalry, who was happily spending his furlough in his native village, within a few miles of Delhi, received and treated with the utmost hospitality and kindness many, both male and female, of the Christian fugitives from that city; fed, clothed, protected, and finally convoyed them in safety to the British garrison at Agra. Upon that gallant and faithful soldier we are happy to record that Lord Canning conferred the village in which he did the good deed, in fee simple, free of revenue, to him and his heirs for ever. Again, when the Commissioner of Patna called upon the civil officers of the several districts under his authority to leave their respective stations, and to seek refuge at Patna, a Mahomedan gentleman took charge of the beautiful district of Sarun from the magistrate and collector—of the treasury, the jail, the records, and of all the public and private property necessarily abandoned—maintained the most perfect order and security during the absence of that functionary, and restored everything intact to him on his return. Recently, in recommending a retired Mahomedan native officer for a grant of land in the Punjab, the Lieutenant-Governor stated that in addition to his own services his two brothers had fought gallantly on our side at Cabul and at Delhi; that his nephew had killed with his own hand at Kalabagh the ringleader of the mutineers of the 9th Irregular Cavalry, a Mahomedan also; and that his son, also in the service, had saved the life of a British officer in the outbreak at Goorgaira in 1857. Again, Ram Pershad Dooby, a Hindoo, was executed lately for the murder in 1857 of Meer Sabit Ali, a Mahomedan Tehsildar (collector of land revenue) at Bijeragoghur, on the border of Bundelcund, and the officer reporting on the case observes: 'The slaughter of the Tehsildar was a deliberate premeditated deed. He remained, like many others at that period, boldly and loyally at his post, though he must have known the risk he was running.' We will only add, that we have the highest authority for affirming that fully two-thirds of the native troops sent down from the Punjab who aided so materially in the recapture of Delhi were Mahomedans; and that the instances of fidelity to their Christian masters and mistresses, in peril of their lives, on the part of Mahomedan domestic servants, were numerous and signal.

Nevertheless, the press of Calcutta, of whose 'odieuses excitations' to cruel acts of revenge M. de Montalembert speaks in just terms of scorn and disgust, raised a frantic clamour against every Mahomedan, when Mr. Samuells, appointed Commissioner of Patna at a very critical moment, took with him as an assistant Moonshee Ameer Ali, a Mahomedan gentleman of great ability and influence, and a large landowner in the province. No language was deemed too strong to denounce the rashness of the Commissioner, the imbecility of the Government, and the certain treachery of the Mahomedan assistant. Notwithstanding these predictions, however, that gentleman furnished another instance of Mahomedan trustworthiness, and rendered very useful service to the Commissioner and the Government. Very recent events have afforded a still stronger confirmation of our argument. Certain Wahabee Mahomedans, resident at Patna, have been convicted of treason against the British Government, the overt act of which was the supplying money to foment and support the war carried on against us by sympathising fanatics harboured in the wild hills upon our north-

western frontier. Here, no doubt, was Mahomedan bigotry engaged in active and practical intrigue against our rule. But the officer of police in the Punjab who gave the first information of the conspiracy, and who, when his original charge was dismissed by the English magistrate before whom he laid it, for want of sufficient evidence, sent his son to the scene of action to obtain fuller and more certain proofs of the designs and acts of the traitors, was also a Mahomedan. Why should the treason of the one, rather than the fidelity of the other, be accepted as the universal type of the class?

It is a remarkable fact that when the four regiments which mutinied at Cawnpore proceeded to elect their colonels, three of them chose Hindoos (we know not who was the elect of the fourth), and that one of the three was a corps of cavalry, of whom the great majority were Mahomedans.

Fully admitting, then, that the prejudices and passions of the Sepoys had been worked upon by enemies of the British Government, whether Brahmins or others, and believing that Mr. Kaye is quite justified in his conviction that railways and telegraphs, and the rapid progress of English education and consequent enlightenment, had raised the fears and kindled the animosities of the sacerdotal class which had long thriven upon the ignorance and delusions of the mass of the people, we proceed to examine what may be called the civil causes to which that gentleman attributes the series of events under our consideration, premising that we cannot understand why, with his convictions, he did not follow the example of Lord Clarendon, and call his work the 'History of the Great Indian Rebellion,' rather than the 'History of the Sepoy War.'

The first and chief of the causes alleged by Mr. Kaye is the policy of Lord Dalhousie in refusing to recognise the ceremony of adoption, when exercised by childless Hindoo princes, as conveying to the adopted son the right to succeed, without the sanction of the British Government, which he held that it was free to give or to withhold, to the sovereignty of the adopting father—this doctrine being practically carried out in the cases of Sattara, Nagpore, and Jhansi.

And, secondly, Mr. Kaye attributes the outbreak to what are called Resumption operations—namely, the investigation of the titles of persons claiming to hold lands under grants from former sovereigns or competent local authorities, free from the payment of revenue to the State, and the compelling of those who failed to substantiate those claims to bear their proportionate share of the public burdens. This grievance, it may be remarked, is of far older date than the Administration of Lord Dalhousie; and had, in fact, been consummated throughout Bengal, Behar, and the North-Western Provinces, before he set foot in India.

But what if the causes so largely elaborated produced no effects—or none, at least, in any degree commensurate with their alleged potency? Are they to be regarded as causes neverthless? What if the native princes, so malcontent in regard to the past, and so suspicious of our designs in the future, declined to rise in arms against the oppressive British Government, and left the Sepoys to fight out their own battle, some of them even giving effectual assistance towards their discomfiture? What if the land-holders, who had been adjudged liable to pay revenue long wrongfully withheld, refused to make common cause with the mutineers, and remained quietly at home ploughing their newly-assessed fields? Are we still bound to believe that the alleged wrongs of these classes were two of the principal provocatives of the insurrection; that the Bengal Sepoys, not one in ten thousand of whom ever heard the name of Sattara, sympathised so intensely with the injustice done to an obscure Mahratta boy, by refusing to allow him to be transformed into a Rajah, (the Mahrattas having been for more than a century the dreaded scourges of North-Western India, and having plundered and murdered up to the very gates of Calcutta,) that they rose in arms to avenge and redress it; and that the people of Nagpore, within whose broad bounds, as Sir John Malcolm wrote in 1805, 'there are not more Mahrattas, in proportion to the original inhabitants of the soil, than there are European inhabitants in proportion to the natives of Bengal and Behar,' were so enamoured of the rule of that false and cruel race that they were ready to shed their blood to perpetuate it?

But let us apply the simple test of fact to Mr. Kaye's theory. Hindoo princes and chiefs were alone affected, or in any danger of being affected, by what is called Lord Dalhousie's policy in respect to annexation, consequent on the refusal of permission to adopt a successor. The sovereign princes of India professing the Hindoo faith range themselves in three great classes—the Rajpoots, the Mahrattas, and the Sikhs, for the latter are Hindoo Puritans. Not a leading individual of any of these classes, not one known to history or possessed of any real power for good or evil, if we except the wild Ranee of Jhansi, took advantage of the mutiny of the Sepoys to rise in arms against the British Government. Several

of them, and especially the Sikh Rajahs of Puttialla, Jheend, and Nabha, rendered us very valuable assistance at the most critical moment of the struggle. Nor is there the slightest shadow of proof—there is not, to our knowledge, the least suspicion—that any one of the princes in question had tampered with the Sepoys before they broke out. There are suspicions—still far short of proofs—that the Nana busied himself, during the months which preceded the mutiny, in travelling from station to station in the north-west; when he had opportunities, no doubt, if such were his object, of playing upon the credulity of the Sepoys in regard to our designs on their religion and caste. Some one must have given currency and emphasis to those lies, and why not the Nana, a Brahmin, and a deeply-disappointed man, as well as another? We shall show in the sequel that he had no real grievance; but as there are bodies so diseased that a scratched finger will fester into a gangrene, so even a groundless sense of wrong was sufficient to goad to frenzy passions so fierce and malignant as those which events proved the Nana to be cursed with.

As respects chiefs of minor rank and power, we have before us a carefully compiled list of all those who took part, or were suspected of taking part, in the insurrection throughout the North-Western Provinces. The great majority of them are so petty and obscure that if the mutiny had not occurred their very names or titles would never have been heard more than a few miles from their respective homes. But of those who made themselves prominent, and were so distinguished either by treachery or atrocity as to be deemed to deserve capital punishment, and who suffered accordingly, three were Mahomedans and two Hindoos; and three others, who richly deserved the same fate, and escaped by fortunate accidents—the Nawabs of Feruckabad, Banda, and Nujebabad—were all, as their titles indicate, Mahomedans. Surely, none but the most heated partisans of a theory could detect in such results as these the disquieting and alienating effect of Lord Dalhousie's policy upon the minds of Hindoo princes.

Here, we regret to say, we must pause to notice two instances in which his vehement desire to make out a case against that policy has betrayed Mr. Kaye into taking up positions the falseness of which nothing short of the strongest foregone conclusions could have prevented him from seeing. In the first case, however—the question of succession by adoption—he evidently had misgivings. 'It is,' he says, 'with the question of adoption only in its political aspects that I have to do in this place.' But he does not, on that account, abstain from letting his readers know—not one in a hundred of whom has the faintest conception of the distinction between the religious and the political aspects of the question—that 'Lapse is a dreadful and an appalling word, for it pursues the victim beyond the grave; its significance in his eyes is nothing short of eternal condemnation. The son, says the great Hindoo lawgiver, "delivers his father from the hell called Put." There are, he tells us, different kinds of sons; there is the son begotten; the son given; the son by adoption; and other filial varieties. It is the duty of the son to perform the funeral obsequies of the father. If they be not performed, it is believed that there is no resurrection to eternal bliss.' All this is quite true, but it has not the slightest bearing upon the question which, as Mr. Kaye admits, is alone at issue, otherwise than 'ad invidiam.' No one dreamed of preventing the Rajah of Sattara, or the Maharajah of Nagpore, or his widow, from adopting a son to perform his funeral obsequies and to inherit his private property. But it is not necessary, to qualify an adopted son to perform those rites, that he should be a reigning prince; and the succession to that position, in right of the adoption, was all that the Government refused to bestow, in any of the cases referred to, on the boy adopted.

In the same spirit, Mr. Kaye allows it to be inferred from his manner of treating the subject—though he is too discreet to say so broadly—that in his judgment the British Government acted unjustly towards the Nana Sahib in refusing to grant him a part at least, if not the whole, of his adoptive father's pension of 80,000*l.* per annum; and that, consequently, it was but natural that he should be bitterly hostile to those who had thus wronged him. He manifests this bias by devoting twelve pages to what he truly terms 'the story of the Peishwa,' while he can spare but a few lines for the grounds on which the claim was rejected. He omits to mention that Sir John Malcolm, who promised the pension, states in his letter of the 19th of June, 1818, as his reason for making it so large that Lord Hastings hesitated to sanction it, that if the fugitive Peishwa had not been thus induced to surrender, 'the least that would have occurred would have been the necessity of our bringing into the field armies which would have cost more than the value of the life pension granted to Bajee Rao. . . . I therefore fixed his pension at one lac more than that enjoyed by Amreet Rao, as considering it

only temporary, being for his life, and including all his family and future dependents, with whom he had not made separate terms.' But he does not forget to state that the Nana replied 'with not unreasonable indignation,' to the argument that he was too wealthy to stand in need of pecuniary assistance from the State; and he winds up the narrative with the tart remark that 'the Court of Directors of the East India Company were hard as a rock, and by no means to be moved to compassion.' The truth is, that there was not the shadow of a claim, on the score of justice, for the continuance of this enormous pension beyond the original life-grantee; and it certainly requires some effort to get up a sentiment of 'compassion' on behalf of an applicant for such support from the public purse, whom Mr. Kaye admits to have inherited 300,000*l.*, and who probably possessed much more.

We may remark in passing that Mr. Kaye and Mr. Urquhart between them appear to have misled Mr. Trevelyan, in his striking narrative of the Massacre of Cawnpore, into confounding this denial of a pension with a refusal to sanction an adoption.

As regards the second head, it is not quite so easy to show that Mr. Kaye had no solid grounds for his assumptions, but only so because the persons whom he alleges that the fiscal measures of our Government had tended to make rebels are too numerous, too widely scattered throughout our provinces, and, for the most part, too humble in station, to be capable of being identified in the ranks either of the disaffected or of the loyal. But the remarkable freedom of one province, where the class in question is certainly the largest and most influential, from any treasonable action on the part of its members will go far to prove that the alleged wrongs of that class had not stung them so poignantly as to impel them into rebellion.

Behar is the beautiful and fertile province that lies between Bengal Proper and the Province of Benares. Patna is its capital, and it comprises five districts—Behar, Patna, Shahabad, Sarun, and Tirhoot. The aggregate population of these exceeds seven millions, and the land revenue is 886,816*l.* The number of tenures held free of revenue within its limits was so large at one time that no less than 250,000*l.* per annum, at a low estimate, has been added to the public rent-rolls of the five districts by the results of investigations which proved the bulk of those exemptions to be invalid. Here then, if anywhere, it might reasonably have been expected that there would be an open manifestation of that disaffection which, according to Mr. Kaye, our fiscal measures had done so much to provoke. If such were the feelings of the many who had been adjudged liable to pay land revenue, and had been compelled to bear, in that respect, their fair share of the public burdens, they had abundant opportunities of displaying them. The people are a warlike race, very different from their southern neighbours, the effeminate Bengalees. In former days they furnished very many and still not a few Sepoys to our army. There was but one English regiment—the 10th Foot—quartered at Dinapore, the cantonment of Patna,—in the whole province, and not another within 400 miles to the south-east, and an equal distance to the north-west. The single corps at Dinapore was fully occupied in watching three regiments of Native Infantry, also stationed there, which eventually broke out into mutiny, and in keeping in check the city of Patna, with its 284,000 inhabitants, among whom were not a few fanatic Mahomedans, including Wahabees, who had shortly bofore remonstrated vehemently against the injustice and insult of permitting Christian missionaries to preach in their streets. Every other court of justice, jail, and treasury in the province was exclusively in native keeping, under the superintendence of a score or two of English civil servants. And these the Commissioner, from an ill-judged but, no doubt, a benevolent regard for their personal safety, (for what was passing at Lucknow and Cawnpore was well known both to natives and Europeans, but best known, certainly, to the former,) had ordered to abandon their respective districts and to take refuge at Patna. The officers of two districts—Sarun and Tirhoot—obeyed this order implicitly, and quitted their posts. We have already had occasion to tell how a Mahomedan gentleman took charge of the former, thus deserted by all the English officials, maintained strict order, and security to life and property; both public and private, during their absence, and restored to them the district, in full integrity, on their return.

A detachment of mutinous troopers, who attempted to plunder Mozufferpore, the capital of Tirhoot, were driven out of it by a small body of native local militia (who appear to have behaved extremely well), and by the townsfolk, who failed to appreciate that mode of deliverance from the fiscal rapacity of their English rulers, and both town and station were held by them in trust until the English officers resumed their functions.* In neither of these instances—

* 'Here we had no troubles whatever,' writes an

Sarun and Tirhoot—embracing an area little short of 10,000 square miles, full of landholders, who had recently been subjected to novel assessment, was there a single corporal's guard of English soldiers to keep down the thousands whom Mr. Kaye represents as ripe and ready for revolt. Why then, in the name of ordinary common-place cause and effect, did they not rise in arms? Why, on the contrary, were they so illogical in their disaffection that they gave—of their own accord, and when left perfectly free to follow their own will—cordial assisstance to the Government of whom not an English representative remained among them, by maintaining order and protecting property? Is it not probable that they did not do the one, and that they did do the other, because their feelings towards that Government were exactly the reverse of what Mr. Kaye has represented them to be?

There were outbreaks at Arrah and Gyah, the capitals respectively of the districts of Shahabad and Behar. That which occurred at Arrah was very serious, because the three regiments of native infantry which broke loose from Patna, and were allowed, through gross mismanagement, to march away from that station with arms and ammunition and altogether unscathed, formed a nucleus around whom not only the mob of the bazaars and the convicts whom they released rallied in force; but because a Zemindar of high caste, nominally of large landed property, and certainly of much influence over his tenants and clansmen—Kooer Singh by name, so widely known during the mutiny—threw himself and all the means that he could command into the cause of the mutineers, and stood shoulder to shoulder with them against the Government.

Here, then, Mr. Kaye and those who hold with him may say is a case of genuine rebellion, headed by a man of old family and high station, who had much to lose in case of failure, and who could have been driven to such a desperate venture only by intolerable wrongs.

The first answer to this argument—as far as it is general—is that in Shahabad, as without a single exception throughout the Bengal Presidency, there was not even the most partial insurrection of the people until Sepoys had risen in mutiny, or had marched in from places where they had mutinied; and this, be it observed, although there was not in one place out of twenty a single British soldier to protect the British authorities, if even a few scores of native malcontents, out of the millions among whom they were dwelling in confidence, had desired to destroy them. We repeat it advisedly, and we challenge contradiction—for this is the test of truth in the controversy between Mr. Kaye and ourselves—that in no single instance throughout Bengal, Behar, and the North-Western Provinces, did any class of the people, however lawless and turbulent in their habits, rise in rebellion against their unarmed and unprotected rulers until the bad example had been set and hopes of plunder and license excited by the temporarily successful mutinyof the Sepoys. In some cases, no doubt, stations were plundered after they had been abandoned by the civil authorities; but the rabble of a town may have a taste for booty so easily gotten without being very desperate or deliberate rebels.

Under such circumstances—and such only—all law and all fear of retribution having been placed in abeyance by the murder or expulsion of the English authorities, the classes whom we have already described raised their hands and reigned paramount for the time being. But the scenes of violence and rapine which these ruffians enacted were no more like a rebellion of the people of India than the riots in London in 1780, or those at Bristol or Nottingham in our own day, resembled a rebellion of the people of England. They were just such risings of the dangerous classes as would assuredly carry terror through any large city in Europe, from which magistrates, soldiers, and police had been suddenly and entirely withdrawn with no immediate prospect of their return, and where—as is generally the case in India—those who had houses to defend

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indigo planter of this district, in a letter now before us, 'nor do I believe there was the slightest shadow of disaffection on the part of either high or low among the natives of Tirhoot.... We travelled about the country just as in the quietest times. From the first, the jail guards, or Nujeebs, were suspected; fears were entertained for the treasure in the Collectorate, which was all under their custody, and a resalah (squadron) of Irregular Cavalry was brought down from poor Major Holmes's regiment, at Sugowli, to keep them in check, and be in some measure a protection to the town. These men, *custodes custodium*, were the only body who proved false to their salt in Tirhoot. On the night when the station was deserted and all the officials had left under orders of the Commissioner, they robbed the dâk (letter mail) and carried off some guns and horses from the Collector's residence, and afterwards tried to induce the jail guard to join them in looting the treasury and bazaar, but unsuccessfully. The rich mahajuns in the town had sufficient influence to preserve the fidelity of the Nujeebs, and after a day spent in futile attempts to bring them over to their side, the Irregulars rode off and were no more heard of. It was said at the time, true or not I have no means of ascertaining, that the bazaar people pelted them with mud as they left.'

and property to lose had neither the self-reliance nor the confidence in each other essential to the prompt organisation of any effectual resistance. The instant impulse of the insurgents in every case to break open the jails, and to fraternise in the work of havoc with the convicts whom they let loose, affords the truest indication of the classes to which these so-called rebels against the British Government belonged.

But, to return to the particular instance of Arrah, the case of Kooer Singh requires explanation. It cannot be given better than in the words of a letter now lying before us from Mr. Herwald Wake, the gallant gentleman who so well defended the little house at Arrah, fortified for the nonce by Mr. Boyle. As magistrate of the district, Mr. Wake had the best opportunities of knowing both the antecedents and the character of Kooer Singh. He writes :—

'You are quite right in supposing that Kooer Singh had always been in high favour with the authorities, and had been, and, indeed, up to the last was, a personal friend of many of them. The reason of his turning rebel was, in my opinion, a simple one. It was his only chance, and on the expulsion of the British depended whether he was to retain his large possessions and his position as undoubtedly the chief person in Shahabad, or he and his family end their days as beggars. His expenditure had always been reckless, and he had been universally preyed upon by Brahmins; he was overwhelmed with debt and perfectly insolvent.'

Mr. Wake proceeds to state that the Government, two or three years before the mutiny, had broken through all general rules, in the hope of saving Kooer Singh from ruin, by placing his property in trust and under protection from the ordinary processes of the courts of law; but these attempts having failed, through his continued extravagance :—

'He was once more at the mercy of his creditors. Add to this that he was a bigoted Hindoo; always the tool of his priests; that he was a proud, ignorant, thorough-bred Rajpoot; and that, in the event of the success of the rebels, the Rajpoots would have been the masters of the whole of Behar, and Kooer Singh their undoubted chief, and it is not difficult to understand his conduct.'

Again :—

'He was hopelessly involved, therefore it was clearly his interest to aid in any movement which would sweep away all courts and records, and place him, the most powerful man in Behar, in a position which would make the mahajuns (the money-lenders) too glad to give him a receipt in full.'

Mr. Wake adds :—

'Kooer Singh had no grievance against the Government; none of his land had been resumed.'

History assures us that such a state of hopeless ruin as that to which Kooer Singh had brought his affairs has proved amply sufficient to make rebels from the days of the Roman first depicted as 'aliena appetens, profusus sui,' to those of the old Rajpoot chief of Shahabad, without the superaddition of any of the special provocatives to insurrection laid at the door of the Government of India by Mr. Kaye.

With respect to the general state of feeling in his district and in the province, Mr. Wake writes:

'With the exception of Kooer Singh and his relations, no landholder of any importance in Behar took any part in the disturbances; on the contrary, they were with us, some affording valuable assistance. As regards Chuprah, Shahabad, and Tirhoot, I speak *with certainty* on this point; about Gyah (the capital of Behar) I am almost sure. In my district nothing took place that was not easily put a stop to by myself and forty or fifty Sikhs, and in no instance did I meet with armed resistance. The Rajahs (there are several large landholders of this rank in the province) everywhere gave us what assistance we wanted, lending us men for supplementary police, elephants, &c., &c.; and in the expedition against Rhotas, a large Zemindar of both Behar and Shahabad (I am ashamed to say I have forgotten his name) furnished a contingent of 200 matchlock men, and remained with us, making himself useful, for a month.'

The case of Gyah, the capital of the district of Behar, is a somewhat complicated one, and requires to be stated in detail. When the local authorities received, on the 31st of July, the orders of the Commissioner above adverted to to abandon the station and retire to Patna, Gyah was perfectly quiet. But the order was regarded as peremptory, and all obeyed it in the first instance. Within three hours, however, of this evacuation, Mr. Alonzo Money, the magistrate and collector, feeling ashamed of having obeyed an order which obliged him to leave more than 80,000*l.* in his treasury, and some 700 criminals in the jail, at the absolute disposal of 120 Nujeebs (a very humble sort of local militia), determined to return to his post; and he was supported in this spirited resolution by Mr. Hollings, an officer of the opium department. He found everything as he had left it, and the Nujeebs professing loyalty. These two brave Englishmen were at first the sole representatives of the British Government. But two days afterwards a detachment of eighty men of her Majesty's 64th marched in from Calcutta, and on the third day information was

received that Kooer Singh was advancing upon them from Shahabad, and other bodies of mutineers from the opposite direction. In this aspect of affairs Mr. Money took counsel with the commanding officer of the detachment, and they came to the conclusion that as the Nujeebs were but little to be relied on, and the Europeans were far too few to defend all that required defence, it was their duty to carry off the treasure before the station was beleaguered. This step was taken on the 3d of August. But the removal of the rupees was too severe a trial for the fidelity of the Nujeebs, who up to that time may have thought that they were guarding the treasury for their own benefit, or for that of their expected compatriots. So they mutinied, let loose the prisoners from the jail, and together pursued and attacked the detachment. In his report of the 5th of August, Mr. Money spoke of 'the night attack made by the Gyah prisoners and the Nujeebs. I say the Nujeebs, for we were fired into; and the prisoners have no muskets.' The attack was repulsed, with some loss to the assailants, and on the 7th idem Mr. Money wrote again, 'The town of Gyah is still safe, and likely to continue so. I got news this morning; the prisoners dispersed almost immediately.' During all this time there was no insurrection of the people, though, in the absence of all authority, there was anarchy, riot, and robbery. There were several petty risings in the interior of the district, for purposes of plunder or private revenge, but nothing of the nature of combined action against the Government.* Meanwhile, Mr. Money carried the treasure safely down to Calcutta; and on the 16th of August (within a fortnight of the final evacuation, and with no conflict in the interim), the civil authorities returned to the station, and resumed the ordinary routine of their duties with no other let or hindrance than the mischief which the Nujeebs and convicts—all of whom had absconded—had done by wrecking the houses of the English officers and by destroying the public records. As regards the feelings of the people, Mr. Money writes: 'Ten days of anarchy had disgusted all quiet men with what they called the Hindustani Raj. . . . "Rather than live again under such thraldom," more than one respectable native has said to me, "I would turn Christian, if this was necessary, to obtain the protection of Government."'

Mr. Money saw much of the mutiny, as it showed itself in the province of Behar, and evidently gave much consideration to its causes. We record his conclusions in his own words, quoted from a Report to the Commissioner of Patna, dated the 11th of March, 1858:—

'It has been much the fashion amongst a certain class of English, in Calcutta and at home, to attribute the mutiny of 1857 in part to misrule of the Government, to our civil institutions, and the mode in which they are said to press heavily upon the people. I have taken pains to ascertain whether any foundation, however slight, existed for this assertion. As far as my own experience goes, it is entirely gratuitous. No Sepoy in this district has ever excused his defection on any one of these pleas. Villagers and Zemindars have questioned the Sepoys as to the reasons for their mutiny. Their answers have been many and various—'Their religion was in danger;' 'It was intended to blow them away from guns;' 'Many of them had been hanged without cause, and these feared a like fate;' 'Their pay was in arrears.' These and similar ones were the grounds assigned, but among his many lies the Sepoy never was fool enough to bring forward the plea of oppressive institutions and hardship to the people. The Ryot, from his own knowledge, would have laughed in his face had he done so. It remains with those who wish to make capital out of the events of the last year to explain the mutiny upon grounds untouched by even the leaders of that mutiny. I look upon the absence of any such argument on the part of the mutineers themselves as the strongest proof that the people do not feel our institutions oppressive. Had there been a chance of a response in the great heart of the nation, the cry would have been an excellent one to appeal to the country with, and men like the Nana would not have neglected the chance. But he knew such a cry would have fallen flat and awaked no echo. It may excite the ignorant at a London public meeting, but the Indian prince and the Indian Ryot heed it not.

'I cannot understand why the Sepoy should not be allowed to know his own motives and reasons. He has proclaimed them loudly enough and in various ways, so that those who run may read. When, upon throwing off his allegiance, he releases jails, plunders treasuries, and indulges in rape and rapine, he displays the vices of all pampered soldiery, and shows his object to be unbridled license. When, whether mutinying at Chittagong or in the Punjaub, he turns alike his steps to Delhi, he betrays the deep strength of the old traditionary feeling still alive within; his struggles in Oude disclose a misguided patriotism; his murdered officers silently bear witness to the instinctive hatred of race; and when, as I have seen, a young lad with tears in his eyes confesses to having believed his religion in danger, it is plain how large a part of the history of 1857 religious

* In many places, especially in the North-Western Provinces, old feuds about boundaries or what not broke out, as soon as the repressive power of the magistrate fell into abeyance, and numerous scores of long standing were paid off by fierce tribes or individuals, and many a faction-fight took place, which had not the slightest relation to political disaffection.

fanaticism has to answer for. But the want of arrangement, the absence of simultaneous action, prove that there is no one broad common ground of complaint.'

Such were the overt acts of rebellion perpetrated by the seven million inhabitants of the province of Behar, spread over an area of 24,000 square miles, and having, if disposed to rise against the Government, no other hindrance than that which could be opposed to them by a single regiment of British infantry. Let this so-called rebellion be compared with the real and earnest insurrections of the people in La Vendée, in Spain, in Poland, or the Southern States of America. If European revolutions are not made with rose-water, neither, we may rest assured, are Asiatic rebellions when they are real.

We have thus given, in rapid outline, a sketch of the part taken by all, without exception, of the sovereign princes of India, by all but four or five of the chiefs and nobles of power and influence, and—in one province, at least, where the alleged provocation had been greatest—by the general body of the people, at a moment when the sudden mutiny of a formidable army of their countrymen, unchecked by any adequate English force, seemed to have placed within their reach, in the most tempting form, the opportunity of avenging all their assumed wrongs, and of shaking off at once and for ever the hated dominion of the Feringee. We believe that with two exceptions, to which we shall refer in the sequel —Oude, and, in a lesser degree, the Southern Mahratta country—the same tale may be told, with inconsiderable variations, in regard to every province throughout India. Where our rule had been the longest established there the storm burst with the least mischief, and left the slightest traces behind it. Bengal was less agitated than Behar and Benares, and those again, in a minor degree, than the North-Western Provinces, Bundelcund, and Central India—in the order in which we have placed them. At least as regards the enormous tract of country held by the Bengal army from Chittagong to the borders of the Punjaub, some 1500 miles in a direct line, the Chairman of the East India Company stated with literal truth, in the House of Commons, 'Where there were no Sepoys, there was no insurrection.' In Bengal, as soon as the mutinous Sepoys had marched out from their cantonments, as from Dacca and Chittagong,—to find no support from an unsympathising population, and literally to starve and rot in the jungles,—the country settled down again immediately into its habitual quietness. In all the provinces south of Benares, where there was not one European to several hundreds of square miles, we affirm confidently that with the exception of an officer of the opium department, murdered in Patna by a small party of fanatics, who had dispersed before the police could reach the spot, and who never reassembled, not a little finger of an Englishman was injured, otherwise than by mutineers. Apart from the danger of falling in with bands of wandering Sepoys, all this vast territory, with a population of some forty or fifty millions, was perfectly safe for English travellers. Even in the North-Western Provinces peopled in a great measure by highly excitable Mahomedans, by Goojurs and Mewatties, and other wild and predatory tribes (of whom the well-known Colonel Skinner was wont to say that a Goojur, however wealthy, 'could not help stealing buffaloes'), the amount of English blood shed, otherwise than by Sepoys or in local insurrections kindled at the moment and on the spot of the mutiny of Sepoys, was infinitesimally small. At the great majority of the stations in those provinces not a single Christian was injured. Tender ladies were conducted in safety — Lady Outram by her son—for scores or even hundreds of miles across a thickly-peopled country to Agra, Nyna-Tal, Roorkee, and other places of refuge. Mr. Chase, a civil officer, who did good service at and near Agra as a Volunteer, states, in a letter now before us: 'All Europeans, as far as I remember, who sought Agra for refuge came in from the adjacent districts without let or hindrance; and the danger that they apprehended was not any rising of the people, but meeting bodies of mutinous Sepoys, who were crossing the country in all directions on their way to Delhi.' How, we ask, could these fugitives from the fury of the Sepoys have escaped if the country had been in rebellion? It is self-evident that if such a state of things, or any thing at all resembling it, had really existed, not a single Englishman (to say nothing of women or children) in the North-Western Provinces, unprotected by British bayonets, would have survived to tell the tale of his escape. If the population of India, or any considerable part of it, had been earnestly and actively hostile to the British Government, in the person of its local servants, not only would all those servants have fallen victims to the hatred of those whom they are charged with having misgoverned for years, but every emblem and vestige of our detested domination would have been swept off the face of the land. Mr. Charles Raikes' narrative abounds with proofs that there

was no spirit in the North-Western Provinces of the nature of general disaffection, still less of open hostility. And every record that we have seen of the experiences of those who took part in the turmoil of that quarter and period bears the like testimony. Mr. Raikes states, for example:—

'Messrs. Phillipps and Bramley, civil officers of considerable position and experience, arrived at Agra on the 10th of June, having traversed the country from Feruckabad and Etah in the Dooab, and from Budaon in Rohilcund, with a very small escort of three or four horsemen. They had been travelling for nearly a month among the villages, and on their arrival at Agra declared, as I find entered in my journal, that "the villagers are all on our side, except some of the Mahomedans."'

Again, speaking of a small body of Volunteers,

'Who heroically maintained their position at or near Allyghur, after the mutiny and destruction of the station,' he says: 'It was because the people of the country were with us, and not against us, that this handful of Volunteer horsemen were enabled to hold the post amidst swarms of mutineers passing up the Grand Trunk road to Delhi.'

But the most remarkable proof of the loyal feelings of the Hindoo portion of the population, forming nearly seven-eighths of the whole, was afforded by the papers found in the camp of the insurgents after the lamented Colonel Adrian Hope, detached for the purpose by Sir Colin Campbell, had surprised and routed them at Shumshabad:—'They were full of complaints,' says Mr. Raikes, who examined them, 'that the Hindoos along the left bank of the Ganges were in league with the English.' And even with regard to those who rejoiced for a time in their freedom from the demands of the Collector, 'this natural feeling,' Mr. Raikes states, 'yielded to a few weeks' experience of anarchy. The Zemindar soon found that it was better to pay land-tax, and receive protection, than day and night to fight for his possessions with every scoundrel in the country side. And thus the bulk of the tax-paying agricultural proprietors in the Doab, after the fall of Delhi, welcomed their English masters back with unfeigned satisfaction.' The like testimony is borne by Mr. Chase, whom we have already quoted:—

'Any one,' he says, 'who saw the delight of the people, and the welcome we received on our return to our stations, would be convinced of their good feeling towards us, and their pleasure in seeing the English in the ascendancy. The only classes who regretted it were those who had been gainers by a state of lawlessness, and who were prevented by the restoration of order from enjoying property which, in our absence, they had seized on.' 'To the best of my knowledge,' he adds, 'there never was a desire on the part of the agricultural or mercantile classes to combine with the native army in a common war with the white race; but, on the contrary, had not the very opposite opinion existed, it is impossible that order could have been at once restored, as soon as our troops prevailed over the mutineers.'

In another quarter, the northern corner of Rohilcund, Mr. Shakespear, the magistrate and collector of Bijnore, an officer of great spirit and energy, whose reports are before us, not only mentions the pitched battles that were fought in that district between those whom he calls 'the loyal Hindoos' and the Mahomedan insurgents, but names several persons of the latter creed—men of station—who remained faithful throughout the struggle to him and to the British Government. Such instances, indeed, of Mahomedan fidelity were by no means rare in the North-west. Mr. Raikes states:—

'Major Mackenzie, of the 8th Irregular Cavalry, told me that his Resildar, Mahomed Nizam, when a mile or two out of Bareilly (where almost all the English had just before been murdered), in the retreat to Nyna Tal, was told by the Major to go back and look after his three motherless boys, who were left in the lines of the mutineers. The old man answered, "Give me your hand;" then, looking up to heaven with tears in his eyes, "I will go on with you, and do my duty."'

These are the people, specimens of the millions inhabiting the North-Western Provinces, whom Mr. Kaye has represented as so thoroughly malcontent, because (1) the Talookdars had been partially set aside in the settlement of the land revenue, because (2) the holders of invalid rent-free tenures had been compelled to bear their share of the public burdens, and because (3) much land had been sold, under decrees of our civil courts, in liquidation of the debts of its owners, that the disaffection, thus engendered, contributed largely to the causes of the outbreak of 1857. He cites Mr. William Edwards, the magistrate and collector of Budaonin Rohilcund at the date of the mutiny, in support of his opinion; and quotes from his narrative of 'Personal Adventures during the Indian Rebellion,' an assertion that the measures of the Indian Government had been such as 'to convert into bitter enemies those whom sound policy would have made the friends and supporters of the State.' Mr. Kaye, when he leant upon the broken reed, could not have been aware that Sir Henry Harrington—a judge of the Sudder Court at the time when Mr. Edwards

made the allegation in question—stated in the Legislative Council of the Supreme Government, of which he subsequently became a member, that that gentleman had been officially called on by the court to substantiate these charges, and had failed to make them good. As respects the transfer of ancestral estates from landholders of old family to capitalists of yesterday, Mr. Kaye cannot be ignorant that this is a course of things which has been going on in every land where society is progressive, from time immemorial; that it is a natural process which no Government could arrest, or ought to arrest if it could; and that it was by no means the first instance of the kind in our own country when

'Helmsley, once proud Buckingham's delight,
Slid to a Scrivener and a City Knight,'

though former events of a like nature had found no poet to commemorate them.

We now proceed to redeem our pledge to consider specially the cases of the two provinces—the one known as the Southern Mahratta country, the other that of Oude—where, if anywhere, events occurred bearing a resemblance to a general rebellion of the people. The former was the cradle of the Mahratta race, whose chiefs, signally bold and astute, following in the steps of the great Sevajee, had succeeded in wresting supreme dominion out of the hands of the Mahomedans before we came to the front as competitors for the empire of India. There, consequently, it cannot be doubted, that the recollection of recent greatness, the mortification of defeat and subjection, and a natural craving to recover lost power, combined to inspire many of Mahratta blood with a desire to renew the struggle on the first favourable opportunity. There, too, the Nana, the adopted son of the last of the Peishwas (whose seat of government was in the province), had numerous and devoted followers; and it seems certain that his agents had been active and successful both in propagating general disaffection and in tampering with one regiment at least (the 27th) of Bombay Sepoys. That corps rose in mutiny, murdering three of its officers. But this outbreak was not followed by any general insurrection. The principal chiefs, of whom there are many in that tract of country, the descendants of the great feudatories of the Mahratta empire, whose possessions were spared to them on the fall of the Peishwa, were apparently unwilling to risk life and their goodly domains on so desperate a cast of the die. On the other hand, there is no question that the remarkable promptitude and courage with which the Government of Lord Elphinstone confronted the emergency, although the flower of the European troops attached to the Presidency had been generously dispatched to Bengal on the first summons of Lord Canning, conduced most materially to repress the natural tendencies of all classes of the Mahratta population. Colonel Le Grand Jacob, a distinguished officer, was placed in charge of the province with large powers both political and judicial, and with all the military means at the command of the Government; all the native troops employed in the province, with the grave exception above stated, remained true to their salt; and although disaffection, doubtless, existed for some time in a smouldering state, it did not burst into flame. So late in the day, indeed, as May 1858, the petty chief of Nurgoond broke out and murdered Mr. Manson, the political agent. But he met with no effectual support from his countrymen; was soon captured and executed; and this, with the rising in arms of three or four small landholders, and the mutiny of the 27th Native Infantry, were the only overt acts of hostility to the Government worthy of notice which occurred in that quarter.

The state of Oude in 1857–8 more nearly resembled a rebellion of the people than any of the events referred to in the foregoing pages, or of those which took place in other parts of India. Unquestionably the malcontent Talookdars did rebel. But those of them who took up arms against the Government were by no means the whole of that powerful class. Many remained neutral, while some took an active and resolute part in protecting British officers driven from their stations. Hurdeo Buksh sheltered Mrs. Probyn and other fugitives from Futtyghur, and Durbijah Singh saved and sent forward, to join the force advancing under General Havelock, the four sole survivors of the massacre of Cawnpore. But the rebellious Talookdars, who had undoubtedly been injured by the measures of the Government, (whether necessarily, in doing justice to others better deserving, or otherwise, we cannot now stop to inquire) could have done no serious mischief if they had not been backed in their quarrel by a large body of the warlike yeomen and peasantry of the province. In a misapprehension of the motives which impelled these classes to take the field against the British Government lies the fallacy of the assumption that the agricultural population of Oude followed the Talookdars into rebellion, as the Highlanders of 1745 followed their chieftains. This mistake is a very strange one, when we consider, on the one hand, what manner of men very many of the

Talookdars were, especially in their relations to the yeomanry of the province; and, on the other, that he who runs may read, in the patent circumstances of the case, that motives of the strongest that can sway the human mind, wide as the poles apart from sympathy with the Talookdars in their grievances, were in full operation upon those who are assumed to have followed the great landowners with the blind devotion of feudal vassals. What reason the rural—identical with the military—population of Oude, and especially the more influential middle classes of that body, had to love the Talookdars, let Sir William Sleeman, the British resident at the Court of the King of Oude, as quoted by Mr. Kaye, give evidence:—

'The Talookdars, he says, in his diary, keep the country in a perpetual state of disturbance, and render life, property, and industry everywhere insecure. Whenever they quarrel with each other, or with the local authorities of the Government, from whatever cause, they take to indiscriminate plunder and murder over all lands not held by men of the same class; no road, town, village, or hamlet, is secure from their merciless attacks; robbery and murder become their diversion, their sport, and they think no more of taking the lives of men, women, and children who never offended them, than those of deer and wild hogs. They not only rob and murder, but seize, confine, and torture all on whom they lay hands on and suppose to have money or credit, till they ransom themselves with all they have or can beg or borrow. Hardly a day has passed since I left Lucknow in which I have not had abundant proof of numerous atrocities of this kind committed by landholders within the district through which I was passing, year by year, up to the present day.'

And again:—

'It is worthy of remark that these great landholders, who have recently acquired their possessions by the plunder and murder of their weaker neighbours, and who continue their system of plunder in order to acquire the means to maintain their gangs and to add to their possessions, are those who are most favoured at court.'

We may add that other records show that when these 'Barons,' as it is now the fashion to call such ruffians, could not extort more in ransom from their victims, they raised the funds that they required by the compendious process of selling them, by the hundred, into slavery.

If the village Zemindars had so warm an affection for these cruel tyrants that they were led by this sentiment to come fiercely forward to risk life and limb to vindicate their rights, and to re-establish them in the possession of all the broad acres which they had acquired by force or fraud from those very men, or their immediate predecessors, they must be unlike any other human beings on the face of the earth.

In truth, however, the real cause of the vehement hostility manifested by the yeomen peasantry of Oude is much more consistent with the ordinary impulses of human nature. It may be told in very few words. The Sepoys, who had originally provoked the internecine strife which was raging within the walls of Lucknow, were the fathers, brothers, or sons of the men who now rushed to their rescue, and who sided with the Talookdars, not because they sympathised with their special grievances, not because they had any quarrel with the British Government other than that of the Sepoys, least of all because they had any attachment to the ousted dynsasty that had so long and so grievously misgoverned their land; but simply because, being a warlike race, they saw that their earnest co-operation afforded the only chance of saving their brothers and cousins, the husbands of their sisters and the brothers of their wives, from being crushed by the Feringees. The Talookdars, no doubt, had some personal followers, but the bulk of the rural population sided with them only as having a common enemy; not as rebels, in any ordinary sense of the term, but as being the compatriots of the mutinous Sepoys. If the Talookdars had rebelled on their own account, and not as the allies of the Sepoys, who were fighting with halters round their necks, they would have had no aid from the great body of the rural population, the fighting men of Oude.

Having thus, we trust, demonstrated by a process little short of exhaustion that civil grievances had nothing to do with the origin of the insurrection, a few instances will serve to illustrate the reality of the terrors that operated so violently upon the minds of the Sepoys as absolutely to dominate their reason, their long experience of the justice and tolerant spirit of the Government, and the respect and affection which many of them undoubtedly felt for their English officers. Whatever may have been the wilful fraud and guilt of those who concocted and first propagated the lies about cow's fat and pig's fat, bone-dust mixed with flour, and the flesh of pigs and cows thrown into wells for the purpose of destroying the caste of those who might drink the water, it is beyond question that ninety-nine, at least, out of every hundred Sepoys sincerely believed these tales, and suffered torments under the delusion. This being so, the operation of such terrors upon minds so ignorant and prejudiced as those of the Sepoys is abun-

dantly sufficient to account for all the effects produced upon their conduct, without calling in a tittle of aid from the hypothesis of sympathy on their part with the unrecognised adoptees of Mahratta princes, or with landholders, long exempt, compelled to pay revenue. If either or both of these classes had risen against the British Government, with grievances a hundred times as great as they were alleged to suffer, but at a moment when the Sepoys had no fears about the safety of their caste, they would not only have refused to make common cause with such malcontents, but would have shot them down without mercy at the ordinary word of command. Those who actually followed the Sepoys to the field were, with few exceptions, of a very different character from those alleged to have had such good cause for being our deadly enemies.

At page 592–3 of Mr. Kaye's work will be found an extract from a letter written by Sir Henry Lawrence to Lord Canning on the 9th of May, 1857 :—

'I had a conversation,' he says, 'with a Jemadar of the Oude artillery for more than an hour, and was startled by the dogged persistence of the man, a Brahmin of about forty years of age, of excellent character, in the belief that for ten years past Government had been engaged in measures for the forcible, or rather fraudulent conversion of all the natives. . . . He often repeated, "I tell you what everybody says;" but when I replied, fools and traitors may say so, but honest and sensible men cannot think so, he would not say that he himself did not believe, but said, "I tell you they are all like sheep; the leading one tumbles down and all the rest roll over him."'

At page 553, Mr. Kaye tells, on the authority of Lieutenant Martineau, that a non-commissioned officer, detatched for rifle-practice at Umballa, having been 'publicly taunted by a "Soubahdar" (a native captain) of his own regiment (the 36th), then forming the escort of the Commander-in-Chief,'

'With having become a Christian, cried like a child when he told it to the lieutenant, said that he was an outcast, and that the men of his regiment had refused to eat with him.' The men of the detachments, Mr. Kaye proceeds, 'had written letters to their distant comrades, and received no answers; and now they asked, not without a great show of reason, "If a Soubahdar in the Commander-in-Chief's camp, and on duty as his personal escort, can taunt us with loss of caste, what sort of reception shall we meet on our return to our own corps? No reward that Government can offer us is any equivalent for being regarded as outcasts by our own comrades."'

In the extraordinary manifesto issued at Cawnpore by the Nana on the 7th of July, 1857, proclaiming how, as the result of a conspiracy between the Governor-General and his Council, Queen Victoria, and the English merchants of Calcutta, '35,000 Europeans had been dispatched to Hindostan to make all the natives Christians,' but had got on their way no further than Egypt, where they had been destroyed by the Pasha, acting under the 'Firmàn of the Sultan of Roum,' so that not 'even a single European escaped,' there is not the most distant hint at any other grievance or ground of quarrel with the Government than this alleged intention of compulsory and wholesale conversion. Of the authenticity of this proclamation there is no doubt. We have the highest authority for stating that 'a copy of it was found on the person of an influential native, captured by us in the neighbourhood of Agra,' shortly after the date that it bears. And it is equally certain that those who drafted it were not likely to make a mistake as to the key-note proper to be struck for the purpose of inflaming the passions of the ignorant through their fears.

But the most remarkable illustration of the extraordinary hallucination under which the Sepoys laboured remains to be told, and we tell it in the words of Colonel (now Major General) W. Maule Ramsay, who was in command of the Gwalior Contingent at the period of the mutiny. Speaking of the arguments urged upon him by a Soubahdar (a native captain) of that corps, shortly before the actual outbreak, he says :

'I remember well the old man entreating me to get the Governor-General recalled, saying that if he remained the whole army would mutiny. I said : Why, what has the Lord Sahib done to make the army mutiny? The Government is the best friend the army has. The old man, with tears running down his cheeks, told me that Lord Canning had come out pledged to the Queen of England to make all the army Christians, and had undertaken to have all the native officers to dinner at Government House before he left. I laughed at the idea, and endeavoured to prove to him that the Government had always protected the religion of the Hindoos and Mahomedans. The old Soubahdar was just as positive he was right, and enumerated the advantages of the Company's service, telling me he was perfectly aware that the King of Delhi would neither grant pensions after long service, nor give a pension to the widows and orphans of soldiers killed on service, nor have hospitals for the sick, nor remit their money for them, &c., &c. I said when the Government attempts to force the native army to become Christians I will tender my resignation, and will let you know; until I do that your religion is quite safe. He rose up to take his departure, saying he should never again have such masters, but that unless Lord Canning was removed the army *must* go,

and he must join his comrades. I saw him repeatedly afterwards, but he was always of the same opinion.'

General Ramsay adds :—

'When the 1st Cavalry mutinied, a native officer escorted Captain Burlton and two other officers into the Agra fort. He came to pay me a visit, and I endeavoured to persuade him to remain with us, telling him that a large European force was close to Calcutta. He said he knew he was quitting the best service in the world, repeating nearly all the Soubahdar had said about the advantages of it: "But, sir," he said, "you know all our feelings, you know how we hate the Hindoos, and how they detest us, but in this it is (quoting a Hindustani proverb) two riders in one saddle. We are unanimous; does not this show it is the work of the Almighty?" And so saying, he went back and cast in his lot with the mutineers.'

It is very remarkable, that well knowing all this, and much more to the same purport, having written pages to narrate how often, and with how much violence, at different periods and in many parts of India, Sepoys had mutinied under the exclusive impulses of their own grievances or their own fears; and having quoted from Sir Henry Lawrence's Essays, 'What the European officers *have* repeatedly done, may surely be expected from natives; we shall be unwise to wait for such occasion; *come it will, unless anticipated;* a Clive may not then be at hand;' adding, 'the emphatic italics are Lawrence's:'—it is remarkable, we say, that having himself placed on record all these facts and opinions, Mr. Kaye should insist upon calling in the aid of other, and, to speak in the mildest terms, petty and trivial causes to account for the terrible outbreak which deluged India with the blood, first, of the stranger, and then, in far larger quantities, of her own children.

We believe that it will not be found difficult to trace this inconsistency to its source. The author who aspires to write what is called a philosophical history is exposed to a great snare. He must on no account permit his mind to run in the wheel-ruts, and he feels bound to regard with suspicion any solution of social problems which has been accepted as sufficient by the common herd of mankind. He is, consequently, in constant temptation to cast about for occult and recondite motives of action which have not suggested themselves to ordinary minds. It is evident that just in proportion to the power of the imagination, and to the ingenuity of such a writer, is the danger that he will first mislead himself, and then his readers. Mr. Kaye has not escaped this snare; and the process by which he deludes himself is very curious. He first paints a fancy scene, and then builds on the pasteboard as if it were granite. For example, he is speaking of the mysterious rumours of disasters about to befall the British Government, which, he tells us, preceded the outbreak, and of the general disaffection of the people, which led them to welcome joyfully such shadows as the coming events cast before them :—

'All along the line of road,' he says, 'from town to town, from village to village, were thousands to whom the feet of those who brought the glad tidings were beautiful and welcome. The British magistrate, returning from his evening ride, was perhaps met on the road near the bazaar by a venerable native on an ambling pony—a native respectable of aspect, with white beard and white garments, who salaamed to the English gentleman as he passed, and went on his way freighted with intelligence refreshing to the souls of those to whom it was to be communicated, to be used with judgment and sent on with despatch. This was but one of the many costumes worn by the messenger of evil. In whatever shape he passed there was nothing outwardly to distinguish him. Next morning there was a sensation in the bazaar, and a vague excitement in the Sepoy lines.'

Now all this ingenious word-painting has not the slightest real groundwork. Mr. Kaye guards himself with a 'perhaps,' but who saw the old gentleman with the white beard, or detected personified rumour in any of his other 'many costumes?' To ninety-nine, at least, out of every hundred of the dealers in any given bazaar, 'the feet' of a new customer with a few rupees in his girdle would have been far more 'beautiful and welcome' than those of any conspirator against the Government under whose protection they and their fathers had bought and sold for long years in peace and safety. There is not a tittle of evidence that the people in general had any premonitory intimation of the intended rising of the Sepoys, if, indeed, the Sepoys themselves had any long-premeditated intention to rise. It is well known that after the mutineers had marched out of Meerut on the road to Delhi, they halted within twenty-five miles of the former station to debate whether they should not turn round and make for Bareilly. So little was there of any preconcerted plan. And it is believed by some well qualified to form an opinion, that if they had been briskly pursued by the Carabineers they would have laid down their arms. In several instances—at Mozufferpore, Dacca, and Chittagong, for example—the townspeople drove out the mutineers. Many hundreds, probably thousands, of the Sepoys were

robbed and murdered by the villagers as they were straggling to their homes from Delhi or Cawnpore with their ill-gotten booty. With the exception of the vilest rabble, who followed them as the jackal follows the tiger, and who lived, in a great measure, by plundering the plunderers, there was no sympathy between the mutineers and the people. Every man who had intelligence enough to look beyond the passing hour, and who had the smallest property to lose, was well aware what the consequences of the ascendancy of his armed fellow-countrymen must be. If they had no special affection for their English rulers, they felt in their heart of hearts that the domination of the white man was immeasurably preferable to anarchy and unbridled rapine. And they well knew that such tribulations would assuredly and speedily follow the victory of the Sepoys.

We fear it may be thought that we have dwelt at unnecessary and tedious length upon this much-disputed question of mutiny or rebellion. But, in truth, it is of far greater importance than all other questions connected, directly or indirectly, with the events of 1857, put together, that the people of England should be able to come to a certain conclusion whether the people of India, as a body, or any considerable portion of that body, were inimical to the British Government on that occasion, in such a sense that they either committed, or attempted or desired to commit, overt acts of deadly hostility against it; or whether our danger—our whole real danger—sprang from the large and highly-trained native army, and the extreme numerical disproportion of that army to the English force stationed in India at the time of the outbreak. We think that we have brought together a mass of evidence which it is impossible to reconcile with the hypothesis of general disaffection, of such a character as to be fairly synonymous with rebellion; and that we have proved, on the contrary, that almost our only enemy—certainly our only formidable enemy—was the Frankenstein of our own creation, whom we had nursed up into such perilous dimensions, unchecked by any adequate counter-balancing power, that nothing but the signal courage and tenacity of our race enabled us to come conquerors out of the struggle for life or death against such fearful odds and disadvantages.

If, then, these propositions have been demonstrated, what is the logical corollary? Not, certainly, that we should cherish a chronic distrust of the whole native population, and especially of the Mahomedans, and allow ourselves to believe that they are only biding their time to rise and slay us. Not, as certainly, that we should write books or pamphlets (which thousands of the natives nowadays can read and understand as well as we do), to denounce the British Government as atrociously perfidious and unjust, and the statesmen delegated by England to exercise supreme power in India as 'the worst and basest of rulers.' But, surely, if the premises which we have endeavoured to establish be true, the one great lesson to be learned from the fearful perils through which God has carried us safely is this: that whilst we are bound to use our most earnest and sustained endeavours to win from the more intelligent and the best-disposed of our subject millions—if we cannot hope for their affections—the confidence, the respect, and the conviction of self-interest involved in the stability of our rule, we should, at the same time, most carefully guard ourselves against a repetition of the grievous mistake of establishing an enormous native army, which we have found by sad experience that it is indispensable to watch and keep in check by a British force so large, that it puts the severest strain alike on the finances of India, and on the population of Great Britain, to maintain it in the necessary strength and efficiency.

Where, then, is the escape from this dilemma? We have read of machines of vast power, but yet so heavy and unwieldy that they could hardly give motion to their own bulk, still less communicate force to other bodies. Our power in India is in danger of being crippled by its own weight. We are told that we must maintain a very large native force. It is certain we cannot safely do so unless we keep up, at the same time, a body of English troops, upon which we may depend as fully competent to control that force at all times, and to destroy it if it rise against us. But the cost of this double necessity is ruining us; it is, at the least, exhausting the means of rendering our Government ten times more beneficent than with all our efforts we can now make it. It is the old case 'propter vitam, vivendi perdere causas.' We spend so much in guarding our field that we have not wherewithal left for its proper and creditable cultivation.

But before we fold our arms in hopelessness, let us consider if it be not possible to cut the knot of the difficulty. Is it absolutely certain that the safety of our dominion is involved in our keeping on foot a native army of 135,000 men? Can we feel sure of their loyalty at the moment of our greatest peril? At such a crisis, should we

not be safer with half of them, if only we had at hand a comparative small body of English soldiers. 'The more troops we had,' says Mr. Raikes with reference to Agra in 1857, 'save our one weak European regiment and battery, the greater our danger.' Not to press the argument too far, is it not possible, is it not probable, that our dominion would be quite as secure if defended by 75,000 native troops and 50,000 English soldiers, as it is now under the protection of 135,000 of the former and 70,000 of the latter, the Government saving the difference between the cost of maintaining the larger and the smaller body, or—what is better—investing that sum in railroads and their feeders, in works of irrigation and navigable canals.

That which has happened once may happen again. We have crushed with extreme difficulty, and at a vast expense of blood and treasure, a simultaneous uprising of an enormous native army, making use for our destruction of the weapons that we had put into their hands and of the skill and discipline which we had taught them. But during the century of our tenure of power it has never been imperilled for a moment by any insurrection of the people. There have been petty outbreaks, no doubt, but they have occasioned no anxiety, and have been repressed without difficulty. And we may safely assure ourselves that such risings will be less frequent and less formidable as every year passes by. The history of all lands and of all times should teach us how soon and how thoroughly, under a strong and just Government, and with circumstances otherwise tolerably favourable, even an excitable and warlike population settles down to the pursuits of peaceful industry and forgets the use of arms, and what the Roman historian called 'certaminis gaudia.' The Jâts who defended Bhurtpore against Lord Combermere, in 1826, nine-tenths of whom had never heard a shot fired in anger, were as different from those who, trained to arms from their youth, manned the same walls against Lord Lake in 1805, as the present farmers of Huntingdonshire from Cromwell's Ironsides. Compare the Britons who fought against the Romans with those who fled before the Saxons; the Highlanders of 1745 with their living great-grandchildren. We know how little that petty portion of the population which was most hostile achieved against us, apart from the Sepoys, in 1857–8. They have since been disarmed, and lost, therefore, a great part of the power for mischief which they previously possessed. Surely, then, we do not need a large native army to keep them down, and 70,000 British troops, 'custodire ipsos custodes.' Yet simply because the latter cost us, man for man, twice as much as the native soldier, we are continually sending home regiments and batteries of Europeans, or reducing their numerical strength, while our native army, though certainly much smaller than it was before the mutiny, is maintained in formidable force.

Taking the average of the whole country, there are, probably, no people in the world so docile, so addicted to the pursuits of industry, and consequently, so easily governed, as the natives of India. There are wild races on its extreme north-western and north-eastern frontiers who have given us trouble in times past, and may give us trouble again: but as long as we keep out of their fastnesses they are almost powerless for mischief, and even if we march into their hills to seek them they are antagonists utterly contemptible to soldiers who have confronted Russians and Frenchmen. Our only real enemies on such occasions are malaria, snow, and the difficulty of forwarding supplies—enemies to be overcome not by force of arms, but by the foresight and general resources of the civil administration. We have one or two savage tribes, such as the Bheels and the Sontals, in the jungles within our own borders, but it has not been found impracticable to win their confidence, and to humanise them; and when they occasionally break out they are no match, in thousands, for a few hundreds of their own kindred, trained and led by English officers. For the rest, we cannot imagine any insurrection of the people which a body of well-organised police, acting promptly, on the first manifestation of danger to the public peace, could not easily suppress. Indeed, such a force, with just discipline enough to ensure combined action and mutual support in actual conflict, but not drilled into soldiers, appears to us to be the very instrument best fitted to maintain our authority over our own subjects, at the name time that it involves the least danger to our rule; for the police of one district has no relations with the police of any other district, except, to a very limited extent, with its immediate neighbours. The policeman of Patna knows no more of the policeman of Meerut than he does of the policeman of Berlin or Madrid. The two have no means of making common cause for any object. The native soldiery, on the contrary, though less homogeneous than before the mutiny, are in a far greater degree a united body, very many of them born in the same province, sprung from the

same clan, members of the same caste, fraternizing in camps and cantonments, or meeting on the line of march in the frequent changes of quarters. The Sepoy at Calcutta has brothers or cousins in the regiments at Agra, or even Peshawur, and the system of cheap postage renders intercommunication easy and frequent. And these men, unlike the police, are sedulously drilled into the highest state of discipline and efficiency.

Yet, strange as it must appear, it is nevertheless true that for one word that is said in deprecation of a too large native army a hundred voices are raised to insist upon the danger of what is called, for the purpose of evoking prejudice, a military police; as if it were not in our own power to fix the point to which organization and drill should be carried, and no further; as if there were not more latent and possible mischief in a single regiment of thoroughly disciplined and armed soldiers than in ten times their number of rough-and-ready policemen. Even in Parliament, when Lord Cranborne brought forward, with so much ability, the last Indian budget, the same cuckoo note was raised by those who ought to have known better. But 'there are some men,' as Dr. Johnson said, 'who would have cried fire in the deluge.'

An event which took place at Bareilly, the capital of Rohilcund, in 1816, affords the aptest illustration and proof of the utter impotence of an undisciplined multitude, however individually brave and well armed, and with all the fervour of fanaticism superadded, to bear down the defences or to resist the onset of a very small body of regular troops, led with ordinary courage and judgment. On the occasion in question, resistance to a novel house-tax had been inflamed by accidental bloodshed into vehement religious excitement, under the influence of which some 5,000 to 6,000 Rohillas (some accounts say more than twice as many), brave and reckless to a proverb, and well provided with matchlocks, swords and spears, had risen in violent insurrection. The only troops at hand to resist them were about 270 men of the 27th Native Infantry, with two guns, and 150 of a provincial battalion—a wretched sort of local militia—together with a regiment of Irregular Horse. Let the historian (H. H. Wilson) tell the result of the conflict:—

'Their first attack was made upon the Sepoys. Being formed in a square (we have been assured by an officer who took part in the engagement that the Sepoys were drawn up in a triangle, from want of numbers to form a square), the troops repulsed every charge, though the assailants fought with fury, some of them making their way into the square, where they were cut down or bayoneted. On his side Captain Cunningham's horse charged the masses of the multitude, and threw them into confusion. Repulsed in their forward movements, they took up their ground in a grove defended by a low wall, but were driven out of it by the troops, who pursued them into the old town and set fire to the huts in which they had taken shelter. This put an end to the conflict. The insurgents dispersed, leaving between three and four hundred dead, and a greater number wounded and taken prisoners. The loss of the troops was inconsiderable—twenty-one killed, sixty-two wounded.'

Bearing in mind that the Rohillas have, perhaps, the highest reputation for courage among the martial tribes of India (as they have proved in a hundred conflicts with ourselves and others), that they were in 1816 well provided with arms, and accustomed to their use, and that, since the mutiny, they have been, as we believe, pretty effectually disarmed, there ought to be no insuperable difficulty in coming to the conclusion that we do not require our present complement of 135,000 native troops to assist, say, 40,000 English soldiers and a well-organised police in suppressing any possible insurrection of our subjects, at a period when railways afford us the altogether novel advantage of the means of rapidly concentrating our forces on any point of rising danger.

There is another consideration, the importance of which, in its bearing upon the question under discussion, to which we earnestly invite the attention of the authorities, can hardly be overestimated. We have spoken only of the railways. It has been objected that they might easily be broken up by insurgents, at the very moment of need. The same may be said of the electric telegraph, which, nevertheless, was worked long enough in 1857, when it flashed the intelligence of the mutiny at Meerut to Lahore, to be the means of preserving many invaluable lives, and to cooperate largely with other causes in saving the Punjab from being crippled at the very commencement of the struggle. As regards the railways, however, it must be borne in mind that they could be destroyed only in close proximity to the actual scene of insurrection, and that, at the worst, they would serve to convey troops from distant stations to within a few marches of the field of action. But we possess other advantages over the races subject to our rule in India which, being absolutely in our own hands, could not be turned against us. At no period of history were science and mechanical ingenuity so actively and successfully engaged in turning

to practical account the resources of nature and art; and no field, we believe, is now so assiduously cultivated as that which bears fruit in the invention or improvement of engines and munitions of war. Whatever of evil may result from this undeniable tendency of the age, this much is certain, that it gives an irresistible advantage to the soldiers of wealthy and civilised nations in conflict with those who, from whatever cause, are unable to provide themselves with weapons of equally destructive power. The introduction of rifled or otherwise improved artillery, throwing explosive projectiles with the greatest accuracy to distances till recently deemed fabulous; of breech-loading or repeating rifles, by the use of which a handful of men may maintain a fire equal to that of a battalion armed as in old times; of the field telegraph; and of other inventions—yearly improved and extended—gives to those who alone, from their wealth and knowledge, can command such resources a superiority in war over rude and uncivilised peoples greater, perhaps, than the possession and use of gunpowder afforded in the middle ages. Mere numbers will be of no avail against troops armed and equipped in the manner which we have indicated. We have seen how much 'the needle gun'—however aided by other causes of superiority—has effected for Prussia in a conflict with a people of equal military reputation. From this instance we may form some estimate as to what would be the effects of breech-loaders, and of artillery and projectiles of the latest and most approved invention, employed against Asiatics who could not possibly possess themselves of similar weapons. The use of these improved arms would of course be confined to British troops. It would be rash to place them in the hands of natives, by whom they might be turned against ourselves. But then how absurd a thing it would be to maintain an enormous native army, which we should be compelled to arm in a comparatively inefficient manner! The true policy is to have a smaller force, perfectly trustworthy, and rendered invincible by the superiority of its arms.

Be it observed, too, that this argument tells with tenfold force against those who—if their opinions are to be inferred from their conduct—differ from us in seeing no danger in the maintenance of 135,000 disciplined native troops, whom they hold to be indispensably required to protect our Government against insurrections of the people. But if that be the quarter from which danger to our Indian Empire really threatens, where or how are the supposed insurgents, the Ryots of the plains, or the artisans of the large cities, the Bheels, or the Sontals, or even the wild tribes on our frontiers, to obtain weapons wherewith to face Armstrong guns and breech-loading rifles of the newest construction?

The classes throughout India who might once have been dangerous learnt a lesson in 1857 in respect to the power of England and the immeasurable superiority of the British soldier, which they are not likely to forget for one or two generations; by which time, unless we wilfully keep it alive, the military spirit of the people will, for the most part, have died out. What we deprecate is a course of conduct which at once feeds that spirit in a proportion of the population needlessly large, and compels us to drain the labour-market of England of the young men whom its industries can very ill spare, in order to keep in check a large native force which India would be better without.

There is no danger that could assail us from external foes without affording us ample time to strengthen our hands to meet it. The native princes within the Peninsula are altogether powerless for serious aggression; and reducing our own force, we might well demand that they should disband a corresponding number of their own troops. With ordinary watchfulness on our part, no one of them could collect the means of harming us, and all experience has shown that they are incapable of combining for such a purpose. Our only neighbour who has a real army is strong only in his native mountains. The last campaign in Oude has dissipated whatever notion previously existed that the troops of Nipal could give us any trouble on the plains. And while we believe the invasion of India by Russia to be the most hollow of bugbears, it is certain that long before any army could march from the steppes of the Sea of Aral through the defiles of Affghanistan and debouch upon the Punjab, troops might be sent from England which, combined with what could be spared from the ordinary garrison of India, would form a force abundantly capable of dealing with the invaders.

This is an Imperial even more than it is an Indian question. Year by year, as the minds of our labouring classes are enlarged, either by education or by a wider intercourse with their kind, they are becoming less and less 'adscripti glebæ;' the attractions of America or Australia grow stronger; the master finds it necessary to court the man, not the man the master; and the difficulties of raising recruits for the army are from these causes greatly increased.

The reduction by one-third of the amount of European force now maintained in India would be a very sensible relief to England. But this cannot, we freely admit, be safely done as long as we persist in keeping up our native army at its present strength. And in order to bring about a state of opinion in this country which would permit an adequate reduction of that army, it is indispensable that the public mind should be thoroughly disabused of the mischievous error that the terrible events which sickened or maddened every English heart in 1857 were the work of an insurgent people, goaded into rebellion by long years of misgovernment, and that an overwhelming military force is required to guard against fresh outbreaks of the same nature. We have endeavoured to show the real origin and character of the insurrection of 1857, and to prove from the experience of the past where, and where alone, serious danger to our rule lies in the future. Danger for danger, it is far less hazardous to trust the population, than to lean on the broken reed of a native soldiery. We shall profit, if we are wise, by the counsel which the late Rajah of Puttiala, our faithful ally, and himself a Sikh, addressed to Mr. Raikes :—

'Wait, sir, till this excitement of victory, this surfeit of plunder, be over; wait till you mass large bodies of Sikhs in your cantonments; and then remember that I warned you of the danger.'

Mr. Raikes proceeds :—

'This conversation made the greater impression on me, as comprising the views of Brigadier Chamberlain,* who a few days before had said to me: "The Sepoys have waited a hundred years to mutiny; the Sikhs, if subject to like temptations, will not wait ten."'

He also had received from the Rajah of Jheend (a Sikh) a similar warning.

Since the foregoing paper was sent to the press we have seen a letter from Sir John Lawrence on the subject of the mutiny, dated so recently as the 18th of April last. The opinions to which he has given the stamp of his high authority, corroborated by those of the chiefs and people whom, as he states, he has consulted, are so entirely in accordance with the views which we have expressed —being couched, indeed, almost in identical language—that we feel that we should do less than justice to the very important truths which we have felt it our duty to enforce if we held back this opportune communication from our readers :—

'As regards the mutiny, I am fully convinced not only that it arose in the native army, but that it did not extend to the people of the country to any great extent, except where they were the relatives and connexions of the native soldiers. As the Sepoys were destroyed or dispersed, all the people, save and except those who had committed themselves by acts of atrocity, speedily settled down. In the greater part of the Delhi territory there was scarcely a shot fired after the recapture of the city. This is the universal testimony of the chiefs and people whom I have consulted, as well as my own observation. In the upper part of the Gangetic Doab many of the Sepoys, on their way to their homes, were waylaid by the country folk, plundered, and murdered. Hindostan, and indeed all India, are full of predatory races, who for ages have been robbers and plunderers, and who seized on the opportunity of the mutiny to return to their old ways. The Goojur, the Mehwatee, the Mena, the Boondela, and so forth, rejoice over the good old days of plunder and rapine, and naturally took to the ways of their forefather.'

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ART. II.—*Causeries d'un Curieux : Variétés d'Histoire et d'Art ; Tirées d'un Cabinet d'Autographes et de Dessins.* Par F. FEUILLET DE CONCHES. Tomes Premier et Second, 1862; Tome Troisième, 1864: Paris.

THE title of this book is untranslatable. There is no English equivalent for *causerie*, which is something less formal, continuous, and pretentious than 'conversation,'—something more intellectual, refined, and cultivated than 'talk.' An earnest preoccupied man may converse; an over-excited or coarse-minded man may talk; but neither the one nor the other can *causer* in the precise French acceptation of the word. Boswell says, 'Though his (Johnson's) usual phrase for conversation was "talk," yet he made a distinction; for when he once told me that he dined the day before at a friend's house, with a "very pretty company," and I asked him if there was good conversation, he answered, "No, Sir, we had 'talk,' but no conversation; there was nothing discussed."' On another occasion, however, when he said there had been good 'talk,' Boswell rejoined, 'Yes, Sir, you tossed and gored several persons.' Positiveness, loudness, love of argument, and eagerness for display, are fatal to *causerie;* which we take to consist in the easy, careless, unforced flow and interchange of remarks, fancies, feelings, or thoughts,—the results of reading, observation, or reflection; begun without defined

* Now Sir Neville Chamberlain, K.C.B. and K.S.I., an officer of great distinction, and with equal knowledge of the military classes of North-Western India.

object or formed purpose, and continuing its course like Wordsworth's river which 'windeth at its own sweet will,' or Burns's verses when he trusted to the inspiration of accident—

'And how the subject-theme may gang,
Let time and chance determine;
Perhaps it may turn out a sang,
Perhaps turn out a sermon.'

In strictness, therefore, perhaps the title of *causeries* should only be given to such a book as we should call 'Table-Talk.' But we are not disposed to quarrel with M. Sainte-Beuve for giving it to his valuable collection of familiar essays, critical and biographical, the justly-celebrated 'Causeries du Lundi;' still less to find fault with M. Feuillet de Conches for bestowing it on a book which, without any extraordinary stretch of fancy, we can imagine to have grown out of conversations with persons of congenial pursuits,—the scene varying between the library, the picture-gallery, the museum, and the collector's cabinet. Each freely and frankly communicates the discoveries he has made or the information he has collected; the *pièce justificative*, or illustrative document, in the shape of an autograph letter, manuscript, engraving, or portrait, is produced or appealed to; then come inquiry, comment, amicable difference, and discussion; till materials are accumulated for a book rivalling the 'Curiosities of Literature' in erudition, and far surpassing it in accuracy, penetration, and suggestiveness. Indeed, we have rarely met with one which opens so many fruitful fields of inquiry, supplies so many important topics of speculation, or brings the critical faculty so pleasantly and profitably into play.

The tendency and utility of such a work are so obvious, that there was little need of the apologetic preface of sixty pages, addressed to the celebrated advocate and jurisconsult, M. Chaix d'Este-Ange. Considering how chronicles, journals, correspondence, household-books, news-letters, broad sheets, loose scraps of every kind, have been ransacked and turned to account by recent writers of note,—the literary world in general, and historians in particular, would seem to be sufficiently awake already to the value of well-authenticated details and contemporary evidence, however homely and minute. M. Philarête Chasles might safely have been left unanswered when he exclaimed, 'What care I about the patience or scrupulousness of a former frequenter of the Alexandrian library who should have saved for me, in twenty-five volumes folio, the *billets-doux* of Cleopatra and the bills of her washerwoman and jeweller.' Twenty-five volumes in folio would be a large order, but can it be doubted that Cleopatra's bills, to say nothing of her *billets-doux*, would help to throw light on the habits and manners of the lady, the country, and the time? Can M. Philarête Chasles have forgotten the philosophic reflection of Pascal that, if Cleopatra's nose had been shorter, the whole face of the world might have been changed? Minute personal details have been rightly treasured by biographers; and we feel grateful to Mr. Forster for printing the bill of Goldsmith's tailor, Mr. Filby of Water Lane, although it does not specify the charge for the famous peach-coloured coat which provoked the sarcasm of Johnson.

At the same time we are not sorry that M. Feuillet de Conches has been seduced into a vindication of his plan; for, if superfluous, his preface is the opposite of commonplace or dull. It comprises a brief and rapid but masterly appreciation of the leading French memoirs; and after illustrating by instances the advantages of biographical details and private letters in estimating books as well as men, it proceeds to give proofs of the serious liability incurred by authors who are content with secondhand authority.

'When we write a book, it is our reflection, our reason, that speak; we express only our ideas, sometimes only the hypocrisy of our ideas. When we write letters, we more commonly express our sentiments and our passions. Read, for example, the elegant pages in which Sallust raises altars to poverty, proclaims the ineffable sweetness and the eminent dignity of the Stoic moralists, stigmatises with burning declamation, with virtuous anger, the corruption of Rome, the extortion in the provinces. Is it after reading this that we shall recognise this Sallust, the corrupter of the domestic hearth, the bloodstained tribune, the slave of Cæsar, the impudent extortioner, whose famous museum-gardens were built with the gold and the tears of Numidia? Incredible power of abstraction! prodigious miracle of taste and art! This man, branded with infamy, talks of virtue like Cato; pen in hand he becomes virtuous.

'Shall we believe also in the disinterestedness of Seneca, in his philosophy, his austerity, his clemency, by reading nothing but his moral treatises, from which morals seem to flow rather than words. Read his life, and you will avert your looks. Alongside of some real public and private virtues, what shameful weakness! What infamy and crime! He knew how to die: he did not know how to live.'

When Seneca wrote his treatise in praise of poverty, he had some millions sterling out at usurious interest; and it was the pointed saying of South, that when he (Seneca) recommended people to throw

away their money, it was with the view of picking it up himself.

Amongst moderns there is the familiar tale of Rousseau, invoking parental care for infancy and sending his own children to a foundling hospital; and the less known contrast between the published sentimentalism and the private conduct of St. Pierre, the author of 'Paul and Virginia,' who has been handed down to posterity, upon the not quite unimpeachable testimony of his wife, as a man of desolating egotism, violent against the feeble, mendacious with the powerful. 'I have gathered from the mouth of an intimate friend of this worthy woman,' adds M. Feuillet de Conches, 'the most startling anecdotes of this pretended good man.'

Fortunately for poor humanity, there is a compensating process or principle simultaneously at work, by aid of which the private characters of authors neutralise the repelling impressions of their works. The Count Joseph de Maistre proclaimed the hangman the keystone of the social edifice. He deliberately laid down that, in the study of philosophy, contempt for Locke is the beginning of wisdom; that the Essay on the Human Understanding 'is most assuredly, deny it who may, all that the absolute want of genius and style can produce most wearisome;' that Bacon is a charlatan; that the *De Augmentis* is 'perfectly null and contemptible;' and the *Novum Organon* 'simply worthy of Bedlam.' No writer of anything like equal eminence has given expression to so startling an amount of prejudice, illiberality, and insulting arrogance in his books; whilst his familiar letters teem with proofs of a kindly and loving nature, of candor, liberality, and Christian virtues.

We are also told to be on our guard against drawing too broad an inference from some one memorable passage or action with which a name has been inextricably and disadvantageously mixed up. 'If there are certain cries of the heart which paint the entire man and betray the secrets of his soul, he may let drop ill-considered words in an emergency which are in contradiction to his real sentiments, to his whole life.' Or, to adopt the language of Bruyère, 'Je ne sais s'il est permis de juger des hommes par une faute qui est unique, et si un besoin extrême, ou une violent passion, ou un premier mouvement, tirent à conséquence.' Thus, we are not to believe Barnave a Robespierre because, when the death of Foulon was announced amidst the indignant murmurs in the Constituent Assembly, he exclaimed, '*Le sang qui coule, est-il donc si pur qu'on ne puisse en repandre quelques gouttes?*' He lived to make ample reparation for this outrage. Nor will it be forgotten that the Vicomte de Bonald was honest, firm, and high-minded, although, hurried away by intolerance, he impatiently replied to those who objected to making sacrilege a capital crime, '*Eh bien! les coupables iront devant leur juge naturel!*'

In order to inculcate the value of documents, M. Feuillet de Conches has unsparingly exposed celebrated authors who have proceeded on the *mon histoire est finie* principle; and he relates an anecdote which will be new to most readers. M. de Lamartine meeting M. Alexander Dumas soon after the publication of the History of the Girondins, inquired anxiously of the famous romance-writer if he had read it. '*Oui; c'est superbe. C'est de l'histoire élevée à la hauteur du roman.*'

A friend calling on Archbishop Usher found him busily engaged in placing his choicest books and manuscripts under lock and key, a precaution which he explained by mentioning that he expected a party of bibliophiles and collectors to dinner. 'What most of all and still afflicts me,' complains Evelyn, 'those letters and papers of the Queen of Scots, originals and written with her own hand, which I furnished to Dr. Burnet, are pretended to have been lost at the presse. The rest I lent to his countryman, the late Duke of Lauderdale, who never returned them; so as by this tretchery my collection being broken, I bestowed the remainder on a worthy and curious friend of mine, *who is not likely to trust a Scot with anything he values.*'

A Scot is not always on the safe side in these matters. Sir Walter, after mentioning the sepulchral vase of silver sent him from Athens by Lord Byron, says that there was a letter sent with this vase more valuable than the gift itself. 'I left it naturally in the urn with the bones, but it is now missing. As the theft was not of a nature to be practised by a mere domestic, I am compelled to suspect the inhospitality of some individual of higher station; most gratuitously exercised, certainly, since, after what I have said, no one will choose to boast of possessing this literary curiosity.'

With such tendencies abroad, M. Feuillet de Conches is quite right in warning collectors against the predatory habits of their associates; although when he comes to particulars, his own personal grievances may turn out more imaginary than real.

"We need not go out of France in search of such adventures. Woe to the too confiding

collector who forgets that of King Candaules; another Gyges might nefariously cut his throat after robbing him of his treasure! The lords of the literary world know full well how to cajole them at need, these poor collectors. One while they publish their autographs, in spite of the owners; one while they borrow what they never return, or they do not even deign to cite their names whilst making use of their treasures.

'"Sicut canis ad Nilum, bibens et fugiens." Thus Lord Brougham, to whom, through the channel of an illustrious academician, I had lent letters of the eighteenth century for his notices, published at Paris, of Voltaire and Rousseau, has profited by my communications, and has not indicated the source, so that, without falling into the grasp of the law, I should not even have the right to reprint what belongs to me."

No such consequences could ensue, had Lord Brougham withheld the required acknowledgment; and in the preface to 'Lives of Men of Letters of the Time of George III.,' edition of 1855, we find, 'Besides the letters of Voltaire, communicated by Mr. Stanford, and which were given in the former editions, there are some of his, and one of Helvetius, now inserted, which had been given in the French edition, having been kindly communicated by M. Feuillet, a gentleman of great respectability.'

Another story, well authenticated by references, relates to the Malebranche correspondence, purchased at the Millon sale by a collector, and lent to a *grand philosophe* (not named) who forthwith made arrangements for publishing the letters and refused to return the originals.

'Philosophy, I presume, has privileges which simplify the domestic economy of property, and are denied to vulgar simplicity. "Oh, physics! preserve me from metaphysics," exclaimed the great Newton every morning of his life. The poor collector would not give in. He appealed to the authority of the worthy and loyal academician (the witness of the loan). Vain effort! A common friend, the author of the excellent edition of Pascal after the originals, was not more fortunate. Plato hugged his prize, *his* by right divine.

'Comply with the conditions, objected M. F. . . ., or restore. He who has bought and paid is the lawful owner. To print in spite of him in the *Journal des Savans*, would be the violation of his right; for after all, if he brought an action against you, what right could you allege? "*My right*," replied the philosopher, with a vivacity which had at least the merit of frankness, "*My passion is my right.*"'

Taking for granted, then, the value of original documents and evidences of all sorts, as well as the rights of property in them, to be established by the preface, we proceed to the main body of the work, which opens with an attempt to ascertain what are the oldest manuscripts and likenesses, painted or carved, that are proved by history or tradition to have once existed; how far down they can be traced, and when they were destroyed or lost sight of. The sacred archives come first, and questions arise, what became of the tables which Moses deposited in an ark? or of the copies of the law which the successive kings of Israel were directed to write out? or of the title-deeds which, like that of Hanameel's field, 'were put in earthen vessels that they might continue many days'? The wars of the Jews, their eventual subjugation and dispersion, with the repeated spoliation or destruction of the holy buildings in which their archives were deposited, sufficiently account for the disappearance of the originals at an early period; including the original of the Septuagint version of the Bible (made 277 B.C.) from a copy, for which, according to Josephus, an enormous sum was paid by Ptolemy.

The persecutions of the early Christians, and their scattered state, will equally account for the rapid disappearance of the autographs or originals of the Gospels, the Acts, the Epistles, and the Apocalypse. There is not so much as an authenticated scrap of the handwriting of any of the Fathers of the Church. The Greek copy of the Evangelists, known as the Codex Alexandrinus, in the British Museum, is assigned to the beginning of the fifth century, and the tradition attributing it to St. Thecla, one of St. Paul's virgin converts, is apocryphal at best. The pretended autograph of the Gospel according to St. Mark is still shown at Venice in a dilapidated, fragmentary, and utterly illegible state. Such as it is, it was brought with great ceremony from a convent in Aquileia in 1420, and is held to be nothing more than a devotional compilation for the use of the nuns. The autograph of autographs (priceless as the seamless coat), could it be recovered, is the letter of our Saviour to Abgar, Prince of Edessa, promising to send a disciple to cure his leprosy and teach his people the true faith. An Armenian historian of the fourth century, who gives the text of the Prince's application and the reply, says that Abgar, after having been baptised by the Apostle Thaddeus, wrote to Tiberius to confirm the miraculous life and death of Christ. St. John of Damascus relates the same incident with modifications. Procopius, in the time of Justinian, mentions this holy letter, then augmented by a postscript promising the city of Edessa that it should never fall into the hands of enemies; and in 940 A.D. the Roman Emperor got

possession of it; that is, he procured from Edessa a document in Greek which was there treasured as the original. He had it magnificently framed in gold and jewels, which probably caused its destruction; for it disappeared for good and all during the revolution of 1185, when the people of Constantinople rose and plundered the imperial palace.

Copies have been preserved; the oldest extant being one in the Escurial, made by a monk in 1435; and the authenticity of the epistle was first questioned by a celebrated philologist of the fifteenth century, Laurentius Valla, who went so far as to deny the existence of Abgar. The controversy was learnedly and conscientiously revived by an ecclesiastical historian of repute in the last century. 'But,' remarks M. Feuillet de Conches, 'knowledge and good faith are not criticism.' So, spite of this testimony, the epistle in question has been long since relegated to the company of the counterfeits, with the text of the sentence pronounced by Pontius Pilate, with the letters of Christ which fell from heaven after his ascension, with the letters of the Virgin, and the verses of the Sibyls, with the letters of the Devil (of which facsimiles have been published by Collin de Plancy), with the letter of the same Pontius Pilate on the life of Jesus Christ, and finally that of Publius Lentulus, which gives, from life, the portrait of the Messiah.

The letter of Lentulus opens a subject of the deepest and most reverential interest; but it has been so fully and admirably treated by Lady Eastlake that a bare outline of the main argument may suffice in this place.* This famous document purports to be a Report from a Roman proconsul to the senate, describing from actual observation the form, features, voice, bearing, look and manner of the Messiah,—the pure and open brow, the rich wine-coloured (*vinei coloris*) hair parted in the middle and falling on the shoulders, the clear blue eyes, the regular features with their grave yet sweet expression; painting, in short, so far as words can paint, the very *beau idéal* popularly received of the mortal attributes of the Divine Founder of our faith. It has been confidently alleged that this letter was extracted by Eutropius from the archives of the senate; that several Fathers of the Church made mention of it; and that portraits were painted after it by the command of Constantine the Great. To all this, the decisive reply is, that there was no proconsul named Lentulus in Judæa at the period; that no trace of the letter is discoverable in Eutropius; that none of the Fathers (including St. Augustine, who speaks of pretended portraits of Christ) make mention of it; and that the earliest notice of it occurs in the fifteenth century, when the famous preacher, Père Olivier Maillard, produced it in macaronic French.

Not content with these strong grounds for incredulity, M. Feuillet de Conches maintains that it would not be difficult to arrive at the source of the forgery, to pick out word by word the elements in the different traditional portraits in writing which lie scattered amongst the Fathers or the Greek ecclesiastical writers. He proceeds to proof, and a valuable piece of criticism is the result; from which we shall simply borrow an episodical passage or two on the startling doubt which long vexed and divided the Fathers, namely, whether the Divine Essence was reflected in the beauty of the outward and visible form, or hidden, for the wisest and best of purposes, under a mean and unattractive exterior.

The New Testament gave no help to either side. The Old Testament inflamed the controversy by an apparent diversity. 'Thou art fairer than the children of men,' is the inspired language of the Psalmist. 'He hath no form nor comeliness,' is the similarly inspired prophecy of Isaiah. The holy disputants, as was their wont, declined any rational explanation or reconciliation of the texts; and as no reference was made to the authority of Lentulus, the fair inference is that none of them had ever heard of him. St. Justin declared positively for ugliness: 'By appearing under an abject and humiliating exterior, our Saviour did but add to what the mystery of the redemption offers of sublime and touching.' Tertullian was strong for the same theory: 'Ne aspectu quidem honestus.' 'Nec humanæ honestatis fuit corpus ejus.' 'Si inglorius, si ignobilis, si inhonorabilis, meus erit Christus.' The pagans, accustomed to deify beauty, saw their advantage and struck in. 'Your Christ is ugly,' exclaimed Celsus with true Epicurean logic, 'then he is not God.' The three great divines of the Western Church, St. Ambrose, St. Jerome, and St. Augustine, stoutly held out for beauty, and the opposite opinion, discredited in Europe, was eventually confined to the Manichæans and some doctors of the East.

It may be collected from these disputes that no certain image or representation of

* 'The History of our Lord as Exemplified in Works of Art, &c. Commenced by the late Mrs. Jameson. Continued and completed by Lady Eastlake. London: 1864.' We refer to the introduction.

the form and features of Christ has been handed down by tradition. There is also much weight in the remark, that the most ancient effigies are stamped with a Greek or Roman character, both in physiognomy and costume, without any trace of the Arabian or Israelite type. Thus, before the Byzantine style fixed *à la grecque* the face and costume of Jesus, the paintings of the Roman catacombs gave him a Roman face, and clothed him with the toga and the pallium. Dating from these productions, there have been two principal types—the type of the Western Church and the type of the Eastern; varied to infinity by degrees of civilisation, by race, by manners, and by clime. 'The Greeks,' says Photius, 'think that He became a man after their image; the Romans, that He had the features of a Roman; the Indians, that of an Indian; the Ethiopians make him a black.' Black Virgins, we need hardly repeat, were painted and carved in ebony according to the received tradition, and still abound in Catholic countries.

The extent to which some of the great painters have travestied sacred subjects is familiar to all students of art; and the liberties taken by a ruder school are amusing by their mingled absurdity and singularity:

'In some of his pictures Rembrandt made Abraham a burgess of his time, and the Messiah a burgomaster of Saardam. In the old paintings representing the fall of Adam and Eve, it is not uncommon to find the forbidden fruit varying with the country or province. In Normandy and Picardy it is the classic apple, one of the riches of the country; in Burgundy and Champagne, the bunch of grapes; in Provence and Portugal, the fig and the orange; whilst in America it is the guava. The guide to the paintings of Mount Athos prescribes the fig. The fig-tree is under the protection of a Greek saint, Theodora, named the fig-eater. In Greece, then, it is generally the fig which is adopted on account of the sweetness and abundance of the fruit. In Italy it is sometimes the fig, sometimes the orange, according to the province or caprice.'

The Venerable Bede, not content with giving the names and ages of the Magi or wise men of the Epiphany, enters into minute details of their personal appearance and their respective gifts. Thus, Melchior, a white-haired sage, offers the gold; Gaspar, beardless and fresh-coloured, the frankincense; and Balthasar, dark and full-bearded, the myrrh. Bede followed the tradition of his age, the seventh century. But what did Cardinal Mazarin follow, or direct to be followed, when he ordered for his gallery an unbroken series of portraits of the Popes, beginning with St. Peter? A similar series has been reproduced in mosaic at Rome, and may also be seen in the schools of theology at the Seminary of St. Sulpice; the portraits being about on a par with those of the early Kings of France, beginning with Pharamond at Versailles, or those of the Kings of Scotland at Holyrood, which (as Sir Walter Scott relates) elicited an acute criticism from a Persian ambassador. Addressing the housekeeper, who was doing the honours, he asked, 'You paint them yourself?' And on her modest profession of inability, he continued, 'You no able? you try, and you paint better.'

The establishment of the National Portrait Gallery under the auspices of Earl Stanhope, and the discriminating superintendence of Mr. Scharf, and the Exhibition at South Kensington, have enabled us to take stock, as it were, of our posessions in this line of art, and to determine with tolerable certainty which of our earliest portraits may be accepted as authentic, i. e., as paintings from the life. The oldest known in our time was the portrait of Edward III. in St. Stephen's Chapel, Westminster. This was destroyed by fire in 1834, but careful copies were fortunately taken from it for the Society of Antiquaries in 1812. The oldest extant of recognised authenticity is the portrait of Richard III. in Windsor Castle, where, however, there is a portrait of Edward IV., which good judges (including Mr. Scharf) are inclined to think genuine. They are not so sure of her Majesty's portrait of Henry IV., although some put faith in it, relying on the features and costume. The earliest of the genuine pictures in the National Portrait Gallery is a Richard III., next in quality and equal in genuineness to the one at Windsor. The second earliest in that collection is a Cardinal Wolsey. The earliest at South Kensington are the portraits of Sir John Donne by Memling (No. 18) and Edward Grimston by Petrus Christus (No. 17); both by artists of considerable distinction in the history of art.

We can abandon with comparative indifference any small remains of faith we may have cherished in the traditional likenesses of barbaric kings or popes, but it is a very different matter when we are required to believe that no trustworthy images of the heroes, statesmen, poets, orators, and philosophers of classical antiquity have descended to us; that the busts of Alexander, Cæsar, Pompey, Hannibal, Pericles, Homer, Virgil, Horace, Demosthenes, Cicero, Plato, Socrates, and Aristotle, with a host of others which we have been wont to admire or vener-

ate, are apocryphal. The *primâ facie* argument is rather favourable to many of them. Fame is more lasting than brass, *ære perennius*, but brass, bronze, and marble are lasting enough to have endured to our time, and retain a faithful reflex of form and features, of character and mind. We know that the ancients were never tired of multiplying statues of their great men, and that the highest genius was employed on the greatest; Phidias, on Pericles, Socrates, and Alcibiades; Praxiteles, on Demosthenes; Lysippus, on Alexander and Aristotle, and so on. Alexander issued a decree reserving the right of reproducing his image to three artists: Apelles, for painting; Pyrgoteles, for stone engraving; Lysippus, for statuary in bronze. The more statues the more honour, and the number erected to the popular favourites was immense. Unluckily they were knocked down as eagerly as they had been set up when the tide turned. No sooner had the news of the battle of Pharsalia reached the capital, than all Pompey's statues were thrown down and mutilated. Augustus began his reign by destroying all the busts and images of the assassins of Cæsar. At the same time he set about forming a collection of the triumphal statues of the great men who had contributed to the power of Rome; and the imperial city at that time boasted many private galleries rich with the spoils of Greece. If Mummius burnt Corinth with most of its inestimable treasures of art—that same Mummius who gave the well-known caution to the carriers of what he saved—Sylla thanked the gods for having granted him two signal favours: the friendship of Metellus Pius, and the good fortune of having taken Athens without destroying it.

But independently of the risks of removal, and the increased difficulty of identification, the accumulation of all the finest productions of art in one place, and that place the capital of the world which ambition or sedition periodically converted into a battlefield, was one main cause of their being wholly lost, or of their descending in an unsatisfactory condition to posterity. *Furor arma ministrat:* anything or everything, sacred or profane, becomes a weapon in a deadly conflict when the blood is up. 'I expect little aid from their hand,' said Front de Bœuf, alluding to the stone images in his chapel, 'unless we were to hurl them from the battlements on the heads of the villains. There is a huge lumbering Saint Christopher yonder, sufficient to bear a whole company to the earth.' The Roman warriors thought and acted like the rude Norman baron. When Titus Flavius Sabinus, the brother of Vespasian, was besieged in the burning capitol by the troops of Vitellius, he repaired breaches and formed barricades with the statues of the Temple of Jupiter. Fire and earthquake co-operated with civil war and barbaric conquest to complete the work of devastation; whatever was left unbroken or distinguishable lay buried under heaps of ruin; and when the superincumbent mass of rubbish was cleared away after the lapse of ages, the grand difficulty arose of appropriating the proper names to the best preserved images, and of duly assorting the arms, legs, heads, and noses of the mutilated.

This difficulty was aggravated by a known practice of the ancients, which may have suggested to Sir Roger de Coverley the notion of transforming by a few touches of the brush the sign of 'The Knight's Head,' set up in his honour, into the 'The Saracen's Head!' When the Rhodians decreed the honour of a statue to a general, he was desired to choose which he liked amongst the existing votive statues, and the dedication was altered by the insertion of his name. The prevalence and antiquity of this method of substitution are proved by Plato's proposed law for compelling the statuary to form each statue out of a single block; and instances abound of the change of heads from vanity, caprice, or accident. A striking passage in Statius charges Cæsar with the incredible folly of cutting off the head of an equestrian statue of Alexander by Lysippus, and replacing it by a gilded effigy of himself. Tacitus states that Tiberius decapitated a statue of Augustus to make room for his own head; and the gods of Greece, including the Jupiter Olympus of Phidias, were similarly treated by Caligula with a view to his own deification. There is a statue of Pompey at Rome reputed to be the very one at whose base, 'which all the time ran blood, great Cæsar fell.' But, objects M. Feuillet de Conches, we must have recourse to some anecdote, suspicious as ingenious, to be persuaded that the head, very badly restored, is really the original head. Rome is full of antiquity-mongers, who will supply any number of consuls' or emperors' heads and noses to order.

Napoleon was a great admirer of Hannibal, and one day, during a visit to the Louvre, he stopped before the bust which bears the name of his hero, and inquired of M. Visconti, the distinguished antiquary, whether it was authentic. 'It is possible,' was the reply, 'the Romans erected his statue in three public places of a city within the bounds of which, alone among the enemies of Rome, he had cast a javelin. Cara-

calla, who ranked him among the great captains, also raised several statues to him; but all this is much posterior to Hannibal.' 'This effigy,' rejoined Napoleon, 'has nothing African about it. Besides, Hannibal was blind of one eye, and this is not. Are there any medals of the time confirmatory of this bust?' 'There are medals, also long posterior.' 'Then it has been done *après coup*. I do not believe in it.'

Although the inference from the eye may not be deemed conclusive by connoisseurs, that drawn from the want of contemporary medals carries weight. When medals and gems fail, the deficiency is not unfrequently supplied by inscriptions or books. The fine bust of Cicero at the Vatican is authenticated by a passage in Livy as well as by medals. There are no well-authenticated busts, medals, or gems of Virgil or Horace; although the biographers of Virgil do not hesitate to describe him as tall and dark, with long, flowing hair, whilst the personal peculiarities of Horace may be collected from his writings. The best bust of Plato is apocryphal, which is probably the reason why Mr. Grote's last great work, 'Plato and the other Companions of Socrates,' appears without a frontispiece.

This range of subjects is inexhaustible; and our immediate object is simply to skim the cream of a semi-classical, semi-artistic *causerie*. We will now suppose the conversation turning on some other singularities of classical antiquity, which throw light on its intellectual or secret history, and suggest parallels or contrasts with modern life and manners.

We can hardly persuade ourselves that we are not listening to the story of an English or French collector, when we are told of Libanius of Antioch hearing that an Iliad and an Odyssey of prodigious antiquity were about to be sold at Athens, and commissioning a friend to purchase them. On receipt of the coveted treasures, he sends a fine copy of the Iliad, more recent but correct, in acknowledgment of the friend's services. He next learns that a copy of the Odyssey which seemed contemporary with Homer, is for sale, and purchases it. But he is so ill-advised as to lend it, and as it is not returned, we find him complaining and lamenting, very much like Evelyn when he denounced the carelessness or dishonesty of the two Scot borrowers, or the French gentleman who was done out of the Malebranche letters by the philosopher. Why, asks M. Feuillet de Conches, did he not act like the Faculty of Paris who held out against Louis XII., all absolute as he was, and refused to lend him an Arabian manuscript without a deposit of a hundred gold pieces, and would not abate a livre on seeing the royal treasurer forced to sell a part of his own plate to make up half of the security?

The greatest private collection of autographs at Rome is said to have been that of Mucianus, the friend of Pliny the Elder. He especially rejoiced in the possession of the reputed letter of Sarpedon to Priam, which he had discovered in a temple whilst he was governor of Lycia. Among other celebrated autographs in which the Greek and Roman collectors put faith, may be named the letters of Artaxerxes and Democritus to Hypocrates, the correspondence of Alexander and Aristotle, the letter of Zenobia to Aurelian in the handwriting of Longinus, and the letters of Titus to Josephus, testifying to the trustworthiness of his history of the Jews. It might safely be taken for granted, without evidence of the fact, that the autographs of Livy, Cicero, Horace, Virgil, &c. &c., were as eagerly sought after and as highly prized in ancient times as those of the corresponding celebrities in our own. But we are not left to conjecture. Pliny speaks of having seen autographs of Cicero and Virgil. Quintilian mentions manuscripts of Cicero, Virgil, Augustus and Cato the Censor, *apropos* of certain differences and singularities of orthography which the copyists had not preserved. Cicero refers to an autograph of Ennius for the same purpose. Aulus Gellius had seen a manuscript of the Georgics, corrected by the author, as well as a manuscript of the second book of the Æneid which passed for the original, or at least came from the house and the family of Virgil. The first known use of the word autograph is in Suetonius, *Literæ Augusti Autographæ*.

A great variety of materials were employed for writing by the Romans, besides the waxed tablets, without which no Roman of condition ever went abroad. For epistolary correspondence they used a fine papyrus called Augustan; the second quality was called Livian; the third Claudian. They had also (adds M. Feuillet de Conches) 'great eagle paper' like ourselves. Curious points of analogy abound in this portion of his book. The ancients had ingenious cyphers for their secret dispatches, and sent private orders to their commanders or ambassadors which could not be opened, so as to be legible, without a peculiar contrivance or the key. Cæsar's usual method was to write by agreement the fourth letter of the alphabet for the first; for example, D for A, and so on, varying the arrangement occa-

sionally. The Romans had also short-hand writers, a chosen number of whom were employed by Cicero to take down a speech of Cato. Martial and Ausonius bear testimony to the surprising skill of some of them. We find emperors and consuls scribbling on monuments, and as careless of profaning or defacing them as modern travellers or bagmen. M. Letroune found the names of Hadrian, Marcus Aurelius, and Lucius Verus, inscribed on the statue of Memnon at Thebes. He might also have copied from it, had he thought fit, '*Pierre Giroux le grand vainqueur, grenadier de la deuxième demi-brigade, division Desaix, passait par Thèbes, le 7 Messidor, An VII, pour se rendre aux cataractes du Nil.*'

The conceit of compressing the greatest quantities of writing into a given space was carried to excess by the Romans. Cicero speaks of the entire Iliad having been written on just so much skin or parchment as was contained in a nutshell—*in nuce inclusam.* This *tour de force* was rivalled by the poet, mentioned by Pliny, who contrived to inclose a distich in letters of gold within the husk of a grain of corn, an exploit which may pair off with that of the Frenchman who wrote the four canonical prayers on his nail. M. Feuillet de Conches has discovered a marked analogy between the French bureaucracy and the Roman scribes, who formed a corporation of which Horace was a member. They had gradually grown into considerable importance, and must not be confounded with the copyists, masters and journeymen, who answered to our printers and booksellers. The Sosii were the Murrays and Longmans of the Augustan age of Rome. The patricians were not ashamed to compete with them in this peculiar line of business. The house of Atticus is described as an immense establishment in which skilful workmen, mostly slaves, were busied in copying, pressing, and binding for the book-market. One amongst them, named Tiron, highly commended by Cicero, turned out copies that took rank like Elzevirs.

Women were much employed as copyists, and occasionally as scribes or secretaries. We have heard, prior to the abolition of serfdom, of white slaves in Russia embarked in commerce or eminent in art, vainly offering enormous sums for enfranchisement; and cases of the same kind were of frequent occurrence in Greece and Rome. An actor was prepared to give a sum equivalent to seven or eight thousand pounds sterling for his liberty. One Canisius Sabrinus (mentioned by Seneca), a man of enormous wealth who wished to shine as a diner-out in spite of his natural dulness, procured a dozen slaves who were made to learn by heart select passages from the popular poets and instructed how to prompt him when he broke down or had nothing to say. As the required duty implied memory and tact, the slaves are said to have cost him, on the average, a hundred thousand sesterces (about 800*l.*) apiece.

Mural and monumental inscriptions apart, the oldest specimens of Roman writing extant are those discovered in Pompeii and Herculaneum. Next in order of antiquity to these stand a Terence of the fourth century and a Virgil of the fifth, both on parchment, now in the Vatican. How happens it that, out of the multitude of manuscripts in general circulation for several centuries later not a single known original, and hardly one perfect copy, of an eminent classic author has survived the dark ages? The best solution will be found in the never-ceasing war waged against learning and knowledge, by bigotry and ignorance, from the decline of civilisation to its revival or new birth. 'The Romans,' says Disraeli the elder, 'burnt the books of the Jews, of the Christians, and of the philosophers; the Jews burnt the books of the Christians and the Pagans; the Christians burnt the books of the Pagans and the Jews.' Take, for instance, the fate of Livy, of whom we have only thirty-five books, and those incomplete, out of one hundred and forty. Independently of the long chapter of accidents common to all, he was honoured by the senseless enmity of Caligula, who ordered his works, along with those of Virgil and Homer, to be cast out of all the libraries. Livy was afterwards treated much in the same fashion by Gregory the Great, who placed him in the *Index.* This same Pope (says Disraeli) ordered that the library of the Palatine Apollo, a treasury of literature formed by successive emperors, should be committed to the flames. He issued this order under the notion of confining the attention of the clergy to the Holy Scriptures. From that time all ancient learning which was not sanctioned by the authority of the Church has been emphatically distinguished as *profane* in opposition to *sacred.* This Pope is said to have burnt the works of Varro, the learned Roman, that Saint Austin might escape from the charge of plagiarism, being deeply indebted to Varro for much of his great work, 'The City of God.'

This is not the only irreparable loss that has been attributed to plagiarism. Cicero's treatise *De Gloriâ* was extant in the fourteenth century and in the possession of Petrarch, who lent it, and it was lost. Two centuries later it was traced to a convent

library, from which it had disappeared under circumstances justifying a suspicion that the guardian of the library, Pierre Alegonius, had destroyed it to conceal the fraudulent use made of the contents for his treatise *De Exsilio*, many pages of which (to borrow a simile from the Critic) lie upon the surface, like lumps of marl on a barren moor, encumbering what they cannot fertilize. Leonard Aretin, believing himself the sole possessor of a manuscript of Procopius on the War of the Goths; translated it into Latin, and passed for the author, until another copy turned up. The *Causeur* relates a similar anecdote of Augustin Barbosa, Bishop of Ugento, who printed a treatise *De Officio Episcoporum*. His cook had brought home a fish wrapped in a leaf of Latin manuscript. The prelate had the curiosity to read the fragment. Struck with the subject, he ran to the market, and ransacked the stalls till he had discovered the book from which the leaf had been torn. It was the treatise *De Officiis*, which, adding very little of his own, he published among his works 'to the greater glory of God.' This was a bolder stroke for fame than that of an Irish bishop, still living, who incorporated a brother divine's sermon in his Charge. Plagiarism, however, was not esteemed so heinous an offence as it is at present, and our actual stores of thought and knowledge have been enriched by it. Thus, Sulpicius Severus, the Christian Sallust, is believed to have copied his account of the capture of Jerusalem from the lost books of Tacitus.

How little comparative value was attached for some time after the revival of letters to the classic masterpieces, may be inferred from the confession of Petrarch, that he had seen several in his youth of which all trace had subsequently been lost; among others, the Second Decade of Livy. Its fate was curious, although not perhaps singular. The tutor of a Marquis de Ronville, playing at tennis near Saumur, found that his racket was made with a leaf of old parchment containing a fragment of this Decade. He hurried to the racket-maker to save the remains: all had passed into rackets.

Tacitus had a better chance than Livy; for his imperial namesake, after supplying all the public libraries with his works, ordered ten fresh copies to be executed annually; yet thirty books were lost, and the manuscript of what are saved escaped by a miracle; a single copy in a state of rapid decomposition having been discovered in a convent in Westphalia.

We have lingered with pleasure over this classical *causerie*, which is just such as may be supposed going on at Earl Stanhope's, Dean Milman's, Mr. Gladstone's, or Mr. Grote's, when the late Sir George Lewis and Lord Macaulay were alive to join in it. *Decies repetita placebit;* and although many of the details may not be new to the accomplished bibliophile—to the Duc d'Aumale or M. Van der Weyer—we are not afraid of falling under the sarcasm levelled in Gil Blas at the pedant who solemnly narrated that the Athenian children cried when they were whipped; 'a fact of which, but for his vast and select erudition, we should have remained ignorant.'

We shall pass more rapidly over the chapters devoted to China. But although the gloss of novelty has been taken off by recent travellers, there is still a good deal left in the Celestial Empire for the philosophical inquirer to glean and speculate upon. The respect paid by the Chinese to paper or parchment on which written or printed characters have been impressed, contrasts strikingly with the European mode of thinking, ancient and modern. Martial's friend, Statius, tells him that his book has all the air of paper in which Egyptian pepper and Byzantian anchovies are to be packed; and the same vein of pleasantry may be traced in a letter from Hume to Robertson: 'I forgot to tell you that two days ago I was in the House of Commons, where an English gentleman came to me and told me he had lately sent to a grocer's shop for a pound of raisins which he received wrapped up in a paper that he showed me. How would you have turned pale at the sight! It was a leaf of your History, and the very character of Queen Elizabeth which you had laboured so finely, little thinking it would soon come to so disgraceful an end.' After stating that the publisher, Millar, had come to him for information to trace out the theft, he adds: 'In vain did I remonstrate that this was, sooner or later, the fate of all authors *serius, ocyus, sors exitura*. He will not be satisfied and begs me to keep my jokes for another occasion.'

To the Chinese, who regard the art of speaking to the eyes by marks or signs as a gift from on high, handwriting and printing, means for the reproduction of thoughts, are sacred. The trade of ink-making is esteemed honourable for the same reason. Hence in China a scrap of printed paper or writing is never wittingly trodden under foot or used as a wrapper: it is carefully picked up; and in the vestibule of each house is a perfuming-pan destined to receive and burn all waste papers of the kind. 'Tea and other objects of commerce,' adds M. Feuillet de Conches, 'are always packed in blank paper.'

Thus, too, pocket-handkerchiefs being in China an object of show and luxury, every great dignitary is followed by a valet, who, on visits of ceremony, carries his spitting-box and presents him with small pieces of paper every time he wishes to blow his nose. These pieces of paper are blank, never printed or written.

The same veneration for writing was professed by a Christian saint, François d'Assise, who flourished in the thirteenth century. If his eye fell on any scrap of writing in his walks, he scrupulously picked it up, for fear of treading on the name of the Lord or any passage treating of things sacred. When one of his disciples inquired of him why he picked up with equal care the writings of pagans, he replied, 'My son, it is with the letters of these writings that we form the most glorious name of God.'

A religious respect for the staff of life, bread, is not confined to the Chinese. We are told of a janissary dropping out of a procession at Aleppo, and dismounting to remove a piece of bread, lest it should be profaned by the horses' hoofs. During the great fire of London, popularly attributed to the Catholics, a member of the Portuguese Embassy was apprehended on a charge of throwing fireballs into houses. On examination it was proved that he had simply picked up a piece of bread, and placed it on the ledge of a window; an act which he explained by stating that, according to a feeling prevalent among his countrymen, to have left it on the pavement would have been a sin. To return to the Chinese: it stands to reason that they attach the highest value to the handwriting of their rulers and worthies—in other words to autographs. Even fac-similes are held in high esteem, and the interior of temples are adorned with them, posted like advertising bills against the walls. The great pagoda of Canton boasts no other decoration; neither does the great temple of Confucius at Pekin. By some fatality no manuscript from the actual hand of this philosopher has been preserved. All his autographs have disappeared, although autographs are extant of the two preceding centuries.

The use of red ink is reserved to the emperors, so that it would be neither easy nor safe to counterfeit their autographs, which are carefully deposited in the state archives when the immediate purpose has been served. The signature of the Mongol emperors consisted merely of the impress of the forefinger and thumb. The first-class mandarins claimed the privilege of authenticating documents in the same manner. The Dalar-Lama made his mark with the entire palm. Writing, however, was part of the imperial education. Kang the Third, contemporary with Louis Quatorze, rivalled the Grand Monarque in the importance which he attached to his matutinal condition and preparations. It was his wont, at his *lever*, to circulate among his courtiers a bulletin written with his own hand, in his own red ink, containing words to this effect: 'I am well!' One of these papers has been sold for forty pounds in the autograph market of Pekin; and the price sounds far from exorbitant.

In the competitive examinations of China—in which, by the way, they were as much in advance of Europeans as in the first rude invention of printing and gunpowder—the handwriting carries as many marks as the composition: and in the case of aspirants to the Academy of Pekin, it is the Emperor in person who examines the papers, counts the strokes of the letters, and verifies their agreement and form. 'One is always sure, therefore,' concludes M. Feuillet de Conches, 'when one has to do with a *Han-Lin*, or academician, to have to do with a scholar, a distinguished man of letters, and one skilled in the caligraphy of his country.'

With a reasonable distrust of their school of painting, the Chinese have never formed a picture-gallery, although in the strictly imitative arts they never were excelled, not even by the grapes of Zeuxis, the curtain of Parrhasius, or the door at Greenwhich Hospital. Their grand stumbling block is perspective, in which their most formidable rivals are the Pre-Raphaelites. 'Their style,' remarks M. Feuillet de Conches, 'talent apart, is that of Cimabue and Giotto, abandoned by Massaccio, resumed by Fra Angelico da Fiesole, and, an age later, by Holbein himself in some of his portraits.'

The next, the third part, of these *Causeries*, starts with the aphorism that all collections are useful, although some may be more useful than others. Just so, we have heard it plausibly maintained that all wine is good, although some is better than another, and all women handsome, although some are handsomer than others. Yet we are quite willing to concede the utility, provided the disproportioned trouble and expense in some instances are conceded in return; as in forming collections of postage-stamps, of advertisements, of ropes with which celebrated criminals have been hanged, or of bills of fare or *menus* of the best tables, with which a friend of ours, well placed in diplomacy, has filled an album of several volumes. A startling variety are enumerated by M. Feuillet de Conches,

illustrated by anecdotes, and setting consecutive description at defiance; but his pages are so rich in materials that quoting from them at random is like dipping into the kettle of Camacho: something tempting and racy is almost certain to come up. Thus, *apropos* of Frederick the Great's collection of snuff-boxes (containing more than 1,500) he describes a snuff-box of Talleyrand and its use. It was double, two snuff-boxes joined together by a common bottom. The one was politely offered to his acquaintance; the other, never to be profaned by the finger and thumb of a third person, was reserved for himself. Here we recognise the diplomatist, so eternally on his guard, that when a lady requested his autograph, he wrote his name on the very top of the sheet of paper handed to him.

The principal collector of ropes is declared to be an Englishman, and a member of the Humane Society, who died about seventeen years ago. To each rope was attached a memoir of the subject or sufferer; and in most instances the last dying speech and confession was annexed, proving, it is added, the perfection to which, by dint of practice, the eloquence of the drop has arrived in the United Kingdom. 'Can it be, as is asserted on the authority of an English writer, whose name I forget, that in England the masters were wont to practise their pupils in this kind of composition, so that every good Englishman on entering into the world had his peroration ready *en cas* of the accident of the gallows?' Is there anything that a Frenchman, lettered or unlettered, will not believe of an Englishman,—not at all out of ill-nature or ill-will, but out of sheer ignorance? In the month of January 1866, a French journal described the English aristocracy as habitually risking their *centaine de guinées* on the result of a cock-fight; and M. Feuillet de Conches reproduces, without questioning, the statement of Diderot that, in a secluded quarter of St. James's Park, there was a pond in which the female sex had exclusive privilege of drowning themselves. So well-informed a writer might surely have learned that the English occupy only the third or fourth rank in the statistics of suicide, and that the Prussians stand first.

The collection of ropes begins with Sir Thomas Blount, who was executed in the reign of Henry IV. It contains instruments which, according to the notes annexed, had served in executions when the culprit or martyr was hung between two dogs, or with a dog tied to his feet. There, too, was the silken cord which Lord Ferrers begged hard to substitute for the hempen one—as great a curiosity as the sword which Baalam wished for to punish his ass; and with it might have been appropriately ticketed one of the willow-twigs, the received makeshifts in Ireland; so received, in fact, *temp.* Elizabeth, that a rebel with a rope round his neck claimed the privilege of the twig. Bowstrings, which had done signal duty in the East, abounded; and one rope professed to be the very rope with which Lord Bacon's friend tried whether death by suffocation was agreeable or not. The practical conclusion, contrary to the theoretical one of some recent essayists on the abolition of capital punishment, was in the negative. An appropriate inscription to be placed over the door of a collection of this kind might be taken from the *Trödelhexe's* speech in the *Walpurgisnacht*, or from a well-known passage in *Tam o' Shanter*.

Light is thrown on manners by collections, common in France, of *billets de naissance*, *de mariage*, and *de mort* or *d'enterrement*. Those in use towards the middle of the last century were adorned with emblems like valentines; and artistic skill of a high order was frequently employed upon them. An account of the *billet d'enterrement* of the Duke de Lavanguyon, a masterpiece of the kind, may be read in the Literary Correspondence of Grimm. The same fashion partially prevailed in England; and the card of invitation to the funeral of Sir Joshua Reynolds, engraved by Bartolozzi, would fetch a high price. A plentiful harvest was offered to collectors of a gloomy and reflective turn by the violation of the graves at St. Denis in 1793. One of them, Ledon, *physicien* (conjuror) by profession, contrived to abstract fragments of the tombs sufficient to construct a sarcophagus for the rest of his acquisitions, consisting of bones, crowns, sceptres, shrouds, and other relics and emblems of defunct kings and queens. The bodies were mostly in different stages of decomposition; but a few were perfectly preserved and had a complete look of life. Henry IV. looked as if he had just fallen asleep, and his fresh appearance led to an incident, related by a bystander, which seems to have escaped M. Feuillet de Conches:—

'A soldier who was present, moved by a martial enthusiasm at the moment of the opening of the coffin, threw himself on the body of the conqueror of the League, and after a long silence of admiration, he drew his sabre, cut off a long lock (*mèche*) of his beard, which was still fresh, exclaiming at the same time in energetic and truly military terms: "And I too am a French soldier. Henceforward I will have no

other moustache." Placing this precious lock on his upper lip: "Now I am sure of conquering the enemies of France, and I march to victory." So saying he withdrew.' *

The Grand Monarque, also, was found in perfect preservation, and his exact proportions were carefully measured and calculated before he was broken up. His height was under five feet eight; and this result supplied Lord Macaulay with the text of one of his most ornate and characteristic passages. Turenne, who, as well as Du Guesclin, had received the royal honour of a burial at St. Denis, was also torn from his tomb, and was on the point of being flung into a newly dug pit with the rest, when a *sdvant*, struck by his high state of preservation, claimed the body for the National Academy of Anatomy. It remained there till September 1800, when the First Consul, ashamed of the indignity to which the military glory of France was thus exposed, caused it to be removed with becoming solemnity and deposited in the Church of the Invalides.

Stranger still, and yet better fitted to point a moral, was the destiny of Richelieu, whose body was torn from the grave in the church of the Sorbonne and rudely trampled under foot, after the head had been cut off and exhibited to the bystanders, amongst whom was Lenoir. A grocer got possession of it, and kept it as a curiosity till he married, when, to calm his wife's fears, he sold it to M. Armez *père*, who offered it to the Duc de Richelieu, Minister for Foreign Affairs under the Restoration. The offer remained unacknowledged, and the head devolved on M. Armez *fils*. At a sitting of the Historical Committee of Arts and Monuments, on the 13th June, 1846, attention was called to the circumstance, and the president, M. de Montalembert, supported by the committee, attempted to repair the profanation. Their exertions proved vain, and were renewed with no better result in 1855. 'We accuse no one,' observes M. Feuillet, 'still the fact is undeniable that this terrible head, the personification of the absolute monarchy killing the aristocratic monarchy, is wandering upon the earth like a spectre that has straggled out of the domain of the dead.' During the same popular phrenzy in 1793, the fine marble statue of the Cardinal at the Château de Melleraye was decapitated, and—'to what base uses we may return, Horatio'—the head was used as a balance-weight for a roasting-jack by a zealous republican of the district.

Not content with emptying the tombs, the heroes and heroines of the Reign of Terror danced among them. Over the entrance to a cemetery was a scroll: *Bal du Zephyr;* and once on a time the patronesses stood at the doors distributing copies of the 'Rights of Man,' bound in human skin supplied to the binder by the executioner. M. Villenave possessed one of these copies. What would not an English collector give for one? What would not the drum made out of Ziska's skin fetch at Christie's, should it accidentally turn up? Mathematicians will be glad to hear that there is a joint of Galileo's back-bone in the Museum at Padua, surreptitiously abstracted by the physician entrusted with the transfer of the relics to the Santa Cruce at Florence in 1737.

The worshippers of the Goddess of Reason were anticipated in their taste for horrors by the fine ladies, the *belles marquises*, of the early part of the reign of Louis XV. If we may trust the Marquis d'Argenson, their favourite object of contemplation was a death's head. They adorned it with ribbons, lighted it up with coloured lamps, and remained in mute meditation before it for half-an-hour before the promenade or the play. The queen Maria Leczinska had one which she called *la belle mignonne*, and pretended to be the skull of Ninon de Lenclos. One may suppose, without any lack of charity, that there was nothing very elevating or purifying in the train of meditation which the skull of Ninon de Lenclos would inspire. Yet Queen Maria Leczinska passed for virtuous, and was guilty of nothing worse than folly, or a shade of hypocrisy, in sanctioning such a fashion by her example.

A collector of walking-sticks, M. Henri de Meer, a Dutchman, attracted attention to his collection by going mad and dying with a walking-stick in each hand; feeble imitator of Dr. Morrison, who breathed his last grasping a box of his own pills and calling loudly for more. But the collections which afford most aid to history, and most scope to speculation, are those of wigs, hats, caps, and head-dresses. The vacillating and erratic tendency of national taste, the march of mind, the progress of events, may be traced by them. A war, a peace, a new play, a scientific invention, a public disaster,

* Description Historique et Chronologique des Monumens de Sculpture réunis au Musée des Monumens Français. Par Alexandre Lenoir, Fondateur et Administrateur de ce Musée; augmentée d'une Dissertation sur la Barbe et les Costumes de chaque Siècle, du procès-verbal des Exhumations de Saint-Denis et d'un Traité de la Peinture sur Verre, par le même auteur. Sixième edition, Paris, an X de la République (1802).

an actor, a beauty, a hero, a charlatan, anything or anybody that made a noise, originated a head-dress and gave a name to it. There was the *perruque à la Ramilies* or *à la Villeroy*, by way of set-off to the cravat *à la Steinkirk*, emblematic of the battle in which the star of William paled before that of Luxembourg. 'The jewellers,' says Macaulay, 'devised Steinkirk buckles: the perfumers sold Steinkirk powder. But the name of the field of battle was peculiarly given to a new species of collar. Lace neckcloths were then worn by men of fashion; and it had been usual to arrange them with great care. But at the terrible moment when the brigade of Bourbonnais was flying before the onset of the allies, there was no time for foppery; and the finest gentlemen of the court came spurring to the front of the line of battle with their rich cravats in disorder. It therefore became a fashion among the beauties of Paris to wear round their necks kerchiefs of the finest lace studiously disarranged, and these kerchiefs were called Steinkirks.'

During the exultation caused by the naval combats of the 'Juno' and the 'Belle Poule,' the French ladies went about with mimic frigates on their heads. There are individual memories associated with this class of articles which have a painful yet irresistible attraction. We cannot avert our eyes from the wig of Queen Margaret, the faithless and fascinating wife of Henry IV., of whom it is recorded that she had her pages clipped to hide under their fair tresses the black locks which nature had bestowed upon her. Still less can we refuse the evidence of the 'True Report of the last moments of Mary Queen of Scots, which sets forth that, when the executioner lifted the head by the hair to show it to the bystanders with the exclamation of 'God Save the Queen,' it suddenly dropped from his hands. The hair was false; the head had been shaved in front and at the back, leaving a few grey hairs on the sides.*

The author of 'Waverley' remarks that the vanity of personal appearance may be found clinging to the soldier who leads a forlorn hope, and the criminal who ascends the scaffold. The minutest details of Mary's dress at her execution were carefully studied. According to one account, 'her kirtle was of figured black satin, and her petticoat-skirts of crimson velvet, her shoes of Spanish leather; a pair of green silk garters; her nether stockings worsted, and coloured watchet (pale blue) clouded with silver, and edged on the tops with silver, and next her legs a pair of Jersey hose. She wore also drawers of white fustian.' This account is adopted by Miss Strickland on the authority of Burleigh's reporter. She adds that the details coincide with those communicated by Chateauneuf, also from the notes of an eye-witness, which is true with the exception of the stockings. Chateauneuf's eye-witness declares these to have been silk, and the garters he described as *deux belles escharpes sans ouvrage.*

The stockings and garters are preserved in a collection that has been laid open to the *Causeur*, and he reminds us, in reference to the large stock of garters comprised in it, that this compromising ligature was not formerly what it is now, a secret or concealed article of dress. Women wore drawers, otherwise called *chausses*, fastened to the *bas de chausses* (which for shortness we call *bas*) or stockings. The garter, fastened beneath the knee by a rich clasp or buckle, was the connecting band between the drawers and stockings. There was, consequently, no reason for its not being exposed to view. 'This,' he continues, 'explains why in riding dress ladies wore stockings richly worked and garters set with jewels; how a Duchess of Orleans (whose garters were inventoried) could venture during her widowhood to have tears and thoughts (*pensées*) enamelled on them; how Edward III. could found his great order of the Garter without degrading it by avowing its origin.' But what was its origin? Surely an antiquarian of M. Feuillet de Conches's attainments and calibre must know that the old story of the Countess of Salisbury has been given up on all sides, and that the utmost exertions of his learned brethren to solve the mystery have proved vain; although it by no means follows that the actual garter dropped by the Countess may not be found duly labelled in the collection of his friend.*

We must return to the inexhaustible subject of wigs and hair-dressing, if only to point out that the new fashion (set by the Parisian *demi monde*) of yellow or golden hair, with a tinge of red or auburn, is simply the revival of one which began under more respectable auspices towards the commencement of the reign of Louis XIV. The two queens, Anne and Maria Theresa,

* The authority is Chateauneuf, the French ambassador. See 'Lettres de Marie Stuart,' &c. &c. Par A. Teulet. Paris: 1859.

* All the various theories of the origin of the Order are investigated and declared unsatisfactory by Mr. Beltz. See 'Memorials of the Order of the Garter,' &c. By G. F. Beltz, Lancaster Herald: 1841. Ladies invited to the feasts of St. George wore the garter round the arm.

dowager and regnante, the seductive heroine of the Fronde, the Duchess de Longueville, and the two first favourites, Mesdames De la Vallière and De Fontanges, were *blondes;* so, for all the aspiring beauties whom nature had made a shade too dark there was no alternative but to wear a wig or dye. The men fell into the custom, as may be learnt from Molière, who makes the Misanthrope exclaim to Celimène—

'Vous êtes-vous rendue, avec tout le beau monde,
Au mérite éclatant de sa perruque blonde.'

The assumption of the perruque by Jean Baptiste, the son of Racine, secretary of embassy in Holland, is regularly discussed between him and his mother-in-law: 'Your father deeply regrets the necessity which you say you are under of wearing a wig. He leaves the decision to the ambassador. When your father is in better health he will order M. Mageury to make you such a one as you require. Madame la Comtesse de Grammont is very sorry for you that you should lose the attraction which your hair gave you.'

The entry in Pepys's Diary for May 11, 1667, runs thus :

'My wife being dressed this day in fair hair, did make me so mad that I spoke not one word to her, though I was ready to burst with anger. After that Creed and I into the Park and walked, a most pleasant evening, and so took coach, and took up my wife, and in my way home discovered my trouble to my wife for her white locks, swearing several times, which I pray God may forgive me for, and bending my fist, that I would not endure it.'

They renewed the discussion the next day, Sunday, and came to an understanding that she should give up her white locks, on his agreeing to give up keeping company with one Mrs. Knipp, of whom there is frequent and rather compromising mention in the Diary.

There was no concealment or fear of detection on the part of either sex. The false hair was put off and on by the woman like a bonnet or a cap; and a court lady would have felt little abashed at an accident such as recently happened to a fair equestrian, who had the misfortune to drop the whole of her back hair or *chignon* in Rotten Row.

The fashion of powdering the hair with gold dust, which has recently found votaries both at London and Paris, was commenced by Poppæa the wife of Nero, and copied by Lucius Verus (the adopted son of Aurelius), who was extravagantly vain of his hair. Authorities are not wanting to prove that the golden and auburn tints which we admire in the portraits of Titian, Tintoret, and Paul Veronese, were produced by a tincture in vogue at Venice in the sixteenth century.* The collections show that other shades of colour, especially brown and black, have had their day; and it is a disputed question in connoisseurship whether the highest degree of beauty has not been attained by the *brunettes.* Red or carroty (which is the correcter translation of *roux* or *rousse*) has been at a discount in all ages. It was thought ominous of evil by the ancients, and typical of villainy during many ages of the Christian era. 'Judas-coloured hair' is the spiteful reproach of Pope. '*Aussi, dans tout notre musée de coiffure, pas un cheveu roux ardent, couleur de carotte.*'

The reason why Racine put off ordering his son's wig is obvious enough when we find that the price of one of the fashionable colour was a thousand French crowns. The gentleman whom Sydney Smith, in reference to the length and redundancy of his curls, accused of growing hair for sale, might have driven a profitable trade at that time. Down to the period immediately preceding the French Revolution, which introduced crops *à la Brutus*, the wigs commonly worn by English gentlemen in the streets cost from thirty to forty guineas; and Rogers, appealing to Luttrell in our hearing, thus described a mode of theft as practised in London within their common memory. The operator was a small boy in a butcher's tray on the shoulders of a tall man; and when the wig was adroitly twitched off, the bewildered owner looked round for it in vain; an accomplice confused and impeded under the pretence of assisting him, and the tray-bearer made off.

Fine hair was a frequent resource in want, and a far higher class were occasionally tempted to recur to it than the heroine of a repulsive episode of *Les Misérables.* Mrs. Howard, afterwards Countess of Suffolk, the favourite of George II., is an example. In her earlier and domestic days, when her husband was English Minister at Hanover, they were in want of money to give an indispensable dinner or entertainment of some sort, and to supply the deficiency she magnanimously sacrificed her hair. Large al-

* We are indebted to M. Feuillet de Conches for a very elegant volume, entitled 'Les Femmes Blondes,' in which he has collected with his usual learning and gaiety all the Italian authorities on the most approved methods of turning the colour of the hair. The Venetian ladies applied vinegar and water to their heads, and then sat in the sun, with a rim or shade of straw to protect them from sun-stroke. This book, which is a bibliographical curiosity, was published last year in Paris.

lowance should be made for the frailties of a woman who thus understood and practised the self-denying duties of a wife.

Of course there were not wanting censors and puritans to denounce wigs and cosmetics, as vehemently as Prynne denounced the unloveliness of love-locks. An Abbé de Vessets published a treatise against *Le Luxe de Coiffures* in 1694, containing a chapter headed, *Mariage: une fille coëffée à la mode n'est digne de recevoir ce sacrement.* Another Abbé is the author of a book on *L'Abus des Nudités de Gorge.* The name of the first member of the priesthood who adopted the peruke to the scandal of the lay public, has been preserved. It was the Abbé de la Rovière, a courtier of Gaston of Orleans, and he afterwards became Bishop of Langres. How modes of thinking, even on sacerdotal subjects, vary with time and country! When the cadet of a noble family, who had been a Captain of Dragoons, was made a bishop by George III., he nearly went down on his knees to his Majesty to be permitted to dispense with the wig; and the king remained inexorable. The rise and fall of Kant's wig are thought to indicate not only the fitful changes of the curiosity-market, but the rise and fall of his philosophy. It (the wig) fetched thirty thousand florins at his death. At one of the subsequent fairs at Leipzig it was sold for twelve thousand dollars, a fall of from fifteen to twenty per cent. 'The system of Kant was going down. Can the same be said of the philosophy of J. J. Rousseau, whose shoes (*sabots*), sold at the same fair, were given for ten dollars?' M. Feuillet de Conches has had in his hand a pair of the spectacles brought from Venice in the seventeenth century, which (he adds) became so much the fashion that the *élégantes* never took them off, not even in bed. The glasses were double the size of those now in use. He has also examined a packet of the toothpicks, imported into France by Antonio Perez, which popularised the habit rendered memorable by Coligny, who was never seen without a took-pick between his teeth. After the massacre of Saint Bartholomew, his body was exposed with the eternal toothpick in his mouth; but we are not aware that it has been preserved.

A collection of buttons was exhibited at the University of Ghent in 1845, for the benefit of the poor, and proved a valuable contribution to the history of manners and art. They were not only of all shapes and sizes, in polished steel, in silver and gold, and set with the costliest jewels; but an entire series were painted in miniature by the first artists of the period—the first years of Louis XVI. There were portraits of celebrated beauties, with copies of ancient statues and scenes taken from ancient mythology. Klingstet made double buttons with a spring, containing two surfaces, and each a *chef-d'œuvre* in its way. Honoré Fragonard, a decorator of note, painted for a gay marquis a set of buttons *à la Watteau*, which have been preserved. Another man of rank wore a set of small watches, without, it is slily added, becoming more famous for punctuality. Equal extravagance was indulged about the same time in waistcoats, which, although the material was more perishable, afforded wider scope for luxury and design. An exquisite of the first water was then an improving study for both the sempstress or embroiderer and the scene-painter. One might be seen with the amours of Mars and Venus on his stomach, and another with a cavalry review. 'We are assured,' says a writer in the *Mémoires Secrets*, 'that an enthusiast has ordered a dozen waistcoats representing scenes from the popular plays, so that his wardrobe may become a theatrical repertory and some day serve for tapestry.' After the assembly of the Notables, there were *gilets aux Notables*, copied from the print described by Bachaumont: 'The king is in the middle, on his throne: in the left hand he holds a scroll on which are these words, *L'age d'or;* but by a very offensive oversight it is so placed that he seems to be rummaging his pockets with his right hand.' A little later, the guillotine grew into fashion for ornaments, especially for brooches and pins.

The same vaunted collection, which reopens so many curious chapters of social annals, is described as particularly rich in gloves. M. Feuillet de Conches boasts of having himself contributed the identical pair of gloves which Anne of Austria sent to Spain to the Duc d'Arcos, with a letter of business ending with this P.S.: 'Monsieur Le Duc et Compère, I send herewith a pair of gloves which will serve as a pattern for the dozen which I request you to have forwarded to me.' These gloves are of coarse leather; and surprise is expressed that they could be worn by a woman who, it was feared at Madrid, was too delicate to be able to sleep in Holland sheets. Alongside of them are placed the gloves which Antonio Perez, Spanish ex-ambassador, sent to Lady Knolles with a letter saying: 'These gloves, Madam, are made of the skin of a dog, the animal most praised for its fidelity. Deign to allow me this praise, with a place in your good graces. And if I can be of no other use, my skin at least might serve to make gloves.' He was so pleased with

this conceit, that in a letter to Lady Rich he repeats and improves upon it:—

'I have endured such affliction at not having ready at hand the dogskin gloves desired by your ladyship, that I have resolved to sacrifice myself for your service, and to strip off a little skin from the most delicate part of myself, if indeed any delicate skin can be found on a thing so rustic as my person. . . . The gloves are of dogskin, Madame; and yet they are of mine, for I hold myself a dog, and entreat your Ladyship to hold me for such, as well on account of my faith as my passion. The skinned dog (*perro decollado*) of your Ladyship. ANTON. PEREZ.'

The most curious collection of *chaussures* (boots, shoes, and slippers) is stated to be in the possession of an Englishman, Mr. Roach Smith. Besides specimens of every successive age, beginning with the boots of a bishop in 721 A.D., he has several to which an historic or romantic interest is attached; e. g. the shoes of most of the beauties of Charles II.'s court, including the Duchess of Cleveland, the Countess of Muskerry, and la belle Hamilton (afterwards Comtesse de Grammont), with those of Miss Jennings and Miss Stewart (the original of the Britannia on the guinea), stolen, according to the labels, by Rochester and Killigrew.

There is an entire compartment devoted to some of the shoes crowned by the *Société des Petits Pieds*, over which the member with the smallest foot presided till she was displaced by a competitor, a Cinderella-like slipper being kept to test the qualifications of the candidates. If Pauline Buonaparte (Princess Borghese) had competed, she would have been hailed president for life by acclamation. Her feet, besides their smallness and exquisite shape, were plump (*potelés*) and rosy like those of a child; and she was by no means chary in exhibiting them. On ceremonial occasions, a page entered with a cushion of crimson velvet, on which she placed her foot, whilst he knelt and drew off the stocking, with the favoured circle looking on. Her remark on sitting for a nearly nude figure to Canova is well known.

The *Curieux* relates a trait of enthusiasm on the part of a milord which we suspect will prove new to his countrymen. A Scotch earl, Lord Fife, gave Madame Vestris a thousand guineas to allow a cast to be taken of her leg, which was superb. The earl died, and this cherished leg was sold for half-a-crown! The moral reflection is conveyed in a line from Lamartine:

'J'ai pesé dans ma main la cendre des héros.'

This leg should have been sent to the fair at Leipzig along with Kant's wig. The Germans are, or were, the people for answering to an extraordinary call on sensibility or sentiment. When Sontag was in the height of her celebrity at Berlin, a party of her military admirers bribed her maid to give them one of her cast-off slippers, had it set as a cup, and toasted her in it till it was worn out. There is another story that a party of students rushed into her hotel whilst her carriage was driving off, and made a prey of a wine-glass not quite empty, out of which she had just been drinking. This was put up to auction on the spot, and fetched seventeen dollars. A pair of shoes has been preserved with extravagantly high heels painted by Watteau to represent a flock or sheepfold (*bergerie*) of Loves. The Duchess de Berry had a shoe that once belonged to Louis XIV., of dark velvet, embroidered with *fleurs-de-lis*, and adorned with a battlepiece painted by Parrocel.

'*Puisque nous causons*, let us pause a little to speak of the history of flowers, of the flowers that Marie Antoinette loved so well, that she so largely contributed to multiply and embellish.' We willingly pause to record the plausible claim put in for the invention of what is commonly called the English system of gardening, by a Frenchman, in the time of Louis Quatorze. It was the poet Du Fresnoy, we are assured, who first ventured on substituting the picturesque variety of the landscape-painter for the rectilinear style of the architects, and was made comptroller of the royal gardens in recognition of his merit. But nature and simplicity were sadly out of keeping with the artificial grandeur of Versailles. The genius of Du Fresnoy was chilled or rebuked by his royal patron, and the reform planned by him stopped short. 'His system returned to us,' says the *Curieux*, 'in the following age, with the British stamp on it, as so many products of French imagination return to us.' Girardin created Ermenonville; M. Boutin, Tivoli; M. de la Borde, Mereville; the poet-painter Watelet, Moulin-Joli. The Prince de Ligne did his best to correct the stiffness of his paternal alleys and flowerbeds. Then, in 1774, came Marie Antoinette, who, under the direction of Bernard de Jussieu and a clever gardener, converted Trianon into a charming parterre, where the system of the English painter, William Kent, and his rival, Browne (the inventor Du Fresnoy was altogether forgotten) was more followed than the severe harmony of Le Nostre and De la Quintenie.

Kent died in 1748; and Browne achieved his highest distinction by laying out the

grounds of Blenheim, where he committed a solecism which elicited a cutting sarcasm on his illustrious employer, the great Duke of Marlborough. A magnificent bridge over a streamlet provoked the epigram:

'The lofty arch his high ambition shows,
The stream an emblem of his bounty flows.'

Our neighbours were in no hurry to reclaim their property in the invention, if it can be so termed; and we suspect that the resumption simply formed part of the Anglomania that came over them about the time when Marie Antoinette began amusing herself with the creation of *Le Petit Trianon*. Her fondness for flowers led to one of those revolutions in head-dresses of which specimens may be multiplied to weariness. When flowers got common, the court ladies took first to fruit, and afterwards to vegetables. Chaplets of artificial radishes and carrots were in vogue. Madame de Matignon appeared one day, *à la jardinière*, in a head-dress of brown linen striped with blue, ornamented by the artist hand of Léonard with a head of brocoli and an artichoke.

The bare list of collections visited by the *Curieux* would fill many pages. But his master passion is for autographs; and he is constantly digressing to expatiate on their value and their charm; on the best methods of utilising, and the sacred duty of preserving, them. Indeed, he is a veritable Chinese in his reverence for written paper; and he would cordially assent to the second branch of the *rouè* maxim, *Write not, Burn not*, without regarding, probably without suspecting, the consummate profligacy that lurked in it. Yet in his highly interesting dissertation on the *Cassette aux Poulets* of Fouquet, he incidentally demonstrates the imprudence, to use no stronger term, of giving a permanent form to any shape of forbidden feeling, or any passing burst of irritability, disappointment, or caprice. The one may make an enemy or unmake a friend; the other may destroy a reputation. Trifles light as air, once committed to paper, have often led to complications in which peace, fortune, and happiness have been wrecked.

Fouquet, the prince of financiers, was not less renowned for gallantry than for liberality and wealth. His downfall was owing to his indiscreet rivalry with his royal master both in magnificence and love. The first step after his arrest was the seizure of his papers, including the casket in which he kept those notes and letters of female friends and applicants which pass under the denomination of *poulets*. The opening of this casket was dreaded like that of another Pandora's box, without Hope at the bottom. What varied evils, what scandalous disclosures, what revelations of broken fortunes and fallen or falling virtue, might come forth! The King himself opened the casket, and its contents were read by only two persons beside himself, the Queen and Tellier (the royal confessor). All sorts of stories were afloat, and Madame de Motteville remarks that few persons about the Court were exempt from the charge of having sacrificed to the golden calf; that the fable of Danäe was fully borne out, and that, since, by extraordinary ill-luck, Fouquet kept all the letters addressed to him, things were read which did great harm to very many persons. Rumour and malice added, coloured, or invented. A pretended letter from Madame Scarron (afterwards Madame de Maintenon), was handed about, containing this passage:—

'J'ai toujours fuy le vice, et naturellement je hais le péché; mais je vous avoue que je hais encore davantage la pauvreté. J'ai reçu de voux dix mille écus; si vous voulez encore en apporter dix mille dans deux jours, je verrai ce que j'aurai faire.'

Another version of the letter commences differently, and ends: '*Jé ne vous deffends pas d'espérer.*' The *Curieux* indignantly denounces this letter as a fabrication, and justifies his incredulity by a passage in the *Souvénirs* of Madame de Caylas: 'I remember to have heard that Madame Scarron, being one day obliged to go to speak to M. Fouquet, she thought fit to go so negligently dressed that her friends were ashamed to take her there. Everybody knows what M. Fouquet was, and his weakness for women, and how the vainest and the best placed sought to please him.' The uncharitable might put an opposite interpretation on this neglected dress; and the best defence for Madame Scarron is the continued respect in which she was held by the Court and her private marriage to the King. There is no hatred like religious hatred, and this very marriage became a fresh topic for calumny in the hands of those who had suffered from the persecutions encouraged by her bigotry. 'In 1835, at the French Hospital in London,' says the *Curieux*, 'I found, in the possession of an old female inmate, an English libel against Madame de Maintenon, entitled, *The French King's Wedding, or the Royal Frolic; being a pleasant account of the intrigues, comical courtship, catterwauling, and surprising marriage ceremonies of Louis XIV. with Madame de Maintenon, with a Comical Song, sung to His Majesty:* 1708. The old Protestant obstinately refused to cede

me the book, which she read and re-read with pleasure, although she found difficulty in understanding it.'

Another lady whom the *Curieux* deems unjustly calumniated was the Marquise du Plessis-Bellière, accused of having assisted Fouquet in his designs on Madame de la Vallière on the strength of what is termed a hideous apocryphal letter amongst the papers of Conrart. The Marquise was a friend of Fouquet and rendered him important political services, whether she was paid for them or not. The reputation of another great lady, the Princess of Monaco (*née* de Grammont,) who was also compromised by the correspondence, is abandoned as not worth defending; and in this instance at least a sound discretion has been exercised. Leaving her husband to the solitary enjoyment of his miniature sovereignty, she lived a gay life at the French Court, where she was renowned for the rapid succession of her lovers, every one of whom was regularly hung in effigy by the Prince in the avenue of his palace at Monaco, with a label round the neck. The number became startling; strangers came from far and near to admire the spectacle; and the circumstance at length came to the ears of the Grand Monarque. He tried at first to interfere with a high hand, but finding his threats vain, and the scandal on the increase, he was fain to conciliate the Prince by a promise that a strict guard should henceforth be kept on the Princess; whereupon the effigies were removed.

Another letter to Fouquet, which no virtuous woman could have written, endorsed *Lettre d'une Inconnue* by Conrart, was by turns attributed to Madame Scarron and Madame de Sévigné in the *Memoires sur la Bastille*, and finally given to Madame de Sévigné by the rest of the scandalous chronicles in circulation. Her known and avowed letters go far to refute the calumny. 'With him' (Fouquet), she writes to Bussy, 'I have always the same precautions and the same fears, which notably retard the progress he would willingly make. I believe he will be tired at last of always recommencing uselessly the same thing.'

The following passage is copied *verbatim et literatim* from an autograph letter of hers to Ménage in the possession of the *Curieux*:—

'Je vous remercie, mon cher monsieur, de toutes vos nouuelles. Il y en a deux ou trois dans vostre lettre que ie ne sauois point. Pour celles de M. Fouquet, ie nentends parler dautre chose. Je pense que vous saues bien le deplesir que iay eü davoir esté trouuée dans le nombre de celles qui luy ont escrit. Il est vray que ce nestait ny la galanterie, ni linterest que mauoient obligée davoir vu commerce avec luy. Lon voit clairement que ce nestait que pour les affaires de M. de la Trousse; mais cela nempesche pas que ie naye esté fort touchée de voir quil les avoit mises dans la cassette de ses poulets, et de me voir nommée parmy celles qui nont pas eü des sentimens si purs que moy. Dans cette occasion iay besoin que mes amis instruisent ceux qui ne le sont pas. Je vous croy asses genereux pour vouloir en dire ce que Me. de la Fayette vous en aprendra, et iay receu tant dautres marques de vostre amitié que je ne fais nulle facon de vous coniurer de me donner encore celle-cy.'

Bussy-Rabutin who, like Fouquet, had failed to touch his charming cousin's heart, quarrelled with her, and took an ungenerous revenge in his *Histoire Amoureuse des Gaules*. But he soon grew ashamed of his conduct, and did his best to compensate for the wrong by (to use his own language) 'siding with her loudly against the people who sought to confound her with the mistresses of the minister.' To be well-armed for the campaign, he saw Tellier, and was assured by him that 'the letters of Madame de Sévigné were the letters of a friend who had a great deal of wit, and that they had amused the King more than the insipid tenderness of the other letters, but that the superintendant had *mal apropos* mixed loved with friendship.' Tellier, it is justly added, was not the man to palliate evil if there was any, for it was he of whom the Comte Grammont said, on seeing him go out from a private conference with the King, 'He looks like a polecat that has just been killing chickens and is licking his blood-stained muzzle.'

Both Madame de Sévigné and Madame de Maintenon are in high favour with the *Curieux*, having both contributed largely to his collection of autographs; and he insists on throwing the entire responsibility of the revocation of the Edict of Nantes and other arbitrary measures suggested or sanctioned by Madame de Maintenon, on the King. The ingrained absolutism and egotism of Louis XIV., he contends, were at their acme from his earliest years. In the public library of St. Petersburgh, under the glass covering of a collection of autographs, may be seen one of the copybooks in which his Majesty practised writing as a child. Instead of 'Evil communications corrupt good manners,' or 'Virtue is its own reward,' the copy set for him was this: '*Les rois font tout ce qu'ils veulent.*'

The best mode that could be hit upon for teaching history to Louis XV. was that recommended by St. Simon to Fleury, the royal preceptor, afterwards cardinal and minister. It was to hang a gallery with historical por-

traits and sketches, to make this the place of reception for the children of the nobility who came to pay their respects to their young sovereign, to have them tutored beforehand and accompanied by preceptors, who were to lead the conversation to prominent events or characters, and so draw him on to make inquiries and pick up information.

More than half (300 pages) of the third volume of the *Causeries* is devoted to Montaigne, who is held in high favour, despite of two peculiarities which might have been expected to lower him in the opinion of a collector of autographs. He was an infrequent and careless correspondent, and he expressed a thorough contempt for all who wrote letters with a view to publication or literary fame. He excepts none, not even Cicero and Pliny the Younger, of whom he says:

'This surpasses all meanness of heart in persons of their rank, to have wished to derive glory from egotism and prattle, to the point of employing for this purpose their private letters to their friends; so that, some having missed the time for being sent, they have notwithstanding published them with this worthy excuse that they were unwilling to lose their pains. . . . Does it become two Roman consuls, sovereign magistrates of the imperial State of the world, to occupy their leisure in arranging and dressing up a fine missive, to draw from it the reputation of understanding well the language of their nurse? What could a schoolmaster, who gained his livelihood by it, do worse?'

What would Montaigne have said had he lived to be told of the miserable subterfuge of Pope, who surreptitiously caused his letters to be published, and then denounced the publication as a theft; or of the anxious care taken by Horace Walpole to transmit corrected copies of epistolary gossip to posterity? Be their motives what they might, we are indebted to them for compositions which the world would not willingly let die.

Throwing over Pliny, somewhat unceremoniously and unnecessarily, M. Feuillet de Conches takes up the cudgels for Cicero, who, he vows, did not write his letters to his familiars—*ad familiares*—for any eyes but theirs; and the proof is that when Atticus applied to him for copies, with a view to a complete collection, he had none. Montaigne, too, it is reported, printed some of his own letters; and his mode of speaking of them, and his method of epistolary composition, are strongly marked by self-complacency:—

'On this subject of letters, I wish to say this one word, that it is a work in which my friends hold that I am capable of something; and I should more willingly have chosen this form of publishing my whims, had I any one to address (*si j'eusse eu à qui parler*). I needed, what I have had at other times, a certain commerce that attracted, sustained, and excited me. If all the paper was in existence that I have ever blotted for the ladies, when my hand was truly carried away by my passion, there would haply be found some page worthy to be communicated to idle youth misled by this madness.'

After saying that he writes very fast, and very badly, trusting to the indulgence of the great personages with whom he corresponds to excuse blots and erasures, he continues:—

'The letters which cost me most are those that are worth least; from the moment that I flag, it is a sign that I am no longer in the vein. I readily begin without plan; the first sometimes produces the second. . . .

'As I had rather compose two letters than close and fold one, I always resign this duty to another; so that, when the substance is finished, I would willingly charge some one with the duty of adjusting those long harangues, offers, and prayers, that we place at the end, and wish that some new custom would deliver us from them.'

His wish had been granted, and our formal conclusions are now speedily dispatched. His habit of beginning without a plan, recalls Rousseau's *beau ideal* of a loveletter, which (he maintains) should be begun without the writer knowing what he is going to say, and end without his knowing what he has said. The letter of a celebrated Frenchwoman to her husband is a model of conciseness, '*Je commence, parce que je n'ai rien à faire: je finis, parce que je n'ai rien à dire.*'—T. A. V.

The increased facility of communication has encouraged brevity and haste; we dash off a dozen letters in an hour instead of devoting half a morning to the production of one; and literary people are more remarkable than others for carelessness in this respect,—probably on the principle avowed by Madame de Stäel: 'Since I have aimed openly at celebrity by my books, I have left off paying any attention to my letters.'

The literary public are indebted to M. Feuillet de Conches for a valuable collection of letters in which the place of honour is assigned to Montaigne; * and his familiarity with the style and hand-writing of this, the quaintest and most original of essayists, led to his being called in to decide an amusing and instructive controversy. An autograph letter of Montaigne belonging to the

* Lettres Inédites de Michel de Montaigne et de quelques autres Personnages pour servir à l'Histoire du Seizième Siècle.

Countess Boni de Castellain was put up to auction in 1834, and the agent of M. de Pixérécourt, having received an unlimited commission, gave 700 francs for it, to the extreme disgust of his employer; who, on the chance of getting rid of his bargain, started what at first sounded like a plausible objection to its authenticity. The autograph was a Report, dated February 16, 1588, to Maréchal de Matignon, of what befell the writer and his party in an encounter with a troop of Leaguers, and contains this sentence: Nous n'osions cependant passer outre pour l'incertitude de la sûreté de nos persones, de quoi nous devions estre esclercis sur nos *passepors*.' The doubt arose from the word *passepors*, which, it was contended, was more modern. The reply was that, besides being used in another letter of Montaigne's and in one from the Cardinal de Lorraine, of anterior date, it actually occurs eight times in the *Ordonnance d'Institution des Postes* framed under Louis XI. in 1464. An autograph, however, like Cæsar's wife, cannot endure suspicion: to be once discredited is enough; and the letter which cost 700 francs was subsequently thought dear at thirty. The word passport, it may be remembered, is introduced by Shakespeare in Henry V.'s speech before the battle of Agincourt: 'Let him depart; his passport shall be made.' But it appears from 'The Sentimental Journey,' published in 1768, that passports were not then in general use for travelling in time of peace: 'I had left London (says Yorick) with so much precipitation that it never entered my mind that we were at war with France; and had reached Dover, and looked through the hills beyond Boulogne, before the idea presented itself; and with this in its train, that there was no getting there without a passport.' He contrived, we need hardly add, to reach Paris without one.

'I have no drill sergeant to arrange my productions, but chance. I put together my reveries as they present themselves. Sometimes they throng in crowds, sometimes they drag along in single file. I wish people to see my natural and ordinary pace, irregular as it may be; I let myself alone as I find myself.' This passage from Montaigne is chosen by M. Feuillet de Conches for the motto of his Fourth Book, entitled *Voyage où Il vous Plaira;* a book, if possible, more miscellaneous than the rest. In the first chapter he analyses the nature of the interest we take in the personal qualities of authors, and strengthens his theory by the authority of Addison, in the 'Spectator,' who begins by drawing a portrait of himself, which, although verging on caricature, has preserved two or three of the genuine and strongly marked features of the original. If not quite so taciturn as his literary double, Addison used to say of himself that, with respect to intellectual wealth, he could draw bills for a thousand pounds, though he had not a guinea in his pocket. It was said of Corneille *qu'il avait tout son esprit en génie;* and he pleads guilty to the impeachment:—

'J'ai la plume féconde et la bouche stérile,
Bon galant au théâtre et fort mauvais en ville;
Et l'on peut rarement m'écouter sans ennui,
Que si je me produis par la bouche d'autrui.'

According to an autograph note written by the Abbé d'Olivet for Voltaire and verified by the *Curieux*, there was another peculiarity in which the author of the *Cid* resembled another English writer of genius. Pope says in one of his letters that he had been three weeks waiting for his imagination; and his habit was to take instant advantage of it when it came; rising frequently in the middle of the night to fix a thought, an image, or a rhyme. The fitfulness of Corneille's inspirations is thus illustrated in the note. One day whilst Molière was dressing, two men of letters dropped in and spoke with high praise of a tragedy by Corneille played the night before for the first time. Molière listened without uttering a word. When he was dressed, he began, 'Well, gentlemen, so you believe that Corneille is the author of what you have heard? Learn that there is a little demon who has conceived a friendship for him, and who has the wit of a demon. When he sees Corneille seating himself at his desk to bite his nails and try to make verses, he approaches and dictates four, eight, ten, sometimes twenty verses in succession, which are superior to anything that a mere man can make. After which the little demon, who is as mischievous as a demon, withdraws some paces off, saying, "Let us see how the rogue will get on without help." Corneille then makes the ten, twenty, thirty following verses; amongst which there are none but very ordinary, or even there are some very bad. The next day the same game is recommenced between the demon and Corneille. The whole piece is composed in this manner. Beware, gentlemen, of confounding the two authors. The one is a man, but the other is far more than a man.'

This differs somewhat from the fine criticism of St. Evremond: 'That which is not excellent in him (Corneille) seems bad, less from being bad than from not having the

perfection which he had managed to reach in other things. *He* preferred *Rodogune* to all his pieces; the public, *Cinna*.' The note concludes: 'This is what I have heard related by the late Baron, our Roscius, who was present when Molière said it. I can also certify that M. de Mancroix, canon of Rheims, who died in 1708 at the age of ninety, told me that the audience at the theatre rose when Corneille entered, as for the Prince de Condé; and this he has told me more than once.'

Inferring from the popular interest in the personality of authors, that the public may wish to know something of his own habits and character, the *Curieux* indulges in a chapter of reminiscences, which, branching off in all directions, embrace incidents which we little expected to find among them. Thus, in giving an account of the *Pension Savouré*, at which he was brought up, he relates, on the authority of a schoolfellow, Admiral Baudin, that in the month of March 1796, a little pale man with long black hair alighted from a shabby yellow *coupé* at the door of the seminary, and requested to see the Citizen Savouré. On his appearing, the little man said, 'I am General Bonaparte. I have searched all Paris for an establishment uniting with the tradition of the old and good studies of the university that of religious instruction, now forgotten everywhere, and I have found but yours. I have a young brother whose education unhappily bears traces of the troubled and disorderly times in which we have been living. I come to beg you to admit him among your pupils, and to make a man of him. I am named general-in-chief of the army in Italy, and I am on the point of quitting Paris to take the command. If during my absence you would have the goodness to send me every ten days a bulletin of the progress and conduct of my brother, occupied as I may be with the affairs of my army, I shall always find time to answer you.'

The nomination of the future autocrat to the army of Italy had not been publicly announced, and he was best known by the 13th Vendémiaire, an exploit little calculated to conciliate those who, like M. Savouré, disliked the Convention and its acts. He replied drily, after accepting the charge, 'It is well understood, General, that here religious instruction is the primary base of education.' 'Eh, Monsieur,' rejoined Bonaparte, 'it is for that that I came.' Some days afterwards he brought his brother Jerome, who continued in the academy for three years. Napoleon came to see him on the conclusion of the Italian campaign, and kept a watchful eye on his progress till the expedition to Egypt, when the duty of personal superintendence was transferred to Barras, with whom M. Savouré found it impossible to get on. Once or twice a week one of the Director's *aides-de-camp* came for Jerome, and carried him off to the theatre or some more objectionable place of amusement. He was brought back exhausted and dissipated, idle himself and the cause of idleness in others. At length the preceptor took the bold step of writing to the temporary guardian in these terms. 'Citizen Director, when General Bonaparte entrusted me with the education of his young brother, it was his desire that I should make a cultivated and able man of him. Now, it is my duty to tell you that nothing is more contrary to this end than constant association with your *aides-de-camp*. Have the goodness, therefore, to leave me entirely master of young Jerome's education, or remove him from my house.' Jerome was removed immediately; but always spoke of his old master in terms honourable to both.

Cuddie Headrigg says of Lady Margaret Bellenden, 'My leddy dinna like to be contradicted; as I ken naebody does if they can help themselves.' The *Curieux* does not like to be interrupted; 'not,' he adds, 'out of pride, but because interruption staggers and troubles his thoughts, and puts him out in his interrogations.' He has often been heard to exclaim, like M. de Fontenelle, 'My children, if we were to speak but four at once! what would you have? The *Curieux* has his nerves; you have yours.' This grievance would be comparatively little felt in England, where conversation is more elliptical, and the best talker is liable to be voted a bore if he habitually transgresses Swift's rule (strongly recommended by Sydney Smith), of not occupying more than half a minute without a break; it being free to all to get as many half minutes as they can. The well-known incident of the Frenchman watching his opportunity to strike in, and murmuring *S'il crache, il est perdu*, could hardly have occurred in this country; at least not since the two most eminent of recent English historians have been taken from us.

If there is no precise reason why *causeries* of this kind should stop anywhere, they must clearly stop somewhere, and M. Feuillet de Conches's readers are not like the audience in 'The Critic,' who (according to Mr. Sneer) were perfectly indifferent how the actors got off the stage so long as they did get off. The *Curieux*, therefore, despite of his dislike to interruption, introduces a

*Deux ex machinâ* in the shape of his publisher, '*le fidèle* Henri Plon,' exclaiming, '*Ah, Mon Dieu, est-il possible!* So you are still rummaging among the ashes of antiquity. You are still lingering among the frosts of the North; you are still at Aulnay with Huet; at Caen with M. de Malherbe, in Burgundy with Rabutin. Are you not also going to run off to London, to Florence, to Mantua, to Venice? And my third volume? And then your photograph, which my subscribers insist upon.' The bare mention of the photograph provokes a diatribe against this new and popular substitute for the miniature and engraving. 'Photography,' replies the *Curieux*, 'is my aversion; if it reproduces monuments and chalk or pencil drawings to admiration, it has infirmities and intolerable falsehoods for living nature. It can make nothing of distances, and does not see true. It falsifies features. It falsifies colours. In a word, it is the antipodes of art; it is the slave of an instrument and has all the defects of one. When Daniel du Moustier painted people, he made them better looking than they were, giving as his reason, "They are such fools that they believe themselves to be what I make them, and pay more." But there are sitters more stingy than foolish, and if photography was dear, no one would submit to it; for it makes uglier than nature. It has been popularised by cheapness.'

And so he runs on until he has fairly run himself out, and is content to conclude in right earnest. We are content to conclude along with him, although by no means suffering from wearisomeness or satiety. It was Bubb Doddington, we believe, who first laid down the maxim, 'When you have made a favourable impression, go away!' By analogous reasoning, the point at which we always prefer terminating a review is when, to the best of our belief, we have conveyed a fair and favourable impression of the author and the book.

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Art. III.—1. *Les Métaux precieux.* Par M. Roswag. Paris: 1865.

2. *Etat de la question de l'uniformité des Poids et Mesures.* Par M. Nahuys. Utrecht: 1865.

3. *Production der edlen Metälle.* Von Soetbeer. Berlin: 1865.

4. *Revue Contemporaine.* Articles on International Coinage, by M. de Parieu: published in 1858, 1860, 1861, and 1865. Paris.

5. *Eighth Report of the International Association for obtaining a uniform decimal system of measures, weights, and coins.* London: 1865.

6. *Decimal Coinage.* By Frederic Hendriks. London: 1866.

7. *Rapport adressé à S.M. l'Empereur par M. le Ministre des Finances sur un Projet de Loi relatif à la Convention Monétaire passée entre la France, la Belgique, l'Italie et la Suisse.* 14*th Avril*, 1866.

Changes have been effected since the year 1860 in the monetary legislation of several foreign countries, and especially of the Western States of continental Europe, which deserves a more careful attention than they have yet received from British political economists, who have for the last century taken so prominent a part in the progress of monetary science. These changes, which have been accompanied by a movement in public opinion, and by a vast deal of discussion on the altered condition of the currency of the world, affect many important interests in a manner which we shall now endeavour to explain, with the aid of a careful examination of the works of foreign writers on this subject, and of the debates which have taken place this very year in the parliamentary assemblies of France, Italy, Belgium, and Switzerland.

The leading points we wish to explain relate, first, to the internal legislative modifications of the currency in these countries, which have resulted from the vast importations of Californian and Australian gold; secondly, to certain international arrangements which have been engrafted on these legislative measures, and have actually constituted in Europe what may be termed a *Münz verein*, or monetary union, having France for its centre; and lastly, to the feasibility of a more extended application of the same principle to the great monetary systems of the world, and more particularly to that of Great Britain, as one of the chief producers, consumers, and distributors of the precious metals.

It is well known that the proportion which had existed between the production of gold and of silver since the discovery of the New World, has been largely disturbed by the working of the auriferous deposits of California and Australia. M. Soetbeer, a modest and intelligent economist of Hamburgh, has collected a multitude of curious returns on this subject, from which we extract the two following statements:—

In 1800, the value of the gold produced stood to that of the silver in the proportion of 28 to 72 upon a total of 10,813,400*l.*

In 1863, the value of the gold produced stood to that of the silver in the proportion of 67 to 33 upon a total amounting to 38,444,813*l.*

This new proportion, eminently favourable to the greater diffusion of gold, has existed from 1849 to the present time, with slight variations; and, in the last fifteen years, the quantity of gold thrown into circulation amounts to 340 millions sterling *more* than would have been produced under the proportions of the previous metallurgical production. The effect of this great change in the relative production of gold and silver has certainly not been confined to a reduction in the price of gilding or in other applications of gold to manufactures. It has also brought about a complete perturbation in the monetary system of those States which had made both metals a legal tender, including the United States, France, Spain, &c. Gold having become more common than silver, has been substituted for that metal as the habitual instrument of exchange; and as, on the other hand, the East has absorbed all the silver thus set at liberty in exchange for the silk, the tea, and the other Eastern commodities we import into Europe, the double standard has become in fact purely nominal, and gold is now the principal current money of all these countries. But as silver is an indispensable part of the monetary system to effect minor payments in small change, the circulating medium has been rapidly deranged in the countries in which the double standard still nominally exists.* Great Britain, being exempt by reason of her own gold and paper currency from the inconvenience which has thus been felt elsewhere, may regard these circumstances with indifference. Yet there have been times when this country too has suffered from similar embarrassments, arising not from any excess in the production of gold, but from other causes affecting the price of silver, and the Acts of Parliament of 1773 and 1816 successively established our gold coinage as the sole standard of the currency, and reduced the coinage of silver to its true character of mere tokens or counters for change, to borrow an expression used by Lord Liverpool in the House of Lords in 1816. By the Act 56 Geo. 3, c. 68, which regulated the new silver coinage, the pound troy of silver was coined into 66*s.* instead of 62*s.*, and the difference of 4*s.* retained as seignorage (amounting to six per cent.); so that bullion must rise so much above the Mint price, before coin could be brought on a par with it.* In other words, to prevent the silver being melted in case of rise of value, the silver for which the gold sovereign may be exchanged would not in reality purchase the quantity of gold contained in the sovereign; but the inconvenience which might have arisen from this debasement of the intrinsic value of the shilling, was provided against by restricting to forty shillings the use of silver as a legal tender. The change in the proportion of the production of the precious metals could only have affected the monetary system of Great Britain, if the price of silver in bars had become equal to the price of our silver coin; but the profits on silver in bars has never reached that which is artificially bestowed upon the silver coinage by the Act of 1816. The nature and effect of this operation is described in the following terms in the Report of the French Minister of Finance to the Emperor: —

Ces Commissions ont appelé l'attention du Gouvernement sur le procédé adopté par divers États pour conserver l'argent en concurrence avec l'or, dans la circulation monétaire. Ce procédé consiste à établir, entre l'or et l'argent monnayé, un écart de valeur monétaire moins considérable que celui qui est le résultat de leur valeur commerciale; l'argent ainsi rehaussé est émis sous la forme de monnaie d'appoint, dont le concours est limité de manière à en pouvoir remplacer, dans les grands payements, soit l'or, soit les monnaies d'argent supérieures. Le système de monnaies d'appoint en argent à cours limité et avec une proportion d'alliage suffisante pour ne pas permettre de les exporter avec profit, a été depuis un demi-siècle pratiqué avec un grand succès en Angleterre, et étendu plus tard aux États Unis, au Portugal, à la Suisse, et à l'Italie.' (*Rapport, &c.*, p. 3.)

The States which have suffered from this disturbance of their monetary system, caused by the excess of gold, have not, as yet, thought it expedient to adopt the entire

* One of the reasons for which the French cling to the use of the double standard, in spite of the rapid disappearance of silver and the enormous increase of gold in their circulation, is that the silver standard is connected with the French decimal system of weights. The French franc is a *weight*, representing in silver five grammes, and may be used for the purpose of weighing a letter or any other article. This circumstance connects it with the whole metrical system. This argument may have its value in the mathematical or theoretical view of the subject, but it appears to us to be of no practical importance, and the utility of applying coins to be measures of weight is diminished by the fact that their own weight is liable to be diminished by detrition, and is therefore not strictly accurate.

* See Mr. Wellesley Pole's excellent speech, delivered May 30, 1816, on the introduction of the Silver Coinage Bill. (*Parliamentary Debates*, xxxiv. p. 946.)

principle of our own currency; they have imitated it partially, but none of them has altogether abandoned the double standard. The United States of America, by an Act of Congress of 1853, reduced the weight of the half-dollar in silver from 206¼ grains to 192 grains, and that of the quarter-dollar from 103⅛ to 96. The Continental States of Europe, whose numeration is based upon the franc, found themselves in a position of greater difficulty. For the United States, whose monetary unit is represented to be in gold and silver by the dollar (equal to rather more than one-fifth of the English pound), supplied the wants of the community in small change by a somewhat depreciated coinage of half-dollars and quarter-dollars, corresponding to our florins and shillings, whilst the dollar itself, the basis of numeration and of value, remained unaltered. But in the countries in which the monetary unit is extremely low in value, as the French *franc*, less than our shilling, and the Spanish *real*, of a still lower denomination, it was impossible to issue an abundant supply of small silver coin, without some modification of the intrinsic value of the piece of money on which the whole currency and numeration of the country is based. This difficulty seems at present to have prevented Spain from taking any measures in this direction; and it has long been a subject of hesitation and discussion in France, and in the three countries adjacent to France, which, from political traditions or mercantile convenience, have adopted the French monetary system, established in a part of Italy and in Belgium under Napoleon I., and more recently introduced into the rest of Italy and into Switzerland.

Some writers in these countries have boldly recommended the complete, or all but complete, adoption of the British system. M. de Parieu, a Vice-President of the French Council d'État, defended this course with great ability and firmness in several articles published by the 'Revue Contemporaine,' between the years 1858 and 1865; and M. Levasseur took nearly the same view in his 'Recherches sur la Question de l'Or,' which were published in 1858, in opposition to the arguments of M. Michel Chevalier, who maintained, at that time, that in conformity with the French Law of An XI, gold should cease to be in France a legal tender.

Of the four States which have adopted the franc as the basis of their currency—and it may here be added that the Grand Duchy of Luxemburg has followed their example—Switzerland was the first to modify in practice the instrinsic value of the silver coins in use. This innovation was made by the Federal Law of the 31st of January, 1860, and as Switzerland had only adopted the French system in 1850, the novelty of the experiment seemed to embolden her to complete it. Her immediate object was, however, to prevent her small silver coinage from flowing out of the country, and for this purpose she imitated the example of the United States of America; but as she could not preserve her unity of value in the silver franc, as the Americans had done in their dollar, the Swiss Government took the five-franc piece as the standard silver coin, and resolved that the smaller coin of two francs, one franc, and fifty centimes, should be struck below the standard; thus, while the five-franc piece continued to be struck of $\frac{900}{1000}$ths of fineness, the minor coinage was reduced to $\frac{800}{1000}$ths.

Italy adopted the same course as Switzerland by the Law of the 24th August, 1862, but she did not proceed so far in the depreciation of the standard of small coin; she reduced it only to $\frac{835}{1000}$ths, or about the intrinsic value of our shillings minted under the regulations of 1816, and of the half-dollars and quarter-dollars now struck in the United States.

France hesitated at first to follow the example of her neighbours, but by the law of the 25th May, 1864, she too adopted the principle of the Italian coinage, and reduced her standard to $\frac{835}{1000}$ths, but only for the small pieces of fifty centimes and twenty centimes.

Belgium was still more undecided, although M. Nothomb had advised her, as early as the year 1861, to follow the example of Switzerland, and had even pointed out, with singular perspicacity, that this measure would lay the foundation of a common monetary system between France, Belgium, Switzerland, and perhaps Italy. The Belgian Government, however, took the highly judicious step of proposing that a monetary conference should be held between the States whose currency is based on the franc. This conference was held in Paris in the months of November and December, 1865, and led to a Convention between the Four States, which is now before us. The Commissioners of France, Belgium, Italy, and Switzerland agreed to adopt the standard already introduced by the Italian Mint in the coinage of silver small pieces; and Switzerland engaged so far to modify the system she had adopted in 1860 as to withdraw from circulation in a few years the coins she had issued at $\frac{800}{1000}$ths. These conditions having since been ratified by the

respective legislatures of the four contracting States, the uniform result of the monetary arrangements of these countries may be stated in the following terms :—

They retain the double standard of gold and silver, represented by gold coins of 20 francs, 10 francs, and 5 francs, of the former weight and value, and likewise by the silver five-franc piece of $\frac{900}{1000}$ths of fineness.

They depreciate or lower the silver coins of 2 francs, 1 franc, 50 cents., and 20 cents., to be struck hereafter to $\frac{835}{1000}$ths instead of $\frac{900}{1000}$ths of fineness.

Waiving the difference in the denomination and value of the coins affected, and the substitution of a lowering by alloy instead of a lowering by weight, this system is identical in principle with that of the United States ; and it secures to the contracting States the maintenance of a permanent supply of small silver coin, even if gold were hereafter to become more abundant in relation to silver than it is at present. These are in fact the same advantages we have ourselves derived from the British Act of Parliament of 1816 ; but in the countries associated by this Convention, these advantages are combined with the retention of the double standard, on the basis of the proportion of 1 to $15\frac{1}{2}$, which was adopted by the French Law of the 7th Germinal, An XI, as the legal relation of gold to silver.

The most important innovation introduced by the Monetary Convention, which was signed in Paris on the 23rd December, 1865, by the representatives of France, Belgium, Switzerland, and Italy,* is the principle of establishing a legal and official system of monetary union upon mutual concessions in the currency of four countries in which the metallic circulation had previously been imperfectly assimilated. The proceedings of the Monetary Conference, which have been printed in Belgium in the appendix to the Bill brought in to give effect to the terms of the Convention of the 23rd December, show that the Commissioners of the four States adopted with eagerness and enthusiasm a plan designed to extend the circulation of the gold and silver coinage of their respective nations over the whole territory of the Four States, on equal terms, without reference to the Mint in which they were struck, or the effigy they bore. Their intention was that from Antwerp to Brindisi travellers should pay their way in the same coin, without any of the risk or inconvenience of national exchanges, and that this coin should have precisely the same value over this wide extent of European territory, whether it bore the effigy of free Helvetia, the head of Victor Emmanuel or of Napoleon III., or of two successive Kings of Belgium.

M. Michel Chevalier, a well-known French economist, whose name can never be mentioned on this side of the channel without respect, as he was one of the chief promoters of the French Commercial Treaty, proposed to the commission on weights, measures, and coin, which sat in London in 1862, a monetary alliance between Great Britain and France, in the shape of a gold coinage, bearing on one side the effigy of Queen Victoria, and on the obverse that of Napoleon III. In making this suggestion, M. Chevalier renounced the predilection he had previously expressed in favour of an exclusive silver standard, on the ground that the recent discoveries of gold had made the value of that metal subject to far more depreciation and fluctuation than silver, and that permanence of value is a condition of the first importance to the standard of currency.

The negotiators of the Convention of the 23rd December took a still broader view of the principles of monetary union. Their object was that the gold and silver coinage of the four countries should be identically the same in weight, size, and value, though each country should issue money stamped with its own distinctive emblems, and even though the name of the coin should not in all cases be the same, inasmuch as the Italians prefer to retain the familiar appellation of *lira* for that which the other three nations call a *franc*. The first Article of the Convention is expressed in the following terms :—'Belgium, France, Italy, and Switzerland constitute a Union in relation to the weight, standard, dimensions, and value of their coined money of gold and silver.' The design of the Conference, and more especially of its President, M. de Parieu, who was, we believe, the author of the draft which was adopted after sundry amendments, was to establish this unity of coinage in essentials, leaving to each State as much liberty and independence in the detail of the coinage as were not incompatible with the general scope of the project.

The four contracting States did not go so far as to make it compulsory on their respective subjects or citizens to receive gold and silver coins minted abroad. But the treasuries of the four States bound themselves to receive these monies, without dis-

* The Commissioners were M. de Parieu and M. Pelouze for France ; M. Fortamps and M. Kreglinger for Belgium ; MM. Artam and Pratolongo for Italy ; MM. Kern and Feer Hergez for Switzerland.

tinction, in payment of the public dues; and although they are not yet made strictly legal tenders between man and man in each of the countries respectively, it is hoped and anticipated that use and public convenience will speedily remove all difficulty on this score. Indeed, practically the gold Napoleon and the silver five-franc piece, wherever struck, have long been received, indiscriminately, in the ordinary transactions of life, throughout the countries where the decimal monetary system of France prevails, and even in Spain and a great part of Germany.

The amount of small coin of the depreciated standard to be struck by each State is fixed by the Convention at six francs per head of the population; and as we have in the last fifty years struck about 16,000,000*l.* in shillings, for the use of the United Kingdom and a portion of our own colonies, the proportion of six francs per head is not immoderate.

No change has been introduced in the legislative provisions respecting the lower coinage, which consists in France and Italy of an alloy of copper, and of nickel in Belgium and Switzerland.

The parties to the Convention of the 23rd December agreed to leave it open to any other State to join the Union on the same terms. No express addition has yet been made to it; but the Pontifical Government promulgated an Edict on the 16th June, 1866, by which it virtually adopts the system of the Monetary Union, with the exception that the Pope reserves the right of striking and issuing certain coins, which are not included in the terms of the Convention, viz., a piece of 2 lire and 50 cents., which does not exist in France, and a piece of 25 cents., which is substituted at Rome for the piece of 20 cents. adopted by the Union. This Pontifical Edict has, however, the merit of laying down with precision, in its first Article, the fundamental doctrine of the value of the franc in gold, on which the whole superstructure of the Convention rests. It states, 'The new monetary unit of the Pontifical States is founded on the value of 5 grammes of silver and 0.32258 of gold, both at a standard of $\frac{900}{1000}$ths, and it takes the name of the *Lira Pontificia*.' It is not improbable that some of the States, contiguous to the countries already included in this Convention, will gradually adopt the same system, and this without the intervention of the causes which, under the First French Empire, extended the monetary system of France far beyond the present boundaries of that country, for many of the territories which were then annexed to France by the conquests of Napoleon, have never entirely lost, or discarded, the use of the French monetary system; and the sense of mutual convenience in personal intercourse and in commercial transactions might easily revive it.

Having thus shown in what manner 68,000,000 of the inhabitants of the continent of Europe have solved the difficulty of reducing their monetary circulation to a common standard, by this remarkable Convention, which subjects their respective gold and silver coinage to certain fixed and uniform rules, and even determines the relative proportion of their issues of small coin, we shall now proceed to consider the scheme of a more extended union, which has been mooted by several writers, and discussed in the French press, as one of the ulterior results of the Convention of the 23rd December. It is certain that some progress has been made, since the commencement of the present century, in drawing nearer together the monetary systems of the world. Several States which still retain their own distinct unit of value, and which have not adopted the French metrical system, have nevertheless proceeded so far as to divide their dollars, florins, drachmas, &c., on the decimal scale, which is a step in the right direction, and a great convenience in calculation. This has been done in Sweden, Turkey, Portugal, Austria, Greece, the Netherlands, and Spain,—countries including 211,000,000 of inhabitants. To these Mexico may be added since the French occupation; and the relation of the rupee of India to the English sovereign also affords facilities for decimal arithmetic. The monetary Convention which was concluded in 1857, between Austria and the German States, brought under one system 70,000,000 of inhabitants, whose coins and units of value are distinct, but have been rendered mutually convertible by a simple process: thus the three leading coins of Germany, the Prussian thaler, the Austrian florin, and the South German florin, are represented by the following equations:—

4 Prussian thalers = 6 Austrian florins = 7 S. German florins.

The French Convention with Belgium, Italy, and Switzerland, which has just been more fully described, is another important addition to the principle of uniformity, since it has linked together 68,000,000 of souls, by the use of the same coinage, extending from Brest to Constanz, and from Antwerp to Tarentum, under the terms of the Convention of the 23rd December, published in England by M. Hendriks, in the pamphlet cited at the head of this article. The same principle has, to a certain extent, been acted

upon by the British Government in the proclamations of February 3, 1866, giving to sovereigns minted in Australia legal currency in this country. The result of all these changes has been to diminish the innumerable variations of money, which previously existed in the world; to reduce them to five or six leading denominations; and to render the public more sensible of the advantages and convenience which would arise from a further introduction of the principle of a uniform coinage, or of a coinage which could be converted and interchanged by the application of fixed and uniform principles. These views have been ably expressed upon a recent occasion by M. Louvet, a member of the French legislative body, in a report drawn up by him on June 13, 1866. The tendency of modern civilisation, with its lines of railway extending over and across the frontiers of many States, and its lines of telegraph* bringing into direct communication countries lying at the opposite extremities of Europe, and even of the globe, is to create great common interests, irrespective of national and local differences. And it is obvious that all the operations of trade, and the exchange of money, would be greatly facilitated by the reduction of the representatives of weight, quantity, and value to a common form, or by the adoption of some principles which would make the conversion of different signs of value more easy and accurate.

Our own country has hitherto stood aloof from any of these combinations, and we are separated from the rest of Europe and America by the duo-decimal system of numeration, and by the high value of our unit,† the pound, almost as much as by the sea which surrounds these islands. And we do not anticipate that any change will speedily or easily be effected in habits so deeply rooted amongst a commercial people. But it is by no means impossible to bring our coinage and our basis of numeration into a closer and more constant connexion with the leading systems of the European continent and of India, without any important change in its present denomination and value. The practical method which has been suggested to effect this object is as follows:—

The English sovereign contains 123·274 grains troy weight, with $\frac{1}{12}$th alloy, or in other words, 113·002 grains of fine gold, representing 7·322 French grammes. The French twenty-franc piece, added to the French five-franc piece (in gold), contains 7·258 grammes of fine gold, exclusive of $\frac{1}{10}$th of alloy. Hence the difference between an English sovereign and twenty-five francs in French gold is 64 milligrammes.

If these 64 milligrammes (or about $4\frac{1}{4}$ grains troy) were subtracted from the sovereign, which would thus be reduced 0·825 per cent. in value, and if the proportion of alloy in our gold coinage were raised from $\frac{1}{12}$th to $\frac{1}{10}$th, the sovereign would be worth a little less, but it would weigh a little more than it does at present:* it would therefore be more dissimilar than it now is to the French napoleon, but it would be precisely equivalent to 25 francs in French gold, and would in fact be a 25-franc piece. It would obviously be a great convenience to travellers in both countries respectively, and in all the countries which have adopted the monetary system of France, to carry with them in their own coinage definite representatives of value, which would be independent of the variations of the exchange and the exactions of money-changers; and the same benefit would accrue, on a much larger scale, in the financial and commercial relations of this country with foreign nations. If such a common basis of numeration and coinage were in existence, it would not be difficult for the Governments of France and England to agree upon certain uniform principles of coinage, and to give legal currency respectively to these foreign coins, which would then represent distinct forms of value, based on the same standard: thus, the napoleon would be in England a 16-shilling piece, and the French Government, in conjunction with its monetary allies, would doubtless not only accept the English sovereign as a twenty-five-franc piece, but would probably strike twenty-five-franc pieces of

* The necessity of establishing a common tarif for the transmission of telegraphic despatches through different countries, has not been without effect upon the question of international coinage and numeration. Thus the Telegraphic Convention which was signed at Paris, on the 17th May, 1865, between France and almost all the States of Continental Europe, adopts the franc as the monetary basis of international tarifs for telegraphic messages. The 30th Article of this treaty adds that the tarif of messages between any two points in the dominions of the contracting States, is to be so adjusted, that the charge on every despatch of twenty words is always to be some multiple of the half-franc.

† It deserves observation that as we proceed from Portugal, at the south-western extremity of Europe, where the monetary unit is $\frac{1}{4000}$ of the sovereign, through Spain, France, South Germany, North Germany, Russia in the north-east, and England in the north-west, the value of the coin which serves as the base of numeration increases continually, being least in the south and highest in the north.

* A pound troy at the standard of $\frac{11}{12}$ths of fine gold gives 46*l.* 14*s.* 6*d.*; and at the standard of $\frac{9}{10}$ths of fineness it would give only 46*l.* 5*s.* 6*d.* in coin.

its own, which would be identical with the English sovereign.

On the other hand, it would be easy for the British Government to issue gold pieces of two florins, or four shillings' value, representing two-tenths of a pound, which would correspond to the five-franc pieces of the Franco-Belge and Helvetico-Italian Union, and would thus become a practical link of union between the two circulations, whilst they would offer a means of accord with those large European and American populations which use the Spanish piastre or dollar. The five-franc piece, whether in gold or in silver, may be regarded as the most familiar unit of monetary circulation in France and in the countries allied with her, and it is not inaccurately described by M. de Parieu, in one of his articles in the 'Revue Contemporaine,' as the dollar or crown piece of both hemispheres.* The colonial and commercial interests of this country are by no means confined to our connexion with the continent of Europe. It is perhaps of still greater importance to ourselves to consider, in the adjustment of our monetary system, the relation it bears to the coinage of our neighbours, our dependents, and our customers in other parts of the globe. The units of value which at present play the most important part in the intercourse of the world are the pound, the American and Spanish dollar, the rupee, and the franc, and all these coins stand, by a fortunate coincidence, in relations to each other which may be represented by multiples of the number five. Thus, the British sovereign is equal to about five dollars of four shillings each; to ten rupees; and to twenty-five francs. If it were possible to correct the slight variation which exists in these proportions, by adopting a coinage in America, India, and Europe, based on a uniform principle, under the different denominations familiar to each country, the most arduous part of the question of monetary union would be solved. An English four-shilling piece, the fifth of a pound, might thus represent the dollar, current in America and in several of our own colonies; it would also represent two Indian rupees, and five European francs—conditions which would give it currency in all parts of the world. The five-shilling piece, on the contrary, which has been abandoned as a cumbrous and inconvenient coin, has the disadvantage of not being readily convertible into any system of foreign coinage. The recent introduction of five-franc pieces in gold has been attended in France with great convenience to the public, and we think that the British half-sovereign is a piece of too high a value to serve as the lowest gold coin in our circulation. These gold five-franc pieces at first appeared to be rather too small, especially to a community which were previously accustomed to the heavy silver crowns which they have superseded. But use has removed this objection in France, and would speedily have the same effect in this country, though it has been remarked that northern nations prefer the use of coins heavier than those of the south. Thus, in the French monetary conference of 1865, Italy insisted on the reduction of the smaller pieces of silver to 20 centimes, against the wish of Belgium and Switzerland.

On this basis, the monetary circulation of British and Australian gold might be extended to 68,000,000 of inhabitants of continental Europe, and it might be possible, as we have indicated, to include India and America in the same arrangement. This point being once attained, time would probably adjust the silver coinage of these respective countries to the same system.

The future effect of this combination of a gold circulation between Great Britain and the Western Continental Union, would probably be further extended by the fact, that, as Germany and the Low Countries have no gold circulation of their own, they necessarily use a large quantity of the French gold coinage. The German Commercial Congress which met at Frankfort in 1865, expressed a hope that Germany might strike and issue gold pieces of the value of 20 francs, of the French standard and pattern, and that these coins should be made a legal tender in Germany,—a measure which would give legal currency to the French napoleon, or its equivalent, throughout central Europe. M. Soetbeer, of Hamburgh, is a decided partisan of this scheme, and it is also supported by the 'Boersenhalle' of Hamburgh, of the 17th July, 1866. Probably one of the first results of the unification of Germany will be to give an increased impulse to her monetary union; but with a view to her international relations the extension of the area of that inconvenient coin the Prussian three-shilling thaler is to be deprecated, as it bears no regular analogy to the other monetary systems of Europe.

The result, therefore, of an understanding between England and France on this subject

* M. Dumas, a Senator of France, went so far as to declare in his report on the Monetary Convention, that the legislature of France had erred by adopting too low a unit of value in the currency, and that the more enlightened disposition of the present times is to correct this error by substituting the five-franc piece for it, or the quintuple of the franc itself.

would probably be to give their coinage an universal acceptance in all the principal States of this hemisphere, except perhaps in Russia, where the conditions of the circulation are peculiar, from her vast extent, and from her own large metallic productiveness.

The great objection which may fairly be urged against the adoption of a scheme that threatens to modify, in however slight a degree, the established and intrinsic value of the English sovereign, is sufficiently obvious. The National Debt is a liability represented nominally by a given number of pounds sterling, equivalent to a fixed and determined weight in gold. The interest of the debt is paid in sovereigns of the same value. All private debts, mortgages, and contracts are expressed in the same terms; and to reduce the value of the coin in which they may be paid, is to take from the creditor and give to the debtor a sum equal to the amount of the difference. If the gold coin of England were brought into conformity with the gold coin of the Continent, the loss would be, as we have seen, 64 milligrammes of fine gold on each sovereign, or 0·825 per cent. in weight, and about two pence in value.

But this difficulty, formidable as it undoubtedly appears to be, is one which has been met and surmounted by other States of as high credit and probity as our own; and there appear to be two ways of dealing with it. The first is simply to reduce the intrinsic value of the sovereign to this extent, without taking account of the debts and liabilities contracted before the conversion, and this is the course advocated by M. Hendriks in his pamphlet. It is the course which was taken by the Dutch Government in 1839, when it reduced the Dutch florin from 9·613 grammes of fine silver to 9·450 grammes, diminishing the coin by about 163 milligrammes, representing *two* per cent. of the original weight, on the principle, as we presume, that what was lost by each member of the community in one capacity was gained in another, and therefore that the process of conversion did, upon the whole, compensate itself.

M. Hendriks remarks in his pamphlet:—

'In considering the question of a re-adjustment of the Mint Exchange or measure between coin and bullion, it must be observed that there is satisfactory historical precedent for such a course. We have remarked that the ratio of 3*l.* 17*s.* 10½*d.* per ounce is empirical. It may even turn out on inquiry that the alteration to 3*l.* 17*s.* 1½*d.* international standard fineness would be less empirical, and nearer to the real present ratio of gold, as measured by silver in the open market for bullion. The English standard until 1816 was a silver one, with the collateral alternative standard of gold coins in a fixed proportion settled by royal proclamations and Mint indentures according to the then assumed ratio of gold to silver. Here we have ample precedent for re-adjustment, and the gold discoveries of the last fifteen years to call for something of the kind being again considered. The 3*l.* 17*s.* 10½*d.* per ounce was originally authorised by Charles II. But the government of William and Mary increased it to a larger amount of gold coin per ounce of bullion. This, however, as shown by Sir Isaac Newton and others, was an over-estimation of gold, and made the coined guinea (for pounds were not then in existence) equal to 21*s.* 6*d.* instead of to its normal 21*s.* in silver. Silver coins could not, in this state of things, remain in circulation; they were melted (just as the French 5-franc pieces have been of late years), and the government of George I. (A.D. 1717) again changed to the ratio which has since prevailed.'

But, secondly, if the British legislature were resolved to effect this change in the current coin of the realm, without the slightest deviation from those strict principles to which it has honourably adhered from the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and without so much as the appearance of any abasement in the currency, then an allowance must be made in the payment of all existing debts, so as to render the amount paid in the new coinage exactly equivalent to the engagements contracted in the old one. This state of things would be productive of temporary but short-lived inconvenience, and it would be exactly analogous (though in the inverse sense) to what took place in France, when the franc was substituted for the old French livre at the beginning of the present century. The franc was worth one livre three deniers, and the livre was worth 99 centimes: there was therefore a difference of one per cent. between the two coins. To meet this difficulty, the Government published, on the 26th Vendémiaire An VIII, an official table of equivalents, and all payments and accounts were subjected to this process of conversion according to the established scale, until after a certain lapse of time the old livre had fallen into disuse. So too, the Pope has recently published official tables for the reduction of the Roman scudo into Pontifical *lire*.

This suggestion has found adherents both in England and in France, and the practical inconvenience attending it is, perhaps, less than may be imagined. In England it has been associated with a further proposal for what is called the decimalisation of a pound, on the pound and mil scheme. To us it appears that these plans deserve and require very careful consideration. We should hail with great satisfaction the adoption of a com-

plete and careful plan for the introduction of the decimal system, in the numeration, and in the coins, weights, and measures of this country, because we are satisfied that this system, in its integrity, is of incalculable advantage to science, to trade, and to all the operations of daily life. But before the British Government and legislature can be asked to sanction any change in the old-established habits of the people, which must always be productive of temporary inconvenience, they must be well assured that the change is to be made *once for all;* and that it is so contrived as to embrace all the *desiderata* of a new and improved currency. It would unquestionably be a useful work to enable us to assimilate our coinage, under its principal existing denominations, with that of foreign countries, so, at least, as to render our money convertible into its precise equivalents and to give it currency abroad. But this is only one portion of the reforms we should be glad to effect in our monetary system; and whenever the British Government is sufficiently enlightened and sufficiently supported by public opinion to undertake the adjustment of these questions, we trust that a modification of our coinage would not only bring us into closer relations with the monetary system of the Continent, but would also establish our own coinage and numeration on the basis of the decimal system. The two things are distinct, and one of them might be effected without the other; but having regard to the serious temporary inconvenience of any modification in the representatives of value, it is highly expedient that if any such change should be attempted it should be complete.

One of the chief inducements, however, to make an effort to assimilate the gold currency of this country with that of Western Europe, in the manner we have pointed out, is the minuteness of the change required to effect that object. We are separated from the monetary system of France, Italy, Belgium, and Switzerland by a very narrow line of division, and as we have shown, the double standard still retained in some of those countries, and even our own duo-decimal system of numeration, present no serious obstacles to the desired result. To establish a theoretical conformity between the monetary systems of different nations may be impossible; but there is a point of contact between them which may be employed to bring about their practical union.

It is not unworthy of the attention of the financiers and economists of England to note the important changes which are taking place in foreign countries, with a view to render the means of exchange more simple and universal; for these changes are one of the progressive signs of the age. Even in the United States, the House of Representatives has recently manifested a disposition to entertain proposals calculated to bring their monetary system into a closer connexion with that of Europe. Whatever the difficulties may be, it is not impossible for the common interest of mankind to surmount them; and no common interest is more obvious than that of establishing a similarity or identity between those different representatives of value, which may be described as the very language of trade; for to use the words of Landgrave Philip of Hesse at the beginning of the 16th century—

'Hätten wir alle einen Glauben,
Gott und Gerechtigkeit vor Augen,
Ein Gewicht, Maass, Münz und Geld,
Dann stünde es besser in dieser Welt.'

Which may be rendered—

'Had all men but a single creed,
Faithful to God and just in deed,
One weight, one measure, coin, and gold,
'Twere better for all an hundred fold.'

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Art. IV.—*Histoire de Jules César.* Par Napoleon III. 2 vols. 8vo. Paris: 1865–66.

The two volumes of the Emperor Napoleon III's 'History of Cæsar' have been already so long before the world—they have excited so widely the interest and attention of educated men—they have been made so much the occasion of sarcasm, of banter, of violent philippic, of sardonic criticism—they have been also so ably dealt with, with a more just and honourable purpose, by judges of a different order, to whom the study of Cæsar himself was a higher object than the study of a modern potentate's mode of dealing with him—that little seems left for the ordinary reviewer to say on the subject of them. We can do little more than repeat, and combine what others have observed before us. If there is anything about which it is next to impossible to be original, it is a book which from the circumstances of its authorship has lain on every table, and been commented on in every journal, from the day of its appearance until now. We have little, either of information or entertainment, to promise our readers; but that little shall be said, at all events, with the best exercise of our impartial judgment—impartial, both as

to the book, and, what is more rare, as to the author.

We have to deal, be it observed, with no unpractised writer. The collection of the works of Louis Napoleon was already a pretty voluminous one, before the present important addition was made to it. Many of us were more or less familiar with him as a writer, before Fate and his own strong resolution made him the master of the leading country of Europe. Successful, in the common sense, as a literary workman, he certainly has not been. He lacks altogether the graces of a popular author. He is quite incapable of interesting the reader by mere charm of manner, or through such sympathy of sentiment as masters of the art are able to excite. His style is not only meagre but harsh and grating: test it by reading aloud, and this quality becomes very obvious. He seems to have at once little ear for beauty of cadence, and little appreciation of neatness of diction. No Frenchman can possibly be otherwise than epigrammatic; but he is less so, and less successful when he is so, than any other distinguished French political or historical writer of our day. In this respect he is more felicitous in the turn of his occasional letters or addresses, than in his more elaborate and finished compositions. In these, generally speaking, there is a simplicity about his mode of stating or commenting on facts which verges on commonplace. And the ordinary reader, of a mind refined into overfastidiousness by modern cultivation, is apt to set the matter down as mere commonplace accordingly, and to discover in it occasion for nothing but weariness. But he will often find himself mistaken. Louis Napoleon does not, in point of fact, write for minds such as these. His thoughts, though he gives them in all honesty to the world in general, are in reality, perhaps unconsciously, addressed to sectaries and enthusiasts. We say deliberately enthusiasts, because—strange as it may appear to material Englishmen, who are familiar with the enthusiasm of loyalty, nationality, liberty, but cannot at all realise the enthusiasm which clings to a mere name as a political reality—the 'culte' of the dead Napoleon was for many years a substantial fanaticism in France. Men, who were neither fools nor dreamers, persuaded themselves that the regeneration of the country was to be effected, not by remodelling her institutions, not by extending personal and political freedom, not by educating her people, but by carrying out the first Emperor's 'ideas;' whatever that obscure phrase might mean. Look, accordingly, at the 'Idées Napoleoniennes' as they are collected in the three-volume edition of Louis Napoleon's works (1848). At first sight, the scattered essays so entitled will probably appear to contain rather a dry résumé of the first Emperor's views, or those attributed to him on a very wide range of subjects, almost always too general, and often too trivial to be attractive to a practical man. The inference first drawn will rather be that great as he was on the throne as well as in the camp, he does not shine as an 'ideologist.' But read a little more attentively, and, as far as you can, borrow the eyes of men of very different training and mental cultivation from yourself: men, the angles of whose understanding have not been rounded off by over polish: and you will find that many of these propositions, almost unmeaning in your eyes, have in reality oracular truth and oracular force when addressed to minds prepared to receive them. It is the old story of the Koran of Mahomet; it conveys to you no ideas at all; but in it uncounted millions have really found, or persuaded themselves that they found, ideas which have subdued in their day a large part of the world, and which are as yet so far from decrepit that they are even now extending their moral and material conquest over many a dark corner of the earth in the Malay isles, and in the recesses of Western Africa.

In this respect, the present Emperor may to a certain extent be also compared to a writer to whom he has indeed very little analogy, except in the circumstance of the influence exercised by his thoughts over many minds, and yet over none except minds of the sectarian order: we mean Joseph Mazzini. To one who is not already imbued with 'Mazzinianism,' the effort to read even a few pages of the great patriot's compositions is—if we may be allowed to speak from our own experience—a most wearisome exertion. Line seems to succeed line, and page to follow page, without imparting any definite notions at all: there seems to be no thought, no argument, no attempt to grapple with a difficulty or to make out a case: nothing but wire-drawn sentiment, repeating itself in maudlin language. Such, we say, is the effect produced by Mazzini on us—the effect produced by him on the world is a very different matter. And so, 'Napoleonic ideas' may be to many of us a mere bottle of smoke—but Napoleonism, somehow, is a tremendous fact, a great creation of modern times, the ultimate contest of which with the other opposing tendencies of the age has yet to be fought and decided, and may

perhaps prove the Battle of Armageddon of distant political prophecy.

That the avowed object of the writer is not to establish historical truth, but to establish the great political doctrine of the future, is amply proved by reference to a single passage of the Preface, in which the moral of the whole work is briefly summed up in words which we may call (in the present state and prospects of Europe and America) of terrible significance. No man can say, can even approximate to a conjecture, how much of the destiny of himself, or of his children, is involved in those few suggestive sentences.

'What precedes is enough to show the object which I propose myself in writing this history. That object is to prove that when Providence raises up such men as Cæsar, Charlemagne, Napoleon, it is in order to point out to the nations the road which they have to follow, to stamp with the signet of their genius a new era, and to accomplish in a few years the work of many ages. Happy the nations who understand them and follow them! Woe to those who misconceive them and oppose them! They do as the Jews—they crucify their Messiah: they are both blind and guilty; blind, for they do not perceive how powerless are their efforts to suspend the definitive triumph of good; guilty, for they do but retard progress, by impeding its promptness and rapidity.' (Preface, p. vi.)

The first object of the author is therefore (as usual with his countrymen when they turn historians) to establish a political theory of the necessitarian class: most Frenchmen (whether they admit it or not) being by the turn of their genius disciples of Comte. The second object, very second in the present instance, is to do so by means of the investigation of a particular chapter in history. Here, to say at once what it would be mere idle politeness to envelope in circumlocution, the 'History of Cæsar' is altogether unsuccessful. As a record of the series of events in the foreign and domestic annals of Rome which preceded, and led to, the civil war (political significance apart) it is unsatisfactory to the last degree. The author seems to have really approached his task without any preparation for it beyond a superficial knowledge of a few classical authors, and of the modern compilations on the subject which were popular in ordinary education fifty years ago. He does not even exhibit the appearance of knowing that such further qualifications could exist, or could be required. With the school of sceptical but close inquirers into early Roman history which began with Niebuhr and ended (for the present) with Lewis, he does not seem to have formed the slightest familiarity. Nor is he at all more acquainted with the concentrated light which German investigation, conducted by writers such as Mommsen, has thrown on the whole subject of inner Roman domestic life and outer policy. It is no part of his business to raise or discuss doubts on the authenticity of a tradition, or a narrative, or a document.* He scarcely shows himself aware that they are disputed. In short, and to put the case as plainly as possible, he seems to believe that, in order to be capable of forming his own favourite political deductions, which are the true essence of all history, a student needs no more acquaintance with facts than might have been acquired at school with the help of ordinary schoolbooks.

It is needless to say more on this subject; for public opinion seems already to have pronounced its verdict. No one will read the History of Cæsar to acquire what is usually meant by historical knowledge, except in one subdivision only.

The treatment of that subdivision forms a curious contrast to the execution of the rest of the work. The author displays, as an author, those characteristics by which he has made so powerful an impression on the European mind, for the last seventeen years, as a statesman; *Quicquid vult, id valdè vult.* Long before he became a ruler, even, perhaps, before his long and persistent dream of becoming one had dawned on him, he was an engineer officer by profession, and a strategist by favourite study. How intense his preoccupation was in regard to these subjects is known, not only to his intimates, but those who are at all familiar with his scattered writings. To a mind possessed with such inclinations as these, it may well be believed that the desire to trace step by step the military history of the great Roman captain, with all the advantages which executive power could place at his disposal, must have been a very predom-

* Not even in the most fundamental instance of all for his purpose—the authenticity of the 'Commentaries' which he uses. We have little doubt that the safest course is to rely on it; but the opposite belief requires notice, at least from any conscientious historian of Cæsar. Arnold was not a very accurate or deep scholar on such subjects, but he had a breadth of thought, and habit of judging on the general aspect of things, which was apt to render his views clear where men with minds more deeply involved in particulars see faintly. He was curiously sceptical on this head. 'The more we read them,' he says, 'the less can we persuade ourselves to consider Cæsar as their author.' (History of Rome, vol. i. p. 257.) We are not sure, however, whether in this passage he means the whole work, or the 'De Bello Civili' only.

inant motive in the choice of a subject. And it is impossible not to notice at once, both in the different spirit which here animates the writer and the different value of the execution, the relief which he feels in approaching it. He delights to draw out his hero from the dull details (to one like him) of the Comitia and the Senate, into the open fields, with the warlike but capricious Gaul for his enemy, the staunch legionary, with pickaxe and javelin, for his agent, and around him the mountains, rivers, marshes, defiles, existing now as they existed then, and giving out their buried stores of ancient relics to guide the research, and reward the conjectures, of the ablest explorers of France, with an imperial antiquary at their head. Both these main divisions of his work are animated, no doubt, by the same intense spirit of personality. That he had his visions of continuing certain traditions of empire we all know; but those visions embraced also certain other traditions of military glory. Half his aspirations were fulfilled in abundant measure; the other half (to the extreme relief of mankind) the Fates 'dispersed in empty air.' But they are evidently dear to his remembrance.

In reading these volumes, therefore, which have, as has been said, little enough of the attractions of style, or eloquence, or imagination, to prevent us from diverging from the study of their contents to meditation on their author, we are inevitably led to impersonate him to ourselves in several distinct characters. He is here before us as the steady, pertinacious dreamer of dreams to come true; he who proposed to himself, and executed, the task of acting out on the great stage the drama of which the first Napoleon only performed the prelude. The hero of that drama is the great monarch, ruling, not through the people, but by and with the people, and ready at any moment to appeal from all opposition by the so-called liberal and cultivated classes to that fundamental power of all from which he derives his origin and his strength. But the author is before us also in that very rare character of a philosophical statesman, who may be driven indeed, as others are, to govern by shifts and expedients calculated to meet present emergencies, but whose mind is always in the future; who directs his course, in the main, by an estimate of the strength of opposing forces, not as they are to the superficial observer, but as certain signs show that they will be. We meet with him, lastly, as the military archæologist, on ground chosen by himself and which he has thoroughly investigated, discussing, temperately and ably, questions minute and uninteresting except to the few, but inviting much intellectual subtlety; and deciding them in general, so far as we are able to judge, with much acuteness, and a remarkable freedom from prepossessions and crotchets. But all the rest of the work—all that does not bear, directly, on its great political purpose, or that is not contained in the special chapters on the Gaulish campaigns—is mere rough cement, holding together materials of some value, but quite unconnected with each other; mere 'padding' to use a more obvious phrase out of the modern literary dictionary.

The leading principle on which rest the foundations of Cæsarism, or Napoleonism, whichever name is applied to it, is of course the doctrine of Necessity; the assumption of a law, according to which, when public events have reached a certain turning point in their natural course, they can only proceed thenceforth in a previously ascertained direction. That absolute power begets aristocracy, the latter democracy, and democracy by corruption engenders tyranny, was the old pre-Comtian formula of ages gone by. And we do not know that political wisdom, although it has invented many fine-sounding phrases to adorn the same series of propositions, has in reality proceeded much farther:—

'Thus,' says the author, speaking of the last days of the Republic, 'everything was struck with decay. Brutal force gave power, and corruption place. The Empire no longer belonged to the Senate, but to the commanders of the armies; the armies no longer belonged to the Republic, but to the chiefs who conducted them to victory. Numerous elements of dissolution disorganised society; the venality of judges, the traffic in elections, the arbitrary proceedings of the Senate, the tyranny of wealth, which oppressed the poor by usury and braved the law with impunity. Rome was divided between two well-marked lines of opinion: one side, seeing no safety except in the past, attached themselves to abuses, through fear lest the displacement of a single stone should make the whole edifice crumble. The other wanted to consolidate that edifice by making the base larger, and the summit less unsteady. The first rested its cause on the institutions of Sylla; the other had taken the name of Marius as the symbol of its hopes.' (Vol. i. p. 282.)

After doing ample justice to the motives and purity of character of some, at least, of the leaders of the 'Parliamentary' party, the Imperial positivist proceeds:—

'And nevertheless, the cause maintained by men such as these was condemned to perish, like everything else which has lasted its time. With all their virtues, they were only an additional obstacle to the regular march of civilisa-

tion, because they did not possess those qualities which are most essential in time of revolution, the just appreciation of the wants of the moment and the problems of the future . . . But their influence was so considerable, and ideas consecrated by time have such an empire over the spirits of men, that they would even yet have prevented the success of the *popular* cause, if Cæsar, by placing himself at its head, had not given it new lustre and irresistible force.' (Vol. i. p. 307.)

'Never is the period of decline of a society more plainly indicated than when the law becomes the machine of war for the use of the different parties, instead of remaining the honest expression of the general requirements. Every man who had arrived at power in Rome rendered himself guilty to-day of what he had condemned yesterday, and made the institutions of his country serve the passion of the moment. At one time it is the Consul Metellus (A.U.C. 697) who delays the nomination of the Quæstors in order to prevent that of the judges, with the view of protecting his relative Clodius against a judicial accusation. At another we find Milo and Sextius, under pretext of reprisals against the same consul, opposing all imaginable obstacles to the convocation of the Comitia. Then again, the Senate (A.U.C. 698) endeavours to delay the choice of judges, in order to prevent Clodius from being named Ædile. The ancient usage of consulting the auspices had become, in the eyes of all, a mere political manœuvre. None of the great personages whom the momentary favour of the people or the Senate brought into prominence preserved the true sentiment of right. Cicero, who sees the whole Republic in himself, and who attacks as monstrous everything done against him and without him, declares all the acts of the Tribunate of Clodius 'illegal.' Cato, on the contrary, defends, from personal interests, the same acts, because the pretensions of Cicero wound his pride, and tend to invalidate the commission which he had received from Clodius. Caius Cato violates the law by revealing the Sibylline oracle. On all sides recourse is had to illegal means, which vary according to the temperament of the actor. Some, like Milo, Sextius, Clodius, put themselves openly at the head of armed bands; others act with timidity and dissimulation, like Cicero, who, one day, after a first unsuccessful attempt, carries off by stealth from the Capitol the brazen plate on which the law for his proscription was engraved. Singular error, to suppose that history may be effaced by causing some marks of the past to disappear.' (Vol. ii. p. 376.)

And, consistently enough, following the same line of thought to its conclusions, he makes every additional usurpation on the part of the military chiefs whose increasing ascendancy was ruining the Republic, an additional proof of the inadequacy of the Republic to meet the exigencies of the times:—

'It was every day more and more evident (A.U.C. 702), in the eyes of all men of sense, that the institutions of the Republic were becoming unequal to the maintenance of order within, perhaps of peace without. The Senate could no longer meet; the Comitia no longer be held; the judges no longer pronounce a sentence, except under the protection of a military force. It became necessary, *therefore*, to place the state at the discretion of a general, and to abdicate all authority to his favour. Thus, while popular instinct, *which is seldom in the wrong*, saw the safety of the commonwealth in the elevation of a single man to power, the aristocratic party, on the contrary, saw no danger except in this general inclination towards the single man. On this account Cato had himself inscribed among the candidates for the consulship for the year 703, signalising Pompey and Cæsar as equally dangerous, and declaring that he only aspired to the highest magistracy in order to repress their ambitious designs. This competition, opposed to the spirit of the time and to the popular instincts which were engaged in the contest, had not a chance of success: and the candidateship of Cato was set aside without difficulty.' (Vol. ii. p. 449.)

Now, to say the truth, at the expense of being thought very wanting in profundity, the ordinary allegation that the institutions of Rome were, 'effete,' and required to be destroyed and created afresh, at the particular period when Cæsar condescended to undertake that task, has long appeared to us an instance of the practice of reading history backwards, and assuming (in the infinite variety of human circumstances) that the event which happened was precisely the only event which could happen. It is usually laid down in a manner which is a perfect specimen of reasoning in a circle. The institutions of Rome were rotten, therefore they fell; they fell, therefore they were rotten. On what grounds do we pronounce them thus obsolete? Certainly not that of age. The old Roman polity was, in truth, remarkably short-lived. The period of development of the old aristocratic commonwealth scarcely outlasted three centuries, from the end of the Samnite war, when Rome became absolute mistress of Italy, to the time of the Gracchi, or, if you will, of Marius and Sylla. And that period was not at all of a stationary character: it was one of perpetual change and reconstruction of internal elements. The revolution commenced by the Gracchi threw a mass of power, till then wielded by the aristocracy, into the hand of the city populace. But then, as if providentially to counterbalance this tendency, came the changes effected by the Social Wars, which in the end balanced that new power by the introduction of whole races of free Italians to the suffrage. Such great alterations could not take place with-

out trying the strength of the old system to the utmost; but there is nothing, in our judgment, except the event, which we must protest against as a false criterion, to prove that, guided by more honest and more reverential hands, the machine was not elastic enough to outlast the pressure, and might not have continued to perform its functions with renewed energy. We must not be seduced, in this matter, by the commonplaces of poets and rhetoricians about the contests of the venal forum, and enormous fortunes, and foreign conquest, and the lust of gold. Where a living public spirit exists, a commonwealth may endure all these, assimilate their good results, and to a certain extent reject their evil. It will never do for us Britons—with a foreign empire more than equalling that of Rome, and foreign commercial relations greatly exceeding hers, and private fortunes elaborated every day out of our common resources to which that of Crassus was poverty, with bribery rampant, luxury to which that of Lucullus was simplicity, and social vices equalling at least those of the Suburra,—to acquiesce in the servile doctrine that the institutions under which those vast changes have been effected, and which have hitherto borne the strain of them, have become 'effete,' and stand in need of a manipulation by an inspired autocrat. And whether we are flattered or alarmed by the comparison, no two communities have ever exhibited more striking analogies in their development of public life than those of republican Rome and constitutional England.

We may, in fact, illustrate our meaning still further, by comparing the course of events in both countries, at a period in their respective destinies by no means dissimilar. After all allowance made for the comparative size of the theatres on which the performances took place, the last days of the Stuart monarchy, in England, exhibited a crisis similar in many respects to that which agitated the Roman Republic from the Syllan 'restoration' to the establishment of Cæsarean power. The old division of the English nation into the popular and aristocratic parties still remained, but in the course of events these had assumed shapes so new and so distorted, that the Whigs and Tories retained little more than a traditional resemblance, maintained by hereditary obstinacy, to the Roundheads and Royalists of old times; just as the partisans of Pompey and Cæsar did to those of Marius and Sylla.* And party warfare, while keeping clear of absolute civil war, had degenerated into excesses so utterly unscrupulous that civil war itself seemed tolerable in comparison. The life, property, honour, of every man engaged in politics were held by him absolutely at the mercy of the antagonist faction, whenever it obtained temporary power. Consequently, every struggle for power was also a struggle for existence, and ambition became only another word for the spirit of self-defence. The Whigs shed noble and innocent blood by wholesale in the matter of the Popish plot. The King's friends, when uppermost, sent to the gallows as a conspirator every leading antagonist who did not escape their clutches; and punished rebellious outbreaks—such as those of Monmouth and of the Covenanters—in such a manner that the revenge bore a proportion to the provocation never perhaps surpassed in political history, except in Jamaica in 1865. And yet all, or almost all, was done, just as in the parallel instance of decaying Rome, under colour of law. The old tenacious respect for forms and legal observance prevailed throughout the struggle.

'The evidence now produced for the crown,' says Macaulay, 'was at least as worthy of credit as the evidence on which the noblest blood of England had lately been shed by the opposition. The treatment which an accused Whig had now to expect from judges, advocates, sheriffs, juries, and spectators, was no worse than the treatment which had lately been thought good enough by the Whigs for an accused Papist.'

Even when Lord Rochester said (in his private letters to his wife) that 'things are now reduced to that extremity on all sides, that a man dares not turn his back for fear of being hanged, an ill accident to be avoided by all prudent persons,' the sufferers had the consolation that they were duly executed with all the constitutional forms. As Hallam says, there were, under Charles II., 'no means of chastising political delinquencies, except through the regular tribunals of justice, and through the verdict of a jury.' The consequence was—in striking analogy with what was passing at Rome in the time of Milo and Clodius—that every politician's hope, not only of victory but of life, lay in securing the jury in his favour. And, in the metropolis at least, for some years, the question which party should prevail, or rather be able to show its face in public, depended on the election of the sheriffs, whose

* It may be worth the notice of those who register coincidences, that the period assigned by the Emperor for the duration of the popular struggle against the Roman Senate—sixty-three years, from the time of the Gracchi to the Consulate of Crassus and Pompey, A.U.C. 684 (vol. i. p. 275)—exactly agrees with that between the accession of Charles I. and the English revolution (1625–88).

duty to their cause it was to pack the juries. Now, if a clever Cæsarist were to pronounce that the parliamentary constitution of England, thus turned by parties into a mere cover for mutual violence, had become 'effete' in 1680, he would be able to show quite as valid an array of arguments and probabilities in favour of his assertion, as he who were to predicate the same of the Roman Republic in A.U.C. 700, or of French political freedom in 1848. And the same fate-appointed consequence would have been ready at his hands—namely, that a Cæsar was needed to replace the worn-out system by a new one. And nothing would have been easier, had Providence so willed it, than the career of an English Cæsar in 1688. The bulk of all parties, tired of what seemed an insoluble problem, would have thrown themselves at his feet. But it did not please Providence to send us a Cæsar. It sent us a Dutchman, incapable of a Cæsar's designs or a Cæsar's crimes.* It sent us a preserver, highminded, indeed, able, and resolute, but phlegmatic and sickly, whose personal ambition, such as he had, lay in quite another direction, whose sense of honour and justice would have restrained him from revolutionary projects had he been otherwise inclined to them, and who would no more have dreamt of making himself Emperor among us than Pope. The general result was that, instead of the establishment of a magnificent despotism, nothing happened among us more exciting than the rise out of political anarchy of a Whig aristocracy, which, with continually increasing reinforcement from the popular power, has managed to patch up our effete institutions, and kept them going for a century and three quarters. And for our own parts, believing the changes in states to be by no means accountable on absolute laws of Positivism, but subject to many a bias of accident and opportunity, we are aware of no reason why the institutions of Rome also might not have undergone a similar process of petty and gradual reconstruction, had Fate denied her the blessing of a Cæsar, and given her something approaching the feebler type of an Orange or a Washington. To sum up the subject in words which may, perhaps, possess an approximation to common sense, instead of savouring of the mystic and oracular: there are, no doubt, crises in the history of free states when they can only be saved through the energy or influence of a few, or even of a single man. But it depends very greatly on the character of the deliverer himself, whether he shall complete his task by the reconstruction of society on the old basis, or shall destroy society, and render himself the absolute master of a new one. The courtier, who worships success in a 'Cæsar,' is a public enemy of a vulgar type. The timid, or fastidious, or cynical politician, who extols him simply for the energy which he displays in trampling down opposition, is considerably worse. But worst of all is the fatalist philosopher, who preaches that the usurper is a necessity.

That the master of events, on his road to supreme power, is justified in employing to the utmost extent the ordinary methods of corruption and intrigue which the abuses of the constitution place at his disposal, is evident from the following passage, descriptive of Cæsar's conduct after he had succeeded in establishing the first triumvirate:—

'Without changing the fundamental laws of the Republic, Cæsar had obtained a great result. He had substituted for anarchy an energetic power, mastering at once the Senate and the Comitia. By effecting an understanding between the three most important citizens, he had merged mere personal rivalries in a moral authority which had permitted him to establish laws favourable to the prosperity of the Empire. But it was essential that his departure should not draw with it the fall of the edifice so laboriously raised. He was not ignorant of the number or power of his enemies; he knew that if he abandoned to them the Forum and the Curia, not only they would annul all his acts, but would go so far as to deprive him of his command. . . . Against such hostility as this it was necessary to do a difficult thing—to contrive to manage the elections. The Roman Constitution brought forward every year new candidates for public office. It was indispensable to have partisans among the two consuls, the eight prætors, and the ten tribunes named in the Comitia.' (Vol. i. pp. 401–2.)

The character and designs of the friends and supporters of Cæsarism, destined to abet the Cæsar of the day in his successful attack on the institutions of his country, form always a ticklish subject for the panegyrist to deal with. The Catiline, Clodius, Curio of all times—those desperadoes who prepare the way for a *coup d'état*, and those who abet it in execution—are generally somewhat sinister figures in history, whom one would willingly keep in the shade as far as possible. On the whole, we think the Imperial writer has dealt judiciously with

* It is a singular instance of preoccupation by a single idea, that Louis Napoleon, in his 'Historical Fragments' (comparing 1688 with 1830), turns William III. himself into a 'Cæsar.' The Stuarts, he says, reigned by fomenting personal ambitions: 'Guillaume, au contraire, mettait sous ses pieds tous les obstacles, et faisait concourir toutes les opinions diverses comme tous les individus opposés à un seul but, l'intérêt du pays.' (*Œuvres de Louis Napoleon*, vol. ii. p. 102.)

this portion of his subject. Without ignoring these untoward partisans of his hero, he has contrived not to make them too prominent, and, amidst due reprobation for their excesses, to insinuate the gentle apology that the evils of the time left them no other course, and Cæsar no better allies.

'In epochs of transition, when it is necessary to choose between a glorious past and an unknown future, audacious and unscrupulous men alone put themselves forward; the others, more timid and more enslaved by prejudices, keep in the shade, and form an obstacle to the movement which is drawing society in a new direction. It is always a great evil for a country which is a prey to agitators, when the party of *les honnêtes gens*, or of "the good," as Cicero calls them, does not embrace the new ideas, in order to direct and moderate them. Hence profound divisions. On the one hand, worthless men are apt to become masters of the good or evil passions of the multitude; on the other, honourable people, either standing aside or placing themselves in opposition, impede all progress, and arouse, by their obstinate resistance, a legitimate impatience, or even mischievous violence. This opposition has the double inconvenience of leaving the field open to those who belong to an inferior type, and at the same time of maintaining doubts in the mind of that floating mass which judges parties much more by the character of the men engaged in them than by the value of the ideas which they represent.

'What then passed at Rome offers a striking example of these truths. Was it not reasonable, in truth, to hesitate before preferring to the faction which had at its head such illustrious personages as Hortensius, Catulus, Marcellus, Lucullus, and Cato, that which counted as its supporters men such as Gabinius, Manilius, Catiline, Vatinius, and Clodius? What more legitimate, in the eyes of the descendants of the ancient families, than this resistance to all change, and this disposition to consider all reform as an utopia and a sacrilege? . . . And yet the cause, defended by such men, was doomed to perish, like everything else which has had its time. Notwithstanding their virtues, they were only an additional obstacle to the regular march of civilisation; because they were deficient in those qualities which are the most essential in times of revolution, the power to appreciate justly the necessities of the moment and the problems of the future.' (Vol. i. pp. 306–7.)

It would certainly be difficult, under cover of a chapter of ancient history, to adumbrate more distinctly both the character of the events which have placed later Cæsars on the seat of empire, and the apology for them. In another passage the experience of modern crises is called in even more boldly to vouch for the favourite interpretation of ancient ones:—

'In civil troubles every class of society guesses, as if by instinct, the cause which answers to its aspirations, and feels itself drawn towards it by a secret affinity. Men born in the superior classes, or raised to the same level by honours and wealth, are always attracted towards aristocratic causes; while those who are kept by fortune in the inferior ranks remain firm supporters of the popular cause. Thus, at the return from Elba, most of the generals of Napoleon, gorged with wealth like the lieutenants of Cæsar, marched openly against the Emperor; but in the army, all up to the rank of colonel said, after the example of the Roman centurion, showing their weapons, "These will place him on the throne."' (Vol. ii. p. 495.)

When, however, the Emperor points out the personal shortcomings and weaknesses of the aristocratic or constitutional party, during its long struggle with the popular chief—when he represents it as sometimes rushing violently into the employment of gold and corruption, at other times carrying on what he calls 'a little war of sarcasm and chicane'—he is, we must admit, supported by the opinions of writers less devoted to partisanship than himself.

'Except Quintus Catulus (says Mommsen), who with honourable pertinacity continued to occupy his unenviable post as defender of a beaten party until his death (A.U.C. 694), there is no chief to be named belonging to the highest rank of the nobility, who represented the interests of the aristocracy with courage and steadfastness. Even their ablest and most admired members, such as Quintus Metellus Pius and Lucius Lucullus, substantially abdicated, and withdrew themselves, as far as they could do so with decency, to their villas, to forget as far as possible the forum and the senate amidst their aviaries and fishponds. This naturally applied still more to the younger generation of the aristocracy, which either sank entirely in luxury and literature or turned to the rising sun.'

So again, speaking of the terror caused to the aristocratic party by the meeting of the Triumvirs at Lucca, A.U.C. 698, Mommsen says:—

'It was now time for the aristocracy to make their high enterprise good, and to carry on the war as boldly as they had begun it. But there is no more melancholy spectacle than that of cowardly men who have been so unlucky as to take a courageous resolution. Nothing had been foreseen. It did not seem to have occurred to any one that Cæsar might possibly put himself in a posture of defence, that Pompey and Crassus might once more coalesce. This seems incredible; but it becomes comprehensible when we examine the individuals who then led the party of the defenders of the constitution.... They had taken up arms but to lay them down again, as soon as the adversary only rattled his sheath. The mere intelligence of the conferences between the Triumvirs at Lucca was enough to

break down every thought of a serious opposition, and to bring back the mass of timid people, that is to say, the enormous majority of the Senate, into that position of subjects which they had abandoned in an unlucky moment.... Thus the corporation performed public penance. Individual leaders came in secret, one after another, frightened to death at their own rashness, to make their peace and promise unlimited obedience.' (*Geschichte Roms*, vol. iii.)

Unfortunately this is all too true; and true of other times, and feuds, besides those of the last days of the great Republic. It has been the uniform misfortune of those arrayed against the overmastering popular party, whether that party assumes the colours of democracy or of Cæsarism, sometimes to exaggerate its strength, more frequently to undervalue it, but always to miscalculate it. Hence the shouts of triumph with which the partisans of the higher classes invariably greet the success of any temporary measure or manœuvre which defeats for a time the combinations of their opponents, as if it were an indication of a real change in public feeling. Hence the tremor of suspense with which, the first burst of exultation over, they watch the effect of their own achievement on the temper of the defeated; like the little pugilist, in Statius, after he has managed to plant a hit on the body of his gigantic adversary: 'eventuque impalluit ipse secundo.' Hence the unworthy haste with which, as soon as convinced that the other side are seriously in earnest, they are apt to abandon their cause as lost, and take refuge in protests that their meaning has been misunderstood, that they have been all along the true friends of the popular cause, and have only differed from their excellent friends opposite as to the best means of supporting it. Such phenomena will reproduce themselves in each successive struggle of the few against the many, whichever party may happen for the time to be in the right, and whether the object of the struggle is to oppose the slightest extension of popular rights, or to keep out an armed 'child and champion of democracy' at the door. But to judge of the justice, or expediency, of a cause from the qualities displayed by its partisans or opponents is a weakness unworthy of a true historian.

Generally speaking, however, it will be found that the new biographer of Cæsar judges fairly and temperately of the leading members of the Roman 'parliamentary faction' which set itself in opposition to his hero. He is lenient even to Pompey himself, to whom he applies the expressive phrase, 'qu'il n'avoit pas le courage de ses opinions.' On one point, and we may almost say on one only, we find him going seriously beyond those boundaries of self-restraint which he has imposed on himself in general, when dealing with those leading men engaged in the great Roman struggle who most excite his political antipathies. This is in his treatment of Cicero. We are not going on the present occasion to enter on the still vexed question of the judgment to be passed by us moderns on the moral character of the great orator. It seems to be disputed at the present day with almost all the partisanship of his own period; and the reason is plain enough. It was a character made up of many noble qualities and many weaknesses. Cicero is a frail man, not the impersonation of an idea; compared with Cato, for instance, he is like a personage of Shakspeare as against one of Corneille. Every critic, therefore, according as he is favourably disposed towards one or the other of the two great causes which the Emperor's volumes bring once more into the lists, as they have been brought so many times before, finds it easy, with the help of a very little party prejudice, to paint his Cicero with a bolder dash of black or white according to his mind. But, whatever else may be said of Cicero, of his political conduct, his political language, his philosophy, his rhetoric, his effusions to his familiar friends, they all stood in the clearest and most recognised contrast to the career of the great soldier-sovereign. His deep attachment to the institutions of his country; his clinging even to the merest forms and shreds of legality; his aversion from the decision of the sword, and love of the wordy contests of the pen or the tongue; his persevering faith that the Republic, in the hands of 'good men,' would ultimately right herself, and that what was really wanted was not the brutal violence of the soldier, nor the equally brutal impulses of the mob, but the union of those imagined 'good men,' and the discarding of private ambitions and jealousies; his genuine and intense adoration, at which none but those who are incapable of it can in their hearts mock, of the τὸ κάλον, the great principle of life, and right, and symmetry, pervading the actions of men no less than the laws of nature; his conviction that

'There is on earth a yet diviner thing,
Veiled though it be, than Senate or than King;'

all these were in his lifetime impediments in the way of advancing autocracy, and remain, after two thousand years, standing rebukes to it. Men can afford, no doubt, to be 'catholic' and charitable in their judgments

of most of the departed heroes of antiquity; but Cicero and Cæsar are the representatives (so Fate has willed it) of political and social predilections which are as active in our day as they were in their own, and no man can really love both Cicero and Cæsar. It is no matter of surprise, therefore, if the nephew of Napoleon cannot see his way to be just, much less generous, towards him who was at Rome what poor Léon Faucher once called himself to us at Paris, 'la dernière expression du système parlementaire.' Instances of this almost petty ill-will towards the memory of the orator may be traced in every page of the political portion of this history; we will content ourselves with pointing out one or two.

When, on the imminent danger of invasion by Cæsar (A. U. C. 705) the Senate assigned to its principal leaders their several military commands in Italy, 'Cicero,' says the Emperor, '*always prudent*, chose Campania, as being farthest removed from the theatre of war.' (Vol. ii. p. 510.) There is really no foundation at all for this pointed sneer, except the general notion that the orator had no military fervour. No ancient author suggests it. Cicero himself simply says that Campania was assigned to him, not that he chose it. But Campania was by no means removed from danger: it was very likely to become the seat of military operations, as it generally had been in Italian wars, owing to its central situation, its open character, and its wealth. Dr. Merivale gives as the reason of his acquiescence in this appointment, with more apparent justice, that 'he was extremely unwilling to leave the immediate neighbourhood of Rome, where he conceived that his real sphere of usefulness lay.'

A little before, we find Cicero—without the slightest foundation that we can discover—dragged in as a sort of accessory before the fact, to a supposed project of assassination against Clodius. 'Chaque jour voyait une émeute dans les rues. Milon jurait de tuer Clodius, et Cicéron avouait plus tard que la victime et le bras qui le devait frapper étaient désignés d'avance.' (Vol. ii. p. 367.) This is literally true, no doubt, but so partially stated as entirely to misrepresent Cicero's meaning. The orator has been recounting to Atticus a desperate attack made by Clodius on the house of Milo, 'quæ erat in Germalo;' with an attempt to burn and rob it, which was frustrated by some armed partisans of the owner. The two party chiefs therefore defied each other, and each placed himself at the head of an armed force. Milo challenged Clodius to meet him in the Forum. A state of open war existed between them. In this condition of things, Cicero says, 'I think if Clodius shows himself in the street, Milo will kill him.' It is needless to point out how different this picture is from that of Clodius as a 'victim,' whose murder, and murderer, were 'already resolved upon.'

In another passage, we find the writer dexterously appropriating a passage from Dio Cassius—who is evidently giving, not his own sentiments or those of historians in general, but Cæsar's own account of the affair—to show the exalted superiority of character manifested in Cæsar's dealings with his wordy antagonist at the time of the first Triumvirate:—

'Cæsar endured with difficulty the attacks of Cicero. But, superior to resentments, as men are who are guided by great political views, he temporised gently with everything which could have an ascendant over the public mind, and the word of Cicero was a power. Dio Cassius thus explains the conduct of Cæsar: "He wounded Cicero neither by his words nor his actions. He said that men often launch, on purpose, vain sarcasms against those who are above them, in order to drive them into disputes, with the hope of appearing to have some likeness to them, and of being placed in the same rank, if they succeed in getting themselves abused in return. Cæsar, therefore, judged that he ought to enter the lists against no one. Such was his rule of conduct against those who insulted him; and as he at that time saw plainly that Cicero's object was less to offend him than to provoke him to the utterance of some injurious retort, and thus to satisfy his desire to be regarded as Cæsar's equal, he gave himself no concern at what the orator said, and even allowed Cicero to outrage him in words, and to praise himself, entirely at his ease. Nevertheless, Cæsar was far from despising Cicero, but, naturally gentle, he did not suffer his temper to be easily provoked. He had often to punish, as was unavoidable in the midst of such great affairs as those in which he was engaged, but he never gave way to passion."' (*Dio Cassius*, xxxviii. xi.—vol. i. p. 399.)

Surely the parts played by Cæsar and Cicero respectively, in the struggle of the first Triumvirate, are too well known to be thus artificially dealt with. If Cicero was a mere puppet, Cæsar would seem to have taken extraordinary pains to demolish him. The profligate Clodius was bent on the destruction of Cicero as his personal enemy. Cæsar, who, as has been truly said, counted on the services of Clodius, contrived his adoption into a plebeian family whereby he was qualified to be elected tribune. His election to the tribuneship was well known to be the signal for the persecution of Cicero. Cæsar—who had brought that election about—was so well aware of this, that he

endeavoured, whether from motives of kindness or policy, to rescue Cicero from the impending danger by inducing him to accept some inferior and dependent post out of the city—an acceptance which would of course have been equivalent to a complete victory over the orator without the unpopularity of a direct attack; and which Cicero had the courage to decline. Cicero was thus driven into banishment, by all but the immediate act of Cæsar himself. This was not treating him as a mere contemptible enemy. That Cæsar was capable of great generosity, no less from nature than policy, all the world knows: to suppose him incapable of resentment for offences against his interest, or against his pride, is to suppose him what neither he nor any other man ever was, and what his occasional conduct towards individual enemies, however exceptional, plainly disproves. There are occasions, says Thiers, in his 'History of the Republic,' speaking of the passage of arms between the first Napoleon and Siéyès, at Gohier's dinner, just before the 18th Brumaire, on which, 'dans les hommes de la plus grande supériorité, l'orgueil l'emporte sur la politique. Si, du reste, il en était autrement, ils n'auraient plus cette hauteur qui les rend propres à dominer les hommes.'

The curious interpretation of the Catilinarian events (in which, however, the Emperor is by no means alone among modern historians) by which Catiline is made a *grand homme incompris*, Cicero an outrageous violator of the law, Cæsar a superior being calmly rebuking the revolutionary fervour of the first and the reactionary excesses of the second,* have been too often commented upon by critics to need farther criticism here. But the passage is accompanied by a brief lecture, in which is conveyed a remarkable axiom of modern political morality:—

'One may *legitimately* violate *legality* when, society being at the point of ruin, a heroic remedy is indispensable to save it, and when the government, sustained by the mass of the nation, makes itself the representative of the general interests and desires. But, on the contrary, when, in a country divided by factions, the government only represents one of them, then, if it has to suppress a plot, it ought most scrupulously to observe the law in doing so; for at such times every extra-legal measure appears inspired, not by the general interest, but by a narrow instinct of self-perservation; and the majority of the public, indifferent or hostile, is always disposed to sympathise with the accused, whoever he may be, and to blame the severity of the repression.'

This certainly solves the question of the lawfulness of the employment of 'martial law,' of which we have heard so much lately, in the most compendious manner. If proclaimed by a sovereign representative of the people in order to save society, it is 'legitimate.' If proclaimed by a constitutional, that is, a party government, it is illegitimate; for such a government represents nothing but the party which has brought it into power.

We believe we may leave Cicero safely to the charitable consideration of the after world, notwithstanding all that the lovers of success may have to urge against him. But we will cite one little testimony in his favour, even more for the sake of the writer, John Henry Newman, than of the subject:—

'On the whole, antiquity may be challenged to produce an individual more virtuous, more perfectly amiable, than Cicero. None interest more in their life, none excite more painful emotions in their death. Others, it is true, may be found of loftier and more heroic character, who awe and subdue the mind by the grandeur of their views or the intensity of their exertions; but Cicero engages our affections by the integrity of his public conduct, the correctness of his private life, the generosity, placability, and kindness of his heart, the playfulness of his temper, the warmth of his domestic attachments.... Want of firmness has been repeatedly mentioned as his principal failing; and insincerity is the natural attendant on a timid and irresolute mind. On the other hand, it must not be forgotten that openness and candour are rare qualities in a statesman at all times, and while the duplicity of weakness is despised, the insincerity of a powerful but crafty mind, though incomparably more odious, is too commonly regarded with feelings of indulgence.' (*Encyc. Metropolitana.*)

We have already said that the merely historical and introductory part of the work, wherein Cæsar himself is but indirectly concerned, may be safely passed over by the conscientious reader. One extract only we intend to make from it; because this, also, touches closely on some subjects of interest at the present day. It is a passage in which, exactly following the footsteps of his uncle in the 'Memorial de Ste. Hélène,' he passes in review the particular qualifications of Rome to be the natural metropolis of Italy.

'The geographical position of Rome did not contribute less to the rapid increase of its power. Situated in the middle of the only large fertile plain of Italy (Latium), and on the banks

* Those who are tempted to dismiss the obscure question of Cæsar's complicity in the conspiracy of Catiline with the curt observation of the 'Histoire,' that 'il est facile de se convaincre que César n'était pas un conspirateur,' had better read the brief and judicial summary of Mommsen, by no means an enemy to Cæsar.

of the only important river of central Italy, which connected it with the sea, it was capable of becoming at the same time agricultural and maritime; conditions at that time indispensable for the capital of a new empire. The rich districts which occupied the shores of the Mediterranean were destined to fall easily under its dominion; and as to the mountain countries which surrounded it, Rome had the means of becoming their mistress by occupying gradually the outlets of all their valleys. Thus the City of the Seven Hills, favoured alike by its natural position and by its political constitution, bore within itself the seeds of its future greatness.' (Vol. i. p. 62.)

To pass from the first to the second volume of this singular work is to migrate, at once, from the realm of pamphlet to that of grave history. We should rather say, from the second to the third 'book;' for the second volume affords an instance of very inartificial workmanship, tending to the least possible result. For some reason which the author has not explained, he has devoted his third book, separately and exclusively, to Cæsar's Gaulish campaigns. These are recounted with a view solely to their military and topographical details, and without any connection whatever with the contemporary political chronicle of Rome. Then, in the fourth book, we are taken to Rome again, and brought back to the same point of time, A. U. C. 696, at which the Gaulish campaigns began. To use the writer's own account of this curious distribution of his work (at the commencement of book iv.):—

'In the preceding book we have reproduced, following the Commentaries, the narrative of the Gaulish wars, endeavouring to elucidate doubtful questions, and to fix the spots which were the theatre of so many battles. It will now be not without interest for us to repeat the leading features of the eight campaigns of the Roman proconsul, avoiding all merely technical details. We shall at the same time examine what passed during this period on the banks of the Tiber, and the events which brought about the Civil War.'

The result is that the whole story of the Gaulish wars is told twice over; once minutely, by itself, and once in a summary connected with other events. A master of historical narrative would certainly have avoided such a recapitulation. We can imagine the result of the application of such a method to modern events, by supposing that a historian of the French revolution were to devote a chapter to Napoleon's campaigns in Italy, and then a separate chapter to the same campaigns again in connexion with what was passing at the same time at Paris under the Directory. But however liable the process may be to this kind of criticism, the consequences are, no doubt, in some respects advantageous to the reader. For the whole of the third book might be extracted bodily from the rest of the work, and printed separately as a running commentary on the books 'De Bello Gallico;' and so, we have little doubt, it will be; and it will retain its value for future archæologists and topographers, when the speculations even of an Emperor on political commonplaces have ceased to excite more than a languid interest. And in the meantime it is most refreshing even for us readers of the present day, to find ourselves relieved for a space from the perpetual ring of modern newspaper oratory which runs as an accompaniment through the rest of the volumes, and find ourselves alone with the great military genius of antiquity, explained and adapted to our present knowledge by one whose tastes and education have made the task a labor of love, and whose position has placed in his power the means of thoroughly executing it.

The author himself reminds us that he is not the first sovereign who employed his authority as head of the Government to collect materials for illustrating this part of the Commentaries:—

'Charles V.,' he says in the preface to this volume, 'who professed a lively admiration for Cæsar, left a copy of the Commentaries full of marginal notes by his own hand. It was at his instigation that the viceroy of Sicily, Ferdinand Gonzaga, sent a scientific mission to France to study the campaigns of Cæsar on the spot. The forty plans which were made by this mission (among which is that of Alesia) were published in 1575 in the edition of Jacopo Strada.'

Following the example of Charles V., with all the additional appliances at the service of modern explorers, Napoleon has not only studied, personally, for some years past, the sites of some of the most remarkable passages of the Gaulish war, but has despatched officers of his staff in all directions, to make themselves more thoroughly masters of the topography than his own leisure enabled him to do. Their labours are amply acknowledged in various passages of the notes, and are embodied in the very valuable 'Atlas' which accompanies the second volume; a model of neatness of execution, as well as severe simplicity of design.

If this division of the work does not present very agreeable reading to the literary lounger—the subject is untoward, and it cannot be said that the author possesses the special talent of making a dry topic entertaining—it furnishes most valuable materials for the serious student of antiquity. We can, however, scarcely include in this

commendation the sketch of Gaulish geography and ethnology with which this third book commences. As we have said respecting former parts of the work, it is singularly uncritical, and might quite as well have been compiled by Rollin or by Goldsmith, for any use which is made of it in modern scientific inquiry. We find our old friends the Druids, without any notice whatever of the shrewd doubts lately cast on the authenticity of their mysterious renown, re-established in all their old dignity, such as the first legendary accounts received by the Romans make them, 'expounding the movements of the stars, the greatness of the universe, the laws of nature, and the omnipotence of the Almighty Gods.' We have the ordinary statements respecting the polity, military and social customs, of the Gauls—confused and in part almost unintelligible, as they are—laid before us without any attempt at discrimination. But we have them made subservient, in one remarkable passage, to the purpose of instilling into the mind certain peculiarly Napoleonic ideas respecting the causes of the strength and weakness of States:

'The Emperor Napoleon I. said with justice, "The principal cause of the weakness of Gaul lay in the spirit of insulation and locality which characterised its population. At this period the Gauls had nothing of the spirit of a nation, or even of a province; the spirit which governed them was that of a city. It is the same spirit which, in later ages, has forged the chains of Italy. Nothing is more opposed to the national spirit, to general ideas of freedom, than the special spirit of the family or the township. From this division into small fractions and parties it resulted also that the Gauls had no *standing army*, regularly maintained and exercised, and consequently no military art or science. Every nation which were to lose sight of the importance of keeping regular troops perpetually on foot, and were to place its confidence in hasty levies or national armies, would undergo the lot of the Gauls, without having the glory of opposing the same resistance to the invader; for this was the effect of the barbarism of those times, and of the state of the soil, covered with forests and marshes, and destitute of roads, which rendered it difficult of conquest and easy of defence." ' (Vol. ii. p. 43.)

This was, no doubt, very much in the first Napoleon's line of thinking; but we are rather surprised at finding a man of so far more comprehensive a mental education as the present Emperor, seeming to express his concurrence in it. A nation divided against itself falls, not because it is so divided, but because its division renders it incapable of maintaining a standing army!

The conjectural statement given by the author of the population of the Gauls at the time of Cæsar's invasion is curious at all events, and, abridged, stands as follows. He makes the ordinary assumption of one fighting man to four persons. Now the great levy of A. U. C. 697 gave 296,000 combatants (Belgæ). That of A. U. C. 702 (campaign of Alesia) 281,000. Deduct from the latter 80,000 for the number who may probably have served in *both* the levies. The actual levies may be taken to represent from three-fifths to one-fifth of the actual fighting population; the proportion varying according to distance from the theatre of action and other circumstances. Calculations founded on these assumptions give 1,087,200 as the fighting population comprised in the tribes associated on these two occasions. Add 92,000 Helvetians, and 625,000 for the tribes which took no part in the two great levies, estimated according to the comparative extent of their territory. Total, 1,804,200 men of fighting age, equal to 7,216,800 inhabitants for the whole of Gaul exclusive of the Roman province, assuming the usual proportion of non-combatants as three to one. In corroboration of this assumption, the Emperor adduces the rough estimate of Diodorus Siculus that the population of each of the nations of Gaul varied from 200,000 to 50,000 'men.' Reading men as 'souls' in modern phraseology, and adopting Tacitus's number of sixty-four Gaulish nations or tribes, this would give a not very dissimilar number, or about eight millions, for the whole population a century after the time of Cæsar, if Diodorus used the statistics of his own day. Dureau de la Malle ('Economie Politique des Romains,' as cited by Dr. Merivale) gives Gaul ten millions and a half in the fourth century. Dr. Merivale himself will not allow it more than six millions in the time of Cæsar, inclusive of the province ('Romans under the Empire,' chap. v.). Mommsen's estimate, if he meant to carry out with regard to Gaul in general the principles of calculation which he has applied to the country of the Belgæ, would be a good deal higher. On the one hand, it may be observed that neither of these calculations seems to make any account of the slaves, of whom some at least of the Gaulish tribes seem to have possessed a considerable number. On the other hand, it must be owned that a relative population of thirty or forty to the English square mile (that is, within the limits of ancient Gaul, not modern France), seems quite considerable enough for a pastoral country, with scanty agriculture, and interspersed with vast tracts of marsh and forest. These abounded everywhere, but in the northern parts especially they seem to have been preserved with care, as

forming a tolerably effective boundary between hostile tribes, and places of refuge in time of war. (See the accounts of the Morini and Menapii, Bell. Gall. Books 3 & 6, vol. ii. p. 17.) There were in every independent state principal towns, says the Emperor, called by Cæsar indifferently 'urbs' or 'oppidum.' He does not appear to have entered at all into the refinements of modern antiquaries on this subject. Only two or three places in Gaul (Avaricum, Gergovia, Alesia) have in Cæsar the title of urbs.* But, adds the Emperor, the name oppidum was given by preference to places of difficult access and carefully fortified, situated on heights or in marshes; and he seriously quotes (with that peculiar simplicity, in matters of etymology, which everywhere characterises him) the wise conjecture of Paul Diaconus, 'oppidum dictum quòd ibi homines opes suas conferant.' (Vol. ii. page 29.)

For the elaborate details of the topography of the eight glorious campaigns, we must needs refer the reader to the work itself. The narrative of the attempted Helvetian emigration, and Cæsar's pursuit and destruction of the migrating force—in itself one of the most singular passages in military history, and one of the least intelligible without such a lecture on the text as these pages afford us—seems to us most masterly. (Vol. ii. pp. 45–73.) So does that of the campaign of Paris, A.U.C. 702, in which Labienus was relieved by Cæsar; and that of the final struggle before Alesia. The site of every place of note mentioned by Cæsar has been explored with the utmost care, and is in every important instance identified: whether to the exclusion of all future antiquarian doubt, we cannot undertake to say; but it seems difficult to shake the pillars of the Emperor's construction. Bibracte (Mont Beuvray, near Autun), Gergovia (six kilomètres south of Clermont in Auvergne), the much-contested Alesia (Alise Sainte-Reine, in the Côte d'Or), and many other famous scenes of Cæsar's operations, have not only been conjecturally fixed from the written evidence, but the conjectures verified by the most careful and extensive works executed by engineers, revealing the sites of Gaulish oppida and Roman entrenchments; so as to carry home conviction, if all is accurately reported, to the most incredulous, and, every now and then, to bring the explorer into startling proximity with the object of his researches. At Alesia a fragment of antiquity of no ordinary interest was thus brought to light. Of the largest of the four Roman infantry camps before Alesia, 'the vestiges of the *remblais*' (the moved earth, brought to fill up excavations) 'are visible at this day, over the greatest part of the area, because the plough has never passed over the soil. This is the only example known of traces still apparent of a camp of Cæsar.' At Uxellodunum (Puy d'Issolu) the explorations made revealed not only arms and utensils of the Gaulish defenders of the citadel, but charred relics of that very fire, which, according to Hirtius (in the eighth book 'de Bello Gallico') consumed certain covered galleries erected by the Romans in the course of their siege operations.

All this portion of the work is truly worthy of an author who was a laborious student and an active writer before he became a sovereign, and whose zeal impels him at once to erect a durable monument to the memory of his favourite historical hero, and to furnish a solid contribution to the local memorials of that country of which he is himself creating the modern history. Nor will the reader fail to detect, in these laborious chapters, the traces of those peculiar characteristics which have displayed themselves in so many of his more notorious achievements: patience and resolution, and an eye always steadily directed towards its main object.*

The general account of 'Britain in the time of Cæsar' is disappointing, for the same reason as that of Gaul. The author either has not taken the pains, or has purposely neglected, to add anything of consequence to the meagre text of Cæsar himself. He passes by, with that complete indifference which we have noted on other occasions, all the corrections, and additions, which modern ingenuity has made to its scanty contents. Now, considering that Cæsar spent only a few days in the island, that is to say in one corner of it, and that during that time he

* According to a writer in the Mém. de l'Acad. des Sciences, quoted by Dr. Merivale, 'History of the Romans,' ch. v.

* It is very remarkable in how many instances the process of identification has conducted the inquirers to some obscure site, still known by the name of the ancient place of which they were in search. Gergovia is so called to this day: Bibracte, Alesia, Uxellodunum (Puy d'Issolu), all furnish remarkable instances. In truth, names of spots marked by strong natural features (as is the case with these) seem almost indelible in countries where no sweeping change of nationality has taken place. It is, however, with difficulty that we can admit that Genabos—*inclyta* Genabos, the great seat of the Roman traders who penetrated into independent Gaul, hitherto, we believe, unanimously fixed at Orleans—is to be found in the out-of-the-way town of Gien. But the reasons given are very strong.

was continually occupied in fortifying, fighting, and negotiating—while, for all he says about Britain in general, he can have had no knowledge beyond hearsay—it is only in the utter absence of better authorities that we rely on him at all. Cæsar says that all the trees common in Gaul were found in Britain, *præter fagum et abietem*—except the beech (*hêtre*, as the writer translates it) and fir. It might surely have been worth his while to inquire—before simply reproducing this often-contested and many-ways interpreted passage—whether the primæval beech woods of the Chilterns, composed of a tree which has given name to a county town and to other places in abundance, do not tell a very different story. It is surely much more probable that Cæsar was misinformed, than that great forests had been already produced, before the arrival of the Saxons, from a tree imported by the Romans. A little caution in looking beyond the letter of ordinary writers would have in like manner guarded him from asserting (not on the authority of Cæsar, who is not in fault here) that pearls were found in the 'Scottish sea:' the Romans may have thought so, but we—familiar with the wealth of Scottish mountain streams, so singularly rediscovered of late years—ought to know better. So again, when he tells us that the Britons 'obtained from Gaul their implements of amber' he is probably, in common with his misinformed classical guides, confounding with real amber the so-called 'jet' of our eastern cliffs.* So idle a traveller's tale as that recounted to Cæsar, no doubt, by some imaginative pedlar or skipper, that the Britons 'would not eat hares, fowls, or geese, from superstitious motives, but bred them for their amusement,' if worth repeating at all, was scarcely worth telling as a solemn truth; although it cannot be denied that their descendants deal in a similar way with foxes. It is odd, too, that one so well acquainted not merely with our language but with our country, should inform us that the Forest of Anderida 'extended over the counties of Sussex and Kent in the district now termed Wealds' (vol. ii. p. 550).

The Emperor's detailed explanation of those passages of the Commentaries which concern the topography of Cæsar's two invasions of Britain have, as might be anticipated, met with very close, and not very friendly, criticism, on the part especially of our insular antiquaries. It would be impossible for us to devote sufficient space to the thorough investigation of the questions raised in this controversy. Suffice it for us to point out, briefly, one or two leading points of inquiry.

1. The Emperor endeavours to establish that Cæsar on both occasions (A.U.C. 696 and 700) embarked at Boulogne. Wissant, Calais, Etaples, and Mardyke, have been suggested by others. We have seen a good deal of hostile observation directed against this passage of the 'Histoire;' some being apparently of opinion that the writer's main reason for maintaining the theory was that his uncle, the first Napoleon, had maintained it before (Précis des Guerres de César); had, moreover, done the same harbour the honour of making it the rendezvous of his flotilla for the invasion of England eighteen hundred years afterwards; and had even constructed flat-bottomed boats for the purpose, 'almost of the same dimensions as those employed by Cæsar' (vol. ii. p. 171). The parallelism is thought suspicious; but as the writer justly observes, 'notwithstanding the difference of times and of the art of war, the nautical and practical conditions of the problem had not changed;' and on the whole—admitting what may be urged to the contrary from the ambiguity of the name 'Gesoriacum,' and the vagueness of the passage of Strabo relied upon by the partisans of Boulogne—our own opinion is that on a question on which certainty is unattainable, the author has fairly and industriously made out his own case as the most probable.*

* 'We, ourselves,' says Mr. Scott Surtees, in his pamphlet, 'Julius Cæsar: did he cross the Channel?' of which we shall speak presently, 'when young, have searched for and sometimes found amber on the beach at Cromer,' that is, the jet aforesaid. We cite this as a curious instance of the enormous leaps which the seven-leagued boots of an antiquary are able to make. Strabo (a century or so after Cæsar) is supposed to say that the Britons possessed utensils of amber. Jet is found on the coast of Norfolk. Therefore, Cæsar landed in Norfolk.

* We adopt this view, not without having had regard both to the serious doubts raised by former writers of weight, and also to the somewhat arrogant and noisy criticism directed against this part of the 'Histoire' by a portion of the English press. The argument for 'Wissant' derived from the similarity between its name and 'Ictius,' has no effect on us, who cannot but suppose that 'Wissant' is simply either 'Whitesand' or 'Westsand'—the first point, or near it, at which the Teutonic local nomenclature meets one journeying eastward along the coast of the Channel. Our friend Mr. Surtees is particularly imaginative on the unlucky 'Portus Ictius.' 'Is not this the port of the Ictii? Ictis was clearly situated in the German Ocean—one of the *Ικτεριδες*, or Glessariæ, where amber is engendered, over against Britain. Now turn to our dictionaries: Latin, glessum, or glæsum, amber; French, ictère, jaundice; Greek, *ικτεριας*, yellow.' The British amber, or jet—if that is what Mr. Surtees is thinking of—being all the while black. Any one who is curious enough to trace ques-

2. To pass to the second, and by far the most interesting, of these debateable issues; namely, the point at which Cæsar disembarked in his two expeditions (for this, also, was probably the same on both occasions). This the Emperor fixes where the received opinion of former days fixed it with little scepticism, namely, on the beach of Deal and Walmer. Many of our readers are probably conversant with the minute and interesting discussion which has been raised on this subject by some English antiquaries, who have recently started (or rather renewed) the conjecture that the place of disembarkation was to the west, instead of to the north, of Dover; and probably near Hythe, immediately under the site of that picturesque old Roman castle of Lymne, which still frowns over the Marsh. The Emperor does ample justice to the acuteness and industry of Mr. Lewin, the latest and most learned supporter of this view. But his reasons to the contrary are powerfully urged; and we admit again (without entering on a discussion which would require an article of itself to do it justice), that here also we hold with the foreign against the English authority. It is singular that the question should mainly turn on points of such very minute investigation as the set of the tides in the Straits of Dover on the 26th of August, B.C. 55; and the exact meaning of the Latin phrase 'post diem quartum;' whether it is to be read inclusive, or exclusive, of the day of disembarkation.

We proceed to the third point; on which we are not able to arrive at our Imperial antiquary's conclusions. After effecting his landing in the second expedition (A.U.C. 700), and capturing the British 'oppidum' on the Kentish Stour, and repulsing the attack of Cassivelaunus on his entrenchments, Cæsar crossed the Thames in pursuit of the British prince. His army forded the river at a point—

'where the landing-place opposite was defended by a palisade of sharp stakes, in front of which other stakes, driven into the bed of the river, remained hidden under the water.'

'Unfortunately, it is impossible to fix with precision the point at which Cæsar crossed the Thames. Of this we have been convinced by the researches of every kind which have been executed by the two officers, Messieurs Stoffel and Hamelin. They were assured by all the Thames boatmen that there are, at this time, eight or nine places where the river is fordable. The most favourable is at Sunbury. At Kingston, where General de Goeler fixes the passage, there is no reason for supposing that a ford ever existed. The same thing must be said of Coway Stakes. At Halifford, notwithstanding the termination of the name, the inhabitants have preserved no tradition relative to an ancient ford. The only thing which appears to us evident is that the Roman army did not cross anywhere below Teddington. It is known that this village, of which the name is derived from "Tide-end-town," marks in point of fact the last point of the Thames at which the tide is felt. It would be impossible to believe that Cæsar exposed himself to the risk of being surprised, during his passage, by the swelling of the water.' (Vol. ii. 191.)

We are surprised that Messrs. Stoffel and Hamelin—whom, we should imagine, the nature of their questions must have transformed, in the eyes of the Thames boatmen, into a pair of very suspicious Gallic invaders—should have brought back only the materials for a note so full of careless assertion as this. We pass over the singular simplicity (often observable in these pages) with which a cockney myth, such as we conceive the popular derivation of Teddington to be, is transformed into a serious piece of archæology. But it is curious that it did not strike a brace of able engineer officers, that the Thames has been entirely changed in character since Cæsar's time by the erection of locks. Then, and for sixteen hundred years afterwards, it must have been, comparatively, a rapid and shallow stream down to where it met the tide, and even lower. Now, it is a succession (speaking again comparatively) of ponds, kept at a certain height by the locks; and, especially in the neighbourhood of these locks, quite altered in level and depth. The ford which the French officers found at Sunbury, for example, is caused by the lock immediately above it. 'Remove the weir,' it has been truly said, 'and Cæsar's ford at Sunbury would be swept away in a twelvemonth by the scour of the river.' And the tide itself in all probability (in the absence of these modern obstructions) rose considerably higher than 'Tide-end-town.' The whole subject has been examined with so much assiduity by Dr. Guest in a lecture delivered recently at the Royal Institution, that we shall without scruple borrow from his researches (the substance of them is printed in the 'Athenæum' of July 28 last).

With regard to Coway, with its mythical 'stakes,' which in old times were generally supposed to settle the question, there is in reality not much to be said. The supposed place of passage there is finely situated in the vast and beautiful meadow immediately

tions to their original will find that all we know about British amber is contained in one short and very obscure passage in Strabo, and that it is a very hazardous conjecture that the substance mentioned by him, Lyncurion, was either amber or jet.

west of Walton Bridge, and certainly suggests to the eye a probable spot for the movements of a disciplined army endeavouring to cross the ford, and a host of warlike half-savages attempting to resist them. But the river is, now-a-days at least, narrow, rapid, and deep; and the evidence is trifling. Bede saw the stakes, or rather his informant, one Nothelm, a London priest. And so did Camden. But Daines Barrington, the antiquary, a century ago, in a very unusual fit of common-sense, pointed out a serious objection to the theory founded on them. The stakes—as seen by the old describers, and as described to Barrington by a fisherman who had been employed by some neighbouring Vandal to take up some of the few of them which remained—were disposed in two rows *across* the river; those mentioned by Cæsar, *parallel* with the course of the river. If this be so, the theory falls to the ground. Dr. Guest has framed another, which has at least the merit of ingenuity:—

'I think,' says Dr. Guest, 'the stakes formed part of what may be called a fortified ford, and were distributed so as to stop all transit over the river, except along a narrow passage, which would bring the passenger directly under the command of the watch stationed on the northern bank to guard the ford and to receive the toll.'

This sounds so plausible that one would be glad to embrace it; but the difficulty is that no one, so far as we are aware, in any part of the world, ever saw or at least described a 'fortified ford' such as our antiquary has here evolved from the depths of his own consciousness.

On the whole, however, the old guess has a nearer semblance of truth than those which have succeeded it; and Coway ranks higher in the competition than Sunbury. We will leave Dr. Guest to indicate for himself the most obvious canon of interpretation, the simplicity of which is attractive to us, in spite of Messrs. Stoffel and Hamelin.

'There is one means of arriving at a conclusion on this much-vexed question which has hitherto been neglected,—I mean the topography of the Thames valley. When we find a village or hamlet on the banks of a stream bearing a name which ends in the word *ford*, we may infer with certainty that, *at the time the name was given*, there was a ford in the neighbourhood of such village or hamlet. Such names are frequent on the upper Thames, *e.g.*, Oxford, Shillingford, Wallingford, Moulsford, &c., and even in the forest-district round Marlow we have Hurlyford; but from Hurlyford to the sea, a distance of nearly 100 miles from the sea, taking into account the windings of the river, there is but one place on the banks of the Thames which bears a name ending in the word *ford*. This single solitary place is Halliford, at the Coway stakes. Cæsar says there was but one ford on the Thames—meaning, of course, the lower Thames, with which alone he was acquainted; and we give the name of "ford" to only one place on its banks. Our topography is in perfect agreement with his statement; and, to my mind, this coincidence is almost decisive of the question.'

If the critic still remains unsatisfied, one additional fact may be left for his consideration, to which the Emperor, rather negligently, does not advert. 'Cæsar's passage was made in the height of summer, and the season was remarkable for its drought: "eo anno frumentum in Galliâ propter siccitates angustiùs provenerat."' (Merivale, 'History of the Romans,' ch. x.) We find even at Rome, Cicero complaining of the unusual heat. The Thames, therefore, may after all have appeared less of a difficulty to Cæsar than it has to his commentators.

But we must not dally too long with a subject so tempting to a few old-world inquirers, and so little attractive, we fear, to the generality of our readers.

The Emperor does not think it necessary to go out of his way to pass moral judgments on the acts of Cæsar in achieving and maintaining his grand conquest; for which we are by no means disposed to quarrel with him. History conveys its own moral even the more impressively from not being accompanied with a perpetual running commentary of praise and blame. He does not, however, shrink from signalising honestly, if not quite adequately, some of those great atrocities, exceeding even the ordinary limits of Roman severity towards obstinate opponents, by which the great chieftain of Rome showed how easily that lenity, which is commonly represented as the leading trait in his character, could be eclipsed not only by the policy of the hour but by the spirit of revenge. Thus his barbarity in cutting off the right hands of the 'heroic defenders of Uxellodunum' is pointed out as 'an unpardonable act of cruelty, even if it had appeared necessary.' Of Cæsar's treatment of the Veneti—whose senators he put to death, and sold the commonalty for slaves—the author only says that 'this cruel chastisement has been made the subject of just reproach; nevertheless, this great man so often gave proofs of his clemency towards the conquered, that he must have yielded to very powerful political reasons before ordering an execution so contrary to his habits and character.' (Vol. ii. p. 129.) Elsewhere, he quotes on the same subject the judgment of his uncle:—

'The Veneti,' says the latter, 'had not *revolted;* they had indeed given hostages, and

promised to keep the peace; but they were in possession of all their freedom and all their rights. They had given Cæsar occasion to make war upon them, but not to violate the law of nations in their case, and to abuse his victory in so atrocious a manner. This conduct was not just; it was still less politic. Means like these never attain their object; they exasperate and revolt nations. The punishment of some chiefs is all that justice and policy allow.'

This passage, quoted by the nephew without comment, seems to us a marked specimen of the usual logic of conquerors. In the first place, as others have observed, Cæsar *did* attain his object; the Veneti were crushed; they never troubled Rome again. If massacre is justified where it succeeds in inspiring durable terror, this one was undoubtedly so. But no one can really see his way to the right conclusion in such matters who cannot disembarrass his mind entirely of his fatal confusion between 'policy' and 'justice,' and recognise the difficult truth that where considerations of right and wrong are once involved, considerations of policy cease in the eyes of the judge, *quâ* moralist, to have any weight at all. In the next place—assuming Napoleon's own distinction, that the Veneti were not 'rebels,' but free people who had broken a treaty—what right could Cæsar have acquired to punish 'some of the chiefs,' any more than to exterminate the nation?

The subject is thus summed up in the fourth book. After pointing out, with much clearness and force, both the merits of Cæsar's general policy of clement moderation in Gaul, and also those of his special policy in conciliating and strengthening the more powerful tribes, in order to render them the allies of Rome in keeping the peace among the others, the writer proceeds:—

'We may pardon Cæsar some acts of cruel vindictiveness, when we remember how little familiar his age was with sentiments of humanity, and how much a victorious general must have been hurt at witnessing the constant revolts against his authority of those whose oath of loyalty he had received, and whom he had crowned with honours.'

Constant revolts! One cannot but ask, with some perplexity, what constitutes a 'revolter,' and what a defender of his country? But even in the same way was the first Napoleon wont to complain, in the most touching terms, of the cruel injustice done to his motives by Spanish guerillas and Tyrolese sharpshooters; and to speak of the ungrateful return made to him by the princes of Europe whom he had excepted from his system of absorption; and even such a bitter sense of ingratitude does Prussia now experience from the unthankful conduct of the governments of Denmark, Hanover, Saxony, and Bavaria.

And, after all, there remains a strong residuum of personal motive to be detracted from the heroic composition even of the most magnanimous of conquerors. There can be little doubt that Cæsar went to Gaul, much as British conquerors have gone to India, to do the state service, but at the same time to make his own fortune in the most ignoble sense of the word. Such was the rule with Roman proconsuls in general. Some pillaged provinces of treasures and works of art. Others, like Brutus (who is of course duly held up to reprobation in these pages), accommodated their subjects with loans at usurious interest. Gaul had no treasures, and no security to offer for loans. But it had an inexhaustible fund of human material for slaves, to be obtained at the cost only of the blood of Roman legionaries. The prisoners, or a large proportion of them, constituted the commander-in-chief's share of the prize-money. For eight years Cæsar must have afforded the slave-markets of Italy their most regular and valuable supply, both in respect of quality and quantity:—

'If we are to believe Appian, Cæsar had made presents to Curio to the amount of more than 1,500 talents. And at the same time he was buying at quite as high a price the consul Æmilius Paulus, without asking anything of him in return except neutrality. It is difficult to understand how Cæsar, while paying his army, was able to make such sacrifices and to incur so many other expenses. To augment, by his largesses, the number of his partisans at Rome; to build theatres and other public monuments in the Narbonensis, and a magnificent villa near Aricia in Italy; to send rich presents to distant cities; such were his outgoings (about A.U.C. 704). How was he to find means for them by extracting the required funds from a province exhausted by eight years of war? The immensity of his resources admits, however, of explanation. Independently of the tributes paid by the conquered, which amounted, for Gaul, to forty million sesterces a year (more than seven and a half million francs, 300,000*l.*), the sale of the prisoners to Roman merchants produced enormous sums. Cicero informs us that he obtained himself twelve million sesterces (say 100,000*l.*), from the purchase money of the captives sold after the unimportant siege of Pindenissus. If we suppose their number to have reached 12,000, this represents 1,000 sesterces (about 8*l.*) per head. Now, notwithstanding the generosity of Cæsar, who often restored his captives to the conquered tribes, or gave them away to his soldiers (as he did after the siege of Alesia), it may be admitted that 500,000 Gauls, Germans, and Britons were probably sold as slaves during the eight years

of the Gaulish wars, which may have produced 500 million sesterces, or about ninety-five million francs. In reality, therefore, Roman money, furnished by the slave-dealers, formed the greatest part of the booty. Just as now, when in hostilities with distant countries European nations appropriate the produce of foreign customs to repay themselves the expenses of the war, it is, in fact, European money which makes the advances.' (Vol. ii. p. 484.)

This candid passage certainly throws light on the enormous vicissitudes of poverty and wealth which Cæsar's biographers indicate, and which have so puzzled their modern critics. In this matter Cæsar was neither better nor worse than the other leading statesmen of his day, with a few honourable exceptions only. If the great Julius was a slave-dealer, the virtuous Brutus was an usurer. 'Lucri bonus est odor ex re quâlibet' was the motto of men who stand higher in the catalogue of fame than Vespasian.

These are base realities; but they are not altogether inappropriate to our exit from that temple of false hero-worship in which the author of the 'Histoire' has sought to detain us. We have already stated, as fairly as is in our power, the real merits of the work as a contribution to political philosophy, such as they appear to us, although to a certain extent obscured by its literary deficiencies as well as by its imperfection of moral purpose. Of one merit, however, we have not as yet spoken; and it appears to us a great one: it is the gracefulness and simple dignity with which an author so highly placed has descended into the arena of ordinary literature. This may seem slight praise, but it is not so: it must be exceedingly difficult, for one thus circumstanced, to avoid at once the air of assumption and that of pretentious humility, and liberate himself altogether from that sort of constraint in which self-consciousness would naturally envelope him; but the task has been performed with perfect success. And we believe the reason to be, that characters which have certain elements of real greatness are little troubled with self-consciousness.

But, after all, the greatest pleasure which we have ourselves derived from the exercise of a reviewer's duty, in this instance, has been through the invitation which our task pressed on us, to go once more for ourselves over that enchanted classical ground which the work occupies, and in the best company—that of the original authorities whom the references compel us to consult, or whom the text suggests. Many of our readers may have seen a pretty contrivance commonly exhibited on the Continent in favourite spots for hunters of the picturesque—we have noticed such at the Falls of Schaffhausen and the castle of Heidelberg—rooms fitted with glazed windows of different colours, through which in turn you take your peep at the ruin or the waterfall, until you close your inspection by looking, by way of comparison, through a pane of colourless glass. Such, we have often thought, is the effect produced on our intellectual eye by contemplating historical events through the colouring of one modern authority after another. And when we have interested or entertained ourselves for a while with gazing on the last convulsions of Republican Rome, through the violet medium of Napoleon III., or the democratic rose-colour of Arnold, or the sober tint of Mommsen, it is indeed an inexpressible relief to come to the colourless glass at last—to return to our ancient guides, who represent to us the scene as it really appeared to them and their contemporaries, not indeed free from prejudice and preoccupations of their own, but free, at all events, from what they could not have—the tendency to work up pictures for the eyes of another generation, brought up in theories derived from the extended experience of a world twenty centuries older.

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Art. V.—*Felix Holt, the Radical.* By George Eliot. 3 vols. post 8vo. London: 1866.

'Felix Holt' has some of the defects of ordinary novels, but ordinary novels have none of the merits of 'Felix Holt.' The great writer who, like Madame Dudevant, adopts the ungraceful disguise of a masculine pseudonym, has, after an excursion into a foreign country and a distant age, happily returned to her own region of provincial English life, in full possession of her former vigour, of her dramatic fidelity to nature, and of her unrivalled humour. Few readers have any knowledge of a state of society which is apparently described from early recollection, aided by local tradition, but a creative imagination spontaneously produces real and living beings. Some of the inhabitants of Treby Magna and its neighbourhood are eccentric and even grotesque, but their language and their modes of thought are so natural and credible that the personages of the story seem to have a real existence. Some justly celebrated humorists produce all their effects by the more or less delicate use of caricature. Wilful exag-

geration of oddities may be a legitimate comic method, but an engrained organic absurdity furnishes deeper and more lasting amusement. Mrs. Holt is not less illogical than Mrs. Nickleby, but she is not meant merely to be laughed at. The puzzled and unwilling submission of a commonplace and conceited old woman to a son who has grown out of her comprehension, is not a mere exercise of playful ingenuity, but an illustration of human experience. George Eliot takes almost excessive pleasure in recording the muddle-headed processes of dull and uneducated understandings, but she always enters into the characters which she reproduces, instead of contemplating them as subjects of farce or satire from without. The intelligent reader is conscious that if nature and circumstances had left his mind a blank, he would have thought and talked like the collier at Sproxton, even if he had not 'been obliged to give his wife a black eye, to hinder her from going to the preaching.' Miss Austen was as fond as her more ambitious and powerful successor of incoherent talkers, but as all her characters occupied the same level of cultivation, she contented herself with studying various forms of intellectual imbecility. Searching deeper into the strata of society, George Eliot finds in the absence or narrowness of education a sufficient explanation of sluggish understandings and of inconsecutive arguments. With scarcely an exception her untaught or half-taught personages set logic at defiance. Her zeal for the elevation of the humbler classes is the more laudable because she has an extraordinary relish for the picturesque results of satisfied ignorance. In her fictions she always recurs by preferance to the pre-scientific days, in which conscientious moral agriculturists had not yet learned the duty of extirpating flowering weeds.

In the difficult enterprise of a historical novel George Eliot has been completely successful. In preparing to write 'Romola,' she had either read too much about Florence, or had remembered too much of what she read. The admirable development of two or three principal characters in the book is provokingly overlaid by a profusion of irrelevant learning. The judicious student, conscious of the limits of human memory, resents the assumption that he is bound to care for the minute details of Florentine life and history in the fifteenth century. It is possible that Bartolommeo Scala may have sat in his garden at the Porta di Ponte with a loose mantle over his tunic and with his 'too stately silk lucco thrown aside,' but it was not worth while to devote half a dozen pages to an ironical analysis of his little scholastic squabble with the more celebrated Politian. '"That loud barking hound of the Lord," said Francesco Cei, the popular poet, "is not in Florence just now. He has taken Piero de Medici's hint to carry his railing prophecies on a journey for a while."' It is necessary to explain in a note that Savonarola and the Dominicans were facetiously described as *Domini canes*, and perhaps the information is less valueless than the dialogue which proceeds to explain that a standard with a red eagle, a green dragon, and a red lily was the gonfalon of the Guelf party. Severe study is the worst possible preparation for the production of an imaginative work. The novelist and the poet ought to speak out of the fulness of the heart, as George Eliot reveals without effort the odd mysteries of custom and character which grow up in some remote Midland village. The exquisite inaccuracy of Shakspeare and of Scott belongs to the essence of historical fiction. Hector may quote Aristotle, and the contemporaries of Cœur de Lion may be sons of the companions of the Conqueror, without disturbing the illusion so harshly as when a tiresome extract from an obsolete Florentine chronicle is inserted in the dialogue of a novel. Notwithstanding drawbacks which are by some tastes regarded as attractions, 'Romola' is a wonderful performance. The whole force of the writer's dramatic genius has been concentrated on the character of Tito. The conventional villain of romance is coarse in texture by the side of the easy, good-natured, and graceful Greek adventurer, whose selfishness, untainted with malignity, passes gradually through meanness into treachery and crime. The morbid pathology of symptoms which to a less subtle observer would indicate perfect moral health, is painful in proportion to the accuracy of the demonstration. Under the influence of fear, as in the careless pursuit of pleasure, Tito illustrates with undeviating consistency a theory which corresponds with the theological doctrine of original sin, except that it is not universally applicable. That an ignoble nature is incurable appears to be one of George Eliot's most habitual convictions; and she delights to dwell on the sufferings of women under unworthy masculine supremacy. The heroic elevation of Romola herself supplies almost too glaring a contrast to the pliant smoothness of her husband. Her gloomy history may suggest the thought which is expressed by Mrs. Transome in 'Felix Holt,' 'I would not lose the misery of being a woman, now I see what can be the baseness of a man.' The char-

acter of Savonarola is almost as remarkable a specimen of psychological analysis as the more difficult study of Tito, but nine-tenths of the personages of the story are merely figures in a pageant; and the best proof that indigenous humour degenerates in a foreign soil is furnished by the flashy and tiresome prattle of Nello the comic barber. The last feverish struggles of Florence for republican liberty, and the half-willing martyrdom of Savonarola, retain their historical and dramatic interest after the lapse of centuries; but lively mannerism and the ready use of familiar allusions, although they are the necessary vehicles of social gaiety, are by their nature ephemeral and perishable. No bookish knowledge can supply the homely associations which are indispensable to humorous fiction. One sentence of Tommy Trounsem's in 'Felix Holt' is well worth all the pages which are allotted to the Florentine Figaro. Scott had forgotten all the dates and particulars of Philip de Comines's history when he reproduced with admirable fidelity the central figure of Louis XI. His imitators in England, in Germany, and above all in Italy, uniformly fall into the error of exhibiting antiquarian knowledge. George Eliot, though far superior in genius to Manzoni, has not altogether avoided the minute pedantry which disfigures the 'Promessi Sposi.' Her brilliant experiment ought to satisfy roving ambition, for like Wordsworth, whom she resembles in few of her qualities, she leads but an artificial life in an unfamiliar atmosphere.

> 'Then back to Earth, the dear green Earth.
> Whole ages here if I should roam,
> The world, for my remarks and me,
> Would ne'er a whit the wiser be;
> I've left my heart at home.'

In Loamshire, and at Treby Magna, there are no gorgeous processions, watched by spectators with historical names, requiring each a paragraph of description; but the sporting rector in his velveteen shooting jacket, the pompous butler in the steward's room at the manor, the retired London tradesman who tells his admiring neighbours in the country stories about Mr. Pitt, require no long explanation to make them intelligible and pleasant. The preliminary chapter, which describes a day's journey on a coach, has never been excelled as a sketch of the varieties of English town and country scenery.

George Eliot's power of constructing a fable is not equal to her skill in delineating character. Her shorter tales, as 'Silas Marner' and the 'Scenes of Clerical Life,' have more unity and rapidity of movement than the 'Mill on the Floss,' or 'Felix Holt;' yet the celebrated public-house conversation in 'Silas Marner' has scarcely any connexion with the principal story. A subtle perception of motives and peculiarities perhaps tends to interrupt the continuous flow of narrative. Scott said that a favourite character, like Dugald Dalgetty, ran away with him, and in the most humorous of fictions, the story of Tristram Shandy never makes the smallest progress. By far the best part of 'Adam Bede' consists in the proverb-like sayings of Mrs. Poyser, who has little or nothing to do with the plot. It is not surprising that a writer who has the power of drawing a typical portrait in a few strokes, is tempted to imitate the copious irregularity of Nature, instead of adhering with severe accuracy to a preconceived design. Some of the episodes of 'Felix Holt,' after a laboured commencement, end in nothing; and the legal complication which forms the framework of the story is arbitrarily disregarded in the final solution. The doubtful title to the Transome estate, although it is the subject of significant allusion in the introductory chapter, and of incessant anxiety and uncertainty through the entire course of the narrative, exercises no eventual influence on the fortunes of the principal personages. One of the triumphs of English jurisprudence consists in the mixed feeling of curiosity and awe with which it has impressed authors and more especially authoresses of fiction. The law supplies to modern novels the place of that supernatural machinery which was once thought indispensable in epic composition. Like the gods of Olympus, or the Destiny of later times, some entail or settlement operates in its relentless course, impenetrable, inexorable, and sovereignly unjust. The father of Mrs. Browning's Aurora Leigh was prevented by the will of a remote ancestor from leaving not only his landed estate but his large accumulations of personalty to his only child. George Eliot is perhaps a better lawyer than Mrs. Browning, but she appears to be almost equally incapable of understanding that perpetuities are among the few anomalies which are unknown to the law of England. 'I saw clear enough,' says Tommy Trounsem, the poaching bill-sticker, 'as, if the law hadn't been again' me, the Trounsem estate 'ud ha' been mine.' Some such vague notion that the law is opposed to the right which it constitutes, underlies many ingenious fictions. The settlement of the Transome estates was made 'a hundred years ago by John Justus

Transome, entailing them, while in his possession, on his son Thomas and his heirs male, with the remainder to the Bycliffes in fee.' Thomas had, 'without the knowledge of his father, the tenant in possession, sold his own and his descendants' rights to a lawyer-cousin, named Durfey. Therefore the title of the Durfey Transomes, in spite of that old Durfey's tricks to show the contrary, depended solely on the purchase of the "base fee" thus created by Thomas Transome; and the Bycliffes were the "remainder-men," who might fairly oust the Durfey Transomes, if the issue of the prodigal Thomas went clean out of existence, and ceased to represent a right which he had bargained away.' Base fees and remainder-men produce a salutary feeling of respect, but the anxieties which disturbed the peaceful enjoyment of Transome Park might have been dissipated by careful examination of the title. Esther Lyon or Bycliffe, represented as the rightful claimant of the property, was the daughter of a Bycliffe who died as a young man in 1811 or 1812. The settlement of 1729 could only take effect for twenty-one years beyond a life in being; and consequently, even if Maurice Bycliffe, the father of Esther, was the immediate successor of the original remainder-man, the effect of the limitation must have expired long before 1832. During the progress of the story, on the death of Tommy Trounsem, the last descendant of Thomas Transome, Esther's claim is supposed to accrue. In the learned language of some former Attorney-General, 'Upon the decease of Thomas Transome, otherwise Trounsem, we are of opinion that the right in remainder of the Bycliffe family will arise, which right would not be barred by any statute of limitation.' On the same principle an entail might tie up property for centuries, while an intermediate tenancy descended from generation to generation. The power of Thomas Transome when he was only heir in tail to cut off his own issue by a sale which was inoperative against the Bycliffes, is another illustration of Tommy's proposition that 'you'd better not be meddlin' wi' things belonging to the law, else you'll be catched up in a big wheel, and fly to bits.' The puzzle is additionally complicated by the threatened treachery of the family solicitor, who has the secret of Esther's birth and of Tommy Trounsem's pedigree. As Mr. Jermyn had contrived to charge the estate with annuities and mortgages in his own favour to the amount of 3,000*l.* a year, he might have been trusted to abstain from invalidating his own security.

The alarm which may have been caused by the description on the title-page of Felix Holt as a Radical is relieved by the discovery that he is neither a popular speaker nor primarily a politician, but a social reformer. The determination of a clever and well-educated son of a tradesman to pass through life as a member of the working class is justly regarded by his neighbours as a crotchet, although the authoress admires his choice and the heroine rewards it with her heart and hand. Sympathy is perhaps less subtle than satirical intuition, for Felix Holt, though his conversation is manly, sensible, and thoughtful, is a less masterly portrait than Tito Melema. The virtue of wearing a cap instead of a hat, and of dispensing with a neckcloth, is rather ostentatious than sublime. If a man who has the power of earning a comfortable income by the exercise of his knowledge and ability, prefers a handicraft and weekly wages, his asceticism is as unprofitable as if it were practised in a Trappist cell, and it involves the non-monastic disadvantage of enforcing useless hardships on the modern saint's wife and children. By a happy instinct George Eliot passes over the sordid incidents which constitute the real sting of poverty. Felix Holt converses in the tone of a gentleman and philosopher with cultivated associates, and although he earns a bare livelihood as a journeyman watchmaker, his time seems to be always at his own disposal. When his mother teazes him with her twaddle, he answers her with a joke about 'the Ciceronian antiphrasis;' and except as a teacher or missionary, he seems to have no social relations with his fellow-workmen or nominal equals. He says, indeed, that he has the stomach of a rhinoceros, so that he can live on porridge, and he even boasts that he is not a mouse to distinguish between a wax and a tallow-candle; but an artisan who can amuse himself with Ciceronian figures of speech, resembles a workman as a shepherd at the opera or in Sèvres china is like a common farm servant. In one of her novels George Eliot compares a feeling of moral repugnance to the dislike of a refined temperament for a coarse odour or a flaring light; yet Felix Holt's contempt for the wax-taper which was necessary to Esther's comfort is represented as a proof of superiority.

If unusual schemes of life are generally fantastic mistakes, self-sacrificing devotion to the supposed good of the community is not the less a respectable rule of conduct. Esther Lyon, cultivating in a humble sphere the tastes of a fine lady, is at first shocked or startled by Felix's paradoxical bluntness,

and she has always felt a kindly contempt for the pious orthodoxy of the Independent Minister whom she believes to be her father. If the nature of women is truly delineated by writers of their own sex, an overbearing spirit and a kind of masculine roughness are the qualities which above all others ensure success in love. In ordinary practice reproof and contradiction will be sparingly employed by the judicious suitor; but in novels the incivility of the hero rarely fails of its desired effect. A sensible woman might indeed extract a kind of compliment from the reproof which she has earned by some little burst of nonsense. When Felix Holt reproached Esther for real or affected frivolity, 'she resented his speech, but disliked it less than many Felix had addressed to her.' 'You have enough understanding,' he said, 'to make it wicked that you should add one more to the women who hinder men's lives from having any nobleness in them.' In her anger, slightly modified by a sense of gratification, Esther attempts in vain a pretty and natural diversion.

'"What is my horrible guilt?" she said, rising and standing, as she was wont, with one foot on the fender, and looking at the fire. If it had been any one but Felix who was near her, it might have occurred to her that this attitude showed her to advantage; but she had only a mortified sense that he was quite indifferent to what others praised her for. "Why do you read this mawkish stuff on a Sunday, for example?" he said, snatching up Réné, and running his eyes over the pages. . . . . "You have no reason but idle fancy and selfish inclination for shirking your father's teaching, and giving your soul up to trifles." "You are kind enough to say so: but I am not aware that I ever confided any reason to you." "Why, what worth calling a reason could make any mortal hang over this trash? Idiotic immorality dressed up to look fine, with a little bit of doctrine tacked to it, like a hare's foot on a dish, to make believe the mess is not cat's flesh. Look here: 'Est ce ma faute, si je trouve partout des bornes, si ce qui est fini n'a pour moi aucune valeur?' Yes, sir, distinctly your fault, because you're an ass. Your dunce, who can't do his sum, always has a taste for the infinite. Sir, do you know what a rhomboid is? Oh no, I don't believe these things with limits. 'Cependant, j'aime la monotonie des sentimens de la vie, et si j'avais encore la folie de croire au bonheur——'" "O pray, Mr. Holt, don't go on reading with that dreadful accent; it sets one's teeth on edge." Esther, smarting helplessly under the previous lashes, was relieved by this diversion of criticism. "There it is," said Felix, throwing the book on the table, and getting up to walk about. "You are only happy when you can spy a tag or tassel loose to turn the tables, and get rid of any judgment that must carry your author after it."'

A lovers' quarrel before the conscious beginning of love has never been recorded with more delicate insight. The vigorous and eager *secutor*, with reason and conviction on his side, finds himself constantly hampered by a cast of the net on the part of his fugitive adversary. An argument which includes a French quotation cannot be more effectively parried, than by a complaint that that dreadful accent sets one's teeth on edge. The loose tag or tassel serves for a moment the purpose of turning the tables, but after all the victory remains with the champion of the rightful cause. The number of women 'who hinder men's lives from having any nobleness in them' would be incalculable, if potential nobleness were not almost proportionally rare. Men, however, have generally some employment, if it is only selling tape or drawing pleadings, beyond the limits of home. Too many women cultivate with superfluous care their own original narrowness, by shutting themselves up in a circle of family interests which is but a wider form of selfish isolation. Esther Lyon, like the ordinary reader of her history, fails wholly to understand the principle on which Felix has resolved to belong to the working classes; but after some hesitation, and with a temporary disposition to favour a rival lover, she yields to the logic of personal attachment, and allows his life to be shaped according to his own ideal of nobleness.

Mr. Lyon, the simple-minded Independent Minister, is one of the most agreeable characters in the book; and yet it is a commonplace contrivance to make a modern preacher talk in the long-winded sentences of the seventeenth century. His involuntary contempt for the tradesmen of his congregation, and his preference of the secular reformer Felix Holt to orthodox 'church members,' relieve Mr. Lyon from the imputation of weak and excessive softness. There is a pleasant fallacy in his argument that Wellington and Brougham may be introduced into sermons as properly as Rabshakeh and Balaam; but one of his eccentric proceedings is improbable in itself, and it makes the story run capriciously off on a siding. Mr. Lyon takes advantage of a warm acknowledgment for a trifling service which he had rendered to the Tory candidate for the county, to ask Mr. Debarry to induce his uncle the rector of Treby Magna to engage in a public discussion on Church-government and the theory of an Establishment. The Reverend Augustus Debarry, in defiance of all probability, accepts the challenge, not for himself but for his curate; and after general expectation has been ex-

cited in the town, the curate takes fright, Mr. Lyon is disappointed, and the whole digression ends in nothing. It seems as if the writer had changed her intention at the last moment, on the ground that an ecclesiastical controversy would be an incumbrance on the plot; and it would have been better to pull down the scaffolding when the project of the building was abandoned. Some such abortive experiments seem to have been tried during the development of organic life by natural selection; but art compensates for its inability to copy the multiplicity of Nature by deliberate attention to unity. Mr. Lyon's desire for a public debate is not inconceivable, but a sensible aristocratic rector would never have indulged his fancy. If the proposal and the subsequent failure were worth describing at all, they ought to have formed a separate sketch in a magazine, and not an episode or excrescence in a novel.

For the purposes of the story Mr. Lyon's time is better employed in receiving the confidence of Mrs. Holt on the self-denying honesty of her son. The old contrast between lofty impulses and selfish prudence is as well illustrated by Felix Holt and his mother as by Don Quixote and Sancho Panza; but, with a happy sense of the fitness of things, George Eliot makes her hero fight with vulgar considerations of questionable profit, and not with imaginary giants. The late Mr. Holt had left to his family the gainful secret of three specifics, which had acquired much popularity in the neighbourhood. Having learned enough of medicine to ascertain that Holt's Pills, Holt's Elixir, and Holt's Cancer Cure were mere impostures, Felix made up his mind to discontinue the sale. His mother was naturally shocked at a decision which deprived her of her livelihood. Her husband, as she informed Mr. Lyon, 'had a wonderful gift in prayer, as the old members well know, if any one likes to ask them not believing my words; and he believed himself that the receipt for the Cancer Cure, which I've sent out in bottles till this very last April before September as now is, and have bottles standing by me—he believed it was sent in answer to prayer; and nobody can deny it, for he prayed most regular, and read out of the green-baize Bible.' The profane Felix has told his mother that she had better never open her Bible, 'for it's as bad poison to me as the pills are to half the people as swallow 'em.' Like several of George Eliot's favourite female characters, Mrs. Holt is profoundly impressed with her own moral and religious excellence. Mr. Lyon mildly remarks that Felix ought not to be judged rashly.

'"Many eminent servants of God have been led by ways as strange." "Then I'm sorry for their mothers, that's all, Mr. Lyon, and all the more if they'd been well-spoken women. For not my biggest enemy, whether it's he or she, if they'll speak the truth, can turn round and say I've deserved this trouble. And when everybody gets their due, and people's doings are spoken of on the house-tops, as the Bible says they will be, it'll be known what I've gone through with those medicines—the pounding, and the pouring, and the letting stand, and the weighing—up early and down late—there's nobody knows yet but One that's worthy to know; and the pasting o' the printed labels right side upward.'"

Such touches as the green-baize Bible, and the merit of letting the medicine stand, and of pasting the labels right side upward are only given by the hand of genius.

The story has the defect of running in two parallel lines with only an occasional and arbitrary connexion. Mrs. Transome and her son know nothing of the world of Independent Ministers, and, if they had heard that the son of a quack-medicine vendor had voluntarily become a journeyman watchmaker, they would scarcely have appreciated so imperceptible a declension in the remoter portion of the social scale. Except in a single interview in matters connected with the election, Felix Holt never speaks to Harold Transome, and to Mrs. Transome his existence is probably unknown. The heroine indeed turns out, as in many other novels, to be the heiress of the estate, and for a time she wavers between the admirer whom she expects to dispossess, and the stern ascetic who requires her to take a non-celibate vow of poverty; yet it is evident that either half of the story would have stood by itself, if Esther Lyon had not been employed as a link between the Minister's little house in Malthouse Yard and the stately park with the bad title. At the beginning of the book the docile reader thinks that he is to be exclusively perplexed and interested by the fortunes of the Transome family, and by the results of their past misdeeds. Mr. Sampson, the coachman, is supposed in the introductory chapter to amuse his passengers with a vague account of the Transome baronets, summing up his narrative with the luminous remark that

'"There had been ins and outs in times gone by, so that you couldn't look into it straight backward." At this Mr. Sampson (everybody in North Loamshire knew Sampson's coach) would screw his features into a primary expression of entire neutrality, and appear to aim his whip at a particular spot on the horse's flank.'

At the opening of the story, Mrs. Transome, who has long administered the affairs of her paralytic husband, awaits the arrival of her son Harold from Smyrna, where, before the recent death of his elder brother, he had made a fortune in trade. The disappointment of the proud and energetic mother when she finds that her son intends to assume the exclusive control of the estate is described with admirable intuition into character, and with less perfect apprehension of the legal relations of the parties. The good-natured selfishness of Harold, his contempt for the business capacities of women, his cleverness, and the obtuseness of his perception, are so elaborately delineated, that some disappointment arises when, in the course of the story, he subsides into comparative insignificance. Mrs. Transome wishes to retain the management of the estate, not merely from a love of authority, but because she has placed herself in the power of Mr. Jermyn, the fraudulent family solicitor. Her son, however, supersedes her without even perceiving that she is dissatisfied, and he inflicts an additional shock by announcing his intention of standing for the county as a Radical, although he might easily have been returned on the hereditary Tory principles of her family. The necessity of employing Jermyn as agent for the election postpones the impending rupture and the consequent disclosures, and the contest forms a considerable part of the action of the story; but the paradoxical radicalism of Harold Transome leads to as abortive a result or absence of result as Mr. Lyon's projected discussion on Established Churches. Felix Holt is convicted of riot and manslaughter at the election, on evidence which would satisfy any juryman who was not in the secret of the novel; and Harold Transome scarcely troubles himself about a defeat which leaves him at liberty to quarrel with Jermyn. By filing a bill against the dishonest agent he produces an explosion, which might have been avoided if Harold and the author of his fictitious being had remembered that his father was alive. As long as old Mr. Transome ostensibly owned the estate of which he was tenant in possession, his resolute and active wife might have defied her son's unwelcome intrusion. Even if Mrs. Transome had over-estimated the privileges and power of the stronger sex, Mr. Jermyn, having a common interest in supporting her administration of affairs, would not have failed to dispute the pretensions of an encroaching remainder-man. The part of the mystery which concerns the title to the estate disappoints expectation; for, although Mrs. Transome and Jermyn had resorted to questionable methods of resisting an action of ejectment twenty years before, the Bycliffe claim had been at that time invalid, as Tommy Trounsem was still alive. Jermyn seems to have concealed from his client the strong point of her case, and to have aided her in an unintelligible plot for imprisoning Bycliffe by mistake for a total stranger. It is difficult to comprehend how a charge of forgery, whether true or false, could have divested Bycliffe's unfounded or premature claim. Bycliffe died in prison, and it was believed that his family was extinct, until half the personages in the story discovered by a cluster of simultaneous accidents that Esther Lyon was his daughter and heiress. An early intrigue between Mrs. Transome and Mr. Jermyn introduces a gratuitous and disagreeable complication. Near the close of the story Harold strikes Jermyn over the face in public, and in a scuffle which ensues Jermyn tells him 'in a grating voice, "*I am your father.*"' The episode is equally purposeless and painful, for Jermyn disappears, Harold proposes on the same day to Esther, and 'he heard from her lips that she loved some one else, and that she resigned all claim to the Transome estates.' If Mr. Sampson had not been superseded by the railway, he might have remarked more impressively than ever, that 'there had been ins and outs in time gone by, and that you couldn't look into it straight backward.' Harold Transome must have looked forward with grave anxiety to the termination of twenty years from the death of Tommy Trounsem. An estate held under a verbal resignation of her rights by a woman may involve many alarming ins and outs.

Harold Transome's radical doctrines are not so amusing as the external and temporary conversion of his uncle Mr. Lingon, the Tory parson of the parish. On the night of Harold's return, over a second bottle of port, Mr. Lingon was not indisposed to persuade himself that Toryism was extinct, and that Whiggery was a ridiculous monstrosity. The next day he was less satisfied with his own arguments, but his nephew relieved his scruples, by informing him that he was a Radical only in rooting out abuses.

'"That's the word I wanted, my lad," said the Vicar, slapping Harold's knee. "That's a spool to wind a speech on. Abuses is the very word, and if anybody shows himself offended, he'll put the cap on for himself."'

When he is left to himself he reflects that—

'"It's a little awkward, but a clergyman must keep peace in a family. Confound it! I'm not bound to love Toryism better than my own flesh and blood, and the manor I shoot

over. That's a heathenish, Brutus-like sort of thing, as if Providence couldn't take care of the country without my quarrelling with my own sister's son." '

Mr. Lyon's scholastic phraseology expresses more elevated sentiments, but the old-fashioned clerical gentleman is perhaps a pleasanter object of contemplation. It is right that office, and especially clerical office, should imply corresponding duties, nor indeed is it improbable that in some future generation property itself may be regarded as the salary of a public function. From an age long anterior to the Reformation till a time within living memory, a benefice was by a large portion of the clergy and of the laity regarded as a life-estate, burdened with certain definite payments in the form of ceremonial observances, as well as by a general understanding that the clergy ought to lead tolerably decorous lives. An incumbent of good income was a smaller kind of country squire, who was generally resident, unless he happened to be a pluralist. It never entered into his mind, or into the imagination of his parishioners, that he had undertaken to be a rural missionary, or to visit from house to house. His modern successor, like himself, conforms to the public opinion of his time, not without some good results, and not with unmixed moral gain to himself. The English clergy of former times were entirely exempt from a desire to aggrandise the Church, inasmuch as they valued their position as gentlemen far more highly than any privileges of the priesthood. They were also exceptionally free from the sacerdotal propensity to work on the feelings of women, because in the ordinary intercourse of society, on the bench of magistrates, and in the management of local business, they had their fair share of influence with men. George Eliot, who perhaps inclines to Mr. Lyon's revolutionary doctrines on Church establishments, always dwells with affectionate minuteness on the peculiarities of the old-fashioned parson. In 'Felix Holt' there are two well-born specimens of the class, Mr. Debarry being somewhat more refined than his neighbour. Mr. Lingon's electioneering speech in support of his nephew is a model of bucolic rhetoric. It is not surprising that the Tory farmers in the neighbourhood were heartily amused by their favourite parson's transparent assumption of a new-fangled creed.

' "Come, now, you'll say I used to be a Tory, and some of you, whose faces I know as well as I know the head of my own crabstick, will say that's why I'm a good fellow. But now, I'll tell you something else; it's for that very reason—that I used to be a Tory and am a good fellow—that I go along with my nephew here, who is a thorough-going Liberal. For will anybody here come forward and say, "A good fellow has no need to tack about and change his road?" No, there's not one of you such a Tom Noddy. What's good for one time is bad for another. If any one contradicts that, ask him to eat pickled pork when he's thirsty, and to bathe in the Lapp there when the spikes of ice are shooting. And that's the reason why the men who are the best Liberals now are the very men who used to be the best Tories. There is not a nastier horse than your horse that'll jib and back, and turn round when there is but one road for him to go, and that's the road before him. And my nephew here—he comes of a Tory breed, you know. I'll answer for the Lingons. In the old Tory times there was never a pup belonging to a Lingon but would howl if a Whig came near him. The Lingon blood is good rich old Tory blood, and that's why, when the right time comes, it throws up a Liberal cream. There's plenty of Radical scum. I say, beware of the scum and look out for the cream. . . . Harold Transome will do you credit. If anybody says the Radicals are a set of sneaks; Brummagem halfpennies; scamps who want to play at pitch and toss with the property of the country; you can say, "Look at the Member for North Loamshire." And mind what you'll hear him say; he'll go in for making everything right—Poor laws, and Charities, and Church—he wants to reform 'em all. Perhaps you say, "There's that Parson Lingon talking about Church Reform—why he belongs to the Church himself—he wants reforming too." Well, well, wait a bit, and you'll hear by and by that old Parson Lingon is reformed; shoots no more; cracks his joke no more; has drunk his last bottle; the dogs, the old pointers, 'll be sorry, but you'll hear that the Parson at Little Treby is a new man.—That's what Church reform is sure to come to before long. So now here are some more nuts for you, lads, and I leave you to listen to your candidate.—There he is—give him a good hurray. Wave your hats, and I'll begin—Hurray!" '

The farmers were quite right in giving the parson a 'friendly hurray' before he began.

' "Let's hear what Old Jack will say for himself," was the predominant feeling among them; "he'll have something funny to say, I'll bet a penny." '

If the North Loamshire election fails to assist the progress of the story, it displays the writer's extraordinary knowledge of out-of-the-way modes of English thought, and her dramatic faculty of giving life to the most insignificant character. The address of a Radical agent to the colliers of Sproxton, assembled for their Sunday drinking, is exactly adapted to the peculiar minds of the audience. One of the colliers had heard that it was the time to get beer for

nothing, and his companion sagely infers, 'That's sin the Reform—that's brought the 'lections and the drink into these parts; for afore that it was all kept up the Lord knows where.' Eloquence, however, even when seasoned with beer, is an enjoyment too purely intellectual for the Midland collier mind.

'"Let's have our pipes then," said Old Sleck, "I'm pretty well tired o' this." "So am I," said Dredge, "it's wriggling work, like following a stoat: it makes a man dry. I'd as leef hear preaching, only there's nought to be got by't. I shouldn't know which end I stood on if it wasn't for the tickets and the treatin'."'

The best and wisest inhabitant of Treby on the whole displays the smallest amount of common sense. Felix Holt, who had been endeavouring to persuade the colliers to send their children to school, is indignant at the attempt of his own party to employ his sluggish disciples for purposes of riot. On the election day he takes command of a riot, for the sole purpose of leading the rioters out of mischief, and from the same motive he trips up and accidentally kills a constable who attempts to interfere with the proceedings. He is more fortunate than he deserves in obtaining a pardon on the application of the magistrates headed by the Tory and Radical candidates; but the story was coming to an end; Esther had, after some wavering, determined to refuse Harold Transome; and Felix was required to accept the hand which had long awaited his condescension. It is impossible to judge, from any summary of the plot, of the abundance of thought and humour which more than compensate for any complications or improbabilities in the story. Mrs. Transome's old attendant, with her cynical philosophy of life, forms a life-like and remarkable portrait, although her character is only indicated in one or two short conversations with her mistress; and the farmers and tradesmen who visit the butler at the Manor are each distinguished by some natural and recognisable peculiarity. Less original writers identify their minor characters by some trite or cant saying, but George Eliot always denotes the intellectual or moral differences of the dullest and most commonplace of mankind by some little idiosyncrasy of language or of thought. If 'Felix Holt' has none of the tragic depth of 'Romola,' it is a truer picture of life, and the changes which have occurred since the date of the story almost give the book a historical value.

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Art. VI.—1. *Das Leben Jesu: für das deutsche Volk bearbeitet.* Von D. F. Strauss. Leipzig: 1864.

2. Dr. D. F. Strauss's '*New Life of Jesus:*' the authorised English Edition. 2 vols. London: 1865.

3. *Histoire des Origines du Christianisme; Livre deuxième:* '*Les Apôtres.*' Par Ernest Renan. Paris: 1866.

4. '*Ecce Homo:*' *a Survey of the Life and Work of Jesus Christ.* Fifth Edition, with a new Preface. London: 1866.

It was said a great many centuries ago, and in a book of very high authority, that one result of the coming of Christ into the world would be 'that the thoughts of many hearts should be revealed.' And though such a result is not without its parallels and analogies in other cases, there is no other case in which either the disclosures of men's characters have been so searching and profound, or in which the effect has been so certainly repeated whenever a fresh interest has been awakened in the person and history of the great Teacher. The consequence is that no epochs are better adapted for taking a review of the state of religious opinion than those in which popular attention has been strongly fixed upon the 'Life of Christ.' With other religious questions it is possible to fence and play, and act a part, whether in defence or opposition, as the case may be; feeling all the time, with the mediæval disputant, how easy it might be to shift one's ground and take up the brief for the other side. But this question is too closely intertwined with men's personal feelings and hopes for that. It is no matter of gladiatorial display. It is a matter of life and death. And, therefore, interesting as it may always be, even at times when men are following each other like a flock of sheep along some narrow path of dogma, to try and understand the meaning of the dogma which unlocks the history of their period, that interest culminates at times when the life of Jesus is in question—when men are thoroughly alive, and thoroughly in earnest; when reserve and reticence are broken through; and when the books, reviews, and pamphlets of any one year may easily offer (as it were, in section) a complete conspectus of all the main lines of contemporary thought.

Such a period, there can be no doubt, is our own. Never since the time of the Reformation—never, one might almost say, since the time of the Apostles—has a more earnest attention been paid to the life of Jesus than at the present moment. There have been controversies without number as

to His nature, confusions without end as to His doctrine, conflicts interminable about His Church, but to the present generation (strange to say) seems to have been bequeathed the task of arranging in an intelligible form the facts of His purely human history. The reason probably is, that never before have systems of belief, foreign, yet analogous, to Christianity been so clearly understood, or so much vigorous intelligence been diverted from policy and war to a critical handling of classical, and still more of Oriental, modes of thought. Thus the desire of understanding the origin of Christianity, and the means of gratifying that desire, seem to have presented themselves simultaneously: and the impatience of mankind will bear no compromise, and take no refusal, until theologians have fairly girded themselves to the task of presenting the human life of Jesus in some strictly historical shape.

The difficulty of this task is probably least understood by those who most loudly make the demand. Were an invasion of England to shatter at one blow the framework of the State, to destroy the metropolis, and involve in common ruin the civil and ecclesiastical institutions of the country, it is not likely that for the next thirty or forty years, at least, much literary activity would be displayed, or any work be bequeathed to posterity except writings intended for an immediate practical purpose. But if by chance some fragment or offshoot of the National Church had vigour enough to outlive the catastrophe, its first energies would be devoted to collecting the memorials of its earlier and more tranquil days, and especially to forming into a sort of canon for future reference all the writings which a hasty criticism could select as the genuine relics of its first founders. In fact, no course at such a time could be more consonant to sound sense and simple fidelity. But the crisis which we have supposed was far exceeded in severity by that fearful crash which ruined the Jewish State, destroyed the Temple, and scattered the population of Judæa, not very long after the first preaching of the Gospel. For the small geographical scale of Palestine—a country about as large as Wales—rendered the calamity more intense by concentrating it in that narrow area, and the furious passions that blazed out at the revolt would not for a long time cool down to the temperature of literary composition. Moreover, in this case, the inhabitants of the country were sown broadcast over the world. Every slave-market in three continents was full of them. And although it is true that these outcasts would find synagogues and settled communities of Jews wherever they went, still, the blow having crushed the political and religious hopes of all alike—with the sole exception of the Christian sect—it is likely that the only efforts of the pen which would be left from this epoch would be, on the one hand, Jewish and Christian collections of existing traditions, with occasional reflective attempts to find a key to the terrible events of the past; and, on the other, fugitive pieces of a hortatory or polemical character. Now this is exactly what we do find. The Mishna and the New Testament are the collection of traditions, written or otherwise. Josephus' History at Rome, St. John's Gospel at Ephesus, and probably the fourth Book of Esdras in the far East, are works of reflection, searches for the key to the past. And the remains of apostolical fathers and of Judæognostic heretics are specimens of pieces inspired by a special purpose, and singularly barren of any important historical materials. When we add to all this the fact, that just at this period of the world, amid the slow but sure advance of universal decrepitude and decay, the most singular rage had seized mankind for pseudonymous composition, we have said enough to indicate that the historian of those times must walk warily, and be prepared to forego too hasty generalisations, and that the demand for a prompt and unimpeachable account of all that Jesus and His Apostles did and said is made in profound ignorance of the real conditions of the problem.

Still, men are always to be found, armed with more or less of learning and critical acumen, who will be prepared straightway to give an answer to the most impossible questions. To them patience seems no scientific virtue at all. And when they have lit upon some plausible solution of their problem, open at a hundred points to fatal assaults, disdaining to hold it as a mere hypothesis, rough-hewn for after rectification, they must needs impose it upon the world as the one and only possible key to the whole question. In a word, they dogmatise. And strongly as both of them would repudiate the charge, we are sorry to be obliged to fix upon M. Renan as well as upon Herr Strauss this odious imputation of *dogmatism*. If it is dogmatism to found one's whole argument upon an *ipse dixit*, if it is dogmatism to state boldly as an axiom what is so far from being self-evident that it is denied by the whole opposing party, and if it is dogmatism to select for this axiom the very point which, clothed in other words, is the proposition to be proved,

then MM. Renan and Strauss are dogmatists. For while the very point in dispute is, whether Jesus was a superhuman personage or not, both of these writers lay it down as the first postulate in their argument that no superhuman hypothesis is admissible. Their argument therefore becomes neither more nor less than a vicious circle. The Gospels are untrustworthy, because they record miracles; and no miracles are credible, because the books that record them are untrustworthy.* It is wonderful that men of so much ability should be guilty of such false logic, and should at this time of day be beguiled by the threadbare sophism of Hume, of which Strauss thinks so highly as to say: 'Hume's treatment of miracles is so universally convincing, that by it the matter may be considered as virtually settled.' (P. 148.) Yet Hume's celebrated argument is a mere *petitio principii*. All experience [i. e. for the most part, testimony of others] being against miracles, it is more likely that testimony should be false than that miracles should be true. Which is the same thing as saying, 'All experience being against Atlantic cables, it is far more likely that Messrs. Glasse and Field are playing upon our credulity than that the cable should be laid.' The reply of course is, But the cable *is* laid, for we have the results in our hands: and your argument from 'experience' is good for nothing, for unless it carefully keeps the experience of Messrs. Glasse and Field out of sight, it is inconclusive; and if it does, it amounts to saying, 'The experience of all, *except those who have had the experience*, is against Atlantic telegraphs.' Just so the Christian apologist may reply: 'Your argument against miracles is futile: for not only are results in our hands, which cannot be otherwise accounted for, but the "experience" you appeal to begins by excluding the experience of Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, and then of course the desired conclusion follows of itself.'*

It is quite clear, therefore, that if these books of MM. Strauss and Renan are to receive that estimation which is, in some respects, justly due to them, they must be taken apart from the ridiculous premises on which they are professedly based, and judged with as little reference to it as possible. The childish simplicity must be forgiven of such passages as these: 'By miracles like that of feeding the multitudes, &c., *natural science* would be rased to its foundations' (*Strauss*, p. 39)—(that it would be much put out by a *super*-natural event we should quite expect); and 'if Jesus had not become transformed by legend, He would be an *unique phenomenon* in history' (*Renan, Vie de J.*, p. xlvi.)—(which is precisely what Christians maintain Him to have been). The prerogative of the Almighty to address men through the senses, if it should seem good to Him to do so, must be dogmatically re-affirmed (for one piece of dogmatism is just as good as another); and these works must be studied, not for their arbitrary marshalling of texts in parody of the simple and noble delineation of Christ's life in the Gospels, but for their valuable aid towards realising the *human side* in His being, who was (under every hypothesis) 'very man'; and especially for their meritorious contributions towards setting it in an intelligible framework, and pointing out those nearer links of connexion with previous and subsequent history which alone were wanting to substantiate the Christology of the Church. For it must be remembered, the Catholic doctrine has ever affirmed that Christ was a link *in* history, not out of it: a link heated to whiteness, it may be, and imparting that heat, but a link of precisely the same materials, and occurring in the same historical order, as the rest—'perfect man,' and coming 'in the fulness of times.' And therefore, when writers, such as those in question, take much pains to display the preparation of the world for Christianity, and the strangely inflammable state of the materials which it enkindled, they may perhaps do so with no more kindly intention than to suggest how little wonderful was the conflagration that ensued; but they are neverthe-

* Compare, for instance, the following passages:—(1.) 'So long as the Gospels are regarded as historical sources, in the strict sense of the word, so long a historical view of the life of Jesus is impossible' (*Strauss*, p. 40); for 'historical enquiry refuses absolutely to recognise anywhere any such thing' as a miracle. (P. 146.) (2.) 'In the person and work of Jesus nothing supernatural happened; . . . for thus much we can soon discover about our Gospels, that neither all nor any of them display such historical trustworthiness as to compel our reason to the acceptance of a miracle.' (P. xv.)

Similarly M. Renan:—(1.) 'The first twelve chapters of Acts are a tissue of miracles. Now, an absolute rule of criticism is, to allow no place in historical narration to miracles.' (P. xliii.) (2.) 'Show me a specimen of these things, and I will admit them. . . . . The *onus probandi* in science rests with those who allege a fact.' (P. xlv.)

* The subject of Miracles has recently been handled with extraordinary acuteness and force of reasoning by the Rev. Mr. Mozley, in his Bampton Lectures for last year. We know of nothing more able or more eloquent in our theological literature, and we would especially point out the Fourth Discourse, in which the writer proves that a belief in the possibility of miracles is identical with, and inseparable from, a belief in a personal God.

less unconsciously doing the Church's work. It is not their affirmations, but their negations which she repudiates. And she can well afford to receive, with full acknowledgments, all that they bring; for the convictions by which Christians lay hold of the Divine side of the question, and put themselves into personal relationship with Christ, are of another order altogether, and are but little affected by negative criticism.

The fact is, that in disentangling profound and intricate problems, everything depends on the quarter from which they are approached. The solar system, so long as it was viewed from the earth as a centre, was an inextricable web of confusion; but directly a standing-point for the imagination was found in the sun, everything fell at once into its right place. In so complex and subtle a question as that of the truth of Christianity, this is still more surely the secret of success. The question is one which addresses neither the reason alone, nor the imagination alone, nor the conscience alone. It is, in its essence, an ethical question. But, making pretensions to stand upon the solid ground of historical fact, it is inevitably mixed up with matters of a secondary interest—points of criticism, various readings, and other documentary questions—and becomes subject to the demands of the imagination, that its origin and history be presented in a readily conceivable form. But it makes all the difference in the world whether a man begin by entangling himself amid petty critical details, or by determining at all costs to satisfy the imagination—or whether he begin by grasping the central object of the whole system by an ethical process, and then endeavour to arrange, in the best way that circumstances admit, the intellectual and pictorial details. Christianity itself makes no pretensions to be understood by either of the former methods. It is no fault of the Gospel if men will persist in approaching it from the wrong quarter, and make confusion worse confounded in the attempt. For it emphatically claims to be, not a revelation to philosophers, but to babes; and no words can more distinctly point out the right clue than its own:—'If any man will do His will, he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God, or whether I speak of myself.'

Now, it is precisely this clue which both MM. Strauss and Renan have entirely missed, and which the author of 'Ecce Homo' has, with admirable judgment and surprising success, taken up. Strauss's 'New Life of Jesus' is not indeed so purely a dry intellectual feat as the original work, which in 1835 startled the world by its audacious attempt to sift the Gospels into a heap of barren rubbish. Fired by the rapid popularity of M. Renan's Galilæan idyll, and stung by the persistent refusal of the educated classes to acknowledge themselves brought over to his views, he now appeals to 'the German people,' works up his sifted particles afresh into a concrete but lifeless figure—that could never have converted anybody, much less the world—and ends by arranging in little heaps of (so-called) legendary matter the large proportion of the Gospel narrative, which is rejected as fictitious because it is miraculous. Thus Strauss, too, like Renan, finds himself compelled, in the earnest prosecution of his studies, to draw sensibly nearer towards Christianity. The Christ of his later work is a far more real and tangible personage than the faintly sketched and misty figure that floated as a possible residuum of fact amid the hallucinations, myths, and forgeries of which the former book was full. Here we have the whole of Part I., comprising no less than 150 closely-printed pages, devoted to the real and historical Jesus of Nazareth, as the author conceives him to have actually lived and died. And though an equal space, it is true, is given to a critical introduction of very high interest, and a far larger number of pages to an elaborate classification of no less than twelve groups of myths, arranged in their respective imaginary layers, yet the concessions made in these 150 pages are so important, and the reality of Christ's earthly history as described by the Evangelists is, in its main features, so candidly confessed, that we seem to have here restored to us almost all that was worth contending for.

Jesus of Nazareth, then—according to Herr Strauss's latest and most advanced criticism of his human history—was a Galilæan peasant of the lower orders, himself a carpenter and the son of a carpenter, and quite devoid of any education except such as he would gather for himself from an assiduous study of the Old Testament, and from observation of the curiously-mingled society around him.

'Neither in the substance nor in the method of Jesus' teaching is there anything which—always bearing in mind his inward endowments—we cannot explain by supposing a careful study of the Old Testament and a free social intercourse with learned people, especially with the disciples of the three leading schools [Pharisees, Sadducees, Essenes]: while, on the other hand, his originality, freshness, and freedom from every trace of school pedantry, (such as stamps so unmistakeably even the spiritual Apostle of the Gentiles,) render it probable that his development was still more independent of extrinsic aid even than that. And to this no

circumstances could be more favourable than those of his Galilæan home. The inhabitants of that region, it is well known, were—especially in the Northern parts—much mixed up with the heathen; as is plainly confessed in the epithet "Galilee of the Gentiles" (Matt. iv. 15, following Isaiah viii. 23.) And since the province was, yet farther, cut off by the whole breadth of Samaria from the proudly orthodox Judæa, its natives were looked down upon as of little worth, and not regarded as Jews in the strict sense of the word. Yet these very untoward circumstances might contribute all the better to the formation of a free religious character.' (P. 194.)

Indeed the circumstances in question were themselves—as Strauss takes great pains to make us understand—the fruits of a long preparation in antecedent history.

'I know not whether any supernatural origin that men may ascribe to Christianity can really do it more honour, than is done by history—in proving how it is the ripe fruit of all the best growths in every branch of the human family. Never would Christianity (we may safely say) have become the religion of the West as well as of the East—nay, have remained in the end more peculiarly a Western faith—if it had not, from the very first, breathed a Western as well as an Eastern, a Græco-Roman as well as a Jewish spirit. Israel must first be brayed in the mortar, the Jewish people must first by repeated captivities be scattered among the heathen, that so the irrigating streams of foreign thought might be conducted by many a channel upon the mother soil, ere it could be fecundated so far as to produce from its bosom such a harvest as Christianity. And above all, a marriage of the East and the West must take place by the conquests of the great Macedonian hero, and a bride-bed (as it were) be laid in Alexandria, before any such appearance as that of Christianity could be thought of. Had there been no Alexander for a forerunner, Christ could not have come. This may sound a hard saying for theological ears. But directly we become convinced that even the Hero has a divine mission, it loses all its offensiveness. . . . Thus we see, as it were, two converging lines, each lengthening itself by inner forces of its own, yet each destined at last to meet in that one point which should become the birthplace of the new religion. And would we express in one short formula the law of these two apparently opposing yet really co-operating forces, we may put it thus: Judæa, in all the stages of its history, sought God; Greece sought man.' (P. 167.)

No one who remembers Mr. Gladstone's eloquent expansion of this thought, in his late farewell speech in Edinburgh, needs to be reminded that all this is thoroughly Christian and even Churchman-like. Nay, to deny it would be downright heresy. For it is taught in every Catechism and Manual of Church History; it is stated in plain terms by the deepest thinkers of antiquity; and it is itself the direct fulfilment of many a noble passage of Hebrew prophecy, which shrinks not from giving a divine mission to a Cyrus, a Melchizedek, a Jethro, a Job, a Hazael, a Nebuchadnezzar, and looks forward gladly to the day when 'Israel shall be the third with Egypt and with Assyria: whom the Lord shall bless, saying, Blessed be Egypt my people, and Assyria the work of my hands, and Israel my inheritance.' (Isaiah xix. 24.)

With the exception of these few facts, however, in the early life of Jesus, Strauss finds nothing very trustworthy until we arrive at his baptism by John. At this point his real history begins. That he was baptised by John, and remained with him for a short time, there can be no reasonable doubt. But John, like the hermit Banus at a later period, to judge from the descriptions of both given by Josephus, was a sort of independent Essene, whose rigorous asceticism and rugged reproachful method of address soon became distasteful to one of so cheerful and social, of so courteous and merciful, a temper as Jesus. Still the aim of both was the same, though their methods were different. 'Repent ye, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand;' this was the voice which resounded in the wilderness among the crowds of excited and expectant Jews. And it meant (says Strauss) nothing more or less than this: that the Messiah was about to appear, but that his appearing would bring good only to those whose *hearts* were preparing for his coming; while to the rest he would be like a winnowing fan, separating the chaff for the burning (p. 189).

Now all this, again, is precisely what the Church has always taught. And if she has chosen to clothe her statement of it in words culled from Isaiah and Malachi, we really do not see how it makes any difference in the facts. The facts remain—so far as we can understand—uncontested: that John the Baptist was, in plain words, a forerunner of the Messiah; that, unlike all his contemporaries, he was inspired with the idea that the true preparation for him was, not the purchasing of daggers or the broadening of phylacteries, but the conversion of the heart; and that while he was thus foremost among the files of the Jewish prophets, still he was less clear in his assurance that Jesus was that Messiah, and more open to offence at his new methods of procedure, than the least of those who had actually attached themselves to his person. Add to all this—what seems likewise allowed—that he actually foretold what soon after came to pass: viz. that those who rejected the Messiah would

be utterly and fearfully destroyed, while the remnant that accepted him would form the germ of a great future organisation, subject in some way to his sovereignty; and we really do not know what Churchmen could ask for more from Mr. Strauss.

The next scene acknowledged to belong to the genuine history of Jesus is his Galilæan ministry; the duration of which could not have been more than a few years, for even Tacitus (Annals xv. 44) places his crucifixion under Pontius Pilate, whose procuratorship ended A.D. 36. During these few years, and with the means at his command which have been already described, it somehow or other came to pass that this Galilæan carpenter made such an impression on his contemporaries, that they almost unanimously hoped, or feared, he was the Messiah; that they came to attribute to him the most astonishing miracles; that, so far from being brought to their senses by his crucifixion, they got it into their heads that he was risen from the dead, and had conversed, walked, and eaten with several of those who had known him best before; nay, that on subsequent reflection they felt nothing could possibly account for his greatness short of some theory which made him positively divine,—a theory for which they found no precedent or authority whatever in Judaism, but were obliged to shape it by the help of Alexandrian Platonism, whose line of thought converged exactly at the right moment upon that precise spot. Yet we are constantly reminded, it was with the most consummate wisdom and genius (to say the least) that Jesus managed to produce these results. The Messiah of the popular imagination was no Man of Sorrows meekly riding on an ass; but a warrior, a good hater of the Romans, a zealot like Judas the Gaulonite. He was to be no 'Son of Man,' but a 'Son of God,'—a human hero, that is, like David and Solomon of old; armed with God's fury and God's arrows against the heathen, who had run up such a score of vengeance in captivities, taxations, and oppressions of all sorts upon Jehovah's favourites, that it was a perfect marvel—under which none but a cold-blooded Sadducee could sit still—that the crack of doom was delayed so intolerably long. Amid such an atmosphere as this it was that Jesus had to work; and out of this red-hot seething mass of Jewish fanaticism, by a—we must not say 'divine:' let us say—*skilful* blow, to forge the Christian Church. Let us see how he went to work.

'It is the life of a wandering teacher that the Evangelists with one consent attribute to Jesus. Capernaum, the home of his favourite disciples, was indeed his favourite resort: but for the most part he traversed the country attended by a company of trusted disciples and of women who provided for the wants of the society out of their own resources.' (P. 243.) 'That Jesus as a teacher made an overpowering, and upon sympathising souls an ineffaceable, impression, is not only told us by the Evangelists, but is ratified by the historical results. He was no Rabbi. He taught not as the Scribes. With logical artifices he had nothing to do; but only with the word that smites conviction by its own intrinsic truth. Hence in his Gospels that rich collection of sentences or maxims, of terse and pregnant sayings which, apart from their religious worth, are for their clear spiritual insight and for their straight unerring aim so beyond all price. "Render unto Cæsar the things that be Cæsar's," &c.,—these are imperishable sayings; because in them truths, that experience is ever ratifying afresh, are clothed in a form which is at the same time precisely expressive and also universally intelligible.' (P. 253.) 'The consciousness of a Prophetic mission arose in him before that of his Messiahship. Or rather we may well conceive that Jesus, while himself clear upon the point, chose in speaking to others an expression [Son of man] which was not yet in vogue as a title for the Messiah. Thus he avoided imposing upon his disciples and the people a mere authoritative belief in his Messiahship, but allowed it to grow up spontaneously from within. . . . The more so, as he found reason to fear that by giving himself out at once for the Messiah he should wake up all those political hopes, which bore a sense diametrically opposite to that in which alone he would consent to be Messiah.' (P. 227.) 'Meanwhile, however much Jesus might decline any corporeal miracles, do them he must—according to the ideas of that time—whether he would or no. So soon as ever he was held to be a Prophet, at once he was credited with miraculous powers: and no sooner was he credited with them, than they were sure to appear in reality. It were strange if, among the crowds that approached to touch his garments wherever he came, none found a cure or an alleviation of his disease from an excited imagination or from a strong sensuo-spiritual impression. And the cure was then attributed to the wonder-working power of Jesus.' (P. 265.)

For ourselves, we are content with such admissions as these from the greatest living master of the modern destructive criticism. No one in his senses, who is not the victim of some preconceived idea, can possibly go so far as this, and not soon be compelled to go a good deal farther. He may not indeed be able to embrace—until, at least, he understands their real meaning—the barbarisms that have been bequeathed to us by the scholastic philosophy. He may disdain to pronounce aright the Shibboleth of a mere Latin orthodoxy, entangled in dry legalisms, stupefied with forensic fictions, and catholic

in nothing but the name. He may not picture heaven and earth to his imagination as they once were pictured, or conceive of Christian miracles in the childish way which M. Renan supposes to be the only one the Church allows, viz. as 'special interventions, like that of a clock-maker putting his finger in, to remedy the defects of his wheels.' (*Apôtres*, p. xlvii.) He may have seen, in short, that the lessons of the Bible and of Theology are learnt, like all other really effective lessons, in an order which is educational rather than philosophical; and that the true order of thought reverses the order of the lesson-book. But that very enfranchisement of his mind from the preconceptions of the nursery renders him less willing to be bound by the mere dogmas of the lecture-room. And unless he is content meekly to stop short just where Strauss has drawn the line, at a conception of 'a mere individual genius, designed (when fuel enough has been collected) to apply the enkindling spark' (p. 167); or immures his thought within some Hegelian pantheism, that (like the witch of Endor) conjures up gods out of the earth, instead of bringing down God from heaven; he will not be warned off from the yet farther and deeper inquiry, '*who* then designed' all these converging lines? and *whence* came that clear unerring mind, that pure and guileless spirit, which, in Christ the 'corner-stone,' completed all, gave a meaning to all, and by the master-stroke of a few years' work in long-prepared Galilee created Christendom?

These are the points which it really concerns us to know. And they are points upon which the bewildered philosophy of MM. Strauss and Renan has absolutely no answer to give. For they cannot surely mean to tell us that Christ is only the ultimate development of forces latent in the mushroom and the sponge: that he is the product of an unconscious series, pushing outwards towards consciousness and rationality; a series calculated by no pre-existing Mind, a product brooded over by no life-giving spirit. Why, the very sponge and the mushroom, the icthyosaurus and the plants of the coal-measures, the light of the nebulæ and the serial law itself, all reveal a Reason human in quality, but ante-human in time, and super-human in degree, and presenting not the slightest indications of development or change of any sort. Now this all-embracing and changeless Reason is what Theology means by God: and the arrangements by which, at crossing-places in their orbits, man's world is met and illumined by phenomena belonging to another zone, and moving in another plane, are what she terms Miracles. And knowing, as we do, nothing whatever about God, except what He pleases to reveal to us,—and impotent as our imagination is (by the very laws of its nature) to project any sane conception of God upon its mirror, except under a personal form,—when we find a point in history at which a Person stands, who 'shines out as a thoroughly and intrinsically lovely nature, who needed only to unfold himself from himself, to grow to greater consciousness of himself, greater confidence in himself, with no need for change of aim, no need of self-correction' (*Strauss*, p. 208); and when we know, from nineteen centuries' experience, how the spirit of this single Person has poured through all the veins of human society a fresh and vital force, given hope to publicans and sinners of all time, redeemed men's souls from the swine-troughs of sense, and shown for once the highest ideal of man clothed in actual flesh and blood,—we challenge anyone to produce a more rational theory about this Person than that which has obtained currency in the Christian Church; or to point out any bar which a mature and philosophical conception of God presents against regarding this unique Person as an incarnation of the Divine Reason upon earth. For all that is required to be conceded, in order to stamp this conception with perfect credibility, is that Pantheism be false and Theism true: in other words, that the distinction between moral good and moral evil be held a real one; and that the convergence of all the lines of history to produce a human conductor of heaven's light and life to earth has been the work of a conscious Reason, and not of a mere blind force which explains nothing, but rather begs humbly for explanation itself.

How then do these writers manage to escape a—to them—wholly undesired conclusion? They have invented two devices, two loophooles, the most extraordinary and unscientific (as it appears to us), that ever were proclaimed in the name of science as breaches in the fortress of religion. And these loophooles they labour, by every manœuvre in their power, incessantly to enlarge. Reason having tried her utmost against Christianity in vain, the assault is now to be attempted through the imagination. And while the ridicule is unsparing which, in his earlier work, Strauss heaped on the worn-out methods of the rationalists, we may safely predict that the time is not far distant when the same measure will be deservedly meted out to himself, and to M. Renan, who is mainly responsible for the

second of the two remarkable arguments we are about to describe.

Everyone is perfectly aware that by the laws of our imagination, every scene which is impressed upon the retina of our eye, every sound which is carried through the nerves of the ear, receives a colour, shape and meaning, from the living and personal qualities of the recipient. It is impossible that it should be otherwise. A living human brain is not like a dead sheet of paper, which passively receives and helplessly retains everything that may happen to be marked upon it. It is only by a process of selection and grouping, in accordance with habits and qualities given by education and nature, that coherent images are formed and sane conceptions engendered. If anyone doubt this, let him only watch the spontaneous effort of his mind, when some object presents itself in the dusk or in the distance, to mould it into an intelligible shape, and he will catch himself (as it were) in the very act of conception. The colour, the outline, the motion, the top part, the bottom part, will be spontaneously selected for attention; and some person previously known, some hobgoblin previously believed in, some animal thought likely to be there, will be created out of the impressions given, and be projected without a moment's delay upon the imagination. Now this, which in its proper proportions is a scientific truth, is seized upon by Mr. Strauss, exaggerated into the most enormous and grotesque extravagance, and then employed as an engine to overthrow the truth of Christianity. The Jewish mind (he says) in the first century was full of Old Testament ideas. The Prophets and the Mosaic law had so far educated the nation, that they had supplied them with a whole series of types and forms of thought. So that when Jesus of Nazareth appeared, and especially after his abrupt and violent death, the events of those few pregnant years threw themselves into the shapes for which Judaism had prepared men's minds, but which in fact had no reality, and for which this preparation had been quite fortuitous. Need we point out, once more, the strange discovery which Strauss here makes of his essential, though unconscious orthodoxy? The slightest violence done to the surface of the philosopher reveals the doctor of divinity within. For every word of this, so far as it is affirmative and not negative, is precisely the doctrine of the Catholic Church from the beginning. It is the denials only that she denies. It is the negations which she thinks are difficult to prove. Nor has Strauss succeeded in proving them, unless, as before, Hegelianism be allowed to have blotted out a conscious God from history. All he has done is, to caricature the old church theory by a ludicrous exaggeration; and to conjecture, among the Jews at that time, such an inflamed condition of the function above described, as to transcend all likelihood and all nature, and to generate Christendom out of a nation of lunatics. For what mental condition short of lunacy could have argued, as Strauss supposes the Apostles to have argued, 'The Old Testament represents Christ as doing such and such things; therefore, although we neither heard nor saw anything of the sort, he did them?'

'But,' replies Strauss, 'we have no notion how the Apostles argued or what they said; for all our accounts are at second hand. Mark and Luke are confessedly so; and Matthew is a translated and expanded work, on the basis of Matthew's genuine collection of discourses; while John is a wholly fictitious gospel, due to some one well versed in the Alexandrian philosophy about the middle of the second century.' Now, without entering into all the perplexed detail of gospel criticism, let the reader simply recollect the following facts, and he will be in a position to judge whether we can depend upon the New Testament or not. Irenæus and Tertullian were two writers in the last quarter of the second century; the former had spent his youth among the churches of Asia Minor, and had migrated among the Christians of Gaul; the latter was a presbyter in the Latin Church of North Africa. Both were strong traditionalists; and both distinctly appeal to the four canonical gospels by name. But would churches so widely remote as those of Smyrna, Carthage, and Lyons, with one accord receive as Scripture four books which were only a few years old? And besides, Irenæus had been in his youth a companion of Polycarp, the disciple of St. John. Is it credible that St. John's Gospel could have been received by him if it had been never heard of till A.D. 150? Moreover, about A.D. 150, Celsus quotes both the synoptical gospels and St. John, and says, 'all this I have taken out of your own Scriptures.' About the same date, Theophilus and Tatian both constructed a Harmony of the Four Gospels; and ten years earlier still, Justin Martyr speaks of gospels written by the Apostles and their companions; meaning, there can surely be little question, the four as we now have them. Twenty years before that Polycarp uses St. Matthew, and quotes the First Epistle of St John, which is allowed on all hands to be (under any supposition) by the same author as the Gospel. And about the

same period Papias, a bishop in Asia Minor, who tells us he took particular pains to collect oral information from survivors who had known the Apostles, describes how Matthew wrote originally in Hebrew, and how Mark drew his materials from St. Peter. The passage is but a fragment preserved in Eusebius, so that no sound argument against St. John can be drawn *e silentio*, any more than against St. Paul or St. Luke. Thus we are brought down to about A.D. 100, without a trace of any conciliar action, or of any controversy on the subject which cannot easily be explained. The Church emerges from the first century with the sacred book of the four Gospels in her hand. The very earliest apocryphal gospels only attempt to fill up the blanks in their narrative, and never give a competing account. The most ancient of all was held by Jerome, who translated it to be the Hebrew original of St. Matthew. The Montanists, in their wildest hatred of St. John's Gospel, could only attribute it to his contemporary Cerinthus. And every recent discovery, such as the missing end of the Clementine Homilies (containing a quotation from St. John), and the original Greek of Barnabas (giving St. Matthew's Gospel the honourable title of 'Scripture'), only tends to corroborate the proof, that we have in the four Gospels the primitive records of Christianity, and a trustworthy means for understanding what the mind and the preaching of the Apostles really were.* And if so, we repeat, the supposition that the healthiest, simplest, and sanest form of religion the world has ever seen, should have taken its rise from such a hotbed of fatuity and insanity as Strauss would have us believe, appears to us to make greater demands by far upon our credulity than the hypothesis it is invented to supersede; and to be fitly suspended upon the following sentence, written for a very different purpose:—'There are things which do not, indeed, like miracles, contravene the laws of nature, but which contradict historical probability; that is, are easier to conceive of as imaginary than as true.' (*Strauss*, p. 402.)

The second loophole by which these writers, and especially M. Renan, endeavour to escape from the necessity of believing the testimony of the Evangelists, belongs to the same class of arguments. The object, in both cases alike, is to maintain the Pantheistic as against the Theistic view of history; and to elude the recognition of what Theology (in its popular language) calls 'the finger of God' in Christianity, by showing that it can be accounted for by causes which are well within the narrow horizon of our own experience. Little indeed would be gained by success. For a god Pan, who developed himself in such a blundering and ridiculous way as is here supposed, would quickly set people thinking whether he were a god at all; or did not need some better interpreters, at least, who would credit him with an honest walk and conversation along the highroad of Nature and Health, instead of tracking his cloven footsteps among the devious by-ways of disease. It would be an ill exchange, if we were to give up the supernatural Christ for an infra-natural one; and to retort Hume's argument upon himself, it is far more consonant to probability that philosophers should err, than that the world should have been regenerated by myth-bewildered fishermen and hysterical Magdalens, while God was (as it were) asleep, and suffered disease and error to steal a march upon Him, for the endless benefit of the human race.

Yet such is, in plain words, the theory of M. Renan. 'The formation of Christendom,' says he, 'is the greatest event in the religious history of the world.' But only a few pages farther on we read,

> 'The glory of the Resurrection belongs then to Mary Magdalene. Next to Jesus, it is she who has done the most for the founding of Christendom. The shadow created by the delicate senses of the Magdalene hovers still above the world. Queen and patron of idealists, she above all others has known how to make her dream a reality and to impose on all men the sacred vision of her impassioned soul. Her grand affirmation of the woman's heart, "He is risen!" has been the basis of the world's faith. Get thee gone then, impotent Reason! Presume not to apply thy cold analysis to this master-work of idealism and of love. If Philosophy gives up the attempt to console this poor race of men, betrayed by fate, let madness approach and put her hand to the task. Where is the sage who has ever given such joy to the world, as the possessed woman—Mary of Magdala?' (*Apôtres*, p. 13.)

If we had not the page lying open before us, it would seem positively incredible that a man of such mental and moral qualities as M. Renan possesses, should be so far the victim of a foregone conclusion as to think this a rational explanation of the literary and historical phenomena of our Lord's Resurrection. Yet after an interval of three years for reflection, this expansion of the hint given in his earlier volume, this revived embodiment of the long-buried calumny of

* This argument is well drawn out in Tischendorf's pamphlet, 'Wann wurden unsere Evangelien verfasst?'

Celsus,*—still seems to this almost-Christian, who, unlike his own Magdalen, loves yet cannot believe in Christ, worth putting down on paper as a sufficient solution of the problem! In Strauss, a person of colder and more masculine temperament, we are prepared for anything. The dissecting knife is for ever in his hands. And he cannot even put together again 'for the German people' the *disjecta membra* of their Christ, without perpetually flourishing his favourite weapon, and making a surgical demonstration of every member in detail. The consequence is, they will not believe that a Christ so put together can be alive. M. Renan, on the other hand, presents to his countrymen a thoroughly living, and to them, it seems, conceivable Christ. But, alas!—we hope we shall be pardoned, for it cannot be otherwise expressed—his Jesus is a French mesmerist, and his Magdalens and Maries may be met with any day, in all their gushing and sentimental beauty, kneeling in Notre Dame, or walking on pilgrimage to the wonder-working Lady of La Salette. No wonder that such a 'fifth Gospel' of sentiment and hallucination should meet with little acceptance on this more prosaic side of the Channel! No wonder that a drama, in which figures take their part that have assuredly never lived in the flesh, but only in French prints or in the waxwork of a convent chapel, should be rejected with disdain by the practical and sober Englishman! No wonder that, in spite of the fascination of its style, the candour and lucidity of its argumentation, and the extreme interest and value of its historical sketches—especially from the twelfth chapter onwards, where the victory of Christianity over Paganism is described—this second volume must be condemned as a greater theological failure even than the first; to be pardoned only for its important admissions of the genuineness of St. John's Gospel, of St. Luke's two books, and of the seven main Epistles of St. Paul, and for its heartfelt sympathy for all that is freest and noblest in the Christian ideas.

It is with feelings of great relief, therefore, that we turn from Strauss and Renan and open the now celebrated work of our own countryman, whoever he may be—the author of 'Ecce Homo.' There are few, probably, of our readers who are not already well acquainted with the book. For not only has it passed through five or six editions, but it has been reviewed in every periodical, been canvassed in every social circle, and been carried by the angry waves of controversy into unnumbered nooks and corners, whither in calmer weather it would assuredly have never found its way. The controversy, indeed, which it has occasioned, is quite as curious and interesting a phenomenon as the book itself, and highly instructive as to the present state of English theological opinion. Nor could we desire any plainer corroboration of the statement laid down at the beginning of this article, than is given by the exhibition that reviewers, quarterly or otherwise, seem to have been compelled to make of their true selves in presence of this graphic and admirable 'Survey of the Person and Work of Jesus Christ.' But on this subject we shall have more to say by and by. At present we wish simply to draw attention to the salient features of the work, and to show sufficient cause for our judgment that it is, without any exception, the most important contribution towards a restoration of belief that our own generation has seen.

Had not the grave closed over the once speaking eye and toiling brain of Robertson of Brighton, there is little doubt that this anonymous book would have been ascribed to him. For the calm and even march of its sentences and the balanced self-control of its bearing, even amid the hottest fire of controversy, does not wholly conceal the martial ardour which glows within; and there are many passages which reveal the scorn of a manly soul for Pharisaism whether of the first or of the nineteenth century, and which indicate abundant vigour to chastise it. There is, too, the same unflinching determination to push through all the cloud of skirmishing polemics, and to arrive at the heart of the question; the same stern resolve to crush the shell of dogma and release the vital germ of truth; the same earnest loyalty to Christ, and even to his Church,—which gave to Robertson such wonderful power, and have spread his fragmentary 'Sermons' wherever the English language is spoken. Perhaps our countrymen are, in theology as well as in other things, suspicious of an over-completeness. And therefore the fragmentary condition and tentative attitude of 'Ecce Homo,' too, may have contributed to its wide influence. At any rate, we hold ourselves justified in saying that in this book—incomplete, undramatic, and not very critical, as it confessedly is—we have the English 'Life of Jesus,' thoroughly adapted to, and characteristic of, the country whence it sprang; and not only worthy of comparison with the more scientific and more histrionic works which have proceeded from Germany and France, but distinctly taking the lead

* Cf. Origen c. Celsum, ii. 55.

of them in point of successful handling of the question.

That question is: What was the origin of Christianity? Was it human or divine? Was Jesus Christ a great genius, or the Son of God? Now, in the solution of this question everything depends—as we said before—on the avenue by which it is approached. Germany has chosen to approach it by the Reason; and entangled at the very outset in an infinite multitude of knotty critical details, has never been able to advance one step; till Strauss, with his rash sword of 'the Mythical hypothesis,' at length hewed the whole subject into pieces, and left it incoherent and useless for all the practical wants of men. France, on the other hand, has approached it on the side of the Imagination; and shrinking from the infinitesimal detail of critical labour, has—perhaps with over-haste—grasped at results, and arranged those results by the aid of a totally fallacious canon, viz. that beauty of form is some guarantee for truth of fact. It was reserved for England to make her approaches on the Moral side, and to show how, seizing the clue laid down by the Founder of Christianity himself, it was possible to advance at once into the very centre of the labyrinth, to grasp there at one view, not indeed all the details, but the broad grouping of those details and their relative importance to the question and to each other, and from thence, with the tranquil vigour which such a position always inspires, to proceed at leisure and with perfect security to the gradual unravelling of the interesting matters that surround the main question in dispute. Thus 'Ecce Homo' could hardly hope to escape the charge of being an incomplete work. Its incompleteness is its glory. It is not so much a new work as a new method. And a new method is what mankind have long been groaning for: not a mere negative method, such as Strauss thinks good enough, but a positive one which shall lead to a rational tranquillity, and show them how to ride at anchor through the storms of modern doubt and disbelief.

Accordingly the author of this book—seizing his clue—plunges at once *in medias res.* His critical introduction occupies twelve lines; or rather, is no introduction at all, for it occurs at the begining of chapter v. Whereas Strauss's 'Einleitung' fills no less than 162 pages of closely-packed German type; and Renan's 'Critique des documents originaux' demands 64 octavo pages. For this he makes no apology. It is part of his method, which he trusts his readers and reviewers will have wit enough to understand, to take these questions last, instead of first; and therefore to delay them till the appearance of the second volume. He acknowledges that. 'What is now published is a fragment. No theological questions whatever are here discussed. Christ, as the creator of modern theology and religion, will form the subject of another volume.' And accordingly,

'In defining the position which Christ assumed, we have not entered into controvertible matter. We have not rested upon single passages, nor drawn from the fourth Gospel. To deny that Christ did undertake to found and to legislate for a new theocratic society, and that he did claim the office of Judge of mankind, is indeed possible, but only to those who altogether deny the credibility of the extant biographies of Christ. If those biographies be admitted to be generally trustworthy, then Christ undertook to be what we have described; if not, then of course this, but also every other, account of him falls to the ground. . . . . The account we have of these miracles may be exaggerated; it is possible that in some special cases stories have been related which have no foundation whatever; but on the whole, miracles play so important a part in Christ's scheme, that any theory which would represent them as entirely due to the imagination of his followers, or of a later age, destroys the credibility of the documents, not partially but wholly, and leaves Christ as mythical a personage as Hercules. Now the present treatise aims to show that the Christ of the Gospels is not mythical, by showing that the character these biographies portray is in all its large features strikingly consistent, and at the same time so peculiar as to be altogether beyond the reach of invention both by individual genius and still more by what is called the "consciousness of an age." Now if the character depicted in the Gospels is in the main real and historical, they must be generally trustworthy, and if so, the responsibility of miracles is fixed on Christ. In this case the reality of the miracles themselves depends in a great degree on the opinion we form of Christ's veracity, and this opinion must arise gradually from the careful examination of his whole life.' (*Ecce Homo*, p. 41.)

In these last words we have the key to the whole book. The author's plan is here distinctly revealed. It is not his intention to begin by discussing miracles or the trustworthiness of the Gospels in detail, and so to hew his way (like a traveller through the tangled growths of a South American forest) to a conviction about Christ. Such a course seems to him, as it does to us, and as experience has abundantly proved it to be, impossible. He chooses the reverse course. Postulating only, in the broadest sense, the general trustworthiness of the only record we possess, he is prepared to evoke from that record, fairly and sensibly handled, a moral

conviction of the purity and grandeur of Christ's character, such as shall rise like daylight upon the scene and flood the crannies and the crevices of groping criticism with healthful sunbeams. And nobly has he fulfilled his purpose. Limiting the area of his investigation strictly to the Ministry of Christ, he describes in the first five chapters the object and ideal of that ministry as it existed in Christ's own mind; and proceeds in his remaining chapters to show how that ideal became actually realised in historical fact by the consummate practical wisdom of that same incomparable mind. Chapter vi. opens thus:—

'The first step in our investigation is now taken. We have considered the Christian Church in its idea, that is to say, as it existed in the mind of its founder and before it was realised. Our task will now become more historical and will deal with the actual establishments of the new Theocracy... The founder's plan was simply this, to renew in a form adapted to the new time that divine Society of which the Old Testament contains the history. The essential features of that ancient Theocracy were: (1) The Divine Call and Election of Abraham; (2) the Divine Legislation given to the nation through Moses; (3) the personal relation and responsibility of every individual member of the Theocracy to its Invisible King. As the new Theocracy was to be the counterpart of the old, it was to be expected that these three features would be reflected in it.' (P. 52.)

Yet—strange, at first sight, to say—while the first of these three features occupies our author during the four succeeding chapters, and the second during the thirteen chapters that follow, just when our attention and interest are raised to the highest pitch, and we are preparing ourselves for a full discussion of the third and most decisive question of all—the book abruptly closes. The *nature* of Christ's sovereignty and of his personal relations to the Church has never received any discussion at all; though the *fact* of his making royal claims has been often incidentally touched upon. How is this? Has the author forgotten his plan? Or rather, have we not, in this abrupt fracture, the intrinsic quality, not only of the fragment which is now in our hands, but also of the whole work in its future completeness, revealed? It appears to us beyond all reasonable doubt, that the alarms and lamentations which have so loudly resounded from the orthodox side over this book are wholly ill-timed and uncalled for. Everything indicates that he has not rashly taken pen in hand, before having made up his own mind. Everything points to the conclusion, that 'the enquiry which proved serviceable to himself' proved so by convincing him that the faith of his childhood was a reasonable one, and that the homage he had once paid to Christ need not on farther investigation of his claims be withdrawn. We need only call attention to such passages as the following:—

'We have found Christ undertaking . . . to occupy a personal relation of Judge and Master to every man, such as in the earlier Theocracy had been occupied *by Jehovah himself* without representation.' (P. 52.) 'Within the whole creation of God *nothing more elevated or more attractive* has yet been found than he.' (P. 52.) 'This enthusiasm, then, was shown to men in its most consummate form in Jesus Christ. From him it flows as from a fountain. How it was kindled in him who knows? The abysmal deeps of personality hide this secret. *It was the will of God to beget no second son like him.*' (P. 321.) 'What comfort Christ gave men . . . by offering to them new views of the Power by which the world is governed, by *his own triumph over death*, and by his revelation of eternity, will be the subject of another treatise.' (P. 323.) 'The achievement of Christ in founding by his single will and power a structure so durable and so universal, is like no other achievement which history records. . . . If *in the works of Nature* we can trace the indications of calculation, of a struggle with difficulties, of precaution, of ingenuity, then in Christ's work it may be that the same indications occur. . . . Who can describe that which unites men? Who has entered into the formation of speech which is the symbol of their union? Who can describe exhaustively the origin of Civil Society? He who can do these things can explain the origin of the Christian Church. For others it must be enough to say, "The Holy Ghost fell on them that believed." No man saw the building of the New Jerusalem, the workmen crowded together, the unfinished walls and unpaved streets; no man heard the clink of trowel and pickaxe; *it descended out of heaven from God.*' (P. 330.)

With this striking passage our author concludes the present instalment of his work. He has endeavoured to show, and we think he has succeeded in showing, that taking the life of Jesus only in its broadest features, in the mass and not in detail, in those general outlines which must be allowed to belong to it, if we are supposed to know anything about it at all, nothing more is required than a fearless mental freedom and an unclouded moral appreciation, in order to arrive at a profound and tranquil conviction that he is our souls' rightful Lord and King, and—as we cannot hesitate to add by anticipation—in some true sense 'Divine.' And in following him step by step in this truly charitable work at a time of doubt like our own, we pity—far more even than the robbed and half-dead traveller—the supercilious passer-by who sees no need of the oil or wine,

has no heart to praise, no intelligence to understand, the saving efforts,—nay, spurns the very flask beneath his priestly feet because there is something suspicious about its shape. Yet what has the author done? He has simply translated the dead formulæ of orthodoxy into the living language of modern thought and of men of the world. That is to say, he has presented Christianity in the only shape in which men will receive it at the present day, and in which alone it can effect the redemption and conversion of their souls. He has dared to call charity the 'enthusiasm of humanity;' he has dared to describe the regenerating mission of the Christian Church as 'the improvement of morality;' he has ventured to change the salvation of souls into their 'restoration to moral health;' to speak of the Holy Spirit as 'the Spirit of Holiness,' and of the sacramental means of grace as 'sacred rites,' 'essential conditions of membership,' symbols of that 'intense personal devotion, that habitual feeding on the character of Christ,' without which 'the health of the soul' cannot be regained; and all this he has done with imperfections, with occasional (though very slight) exaggerations, and with a few (though very glaring) defects of good taste. Yet when all has been said, what are these crimes—if crimes they be—compared to the merit of having penned the following noble passage:—

'We ought to be just as tolerant of an imperfect creed as we are of an imperfect practice. Everything which can be urged in excuse for the latter may also be pleaded for the former. If the way to Christian action is beset by corrupt habits and misleading passions, the path to Christian truth is overgrown with prejudices and strewn with fallen theories and rotting systems which hide it from our view. It is quite as hard to think rightly as it is to act rightly, or even to feel rightly. And as all allow that an error is a less culpable thing than a crime or a vicious passion, it is monstrous that it should be more severely punished; it is monstrous that Christ who was called the friend of publicans and sinners, should be represented as the pitiless enemy of seekers after truth.' (P. 72.)

Cannot the unpardonable sin of certain contemptuous expressions about 'little-minded and vexatious prohibitions,' 'spasmodic efforts to kindle feeling,' 'a hollow, poor, and sickly Christianity,' be forgiven for the sake of so truly evangelical a passage as this:—

'Justice is often but a form of pedantry, mercy mere easiness of temper, courage a mere firmness of physical constitution; but if these virtues are genuine, then they indicate not goodness merely but goodness considerably developed. We want a test which shall admit all who have it in them to be good whether their good qualities be trained or no. Such a test is found in Faith. He who, when goodness is impressively put before him, exhibits an instinctive loyalty to it, starts forward to take its side, trusts himself to it, such a man has faith, and the root of the matter is in such a man. He may have habits of vice, but the loyal and faithful instinct in him will place him above many that practise virtue. He may be rude in thought and character, but he will unconsciously gravitate towards what is right. Other virtues can scarcely thrive without a fine natural organisation and a happy training. But the most neglected and ungifted of men may make a beginning with faith.' (P. 66.)

And yet once more, might not an occasional rebuke of Churchmen's besetting sins be atoned for by such a noble conception of the Christian Church as this:—

'However impossible it may seem, this speculation of a commonwealth developed from first principles *has* been realised on a grand scale. It stands in history among other states; it subsists in the midst of other states, connected with them and yet distinct. Though so refined and philosophic in its constitution, it has not less vigour than the states which are founded on the relations of family, or language, or the convenience of self-defence and trade. Not less vigour, and certainly far more vitality. It has already long outlasted all the states which were existing at the time of its foundation; it numbers far more citizens than any of the states which it has seen spring up near it. It subsists without the help of costly armaments; resting on no accidental aid or physical support, but on an inherent immortality, it defied the enmity of ancient civilisation, the brutality of mediæval barbarism, and under the present universal empire of public opinion it is so secure that even those parts of it seem indestructible which deserve to die.' (P. 325.)

But no; nothing, it appears, can atone, in the judgment of dogmatists, for not arriving at dogma in the authorised way. Health is nothing. The nostrum is everything. And, like Molière's physician, these doctors would rather see the patient die *selon les règles* than recover by a process that outraged all that was customary. Unless this author will consent, not only in his future volume and at a more mature stage of his argument, but now, on the spot, and at the word of command,—whether or not it ruin his plan, and threaten *vivendi causâ vivendi perdere causas*,—to utter the recognised formulæ of orthodoxy, he shall not be allowed to pass muster. Not the mispronounced word, but the unpronounced word, is to be his condemnation. Hew him down! 'The Lord will know his own.' We do not exaggerate. We repeat, and are prepared to prove, that the way in which this

book has been in certain quarters reviewed, reflects the deepest disgrace on the writers, and displays, in a shape which it would be superfluous to caricature, the almost hopeless senility of modern 'orthodoxy.' We are unwilling to drop for a moment the usual periphrases of courtesy; but indignation compels us to pronounce the words, that the two main offenders against the first principles of fairplay and Christian toleration are the 'Quarterly Review' and Mr. Spurgeon. Will it be believed, that a supercilious critic who complains of 'ignorance' should be ignorant that St. John i. 17 does not contain the words of the Baptist? that one who charges others with 'defiance of elementary principles which are familiar to children and peasants,' should state that 'a church of which the ultimate object was the improvement of morality [the equivalent in 'Ecce Homo' for the 'saving of men's souls'] would not be Christian but infidel'? And that this staunch *malleus hæreticorum* should himself fall into the following deadly heresy, 'The doctrine that He who was perfect God and perfect man could admit the idea of taking wrongful courses, that He could entertain the Temptation for a moment if it arose . . . is only consistent with some of the lower grades of Socinianism'?* And yet once more, is it credible that 'The Sword and Trowel,' edited by Mr. Spurgeon, to represent (we may presume) Dissenting principles of freedom and toleration, should in one breath describe the writer as 'no blasphemer of the Lord Jesus, but a warm admirer of the self-denying love of the Man of Sorrows,' as 'not denying miracles, nor impugning even the Deity of Christ,' as 'clearly seeing that Christ's kingdom is spiritual . . ., and its principles in the highest degree promotive of freedom, philanthropy, brotherhood and progress,' and then turn round upon him with the most vulgar vituperation: 'if this treatise be the production of a minister of any denomination of Evangelical Christians, he ought if he has even half as much honesty as any ordinary thief, to resign his position at once'?†

For such a reception as this, in such quarters, we do not think the author of 'Ecce Homo' could have been prepared; nor yet for the singular inability of a great Roman Catholic writer in 'The Month' to perceive that 'to exhibit some sides of Christianity and not others,'‡ which he holds to be 'the main fault of the author,' is precisely an essential part of his plan. To have his noble and truthful work characterised by a philanthropical earl as 'the most pestilential work that was ever vomited out of the jaws of hell,' must have cost him far less surprise and far less pain. Nor has he met with better usage at the hands of the opposite party. The critics who have exercised their ingenuity on 'Ecce Homo' in the 'Westminster Review' and in 'Fraser's Magazine,' are evidently not men who would be alarmed at any want of orthodoxy; but we must be permitted to say that they have entirely failed to apprehend the scope of the work, and that their objections apply to that which the author of it certainly never intended his book to be. But whether received with vituperation or with misunderstanding, whether pertinaciously censured as if complete when it proclaims itself incessantly to be 'a fragment,' whether scorned by unbelievers, rejected by believers, or neglected by men of the world, —the author may at least take comfort from the reflection, which every day's experience must make more clear, that he is at least understood by those for whose especial benefit he has been labouring, has kindled faith afresh in many a wavering soul, and inspired with that love of Christ which saves and redeems men, many a heart that could find no beauty in dead formulæ and no rest in barren 'Evidences.' From such thoughts he may well draw lessons of thankful tranquillity and content, and find courage to prosecute his fruitful studies in peace. For 'no greater subject can in our own day employ any man's noblest energies than preservation or renewal of the truth of God,—not fettered overmuch by the human accidents of our ancestors in the faith, yet with reverential tenderness even for these.'*

* Quart. Rev.; April, 1866.
† Sword and Trowel; January, 1866.
‡ The Month; June, 1866.

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Art. VII.—*History of England, from the Fall of Wolsey to the Death of Elizabeth.* By James Anthony Froude, M.A., late Fellow of Exeter College, Oxford. Reign of Elizabeth. Vols. III., IV. London: 1866.

Two more volumes of Mr. Froude's copious history invite the study of the learned, and the enlightened curiosity of that large class of readers to whom the annals of their own country, presented under new aspects and enriched with fresh materials, are ever an object of lively interest. In former num-

* Williams' 'Rational Godliness,' p. 404.

bers of this Journal* we followed Mr. Froude through the eight preceding volumes of his work; and while we endeavoured to do justice to his remarkable merits, we did not shrink from the unwelcome task of pointing out, in the interests of truth, some of his faults as an historian. It was mainly, however, in his treatment of the reign of Henry VIII., and his paradoxical conception of the character of that monarch, that we found ourselves at issue with him. When his judgment ceased to be perverted by the idolatrous worship of that equivocal hero of his own creation, his views became more consistent with the received opinions of history; and if he was less original, he approached more nearly, as we venture to think, to the higher aim of historical research—severe and simple truth.

The peculiar merit of Mr. Froude's work is its wealth of unpublished manuscripts; and the reign of Elizabeth is remarkably illustrated by the correspondence of the Spanish ambassadors, and other agents of the Court of Spain, which have been preserved in the Archives at Simancas. The extraordinary interest of such illustrations is apparent in every page of these volumes: they give novelty to the narrative, and variety to the well-known incidents of the time; and they bring in aid of historical evidence, the contemporary opinions of society upon current events. The discovery of such treasures is apt to seduce the historian into an undue estimate of their historical value, and to lead him to prefer their version of facts to more common-place conclusions founded upon published documents. The reader, perhaps, is also prepared to receive too readily, as decisive, the testimony of witnesses so original and unexpected. But we must be on our guard against these natural prepossessions. The authority of manuscripts is not to be accepted as superior to that of printed documents: they may be more interesting, by reason of their novelty, but they are not more trustworthy; and they need a scrutiny even more careful, as they have not been exposed to the criticism of other writers.

It may be safely affirmed that recent researches into the unpublished state papers of different countries have generally served to confirm rather than to disturb our previous convictions as to the events and characters of history. They have made most valuable additions to our stock of knowledge: they have filled up its broad outlines with an infinite variety of picturesque details and suggestive illustrations: they have multiplied proofs in corroboration of facts and traditions already received; but they have rarely overthrown the evidence presented by printed records, accessible to all the world. Mr. Rawdon Brown, in the preface to his interesting 'Calender of Venetian State Papers,' thus aptly estimates the value of such documents:—

> 'Nor must we expect that the revelations of unpublished MSS. will make black and white change places in our estimate of character, and suddenly alter the notions we have formed of the great actors in the drama of history. With respect to characters, as well as facts, it is rather by minute and repeated touches that the force and colour of truth are to be restored, than by substituting a new picture for an old one.' *

Regarded in this point of view, the Simancas papers are singularly interesting. Philip II. of Spain, as consort of the late Queen Mary, was closely connected with England and with Elizabeth; and as the most zealous Catholic prince in Europe, he was deeply concerned in a country which had again renounced the ancient faith, and was still agitated by the religious and political discords of the Reformation. His ambassadors watched narrowly the stirring events of the time; and their opportunities of observation were peculiarly favourable. As representing a sovereign allied by marriage to the Queen, they were admitted to confidential intercourse with the court, and conversed freely with Elizabeth and her councillors; as ministers of a Catholic prince, they were the friends and advisers of Mary Queen of Scots, of the Catholic peers, and of the leaders of that restless and disaffected party who were ever plotting to overthrow their Protestant Queen and restore the old religion. All the secrets of Catholic malcontents and conspirators were confided to them; and too often they were themselves the contrivers of treason. All their busy doings—everything they saw or heard,—their hopes, fears, and conjectures, were fully reported to Philip. Intriguers and gossips as they were, there was no lack of materials for their despatches; and De Silva, the first ambassador with whom we become acquainted in these volumes, was an accomplished gentleman and a clever letter-writer. He could report his conversations with Queen Elizabeth or Cecil with a dramatic spirit scarcely inferior to that of our own distinguished diplomatist, Sir Hamilton Seymour; and the curiosity of his royal master gave constant encouragement to his facile

* Edin. Rev., July 1858; and January 1864.

* Rawdon Brown's Pref. to Calendar of Venetian State Papers, p. xciv.

pen. And now, after the lapse of three hundred years, all that was written for the secret information of Philip is revealed to the present generation, and throws a flood of unexpected light upon a critical period in English history.

The Simancas papers, however, full and instructive as they are, form but a small part of the manuscript evidence which Mr. Froude has embraced in his researches. He has also ransacked the records in London, at Edinburgh, at Hatfield, and at Paris. With so large a mass of new materials, his history naturally assumes an original character. Where the narrative differs little, if at all, from that of other historians, the authorities are not the same; and as he prefers his own recent discoveries to more familiar documents, and cites them at great length, his work possesses at once the charms and the blemishes of contemporary memoirs. The reign of Elizabeth is so hackneyed a theme in English and foreign literature, that it is refreshing to read the 'oft-told tale' in the very language of the actors themselves. But if too much prominence be given to such authorities, the higher philosophy of history is in danger of being lost in a multiplicity of secondary events; while the historian, whose guidance we seek in a concise and comprehensive narrative, is found to rival the memoir-writer in fulness of detail, and consequently in voluminousness. Into this latter fault, at least, we fear that Mr. Froude is liable to be beguiled. The two volumes just issued embrace no more than six years and a half of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, beginning in February 1567, and ending in August 1573. As this reign continued for thirty years after the last of these dates, we might look forward to not less, perhaps, than ten more volumes, if the remaining years of the Queen's life were treated with equal prolixity. If the history of England is to be written throughout at such length, may the Lord have mercy on our children, and send them readable abridgments!

With these introductory remarks, we will now follow Mr. Froude through these interesting volumes, inviting special notice to the more striking revelations of his new witnesses, and touching, with friendly criticism, upon such of his conclusions as we may not be prepared to accept.

The eighth volume of this work concluded, as our readers may remember, with the murder of Darnley, in which crime no pains were spared to prove, with crushing force, the complicity of Mary Stuart. The narrative is here continued, and Scotland occupies the larger portion of the present volumes. Her celebrated Queen is still the heroine of the tale, but every shred of romance, with which her character has hitherto been veiled, has been ruthlesly torn away. From various causes, no other Queen in history has occasioned so zealous and long-continued a controversy as Mary Stuart. She was beautiful, brave, and unfortunate. She was the hope of one party,—the dread and abhorrence of another. She was accused of crimes which her friends indignantly denied, and her enemies reiterated; and her adventures, her sufferings, and her wrongs have been illustrated by history, poetry, and romance. Some writers have boldly undertaken to vindicate her reputation from all stain, while others have chosen to dwell upon her attractions and accomplishments as a woman, and her cruel misfortunes as a Queen, rather than upon the dark and evil mysteries of her life. Her ablest champions were Chalmers, Whitaker, and the elder Tytler, to whom we must add the late Professor Aytoun, who, in his spirited poem of 'Bothwell,' was able to shield his heroine with fair poetic license. A modern French author, M. Wiesener, has recently produced an elaborate volume in her defence; and Prince Labanoff was moved by the same sentimental interest to publish a valuable collection of all the letters known to exist from her pen. But our greatest historians, Robertson, Hume, Laing, Hallam, and Sharon Turner, have been persuaded of her guilt; and even the Catholic Lingard, though inclining to her side, has scarcely ventured to acquit her. Among contemporary writers, the learned and judicious historian of Scotland, Mr. Fraser Tytler, reluctantly declines her defence,* and the eminent French historian, M. Mignet, with the aid of the most recent authorities, including the Simancas papers,† gives sober and dispassionate judgment against her memory.‡

The case was but too clear before Mr. Froude approached it; but, if he has added few direct proofs to those already accumulated, he has found confirmation of them in the adverse opinions of contemporary observers. All this evidence, direct and indirect, he uses not with the calm temper of a judge, but with the fierceness of a bitter

* See Hist. of Scot., vol. vii. pp. 109, 121, 122, 140, 268, &c.

† The list of these authorities, as given in his preface, is sufficiently long, but is by no means exhaustive. M. Mignet has not, we believe, visited Simancas himself, as Mr. Froude has done; and he therefore only quotes those documents of which copies had been made for the French Government.

‡ Histoire de Marie Stuart, vol. i. p. 261, 263, 281, and App. G., vol. ii. p. 51, &c.

advocate. Her guilt is the great argument of this history. If Mary was guilty of the murder of her husband, he maintains that Elizabeth and her ministers were justified in their treatment of her; if she was innocent, they must stand condemned. Hence his merciless severity against Mary, whom he brands throughout these volumes with opprobrious names, which he is never weary of reiterating. The issue raised by him is not, however, to be so accepted until he is able to show that the Queen of England and her ministers were entitled to judge an independent Queen, or that their treatment of Mary was founded upon their convictions of her guilt. She may have been guilty, as we believe her to have been; but we are not, on that account, prepared to defend the conduct of Elizabeth.

The whole of Mary's conduct after the murder of Darnley tended to confirm suspicions as to her own participation in that monstrous crime. On the following morning, Paris, Bothwell's French page and one of the gang of assassins—

'went to the apartments of the Queen, where Bothwell followed him directly after. Mary Stuart had slept soundly, but was by this time stirring. The windows were still closed. The room was already hung with black, and lighted with candles. She herself was breakfasting in bed, eating composedly, as Paris observed, a new-laid egg. She did not notice or speak to him, for Bothwell came close behind, and talked in a low voice with her behind the curtain.' (*Reign of Elizabeth*, vol. iii. p. 5.)

She declared that 'whoever had taken the enterprise in hand, it had been aimed as well at herself as at the King, since the providence of God only prevented her from sleeping in the house which was destroyed.' Yet the intended assassination, of which she had no suspicion herself, was known several days before both in London and in Paris. This coincidence, however, must not be pressed too far. No one doubts that the murder had been deliberately planned by Bothwell and his confederates; but, unless the Queen had been an accomplice, she was the very person from whom the plot would have been most carefully concealed.*

But the most damning evidence to her prejudice was her scandalous intimacy with the murderer Bothwell, and her determination to protect him from justice. This part of her conduct has already been condemned by all candid writers; but Mr. Froude places before us more distinctly the state of public opinion in Scotland and elsewhere, upon these events:—

'Midnight cries,' he says, 'were heard in the wynds and alleys of Edinburgh, crying for vengeance upon the Queen and Bothwell. Each day, as it broke, showed the walls pasted with "bills," in which their names were linked together in an infamous union of crime; and bold as they were, they were startled at the passionate instinct with which their double guilt had been divined.' (Vol iii. p. 8.)

The nobles were too familiar with deeds of blood to be much moved by the recent murder, and many were accomplices in the crime; but the people, already touched by the moral influence of the Reformation, cried furiously for justice. Their feeling against the Queen was shared by higher personages. Her ambassador at Paris wrote to her, 'Yea, she herself was greatly and wrongously calamnit to be motive principal of the whole, and all done by her order.' 'He could but say that, rather than that vengeance were not taken, it were better in this world had she lost life and all.' The Spanish ambassador at the Scottish court—a Catholic, and a friend of the Queen—suspected her guilt; and Queen Elizabeth, while willing to believe her innocent, addressed her in these remarkable words:—

'I cannot but tell you what all the world is thinking. Men say that instead of seizing the murderers, you are looking through your fingers while they escape; that you will not punish those who have done you so great a service, as though the thing would never have taken place, had not the doers of it been assured of impunity. . . . I exhort, I advise, I implore you deeply to consider of the matter—at once, if it be the nearest friend you have, to lay your hands upon the man who has been guilty of the crime—to let no interest, no persuasion, keep you from proving to everyone that you are a noble princess and a loyal wife.' (Vol. iii. p. 23.)

Even Catherine de Medicis and the King of France told her, 'that if she did not exert herself to discover and punish the assassin, she would cover herself with infamy.'

But Mary Stuart turned a deaf ear to

* In his extreme eagerness to fix upon Mary the guilt of the murder, Mr. Froude sometimes even contradicts himself. Thus he stated in chap. x. (vol. ii. p. 351), that Morton required 'the Queen's hand for a warrant' before he would join the conspiracy for the murder of Darnley. Bothwell promised that he would produce it, '*but it never came.*' In chap. xiii. (vol. iii. p. 28), he says, 'Morton was invited to join, and had only suspended his consent till assured under the Queen's hand of her approval. There were other writings also, which were afterwards destroyed.' The fact is, that no such writing was ever known to exist at all. So, too, there is no evidence for the assumption that Darnley's illness previous to the murder was caused by poison, yet Mr. Froude believes it.

these righteous counsels: she was passionately in love with Bothwell, and, far from avenging the death of Darnley, she was preparing to marry his assassin. He was already married, indeed, but this slight obstacle was to be removed by a divorce, sought on the ground of his own adultery. Bothwell was, at length, called to take part in a mock trial; but, instead of being placed in custody, he rode gallantly from Holyrood on the murdered Darnley's horse, and was cheered by the smiles of Mary Stuart, who nodded a farewell from her window. By trickery and force, it had been contrived that no prosecutor should be forthcoming; and he was pronounced not guilty.

Meanwhile, the intended marriage was whispered about among the people, and everywhere denounced as monstrous and unholy. But there was no hesitation either in Mary or Bothwell. A packed Parliament confirmed the 'purgation' of the latter; and, in order to conciliate the Protestants the Queen now formally recognised the Reformation. It was not the first time that a divorce, sought for the sake of another marriage, had favoured the Protestant religion. The next thing to be done was to secure the support of the nobles; and Bothwell, having invited the primate and four bishops, and several noblemen—including the Earls of Argyll, Huntley, Sutherland, and Eglinton—to supper, surprised them over their wine into signing a bond, by which they engaged to resist all slanders against their host, and to promote his marriage with the Queen.

But so scandalous a marriage could not be contracted without embarrassments; and, to avoid all further obstacles, a forcible abduction of the Queen was planned. Her advocates have naturally endeavoured to lay all the blame of this outrage upon Bothwell; but her own letters betray her. In them she concerted with her lover the whole scheme of their elopement; and whatever there appears ambiguous was arranged between them by their emissary the Earl of Huntly, Bothwell's brother-in-law. She enjoined him to 'make himself sure of the lords, and free to marry.' She acquainted him that Huntly had great misgivings, 'because there are many here, and among them the Earl of Sutherland, who would rather die than suffer me to be carried away, they conducting me.' She therefore charged him to be 'the more circumspect, and to have the more power. We had yesterday more than 300 horse. . . For the honour of God, be accompanied rather of more than less, for that is the principal of my care.' Huntly tried to dissuade her from the enterprise; but she told him that, if Bothwell did not withdraw from it, 'no persuasion, nor death itself, should make her fail of her promise.'* Again, in her conduct at the time of the abduction her collusion was transparent. 'She said she would have no blood shed; her people were outnumbered, and, rather than any of them should lose their lives, she would go wherever the Earl of Bothwell wished.' She went quietly away with him, and, the day after the iniquitous divorce had been obtained, she announced her approaching marriage by proclamation. In another week they were married; and, to gain favour with the Protestants, the ceremony was performed according to the Calvinist service.

The sequel of these infamous nuptials is well known. The lords revolted; Bothwell fled; and the Queen being imprisoned in Lochleven Castle, was forced to abdicate in favour of her infant son; while the Earl of Murray, her half-brother, was appointed regent. Then followed Mary's romantic escape from Lochleven; the defeat of her army at Langside, and her fatal flight across the Solway into England. Mr. Froude's narrative of these events differs so little from other histories, that we need not dwell upon them. But he brings out into stronger relief the popular abhorrence of Mary Stuart's conduct, as well as the resources, the courage, and the energy of her character. While she was in captivity, Sir James Balfour placed in the hands of the confederate lords a silver casket which the Queen had given to Bothwell, and which contained her own letters to himself, some love sonnets, and the documents which afforded proofs that in the murder of Darnley, he had been acting with the sanction of the Queen and half her council. Morton, Huntly, Lethington, Argyll, and others had been in the plot; and as these disclosures affected them no less than Mary Stuart, the contents of the casket were tampered with; but everything prejudicial to the Queen was brought forward against her,—a circumstance which cannot but throw some discredit upon such evidence.

The Presbyterians already detested her

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* Hist. of Eliz., vol. iii. pp. 59-63, 117 *et seq.* These letters are from the celebrated silver casket, the authenticity of which Mr. Froude fully believes. Mr. Fraser Tytler does not place so much reliance upon them, the originals having long since disappeared, and the copies being garbled. (Hist. of Scotland, vol. vii. p. 257.) M. Mignet, however, in an elaborate note (G. vol. i.), gives numerous proofs that they are genuine, which his opponent, M. Wiesener, has vainly attempted to rebut.

as a Papist, and were shocked by her crimes; their ministers denounced her from their pulpits with fiery wrath. John Knox, Craig, and other popular preachers demanded that she should be put to death, for which righteous judgment they found ample warrant in Scripture. It would seem that Mr. Froude is of the same opinion. 'Unhappily,' he says, 'the hands which would have executed this high act of justice were themselves impure;* and again he blames Elizabeth for not remaining neutral in the contest, when she would have been 'delivered forever from the rival who had troubled her peace from the hour of her accession, and while she lived would never cease to trouble her.'† He feels no pity for the Queen in her worst misfortunes. In his eyes, as well as in those of her enemies, she was 'a trapped wild cat,' who might be slain without compunction. We cannot bring ourselves to believe that the spirit in which he treats this erring and unhappy Queen will command the sympathy of his readers, or even their sense of rigorous justice. In a lawless age, in a half-civilised country, and surrounded by savage and treacherous nobles, who were guilty of every crime, she alone is singled out for vengeance. Who in that age was blameless? Darnley had murdered David Rizzio under Mary Stuart's eyes, with revolting outrage and dishonour to herself. The first nobles of the realm had been concerned in the murder of Darnley. The two first regents who governed the realm in the name of her son were assassinated by the contrivance of their enemies, and the third was suspected to have been poisoned. Nor were the characters of other royal ladies of her time unstained. The sinister rumours concerning the death of Leicester's wife, to make way for his marriage with Elizabeth, and her devoted intimacy with the man on whom so foul a suspicion rested, cannot be forgotten. Nor can we fail to recall the infamous and blood-stained memory of Catherine de Medicis, and the Massacre of St. Bartholomew. In Italy, murders were a part of the state policy of the Borgias and Medicis, and even of Popes. The history of Europe, at this period, abounds in assassinations, judicial murders, cruel imprisonments, and other hateful deeds of violence and fraud. We condemn them and their guilty authors, while we deplore the low moral standard of the age of which they are the reproach. But is it consistent with the calm equity of history to brand Mary Stuart, above all others, as a murderess, and to justify every wrong committed against her by her enemies? Mr. Froude could find justification or excuses for the selfish cruelties and lust of Henry VIII.: he cannot spare one word of pity for a beautiful and gifted woman, whose sins were visited with bitter retribution. God forbid that history should ever condone crimes; but surely a gentler temper towards Mary Stuart would have been at least as impartial in the historian; while a more generous and manly treatment of a woman's sufferings would have found a readier response in the heart of his readers.

With so strong a bias against the character of Mary, Mr. Froude is not likely to be tempted into a romantic treatment of her personal adventures; but he is unable to ignore those spirited and graceful qualities which have won for her so general an interest. Let us visit her at Lochleven:—

'The curtain rises for a moment over the interior of Mary Stuart's prison-house. When the first rage had passed away, she had used the arms of which nothing could deprive her; she had flung over her gaolers the spell of that singular fascination which none who came in contact failed entirely to feel. She had charmed even the Lady of Lochleven, to whose gentle qualities romance has been unjust; and "by one means or another she had won the favour and good will of the most part of the house, as well men as women, whereby she had means to have intelligence, and was in some towardness to have escaped."'*

Her escape was at length effected; and here we have a picture of her spirit and energy:—

'Off shot the troop—off and away into the darkness. Eleven months had passed since Mary Stuart had been in the saddle, but confinement had not relaxed the sinews which no fatigue could tire. Neither strength nor spirit failed her now. Straight through the night they galloped on, and drew bridle first at Queen's Ferry. Claud Hamilton, with fresh horses, was on the other side of the Forth, and they sprang to their saddles again. A halt was allowed them at Lord Seton's house at Long Niddry, but the Queen required no rest. While the men were stretching their aching legs, Mary Stuart was writing letters at her table. She wrote a despatch to the Cardinal of Lorraine, and sent a messenger off with it to Paris. She sent Ricarton to collect a party of the Hepburns and recover Dunbar, bidding him, after the castle was secured, to go on to Bothwell, and tell him that she was free. Two hours were spent in this way, and then to horse again. Soon after sunrise she was at Hamilton among her friends.' (Vol. iii. p. 213.)

* Hist. of Eliz. vol. iii. p. 126.
† Ibid., p. 130.

* Hist. of Eliz., vol. iii. p. 157; Throgmorton to Elizabeth, MSS. Scotland.

She was soon at the head of an army; but it was routed at Langside, and she was again a fugitive:—

'The country had risen, and all the roads were beset. Peasants, as she struggled along the by-lanes, cut at her with their reaping-hooks. The highway was occupied by Murray's horse. Harassed—for once terrified—for she knew what would be her fate if she fell again into the hands of the Confederates—she turned south, and with six followers, those who had been with her on the hill, and Livingston, George Douglas, and the foundling page, who had contrived to rejoin her, she made for Galloway. There, in the country of Lord Herries, she would be safe for a week or two at least, and the sea would be open to her if she wished to leave Scotland. By cross paths, by woods and moors, she went, as if death was behind her—ninety-two miles without alighting from her horse. Many a wild gallop she had had already for her life. She had ridden by moonlight from Holyrood to Dunbar, after the murder of Rizzio; she had gone in a night from Lochleven to Hamilton; but this, fated to be her last adventure of this kind, was the most desperate of all. Then she had clear hope before her; now there was nothing but darkness and uncertainty. At night she slept on the bare ground; for food she had oatmeal and buttermilk. On the third day after the battle, she reached Dundrennan Abbey on the Solway.' (Vol. iii. p. 228.)

Is it surprising that so high a spirit and such adventures should have raised Mary Stuart, despite her crimes, into a heroine of romance?

We must now leave her, for awhile, in her misfortunes, and turn to the great Queen who was to become the arbiter of her destinies. As Mr. Froude delights to paint Mary Stuart in the darkest colours, so he endeavours to portray the Queen of England in the most favourable light. Whatever her conduct, the best construction is put upon her motives. Thus, her treatment of Mary is represented as kind and sisterly—generous and merciful. That she offered her good advice we have already seen; and when Mary was imprisoned and deposed by her own subjects, Elizabeth espoused her cause as one common to all princes: she could not tolerate rebellion against a crowned head. 'The head cannot be subject to the foot,' she said, 'and we cannot recognise in them (the lords) any right to call their sovereign to account.' Her feelings are thus described by Mr. Froude:—

'Elizabeth's behaviour at this crisis was more creditable to her heart than to her understanding. . . . She forgot her interest; and her affection and her artifices vanished in resentment and pity. Her indignation as a sovereign was even less than her sorrow for a suffering sister. She did not hide from herself the Queen of Scots' faults, but she did not believe in the extent of them; they seemed as nothing beside the magnitude of her calamities, and she was prepared to encounter the worst political consequences rather than stand by and see her sacrificed.' (Vol. iii. p. 131.)

She threatened the confederate lords with her vengeance if they proceeded to extremities against their queen; and when Mary's execution was discussed amongst them, 'each post from England brought fiercer threats from Elizabeth, which all the warnings of her council could not prevent her from sending. It might have been almost supposed that, with refined ingenuity, she was choosing the means most likely to bring about the catastrophe which she most affected to dread.'* The lords naturally resented her interference, and sternly went their own way. Whatever her motives, friendship in such a shape was not a little dangerous to its object, and Cecil did not scruple to tell her that 'the malice of the world would say that she had used severity to the lords to urge them to rid away the Queen.'† When Mary was deposed, Elizabeth threatened to restore her to her throne by force, and intrigued with her friends in Scotland against the Regent:—

'So,' says Mr. Froude, 'were sown the seeds of those miserable feuds which for five years harassed the hearths and homes of Scotland—which made for ever impossible that more temperate spirit which, but for this, might have softened the rigours of Calvinism—which caused the eventual ruin of the person whose interests Elizabeth was intending to serve, by tempting her to take refuge in the dominions of a sovereign who was so persistently pretending to be her friend.' (Vol. iii. p. 169.)

Such was Elizabeth's friendship to Mary, while she remained in Scotland; and even Mr. Froude appears to be not wholly without misgivings as to its sincerity. What was her friendship, when Mary, ruined and desolate, fled to her dominions for protection? Mary craved permission to be admitted to her presence, but was refused; she had come to seek comfort from her royal friend and sister, and found herself a prisoner; she had merely fled from one prison to another. 'A guard of two hundred men was sent from Berwick to Carlisle Castle,—men so faithful that if there was any attempt at flight, Elizabeth expressed a fear that they would make short work of their charge.'‡ Mary's flight into

* Hist. of Eliz., vol. iii., p. 137.
† Ibid., p. 151. ‡ Ibid., p. 239.

England was, no doubt, embarrassing; and Mr. Froude says that 'in the golden era of the Plantagenets, such a difficulty would have been disposed of more swiftly and more effectively;' but now, in a more scrupulous age, 'the beautiful and interesting sufferer was manifestly a dangerous animal which had run into a trap, difficult to keep, yet not to be allowed to go abroad, till her teeth were drawn, and her claws pared to the quick.' Elizabeth still affected friendship, but she readily accepted the harsh counsels of her ministers. She wrote affectionate letters, she continued her intermeddling policy in Scotland, but she held her prisoner safe, and was taking measures to destroy her reputation and influence.

'Oh, Madam,' she wrote, 'there is not a creature living who more longs to hear your justification than myself; not one who would lend more willing ear to any answer which will clear your honour. . . . On the word of a prince, I promise you that neither your subjects, nor any advice I may receive from my own councillors, shall move me to ask anything of you which may endanger you or touch your honour.' (Vol. iii. p. 248.)

Most people will think such professions as insincere and insidious as the rest of Elizabeth's conduct; but Mr. Froude regards her as 'in reality Mary's best friend, who was fighting for her against all her own ministers, and, guilty or innocent, wished only to give her a fresh chance upon the throne which she had forfeited.' We fear, however, that her friendship was about equal to her generosity. Mary, who had fled without her wardrobe, complained to the Queen that she was even without a change of linen; her necessities were nobly relieved by 'a couple of torn shifts, two pieces of black velvet, and two pair of shoes.'

The rags of Elizabeth's friendship were not more worthy of gratitude. While she made a show of supporting Mary in Scotland, with high words and menaces, she was betraying her into submission, and casting toils around her. She had no right to meddle between Mary and her subjects: she had no claim to dictate to a neighbouring and friendly State; yet she assumed to judge of Mary's guilt or innocence, and beguiled the unhappy captive, by terms of pretended sympathy, into compliance with her treacherous advice. She promised that if Mary could acquit herself of the charges made against her, she should be restored. Mary declined with queenly dignity to be thus put upon her trial:—

'I came,' said she, 'to recover my honour, and to obtain help to chastise my false accusers—not to answer those charges against me as if I were their equal, but myself to accuse them in your presence. . . . Madam, I am no equal of theirs, and would sooner die than so, by act of mine, declare myself.' (Vol. iii. p. 255.)

In vain Lord Herries protested, on her behalf, that Elizabeth 'had no right to constitute herself a judge between the sovereign and subjects of a foreign realm. She replied that she would not quarrel for the name of judge, but on the reality she intended to insist.' No less vainly did he entreat that she might be permitted to leave England. Elizabeth was resolved to hold her fast, and to degrade her.

'As to her going to France,' she said, 'I will not lower myself in the eyes of my fellow-sovereigns by acting like a fool. The King, her husband, when she was in that country, gave her the style and arms of this realm. I am not anxious for a repetition of that affair. I can defend my own right. But I will not, of my own accord, do a thing which may be turned to my own hurt.' (Vol. iii. p. 261.)

According to Mr. Froude, 'she wished only that so much evidence should be brought forward as would justify the Lords in their rebellion, and would justify Elizabeth also in restoring the Queen with a character slightly clouded—to be maintained under her own protectorate, and with her hands so bound as to incapacitate her from further mischief.'* 'She told De Silva that the Queen of Scots should be restored, but restored without power, and her acquittal should be so contrived that a shadow of guilt should be allowed still to remain.'† But Mary herself naturally treated her professions as hypocrisy; and Cecil wrote 'that, it was not meant, if the Queen of Scots was found guilty of the murder, to restore her to Scotland, however her friends might brag to the contrary.'‡ At all events, the unfortunate rival was to be made an instrument of Elizabeth's ambition and love of intrigue. If she would not be put upon her trial, before a tribunal which had no pretence to jurisdiction, the lords were to be charged with rebellion, and in their own defence were to bring accusations against their sovereign, which she might answer or not, as she thought fit. It was a cunning device; but the Queen's jurisdiction was equally wanting; and her purpose was no less dishonest than cruel. She intended Murray 'to utter all he could to the Queen of Scots' dishonour; to cause her to come in disdain with the whole subjects of the realm, that she might be the more unable to attempt any-

* Hist. of Eliz. vol. iii. p. 262. † Ibid., p 271.
‡ Ibid., p. 276.

thing to her disadvantage;' * while to persuade Mary to appear, she was pretending that if she could clear herself she should be restored to her kingdom.

After protracted negotiations, intrigues, and vacillation, Elizabeth completed her subtle scheme. In October 1568, a commission was opened at York, in which Elizabeth was represented by the Earl of Sussex, Sir Ralph Sadler, and the Duke of Norfolk, Scotland by the Regent Murray in person and other commissioners, and Mary Stuart by Lord Herries, Boyd, Livingston, Cockburn, and her chief adviser John Leslie, Bishop of Ross. All these parties were playing a cross game: Elizabeth was intent upon obtaining evidence of Mary's guilt, without sacrificing her entirely to the Regent; the Duke of Norfolk was forwarding his own design of a marriage with the fugitive Queen; Murray, distrusting Elizabeth, was fearful of exposing himself to the vengeance of his own sovereign, in case of her restoration; and Mary was hoping that partly by the aid of Elizabeth, and partly by intrigues with her own friends, and a compromise with her enemies, she might be restored to liberty and power.

The confederate lords were accused of rebellion; and in reply, Murray defended them on the ground of Bothwell's crimes and the Queen's marriage, without accusing her of being concerned in the murder. But while he withheld this public accusation, he showed the Commissioners, in private, the proofs which he was able to offer. 'To this point,' says Mr. Froude, 'Elizabeth had brought it; she had spun refinement within refinement, artifice within artifice. The Queen of Scots was to be accused and not accused, acquitted and not acquitted, restored and not restored.' Suddenly, however, she heard of Norfolk's projected marriage, and at once cancelled the York Commission, and summoned all the parties to Westminster.

Here she assembled a council of Peers, before whom the proceedings were resumed. The Bishop of Ross entered a 'protéstation that while ready to treat for an arrangement, he was submitting to no form of judgment, nor would admit any judge or judges whatever to have authority over his sovereign.' Murray now openly accused Mary of having been the contriver of her husband's murder, but without producing the proofs; and the Bishop of Ross contended on her behalf, that she was now insidiously put upon her trial, contrary to the engagements of the Queen of England. If she were to reply at all, it could only be in person, before the Queen herself and the Peers. Another attempt was now made to stop the case and arrange a compromise; but the Queen was resolved that the proofs should not be withheld. The Bishop of Ross protested, and declared the conference at an end; but Murray, when called upon to justify his accusations, produced the fatal casket and other evidence. In this manner, the Queen of Scots had been betrayed into proceedings by which she found herself put upon her trial, in a court having no pretence to jurisdiction over her; and the proofs of her guilt were now in the hands of the sovereign whose enmity she had too much reason to dread. She was tried in her absence, and in a form which put it out of her power to rebut the adverse evidence, without acknowledging the usurped jurisdiction of the Court.

Mr. Froude is pleased to affirm that 'Elizabeth had not meant to deceive; but a vacillating purpose and shifting humour had been as effective as the most deliberate treachery.'* That she showed vacillation in contriving the means of ruining Mary Stuart may be admitted; but as to the object itself there was throughout an inflexible resolution. She now artfully advised her victim to abandon her defence and throw herself upon her forbearance, which would have been no less than a confession of guilt. This snare was avoided; she was afraid of being 'entrapped and allured;' but Mary was disgraced in the eyes of the peers and privy council; and, as she had refused to offer a defence, there was still an excuse for continuing her imprisonment. On the other hand, Murray had been tricked by false promises into the production of evidence of his sister's guilt, but failed in obtaining a confirmation of her deposition, or an acknowledgment of his own title as regent. Elizabeth had been false, fickle, and treacherous to all parties; she had betrayed them all alike for her own selfish and tortuous ends. Mr. Froude finds traces of a 'weak and unreasoning tenderness,' and even of 'generosity,' in her conduct, where others see hypocrisy and hardness of heart.

We are unable to accept his judgment upon these events, or to acquit Queen Elizabeth of injustice and perfidy. The flight of Mary into England had been prompted by her own strong professions of friendship, and her pretended indignation against those who had dethroned her; and to reward her confidence with imprisonment, and reduce her by insidious devices to the degraded po-

* Ibid., p. 289.

* Hist. of Eliz., vol. iii. p. 350.

sition of a criminal needs a better excuse than vacillation to redeem her conduct from imputations of treachery. However embarrassing Mary's flight into England may have been, it was the clear duty of Elizabeth to have left her free; and the artful scheme of assuming a jurisdiction over her, which had no warrant in international law, was a monstrous usurpation of power. Her conduct was no less impolitic than unjust; and however much reason there may have been for apprehending Mary's intrigues with France or Spain, her unjust imprisonment in England was the cause of the greater part of the troubles of Elizabeth's reign. Mr. Froude has laboured heavily to vindicate or excuse her; but we think he has laboured in vain; and that M. Mignet's sterner estimate of her conduct is more consistent with historic truth. Speaking of this period, he says:—

'As for Mary Stuart, she remained a prisoner in England. Elizabeth not only did not assist her against her subjects, as she had promised, but did not even restore her liberty, of which she ought never to have deprived her. Without respect for the rules of justice and the rights of hospitality, as well as for the prerogatives of crowns, she was not afraid to imprison a suppliant and to bring to judgment a queen. She had not been sensible either of the trust of the fugitive, or of the prayers of the relative, or of the affliction of the woman, or of the honour of the sovereign. Mary Stuart, on her side, had no longer any reserve to maintain towards Elizabeth. Arrested with perfidy, defamed with hatred, imprisoned with injustice, she was justified in attempting everything to gain her freedom. She did not fail to do so.'*

More serious difficulties were about to disturb Elizabeth's reign than the torture of a defenceless woman, and officious intermeddling in the affairs of a friendly State; and they were due, in great measure, to her treatment of Mary, and to her insincerity and vacillation in dealing with her own subjects and with foreign sovereigns. The Reformation was so recent that religion was still one of the chief causes of embarrassment in England as in several other States. The Catholics had been put down; but they hoped for the restoration of their faith in another reign, if not in this. They had looked forward to the succession of Mary Stuart; and her hard treatment by the Queen now led them to espouse her cause, and to precipitate their plans for overthrowing the Reformation, and with it the Queen herself—the chief Protestant sovereign of Europe. The aid of the Kings of France and Spain, as great Catholic Powers, was naturally relied on; and hence arose a succession of intrigues and rebellions which distracted Elizabeth's reign for eighteen years,

In August 1568, the Spanish ambassador, De Silva, was replaced at the Court of London by Don Guerau de Espes. The one was a high-bred and accomplished gentleman, averse to intrigue, and without fanaticism: the other was at once a conspirator and a fanatic.

'On Don Guerau had descended the dropped mantle of De Quadra. Inferior to his prototype in natural genius for conspiracy, inferior to him in intellectual appreciation of the instruments with which he was working—he was nevertheless in hatred of heresy, in unscrupulousness, in tenacity of purpose, and absolute carelessness of personal risk to himself, as fit an instrument as Philip could have found to communicate with the Catholics, and to form a party among them ready for any purpose for which the King of Spain might desire to use them.' (*Hist. of Eliz.*, vol. iii. p. 328.)

He at once became the centre of intrigues and conspiracies, into all the secrets of which we are admitted by the Simancas archives and other state papers of the time. Mr. Froude has entered into them with elaborate and instructive detail; he has traced out all the agents in the dark plots by which Elizabeth's throne and life were threatened; and he has introduced us to the inner councils of the Queen and her advisers, by whom these plots were countermined.

Two conspiracies, to which Don Guerau was a party, were speedily set on foot; and in both the foremost place was assigned to Mary Stuart. The northern lords were projecting a Catholic insurrection, the dethronement of Elizabeth, the crowning of Mary Stuart, and her marriage with Don John of Austria. The Duke of Norfolk and his adherents merely sought the overthrow of Cecil, and the marriage of Norfolk to Mary, who was to become a member of the Church of England. While these plots were being hatched, Elizabeth's conduct to Spain and France was so false and treacherous that she narrowly escaped a war with both. She had encouraged and protected English privateers who preyed upon the commerce of Spain; ships laden with Spanish treasure were seized in the ports of Plymouth and Southampton, and appropriated by the Queen; and outrages were committed upon the persons and property of Spanish merchants resident in England. Redress was withheld by cunning subterfuges and falsehood. A policy no less provoking was pursued towards France. While the Queen professed herself neutral in the civil war

* Histoire de Marie Stuart, 3rd ed., vol. ii. p. 63.

raging between the King and the Huguenots, she was aiding the Prince of Condé at Rochelle with money and ammunition; and English privateers sailing under Condé's flag seized French ships, and openly sold their prizes at Plymouth and Dover. The remonstrances of the French ambassador were met with transparent evasions.

Happily, the jealousies of France and Spain prevented them from making common cause against England; and Elizabeth continued her deceptions without the cost of a foreign war. But conspiracies at home were naturally fomented by so impolitic an irritation of the Catholic Powers. Elizabeth might have taken the lead of the Protestant cause in Europe. She might have aided the Huguenots in France and the Netherlands, and have conciliated the Reformers of all denominations in England and Scotland. Such a policy might have been hazardous, but while generous and noble in itself, it would have secured a hearty support to her throne against the intrigues of the Catholics; and who can say what an impulse it would have given to Protestantism in Europe! The mean and pitiful course pursued by her, so far from effectually supporting the Protestant cause abroad, merely encouraged the Huguenots in an ineffectual resistance, while it provoked the Catholics throughout Europe, and won no Protestant sympathy in England.

Such being her relations with foreign Powers, she was exposed to the treasons of her own subjects encouraged by their ambassadors. The Duke of Norfolk, feeble, hesitating, and timid, had separated himself from the northern lords in pursuit of his own personal objects; but he had been so far tempted into treason as to seek assistance in his plot from the Duke of Alva; and when Elizabeth peremptorily forbade his projected marriage with Mary, he was nearly driven into revolt. But his courage failed him; he allowed himself to be arrested, and was imprisoned in the Tower. There he renounced his alliance with Mary, and, after some time, obtained the Queen's forgiveness.

But the Earls of Northumberland and Westmoreland, and their confederates in the North, were more earnest in their conspiracy, and were encouraged by the strong Catholic sympathies of the northern counties, and by promises of support from Alva in Flanders. All their measures were concerted with the Queen of Scots and Don Guerau; and in November 1569, the counties of Northumberland, Durham, and Yorkshire were in arms against the Queen. But the South was true and loyal; the rebels were foiled in their attempt to rescue Mary Stuart; they received no aid from Alva; and the Queen's forces soon drove the leaders across the border into Scotland. Northumberland was taken prisoner by the Regent, greatly to the disgust of the Scottish people, and lodged in Lochleven Castle; and Elizabeth, not content with the most cruel punishments inflicted upon the rebels whom she had in her power, demanded the extradition of the earls by the Scottish government. Wholesale executions were carried out, in which the Queen showed herself as intent upon lucre as upon vengeance. Numbers of those who had no lands were to be hung by martial law on the parish green or market-place; and the servants of the principal insurgents were to be executed near their masters' houses; and 'the bodies were not to be removed, but to remain till they fell to pieces where they hung.' Those who had lands were to be formally tried, in order that the Queen might be assured of the escheats; and if judgment was not given for the Crown, the prisoners were to be remitted to the tender mercies of the Star Chamber. Elizabeth, 'to whom,' says Mr. Froude, 'nothing natural was more distasteful than cruelty (!) when Sussex's arrangements (for these executions) were made known to her, was only impatient that they should be carried out;' and on the 11th January she wrote that 'she somewhat marvelled that she had as yet heard nothing from Sussex of any execution done by martial law as was appointed; and she required him, if the same was not already done, to proceed thereto with all the expedition he might, and to certify her of his doings therein.'

While these executions were proceeding, the Queen was trying to force the Regent to surrender Northumberland, and was offering bribes for the treacherous capture of Westmoreland. Murray did not venture to comply with her demands; he had already roused a bitter feeling by the imprisonment of Northumberland; and while he was still holding out against Elizabeth's persistent claims, he was himself struck down by the hand of the assassin Bothwellhaugh.

The Regent Murray is one of Mr. Froude's favourite characters, and deserves a large share of his panegyrics. That he was the enemy of Mary Queen of Scots, and had driven her from her kingdom, would alone have been a sufficient claim to his favour; but Murray had many eminent qualities which, in evil times, commend him to our respect. If it be exaggerated praise to affirm with Mr. Froude that 'when the verdict of plain human sense can get itself pronoun-

ced, the "good Regent" will take his place among the best and greatest men who have ever lived,' *, we cannot but admire his moral superiority over the ruffians by whom he was surrounded. They were without any sense of religion or justice; he was an earnest Protestant, yet above the narrow intolerance of the fanatics of his own age and country; and he honestly desired that Scotland should be quietly governed and her deadly factions quelled. His greatest embarrassment had been due to Elizabeth's meddling and inconstant policy, and his chief errors to her dictation.

The second of Mr. Froude's new volumes opens with some observations on the influence of the Reformation upon the character of the people in England and in Scotland, which will help us to understand some of the political problems of Elizabeth's reign. Three-quarters of the peers, he tells us, and half the gentlemen were disaffected; and they had the goodwill and encouragement of France and Spain, whom she had insulted and provoked: yet the northern rebellion had miserably failed. It was, indeed, a rash and ill-concerted rising, and was readily put down by the strong arm of the executive government; yet if the Catholic body were as numerous and as disaffected as they are represented to have been, it is singular that the northern earls met with so little support. Doubtless it was one thing to conspire for the restoration of the ancient faith, and another to rebel against their lawful sovereign; but much was due to the characteristics of the two religions.

'Catholicism in England was still to appearance large and imposing, but its strength was the strength of age, which, when it is bowed or broken, cannot lift itself again. Protestantism, on the other hand, was exuberant in the freshness of youth. . . . The Catholic rested upon order and tradition, stately in his habits of thought, mechanical and regular in his mode of action. His party depended on its leaders, and the leaders looked for guidance to the Pope and the European Princes. The Protestant was self-dependent, confident, careless of life, believing in the future not the past, irrepressible by authority, eager to grapple with his adversary wherever he could find him, and rushing into piracy, metaphorical or literal, when regular warfare was denied him.' (Vol. iv. p. 4.)

With such supporters of her throne, Elizabeth was able to defy Catholic disaffection and foreign intrigues.

The influence of the Reformation upon the character of the people, was far more striking in Scotland than in England.

'Elsewhere the plebeian elements of nations had risen to power through the arts and industries which make men rich—the commons of Scotland were sons of their religion. While the nobles were splitting into factions, chasing their small ambitions, taking securities for their fortunes or entangling themselves in political intrigues, the tradesmen, the mechanics, the poor tillers of the soil, had sprung suddenly into consciousness, with spiritual convictions for which they were prepared to live and die. The fear of God in them left no room for the fear of any other thing; and in the very fierce intolerance which Knox had poured into their veins, they had become a force in the state. The poor clay which, a generation earlier, the baron would have trodden into slime, had been heated red-hot in the furnace of a new faith.' *

In this faith there was, indeed, a large leaven of bigotry and fanaticism; but we can never fail to recognise its elevating influence upon the moral character of the Scottish people, nor to admire their resolute independence and indomitable love of liberty. It was one of the faults of the late Mr. Buckle that in his historical review of the people of this country, he dwelt with too much contempt upon their fanaticism, and appreciated too lightly the virtues by which it was accompanied, and the political and social results of an earnest, if narrow, creed.

Religion was still the chief moving cause of the political events of this time. During the northern rebellion, many Catholic gentlemen had scrupled to take arms against the Queen, who had not been excommunicated by the head of their Church; and in order to assist the Catholic cause in England, and if possible to unite Spain and France in a crusade against a Protestant Queen, Pope Pius V., in February, 1570, framed a bull of excommunication against Elizabeth, in which he absolved her subjects from their allegiance, and forbade them to recognise her any longer as their sovereign. As this missive had not the sanction of Philip II., it was confided to the Cardinal of Lorraine, to be issued at the first convenient opportunity. Meanwhile, Elizabeth was resolved upon punishing the rebel lords who had taken refuge in Scotland; and as they were not given up to her, Lord Sussex was commanded to make a raid across the border, which he did in such a fashion that he destroyed 'ninety strong castles, houses, and dwelling-places, with three hundred towns

* Hist. of Eliz., vol. iii. p. 581. Mignet's estimate of Murray's character is less favourable; but he does justice to his eminent qualities. (Histoire de Marie Stuart, vol. ii. p. 116.)

* Hist. of Eliz., vol. iv. p. 24; see also another instructive passage upon the influence of John Knox, p. 456.

and villages.' And while executing this outrage upon a friendly State, Elizabeth was increasing the dissensions of that unhappy country by constant intrigues with its various factions. She still refused to recognise the infant James; she still pretended to contemplate the restoration of Mary Stuart; she seemed to favor both religions; she offered her support to any party which would assist in executing the law against the English rebels; she was changing her course from day to day; she was deceiving friends and enemies, until she was assured by Sussex that 'she must decide quickly, or she would lose both parties.'

Still she was able to betray and trifle with all who trusted her. She had provoked and insulted France and Spain, but they had shrunk from making war upon her; she had outraged Scotland, but was able to defy its resentment. France threatened to send troops to assist her Scottish ally, but the threat was not carried out. Again an English army crossed the border, and this time it descended upon the Hamiltons, the main supporters of the Queen of Scots, whose restoration Elizabeth pretended to have in view.

Mary's party and the Catholics were furious at this hostile movement; and on the 15th of May, while the army was still in Scotland, the bull of excommunication was found nailed against the Bishop of London's door. Appearing at such a time, it seemed as if France had resolved to carry out her threat, and that a Catholic crusade was about to explode against England. In Elizabeth's councils there was now a serious division of opinion. Lord Arundel, Leicester, and other councillors who favoured Mary Queen of Scots, proposed to avert war by the release of Mary Stuart, an accommodation of affairs in Scotland, and the recall of the army from that country. Cecil was for open defiance of France and the Catholics, and exclaimed 'that the Queen had no friends but the Protestants, and if she yielded, she would lose them all.' The stern Lord Keeper Bacon condemned Arundel and his friends 'as secret servants of the Queen of Scots,' and said—

'After what you have done and are doing in Scotland, you cannot now turn back; courage alone is safety—courage and persistence. Go on as you have begun, and there will be soon no Queen's party, no French party, no Catholic party to trouble that country more. English influence will be supreme there, and religion, the Protestant religion, will be established beyond reach of harm from end to end of Britain.' (Vol. iv. p. 63.)

Elizabeth, as usual, was undecided, but she at once recalled her troops to Berwick and renewed negotiations with Mary Stuart. So far the Catholic party had prevailed; and while Elizabeth was doubting and vacillating, she was surrounded by conspirators. Arundel was plotting her overthrow, and Don Guerau was planning a Catholic insurrection the instant Mary Stuart was set at liberty, to be aided by a Spanish army from Flanders. But again Elizabeth changed her course, and while pretending to negotiate with Mary Stuart, she assured the Scottish lords 'that in no wise they should shrink or yield; and whatever the Queen of Scots or her friends might say to the contrary, they might assure themselves of the support of England.'*

It were tedious to follow Elizabeth through all her windings; her fickleness and falsehood exceed belief. She had hitherto prevented the appointment of another Regent to succeed Murray: at length she signified her assent to the nomination of the Earl of Lennox; but, at the same time, repeated her intimation that she was bent on treating with Mary Stuart. No wonder that Randolph, her minister at the Scottish Court, declared that she would soon not 'have a friend in Scotland to serve her turn.' She had forfeited the confidence of all parties, whom she had alternately injured, insulted, and betrayed. A third foray was soon made across the border. Dumfries Castle was blown up, and 'not a stone house left standing in Galloway capable of giving shelter to armed men.' Assuredly Scotland owed little gratitude to Elizabeth's good-will.

Meanwhile the Papal bull had encouraged a religious reaction in favour of the ancient faith, and sustained the hopes of the disaffected. Mr. Froude here reverts to the religious condition of England in such a manner as to call for remark. He says truly that 'the Catholic spirit was naturally strongest where the people were least exposed to contact with strangers. In the Midland and Northern Counties, where the feudal traditions lingered, the habits were unaltered and the superstitions undispelled;' while the new faith was readily embraced by the merchants and traders of the towns and seaports. We will not contest his views as to 'the quieter, purer, nobler' form of Puritanism; but we must take exception to his unjust treatment of the Church of England. The Church, he says—

'was a latitudinarian experiment, a contrivance to enable men of opposing creeds to live together

* Hist. of Eliz., vol. iv. p. 71.

without shedding each other's blood. . . . In itself it pleased no party or section. To the heated controversialist, its chief merit was its chief defect.'

And again, it was the extreme reformers or Puritans—

'who formed the noble element in the Church of England. It was they who had been its martyrs; they who, in their scorn of the world, in their passionate desire to consecrate themselves in life and death to the Almighty, were able to rival in self-devotion the Catholic saints. . . . It would have fared ill with England had there been no hotter blood there than filtered in the sluggish veins of the officials of the Establishment. There needed an enthusiasm fiercer far to encounter the revival of Catholic fanaticism; and if the young Puritans, in the heat and glow of their convictions, snapped their traces and flung off their harness, it was they, after all, who saved the Church which attempted to disown them, and with the Church saved also the stolid mediocrity to which the fates then and ever committed and commit the government of it.' (Vol. iv. pp. 107–115.)

An English churchman may afford to smile at the irreverent sneer of this last passage, and to ask where are the Puritan names which can be arrayed against the illustrious line of worthies who have adorned the Church of England.* But he is bound to protest against Mr. Froude's view of the latitudinarian scheme of his Church. Doubtless, it was designed to be comprehensive: in an age of heated controversy, it was intended to avoid needless offence to tender consciences; it was contrived so as to sink narrow points of difference among Christians in a broad ground of agreement and reconciliation; it favoured moderation and discouraged fanaticism. The scheme was at once pious, rational, and statesmanlike. That it was not entirely successful is to be ascribed rather to the spirit of intolerance which was permitted to deface it, than to its own inherent defects. And notwithstanding the errors of kings, bishops, and statesmen, the Church so far prevailed over all other religious communions, that within a century after Elizabeth's reign it comprised at least nine-tenths of the people of England. The Catholics had been nearly rooted out of the land, and the Puritan non-conformists were but an inconsiderable sect.† When, in our own time, the articles and formularies of the Church of England have been subjected to the closest judicial scrutiny, the keenest legal intellects of the present age have been struck by the extraordinary skill and wisdom with which the groundwork of the English Church was laid.

Apart from differences of doctrines and ceremonial, Catholics were repelled from communion with the Reformed Church by their faithfulness to the papal supremacy; and many who had submitted to outward conformity were encouraged by the papal bull to discontinue their attendance at the parish church, and to resume their own forms of worship. The Pope had further absolved them from allegiance to an heretical prince; and their faith thus naturally led them to disaffection, if not to active treason. To restore their religion was a sacred duty; and the overthrow of the Queen was but a necessary means to that end, sanctified by the head of their Church. Elizabeth was surrounded by traitors: they sat at her council; they plotted in the House of Peers; they were betraying her, and scheming against her life, as ambassadors from friendly powers; and the rallying point of their treasons was Mary Queen of Scots.

To avert the perils by which the Queen was beset at home and abroad, Cecil was sent to Chatsworth to treat personally with Mary Stuart, and Walsingham was despatched to Paris to secure a closer alliance with France. As regards Mary, we cannot believe that more was intended than to beguile her, by false hopes, from her intrigues with France and Spain, and with the Catholic nobles. Whatever the purpose, Mr. Froude is ever ready for her execution:—

'There she lay, deserving, if crime could deserve, the highest gallows on which ever murderer swung, yet guarded by the mystic sanctity of her birth-claim to the crown. . . . . What to do with her at present, and till the times were ripe for the sharp remedy of the axe, might well try the strongest intelligence.' (Vol. iv. p. 118.)

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With France, Walsingham's negotiations took a turn sufficiently ridiculous. The Court and the Huguenots had lately brought their civil war to a close, and the government were now free for any enterprise which ambition might prompt them to undertake. Taking the Catholic side, they might espouse the cause of Mary Stuart, and marry her to the Duke of Anjou; or siding with the Protestants, they might enter into an alliance with England and the Prince of Orange, and

* Mr. Froude has introduced into his fourth volume an elaborate panegyric of Thomas Cartwright; but by how many living Englishmen would the works of Cartwright now be known if they were not rescued from oblivion by his controversy with so great a man as Hooker? But the name of Hooker does not yet occur in Mr. Froude's pages.

† In 1696, out of 2,599,786 freeholders in England and Wales, there were only 13,856 Roman Catholics, and 108,676 Protestant non-conformists. (*Census Report on Religious Worship*, 1851, pp. c. ci.)

drive out Alva and the Spaniards from the Netherlands. It was a great occasion for adroit diplomacy; but the negotiations, instead of being directed by high statesmanship, were rendered at once absurd and revolting by the coquetry, indecision, and falsehoods of Elizabeth. The Duke of Anjou had been spoken of as a suitor of Mary Stuart; and it was suggested that by marrying him herself, she could disappoint her rival, and secure the support of France against all her enemies. The idea was not a bad one; and even Cecil favoured it; but Anjou was a boy of twenty, and Elizabeth a mature spinster of thirty-seven. State marriages, however, are not always governed by domestic considerations, and this objection might have been submitted to on either side; but Elizabeth was already known as a false and silly coquette. She had befooled many suitors; five years before she had declined an alliance with Anjou's elder brother Charles, King of France; lately she had renewed her diplomatic flirtations with the Archduke Charles; and could anyone regard her present overtures otherwise than as a cunning pleasantry? La Mothe the French ambassador, and Catharine de Medicis, at first believed that she merely designed to separate France from Mary Stuart, and to foment jealousies between France and Spain; and this was probably Elizabeth's real purpose, while her feminine vanity and caprice were gratified by a new matrimonial project.

But Cecil was in earnest. He was persuaded that his mistress's marriage was necessary for the security of her throne; and he believed that this alliance with the French royal family would frustrate treasons at home and combinations abroad. So soon as the French Court could bring themselves to believe in the seriousness of the scheme, negotiations were actively commenced. The governments of the two countries were in earnest; but the parties more immediately concerned were not quite assured of married bliss. The Queen expressed to La Mothe her fear that her suitor's—

'affections must have been already centered in some fairer quarter. She was herself an old woman, and but for the hope of children would be ashamed to think of marriage. . . . French princes had a bad name for conjugal fidelity . . .; and she would not like to find herself the wife of a man who might respect her as a Queen, but would not love her as a woman.'*

The youthful lover, on the other hand, appears not to have shrunk from the ripe charms of his mistress; but he was horrified by tales of her profligacy. If he married a woman of infamous character, his own honour would be touched. Possessed by this fear, he raved against the match, until his mother, fearful of wholly losing the prize, actually wrote to La Mothe, in her own hand, inquiring if Elizabeth would accept his younger brother, the Duke d'Alençon, who was only sixteen, and was amenable to reason! La Mothe, however, assured her that the stories against Elizabeth were unfounded scandals, that her court was pure, and that she enjoyed the respect of all her subjects. Anjou was satisfied, and became eager for the marriage; while Walsingham wrote cleverly from Paris that the Queen-mother was resolved to provide for her son in Scotland, if not in England; and 'of all impending perils that would be the greatest.'

That the marriage was politic in itself was proved by the consternation with which its announcement was received by Mary Stuart, by the Catholic conspirators, and by Spain. Negotiations and intrigues became more rife than ever; and the correspondence to which we are here introduced, reveals the extraordinary activity and address of Mary and her agents, of the Spanish Ambassador, of Alva, and of the Catholic nobles, in conspiring against the throne, and even the life of Elizabeth. The Duke of Norfolk was prevailed upon to solicit, in his own name, and in the names of forty other nobles, the invasion of his country by a Spanish army, to overturn the Protestant faith and dynasty, while he, professing himself a convert to the Roman faith, continued, in outward observance, a Protestant, the better to deceive the government as to his designs.*

While these plots were thickening, and the negotiations for the French marriage were proceeding, Elizabeth found herself constrained, by an exhausted exchequer, to call another parliament, after an intermission of five years. The occasion was seized upon by the conspirators, and their plot well-nigh exploded. The nobles brought up their retainers in great numbers, and it was arranged that they should surprise the Queen and Cecil, and make them prisoners, and that Mary Stuart should at the same time be rescued from her prison-house; but the plot failed through the irresolution and cowardice of Norfolk. This parliament was chiefly memorable for its Puritan majority, and for the independent spirit with which it asserted its own privileges against the Crown. Its most important measure was that requiring subscription to the Thirty-

* Despatch from La Mothe, January 23, 1571.

* Hist. of Eliz., vol. iv. pp. 149–174, 203–223.

nine Articles. It is difficult to repress a smile when we find that the subsidy, for which this parliament had been assembled, amounted to no more than 100,000*l.*—a sum, at that time, adequate to hold France and Spain at bay, to overawe Scotland, and to quell rebellions in Ireland.

While parliament was still sitting, Cecil found means to discover the dangerous conspiracy which was at work, and to detect the secret correspondence with the Continent. It was evident that Spain was preparing to assist the English rebels, and the alliance with France became all the more urgent. But Elizabeth was trifling with the marriage, as had been at first suspected; and at length Anjou himself, happily for the Queen's credit, threw up the affair in disgust. Negotiations, however, were continued with a view to an alliance between England and France for the liberation of the Netherlands. At this very time Philip II. was discussing with his council, at Madrid, the best means of promoting a Catholic revolution in England. It was resolved that the assassination of Elizabeth should first be attempted; and this enterprise was entrusted to one Chapin Vitelli. Mr. Froude, who dwells perpetually on the horrors of Darnley's murder, discusses this project with philosophical equanimity, and employs the very same arguments which we directed against himself a few pages back.

'Assassination,' he says, 'in that passionate sixteenth century was not peculiar to creed or nation. Catholics profess abhorrence of the murder of Beton in Scotland. Protestants retort with effect by pointing to the Regent Murray, the Prince of Orange, and the black butchery of St. Bartholomew. But both Protestants and Catholics might well drop their mutual reproaches; their sin was the sin of their age, the natural refuge of men who were driven desperate by difficulties which fair means would not clear away for them.' (Vol. iv. p. 251.)

Don Guerau was urging that the blow should be struck without delay. 'The Catholics were three to one, and were all prepared.'*

But Cecil, ever watchful, was penetrating, by fair means and foul, deep into all the secrets of the conspiracy. At length, by artful snares, and by the torture of servants and accomplices, the whole of the wide-spread plot was brought to light. Norfolk was again arrested. 'He fell upon his knees when the warrant was brought to him, and cried for mercy like a poltroon.' Far nobler was the bearing of Mary Stuart. When she was told that her 'practices against the Queen of the realm did deserve a sharper dealing, as time would shortly make clear to all the world,' she replied with haughty defiance, that she had come to England as a free Princess, relying upon promises which had been repeatedly made to her, and instead of friendship and hospitality, she had found a prison. . . . She was a free Princess, the Queen of England's equal, and was answerable neither to her, nor to any other person.* Her chief agent, the Bishop of Ross, was less brave, and confessed everything that concerned his royal mistress, the Spanish ambassador, and the nobles.

Don Guerau being summoned before the council, was told that his practices had been discovered, and that he must depart the realm. The villany of this envoy was almost without a parallel: for three years he had been plotting against the throne and life of the sovereign to whom he was accredited; and now that he was dismissed, he hired two bravos to assassinate Cecil, and lingered on the road, hoping to hear that the foul deed was done. Elizabeth had committed many wrongs against Spain, which would have justified war with England; but that the Spanish King and his ambassador should seek vengeance in the murder of the English Queen and her first minister, is a reproach even to such an age. The coward treachery failed; and Elizabeth had now to deal with her enemies at home.

Mary Stuart's part in the conspiracy was visited upon her by the publication of Buchanan's 'Detectio,' in which all the 'doings of Mary Queen of Scots, touching the murder of her husband, and her conspiracy, adultery, and pretended marriage with the Earl of Bothwell,' were exposed. The casket letters, which had not hitherto been made public, were appended to the work in French and Latin; and copies were circulated throughout Europe. At the same time, the Queen threatened 'that if Mary gave any more trouble, the difficulties about her would be promptly ended.'

Norfolk was put upon his trial for high treason; and the unfortunate noble, who had been timid and irresolute as a conspirator and pitiful as a captive, bore himself bravely before his peers in Westminster Hall. According to the barbarous fashion of that time, he was denied the aid of counsel, and was at once prisoner, witness, and advocate in his own cause. No trial so conducted can be approved as fair; but the weak man had allowed himself to be drawn into treason, and the verdict of guilty against him cannot be pronounced unjust. Eliza-

* This Spanish plot is also described by Mr. Motley, in his 'Rise of the Dutch Republic,' vol. ii. p. 285.

* Hist. of Eliz., vol. iv. p. 296.

beth, in pity for his weakness, and in consideration for his rank, would gladly have spared his life; and he lingered in prison until, some months afterwards, the Commons insisted upon his execution. The same parliament also sought the life of Mary Queen of Scots; but the time was not yet come when she was to be released from her long imprisonment by the axe of the executioner.

During these critical events, the project of the French marriage had been revived; and as Anjou recoiled from the honour proposed for him, his boy-brother Alençon was seriously proposed as his substitute. The importance of a close alliance with France was now more apparent than ever. The enmity and hateful plots of Spain had been exposed, while the Court of France was not only eager for a connexion with England, but was also, for a brief interval, friendly to the Huguenot cause. An effective treaty between England and France might have caused a momentous change in the relations of the two faiths, and in the course of history. Mr. Froude even goes so far as to say that 'France and England linked together by a stronger tie than words, would have freed the Netherlands from Spain. The Catholic States of Germany could have been swept into the stream of the Reformation, and Europe might have escaped the thirty years' war, and the Revolution of '89.' If we hesitate to accept so vast an historical speculation, we recognise too fully the force of the sword upon the faith of nations, to doubt that a Protestant crusade undertaken by France and England against Spain would have given a strong impulse to the Reformation in Europe, which had been checked and subdued by the temporal power; millions would have been added to the Protestant faith; and in an age when religion was at the very root of politics, who can venture to divine the results of such a change? With more certainty we may conjecture that if France had thoroughly committed herself to the Huguenot cause by a war with Spain, she would have escaped the horrors of St. Bartholomew.

This treaty, however critical, was associated with the marriage of an elderly lady and a boy; and the lady was fickle and insincere. The highest interests of nations were at stake; but this preposterous marriage marred the policy of the ablest English statesmen. In the words of Mr. Froude—

'Elizabeth would give no answer about Alençon... The same in everything—with Norfolk, with the Queen of Scots, with Scotland, with her marriage, with the terms of the alliance—she could decide on nothing. From a mixture of motives, some honourable to her, some merely weak, some rising from the twist in her mental constitution, she hesitated to adopt, and she would not reject, the means which were pressed upon her for preserving her throne, and she laid, with flapping sails, drifting in the gale.'

But to the habitual indecision of the Queen, were now added the silly inconstancies of the woman. One day she would 'not marry a boy with a pock-spoilt face;' another she desired him to come and see her that 'she might try if she could like him.' Her ministers were embarrassed by her 'continual dalliance and doubtfulness;' and the French Court was outraged by her insincerity. While affecting to be anxious for the French alliance she was treating, or pretending to treat, with Alva for betraying Flushing into his power. The suspicions of the French Court were confirmed; and these idle and deceptive negotiations were suddenly terminated by the massacre of St. Bartholomew.

When Catherine de Medicis was convinced of Elizabeth's double-dealing, she turned against the Huguenots, whose battles she had been prepared to fight, and threw herself into the arms of the bigoted faction who thirsted for their blood. Her zeal was quickened by jealousy of Coligny's influence over the King. The assassination of the Admiral alone was first attempted; and then the infamous Catherine, under pretence of a Huguenot rising, wrung from the weak young King his assent to the destruction of their leaders. The bloody work was commenced by the royal guard; and even the King's own guests were murdered in his sight.

'The retinues of the King of Navarre and the Prince had been lodged in the palace at Charles' particular desire. Their names were called over, and as they descended unarmed into the quadrangle, they were hewn in pieces. There, in heaps, they fell below the royal window, under the eyes of the miserable King, who was forced forward between his mother and his brother, that he might be seen as the accomplice of the massacre.'

The mob, more earnest Catholics and not less savage than the court, were soon maddened by the shedding of Huguenot blood, and revelled in a general massacre. Nor were these atrocities confined to Paris; it was pretended that the Huguenots would take up arms; and orders were given to exterminate them in Lyons, Orleans, Rouen, and other towns. These massacres were as savage as those revolutionary butcheries which disgraced France more than two centuries later. The first began with the court—the latter with the people; the frenzy

which animated the former was religious; the madness which inspired the latter was political; but both alike illustrate the hideous excesses into which an excitable people may be betrayed by wicked leaders and the dominion of extravagant ideas.

There were rejoicings at Rome; and 'Philip, when the news reached him, is said to have laughed for the first and only time in his life;' * but in England there was a general cry of horror and indignation. From many pulpits the preachers demanded 'blood for blood;' and the bishops besought the Queen that the Catholic priests and gentlemen who were in prison for refusing the oath of allegiance should be immediately put to death! A new direction was at once given to English policy. Elizabeth was estranged from France, and renewed friendly relations with Spain; the English Catholics were neglected by Alva; and the Queen was still at peace with Europe, and mistress of her own rebellious subjects. It is impossible to read Mr. Froude's pages without being impressed with the extraordinary influence of England in the councils of Europe. Notwithstanding the weakness, vacillation, and insincerity of the Queen, all countries courted her alliance, and shrank from resenting the wrongs which they suffered at her hands.

At length, also, a more decided policy was forced upon Elizabeth in the affairs of Scotland. At first it was proposed that Mary Stuart should be given up to the Scots, and by them tried and executed. The terms of this arrangement could not be agreed upon; but her cause was utterly ruined. The French massacres had aroused so strong a feeling of disgust in Scotland, that all parties renounced any remaining sympathy with France, and were ready to 'join with England in some straighter league.' The blood-stained nobles might not have been deeply moved; but 'a middle class, made strong by faith in God, was stepping forward into energy and self-reliance; and in worldly strength as well as spiritual power, they were making good their place in the commonwealth.'† Such men as these were fired by a sacred indignation against so foul a massacre of their brethren in the Protestant faith; and their preachers gave noble utterance to the popular wrath. John Knox, whose life was fast ebbing away, rallied his strength to preach before a Convention of the Estates, at which the French ambassador was present.

'Turning to him, as a Hebrew prophet might have turned, he said, "Go, tell your king that sentence has gone out against him—that God's vengeance shall never depart from him or his house—that his name shall remain an execration to posterities to come, and that none that shall come of his loins shall enjoy that kingdom unless he repent."' (Vol. iv. p. 443.)

While the Scots were possessed by such feelings as these, the sacrifice of Mary Stuart's cause naturally offered the means of reconciliation between Elizabeth and the King's party in Scotland. The Regent Lennox had already fallen a victim to the violence of Mary's friends; at this very time the Earl of Mar was carried off, not without suspicions of poison; and it fell to his successor, the Earl of Morton, to continue the negotiations with England. He was resolved that Mary Stuart's party should be effectually crushed, and for this end he sought the aid of England. Money was his most pressing want, and this, with her accustomed parsimony, Elizabeth long continued to withhold by contemptible tricks unworthy of a queen. It was wrung from her at last: she was obliged to recognise the King, without further shifting and equivocation, and to promise armed assistance if required. The effect of her recognition of the young King was decisive upon the Scottish factions. Nearly all the leaders of the Queen's party at once swore allegiance to her son, and accepted Morton as Regent. What miseries would have been spared to Scotland, if Elizbeth had yielded earlier to the obvious necessity of acknowledging the *de facto* King! Edinburgh Castle was now the only stronghold of Mary Stuart's few remaining friends, held by Grange, Maitland, and other leaders on her behalf. They would soon have surrendered; but they received secret aid from France; and, after the doubtful policy of Elizabeth, they did not believe that she could be induced to interfere in the struggle. Nor were they without warrant for their doubts. Having promised assistance to the Regent, she began to fear that her own influence would be weakened by the utter ruin of Mary's cause, and she grudged the expense of sending an army across the border: but, at last, she was brought to reason by the adroit persistence of her clever envoy Killigrew. An English force was sent from Berwick to aid the Regent in the reduction of the castle, which was soon obliged to surrender; and with it fell the last hopes of Mary Stuart in Scotland.

Elizabeth had little cause for pride in the part she had played throughout these troubles. She had been arbitrary, meddling, officious, and unjust to all parties. It was

* For a fuller account of Philip's grim merriment, see Motley's 'Rise of the Dutch Republic,' vol. ii. p. 333.

† Hist. of Eliz., vol. iv. p. 441.

not for her to espouse the cause of any faction. The Queen had been deposed, and she ought at once to have acknowledged the young King. Mary fled to her for protection. She was not at liberty to judge her—that was the office of her own subjects; still less was she justified in consigning the fugitive to a prison. Her affected interest in her cause merely served to keep alive the dissensions of her distracted country.

Throughout his narrative Mr. Froude has done his best to save Elizabeth's character, at the expense of her weakness and indecision: but he now gives up her defence in the following bitter but too truthful words:—

'To this it had come at last; and the shuffling, and the falsehood, and the broken promises had been thrown away. A few plain words would have sufficed to annihilate the hopes of the party of the Queen of Scots, which Elizabeth herself had created and had kept alive by her uncertainty. She had encouraged them to take arms; she had led them to believe that in her heart she was on the Queen of Scots' side; and in the end, after the Regent had been murdered, and her true friends brought to the edge of ruin, after having brought her own throne in danger, and imperilled the very Reformation itself, her diplomacy broke down, and she was obliged to trample out the sparks with her own feet, which she and only she had kindled.' (Vol. iv. p. 465.)

Here, with the exception of a chapter upon Ireland, into which we do not propose to follow him, Mr. Froude's volumes are brought to a close. From an original history we necessarily gather many new impressions; but we are unable to affirm that our general judgment of the events and characters of this period has been modified by the perusal of this work. The greater detail, however, into which it enters presents a picture of them on a larger scale. Mr. Froude has laboured hard to paint Elizabeth in more attractive colours than she generally wears; but it is the old face after all. He endeavours to shade her moral obliquities under her irresolution of purpose; and, assuredly, he has succeeded in presenting that aspect of her character in a most striking light. But we are still able to discern, no less clearly, the other faults of her disposition. She was at once fickle and obstinate; she was cold, vain, niggardly, false, and treacherous; and, if we find her weaker than we believed her to be, she appears not more amiable, but only less wise. As for Mary Stuart, if hard words could lower our estimate of her character, she would have fallen low indeed: but the historian's rancour against this unhappy queen has failed to obscure her womanly graces, her high courage, and her rare talents and accomplishments. Nor are we able to lose all pity for her wrongs and misfortunes, though she was stained with all the duplicity and guilt of the House of Lorraine, from which she sprang.

Cecil shows himself to great advantage, as the shrewd, sagacious, and active statesman; and we are enabled to estimate the difficulties which encompassed him—an intractable Queen, a divided and intriguing council, a discontented nobility, an unsettled Church, a people distracted by political and religious dissensions, and the Catholic Powers ever plotting his ruin. That so great a man should have been unable to exercise a more salutary control over Elizabeth is mainly to be ascribed to the influence of other councillors, especially of Leicester, in whose base and cunning counsels may probably be found no little excuse for her vacillation. The Lord Keeper Bacon is just as rough, honest, and fearless as we took him to be. The Regent Murray rises to a higher place in history than has usually been assigned to him—superior to the factions of his country, and pious without fanaticism. Several of the secondary figures, such as Walsingham, Throgmorton, Sussex, Knollys, Drury, and Killigrew, also make a favourable impression upon the reader. In the difficult positions assigned to them they displayed courage and diplomatic sagacity, with a straightforward purpose, which puts to shame the mistress whom they served. And lastly, we are introduced to Alva, not as the cruel bigot with whom we are too familiar, but as the cool and far-seeing statesman, offering moderate counsels to Philip, and not to be betrayed into political indiscretions by an undue zeal for the Catholic cause.

We must now reluctantly take leave of Mr. Froude, whose volumes will afford an intellectual treat to every class of readers. However familiar they may be with the reign of Elizabeth, they will find it presented to them from new points of view; the characters are drawn at full length, and may be judged by their own words. We read the minutes and marginal notes of statesmen; the despatches of ambassadors; the debates of the council board, and the conversations of the Queen and her ministers. We have before us an animated representation of the time. It is not so much a picture as an historical play, in which the actors perform their several parts with a reality and truthfulness which the most graphic descriptions fail to convey. For

the present, the curtain has dropped upon a stirring act; and we await, with deep interest, its rising for another.

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Art. VIII.—1. *Antique Gems; their Origin, Uses, and Value as Interpreters of Ancient History, and as illustrative of Ancient Art; with Hints to Gem Collectors.* By the Rev. C. W. King, Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. London: 1860.

2. *Pyrgoteles: Die edlen Steine der Alten im Bereiche der Natur und der bildenden Kunst, mit Berücksichtigung der Schmuck- und Siegelringe insbesonders der Griechen und Römer.* Dr. Johann Heinrich Krause. Halle: 1865.

A recent article in this Journal* was devoted to a survey of the minerals that have been invested with different degrees of intrinsic value, and have served for the purposes of ornament among various races of mankind. While seeking to trace the history of precious stones from this point of view, we endeavoured in particular to identify those among them which have been described and alluded to in classical authors.

Our purpose now is to perform a similar office by the art which these imperishable materials have been the means of handing down to us in the form of Gems; and though we might easily fall into the error of exaggerating the importance of this subject as a department of archæology or of æsthetics, archæologists and students of art seem in our day, or at least in our country, to have gone to the other extreme, and to have somewhat undervalued the works of the gem-engraver. By the word 'Gem' we understand, not alone the precious material of the stone, but the combination of that material with a work of art either cut in intaglio into the hard and grainless texture of the mineral, or standing in relief as a cameo upon it. The shell-cameos with which Italy now floods the world were almost, if not entirely, unknown to the Greek or Roman artist of ancient times; for the Greek and the Roman artist sought in the sard or onyx a material at once imperishable and beautiful, and of a texture to receive, with difficulty indeed, but not with rough resistance, the incisions of an adamantine tool. The soft shell-cameo needs no such tool, but possesses no such imperishability. It came into vogue during the cinque-cento period, but was then only rarely used, and is chiefly known in the works of a few artists, who availed themselves of this very soft material to engrave in a microscopic manner a multitude of figures within the oval of a small cypræa shell. The vast number of cameos now worked in Italy, on the West Indian Strombus shell, and on the *Cassis rufa* of the West Coast of Africa, are a commerce of this century.

No doubt, the extension of this commerce has tended to demoralise the cameo-engraver in pietra-dura, as well as to spoil the demand for the far more expensive and far more noble works of the lapidary-artist. Of other causes that have also been at work to produce this decay of a beautiful art, we shall have more to say when we sketch the history of that art; for they are causes which influenced both its branches, and have left the world as destitute of great engravers in intaglio as it is of artists in cameo-cutting.

For about two thousand years before our era, intaglio engraving subserved important purposes. The intaglio design, cut in a hard stone, was employed as the seal and signature of its owner. But side by side with this use of a particular art, the scope of art in general, and especially of those branches of it which are allied to sculpture, gradually came to extend beyond the office of historically recording the deeds of Egyptian and Asiatic kings and empires, or figuring their divinities; for, borne upwards by the cunning hands, and guided by the sensitive perceptions, of the Greek race, art passed out of this phase into one in which it dealt more lovingly with nature. Beautiful form and godlike grace began then to conquer the severity of sentiment of the elder artists; and progressing with this freer growth of the arts in general, those of sculpture, of die-sinking, and of gem-engraving entered upon their finest period. To the age that had seen the Parthenon finished, and was daily handling the money coined by the Cyzicene confederacy of Dorian towns, or by Elis, Clazomenæ, and other states of Greece, a few lovely Greek gems must be referred; and the claims of such gems to admiration as works of art were not only recognised by contemporary eyes, but made them objects to be collected so soon afterwards as collectors arose to gather them. The fine state of many Greek coins existing in European cabinets must, in some cases at least, be attributable to their having been preserved for their beauty. It is hardly likely, however, that, before the days of Alexander the Great, collections of coins and gems began to be made, but it is highly

* Edin. Rev. No. 253.

probable that soon afterwards they would have been so.

The first dactylotheca we hear of is that made by Mithradates, and brought to Rome among the spoils of that splendid king, who united to the taste and education of a Greek gentleman the trained eye for jewellery of a Shah-Jehan. This dactylotheca probably included, besides great numbers of mounted or unmounted gems, gold and other rings and precious stones. But Pliny, while mentioning this collection, tells also of one made by Scaurus, the extravagantly magnificent step-son of Sulla, who probably acquired the tastes of a collector in the East, and, by bringing them to Rome, inoculated therewith the wealthy patricians of the capital. During the Augustan era these tastes were gratified by many a luxurious Roman; and conspicuous among such gem-collectors was Mæcenas, who rivalled Cardinal Antonelli himself as a connoisseur of gems and precious stones. Rome was then the centre of gravitation for all that was precious and portable in that wide world that stretched from the gold and tin-bearing sands of the trans-Indian Chersonese to the steep seaboard of the Celtiberian Mountains. The tastes as well as the arts of Greece became Roman by adoption, yet withal retained something of an exotic character. Would we see the Greek gem-engraver and his works at home, we must transport our minds to the rich towns of Sicily and Magna Grecia, or visit in fancy some of the Greek colonies along the coast. Indeed, we may almost see again, in all the activity of living art, Panticapæum, the city of that famous Pontine sovereign, half Sultan, half Tyrannos, whose dactylotheca Pliny tells of. To do so, we have only to make a pilgrimage to that imperial palace of art, the Hermitage of St. Petersburg, and linger for a few hours in the room where lie the golden filagree ornaments, the gems, the vases, and the other marvels that have been exhumed from the tombs of Kertch. At Kertch, as in every spot where Greek was spoken, this art was in its home, and thrived so long as Greek nationalities retained vitality. In Rome, indeed, Greek art was domiciled and became a fashion, but was never really at home; and then, as luxury sapped the character and culture grew less refined, the objects sought after by the wealthy became debased, and vulgar ostentation, such as in the exhibition of vast masses of plate, took the place of the artistic fashions of earlier times. Thus the taste for gems and the encouragement of Greek artists, so rife in the days of Augustus or of Hadrian, had waned before the commencement of the lower empire; and the gem-engraver's art, in common with the rest, sank with the taste it had gratified, and on which it had been fed.

But to be under eclipse is not necessarily to have become extinct, and gems, usually in cameo work of a flat kind on pretty onyxes, are not rare, which, by their Greek inscriptions and the style of the designs, may be recognised as evidently Byzantine. The subjects they represent are usually the sainted personages of the Oriental Church. Between these, the character of which remained stereotyped through centuries, and Italian works of the later middle age, the differences of style are not very marked; indeed, the amphibious ecclesiasticism of Venice may be said to have bridged the gulf that separated the East and West—at least so far as ecclesiastical art was concerned.

Among the many examples of mediæval works preserved in collections, we may mention a cameo paste of Italian work of the fourteenth century, in the British Museum, having for its subject the Seven Sleepers. The material is the reddish brown kind of opaque glass on which the gold was cemented in ecclesiastical mosaic work—a material that often seems to have been thus employed for the paste in which casts of such gems were taken. In Moscow, in the Cathedral Treasury on the Kremlin, may be seen some large and beautiful onyxes and sardonyxes cut in cameo, in the Byzantine manner of the fourteenth century.

To the tenth century belong other works of undoubted genuineness, cut in intaglio on rock crystal. Two of these rare relics are also to be seen in Mr. Franks' department in the British Museum; one is a large slab of quartz crystal, long preserved in the Abbey of Vasor, on the Meuse, representing the history of Susannah and the Elders, wrought in unpolished intaglio, in a series of small tableaux exquisitely drawn, by order, it is recorded, of Lothaire, King of France; its age is, therefore, the latter half of the tenth century. The other is a large thick mass of the same hard and clear material, in the general lentil-form of the Vesica piscis. It represents the Crucifixion, and is probably Carlovingian, or possibly Anglo-Saxon work of the same century. The engraving is again in intaglio, apparently roughly scraped into the stone along the lines of a somewhat careful drawing.

The existence of gems during those centuries is sufficient to prove that the art of gem-engraving had not been lost in either of its branches. The cutting of signets had, however, evidently ceased to be the chief

purpose for which it was employed, the sigils of those periods having been engraved almost invariably in metal. But the energy of Lorenzo de' Medici, in the fifteenth century, gave a new impulse to the half-lost art. He collected lapidaries in Florence, he brought together ancient gems for their study, and left behind him a school of gem-engravers that produced, during the cinquecento period, those enormous numbers, more particularly of fine cameos, but also of beautiful intaglios, in which we recognise a finish and an execution able to vie with the handiwork of the best age of imperial Rome.

In design, indeed, the works of this period will generally be felt to betray a certain mannerism and a pseudo-classical feeling reflected from the character of the age that produced them. And this impression is enhanced by the sympathy of that age for the works belonging to the revival of Roman art under the Antonines—works vigorous in their handling, but florid in design; loaded with accessories, and evincing a great contrast with those that grew under the thoughts and hands of Grecian artists, always so simple and graceful, so gently moulded, and so tenderly finished. The seventeenth century had, too, its considerable artists; but the vigour that came down from the cinquecento period was waning, and by the beginning of the eighteenth century was dead. Some may regret the artificial character of the classical revival of the renaissance; but at least it was so far genuine that the artist went to school among the relics of classical times, and then set about producing works of his own—inspired, indeed, by classical originals, but not mere slavish copies from them. The gem-engravers of the eighteenth century inherited the mechanical part of their craft, which had then become more perfect, perhaps, than any known to Greek or Roman artists; but they used this unrivalled power of execution, not to hand on a vigorous art, healthily reproducing such artistic energy as the age may have possessed: they sat down simply to copy, even to forge, the finest gems wrought by the artists of Greece or of Augustan Rome. The very names of real and imaginary Greek artists were counterfeited to give a colour to the deception, and to increase the ignoble gains derived from it. Anyone who has made gems a study must have noticed, among the public and private collections of Europe, reiterated cases of a particular subject treated in repetition, not with the slight variation which the antique artist always allowed himself when he copied, whether from a painting, a statue, or a bas-relief, but in a spirit of intentional and servile copying, whereby the subject has been several times repeated, so as often to leave even the skilful critic at a loss to declare which, among many, was the original.

While the great and wealthy were, during the last century, vieing with one another in collecting gems, it was no wonder that the market should be supplied with them, even though 'antique' works had to be manufactured to order—a process all the more easy in proportion as the detection of the fraud was difficult; for, in fact, it was next to impossible to detect what was genuine among so many counterfeits, in an age so thoroughly uncritical. The wheel of Sirletti at one time, and that of Riga at another, and indeed of a host of most skilful artists at all times in the last century, were busy in producing such counterfeits: copies of a gem being repeatedly made by the same artist, and distributed to eager collectors or to the hungry agents who supplied them. The respectability of Natter and of the Pichlers has been supposed proof to the charge of having knowingly contributed to the confusion; but it is certain that many exquisite quasi-antique gems passed from their ateliers, and in particular from that of Natter, into the market, and passed current for what they were not. It is true that, in the latter part of the century, some of those artists, like Marchant, aspired to doing original work, and that a few of Riga's heads are almost Greek in character and finish. But in general these attempts at original design were not successful; and we must remember how statuesque is the design adapted for a gem, and how dependent the growth of a gem-engraver's art must ever be on the progress of sculpture. Hence, an age in which the latter art is in a sort of abeyance is not one in which the art of gem-cutting may be expected to flourish. Some of the earlier artists in the century had even made the mistake of taking elaborate pictorial compositions as the subjects of their design; but another cause also came in to interfere with the progress of this branch of art.

By a natural law of reaction, an age of collecting is succeeded by an age of fastidiousness and criticism. Moreover, in the first quarter of this century scholarship was already becoming more sceptical, and classical archæology was at the same time growing into a closer alliance with scholarship; whence a touchstone more sensitive and more sure than any to which they had yet been submitted began to be applied to gems. Under the scrutiny of these finer tests, the collections of the previous generations have been resolved into their many heterogeneous elements.

When we analyse an average collection of gems formed in the last century, they may be more or less equally distributed into certain general groups. First there are the laboriously-finished but inflexible works of the Archaic-Greek style; then come the quaint, exaggerated, and incompletely-finished figures on Etruscan scarabæi. About such there could be little or no hesitation; nor can the critic doubt the age of the rude and half-barbarous gems turned out by the more degenerate artists of the middle empire, although, strange to say, it is not always easy to discriminate between the work of rude archaism and that of barbarous decrepitude. Again, the simple attributes of the pure Greek gem of Greece proper and her eastern colonies can be generally recognised; while the more voluptuous but elegant art of Magna Græcia and Sicily, like that of the early empire and of the age of Hadrian, presents in its finer productions characteristics sufficiently distinguishable by the experienced eye. In short, whatever was most and least perfect in antique art usually asserts itself in characters easily read. But difficulties in abundance arise so soon as we come to deal with gems of an intermediate character. It is when a gem might have been the work of the more ordinary artist belonging to the Italo-Grecian or to Imperial Roman times, or might again have been an imitation of such work by a modern or even a cinque-cento hand, that we feel uncertainty as to its age.

The direct copies made in the last century from antique gems of the highest class may sometimes puzzle the critic; but an eye trained in the recognition of the different mechanical conditions of polish and of surface, in the peculiar application of the tools at different epochs, and in the nature, form, and quality of the stone itself, is not often foiled in the endeavour to find satisfactory evidence as to whether a gem was worked two thousand or one hundred years ago. Allowing, however, for exceptions on which even experts must differ, the majority of the gems in a collection may be generally discriminated and grouped as antiques of various ages and races, or as modern works belonging to one of the three centuries succeeding the renaissance. These modern works usually form a large proportion of the collections of the last century. Of cameos, by far the greatest number belong to the cinque-cento period. Among the Greeks, the cameo seems to have been a rare form of gem, for it was used, not as a signet, but as an ornament. To the Greek period some of the noblest remains of cameo work may have to be attributed if, as we believe Mr. Newton deems to be not improbable, the beautiful Borghese Tazza at Naples, and the world-famous glass cameo vase in the British Museum—the Portland vase—should prove to be of Ptolemaic date. With the Romans, cameos became more common, especially at a time when the rarest products of India were attracted to the capital of the world, and large and beautiful specimens of onyx and sardonyx were brought from Indian hills and river-beds into the studios of the gem-engraver. Then, in that luxurious age—the age of Hadrian and of the Antonines—these polychrome works came into fashion, and the several varicoloured layers of the sardonyx gave half the effect of a painting and more than the effect of a mosaic to the cameos into which they were converted Large and complicated groups were to be seen, such as those which still survive in the world-famous cameos of Paris and Vienna and the Hague, worked in the character of low 'bas-reliefs,' in which the wreath or the paludamentum worn by an Emperor may be carved in one layer of the stone, the hair in another, and the flesh in a third chosen for its marble whiteness, while the whole is backed by a ground composed of a dark sard-like stratum of the stone. A large cameo in the Marlborough Collection measuring 8 inches by 6 inches, has no less than four such layers. We have seen that this taste lingered on in the ecclesiastical forms of Byzantine art to the very dawn of the renaissance; and the wonderfully beautiful works in cameo of the sixteenth century were really the result of a rejuvenescence of a venerable art, that through long ages had retained a sluggish but genuine vitality. Some of the most splendid works of Græco-Roman art are to be found in the phaleræ or ornaments of the coat of mail often cut from fine blocks of chalcedony into cameos in high relief. Of such, perhaps the noblest existing specimen is a huge Medusa's head in the Blenheim Collection, which must have stood like a boss on the breastplate of an Emperor, and glared with something of the severe majesty of the Gorgon herself on all who looked at it. But however salient the relief of the ancient cameo, where the material was monochrome, or however the artist might riot in the fantastic use of the different coloured layers of the sardonyx, in a relief that was in that case generally low, this kind of work was never undercut, or was so only in rare and peculiar instances. The more modern forms of cameo are, on the other hand, constantly undercut, apparently with the inten-

tion of increasing the effect of the relief by the aid of the shadow thrown by a projecting part of the design.

An amusing anecdote is told apropos of the infallibility of collectors almost within our own age, and is said to have given gem-collecting a severe shock in this country. A little cameo had been purchased by Payne Knight. It represented, in the form of a fragment, a profile head of Flora, in very high relief, on a pretty and not very antique-looking sardonyx. Cut with the grace and skill of a considerable artist, it represented the goddess with roses in her hair; and these are left in a red layer of the stone, elsewhere cut away. Proud of his acquisition, and of the antique characteristics which Payne Knight would fain recognise in it, here at least that collector thought he might boast of possessing a cameo irrefragably Greek; and for once throw back at Thorwaldsen his cynical saying—'Sunt gemmæ, sunt virgines.' But, alas! the 'Greek' artist came forward to claim his own! 'Remove the setting,' said Pistrucci, 'and you will see the artist's name—the name of Pistrucci.' The anecdote does not go on to relate whether this clever engraver had put red roses (and double roses, too!) in the hair of Flora as a joke. He could hardly have seriously put them there as an antique attribute. Nor would any artist who really knew what antique art was, and wished to imitate it, have left the nose in a profile portrait undercut in complete relief! Strange to say, this incident seems rather to have increased the general mistrust of gems than to have thrown doubt on the discrimination possessed by some of those who collected them.

The artist who cut this cameo, and whose daughters have with some success pursued his art, deserves a passing tribute. By domicile an Englishman, he was one of the last as well as ablest of modern gem-cutters. His delineation is always beautiful, often finely classical, and his finish in execution is worthy of a Pichler.

It was during the last century that the greater number of the collections, as well public as private, now known in Europe were formed. It is true that two or three private gem-cabinets had been made in an earlier century, and portions at least of some of the great public collections of Europe had their origin in still earlier ages.

Lord Arundel, the great collector of artistic works in the reign of Charles I., brought together a valuable series of gems peculiarly rich in small ancient cameos, and famous also for that magnificent work of the cinque-cento period, the Marriage of Cupid and Psyche—perhaps the most exquisite cameo in the world. Of the same age was Praun, a wealthy burgher of Nuremberg in Nuremberg's palmy days, whose name has been familiar to the gem-student on account of the fine collection—so rich in subjects, and in the varieties of the stones they were engraved upon—which some years ago was bought from his descendants by Madame Mertens-Schaffhausen, and was recently the property of the Rev. Gregory Rhodes. Much described by German archæologists, this was the collection which Mr. King chose for the chief illustration of his work on Gems. It was offered to the British Museum, at perhaps an inopportune time, for 1,000 guineas; but the offer was declined, and the collection, together with Madame Mertens-Schaffhausen's additions to it, in all some 1,800 gems, is now dispersed.

Portions of the dactylotheca of Lorenzo de' Medici are still among the treasures of the Uffizi Palace at Florence; while Vienna and Paris, like the Vatican, inherited heirlooms of ancient gems, the history of which is in many cases obscure or entirely lost. Some of these would seem to have been spoils from the days of the Crusades—the less-valued remains, it may be, of choice and antique ornaments from Byzantine treasure-chambers shorn of their golden mountings; others, again—and they include certain of these last-mentioned—were relics of the past, preserved in the shrines and sacristies of religious houses, through the ages when art was ecclesiastical, by monks who classed such gems amongst their valuables. Sometimes they were held venerable from the distance of the age when they were dedicated, or were esteemed for their association with a precious material in which, as now on the golden altar-plates of San Ambrosia at Milan, they were enshrined; or again, the engraved subjects which they bore gave them a sanctity in pious eyes, that saw in the representations of a pagan myth or heathen god themes drawn from the traditions of Christian hagiology. Mr. King, in his 'Antique Gems,' records some extraordinary illustrations of these interpretations. Isis and Horus passed for representations of the Virgin and the Child; a muse holding a mask was held to be Herodias with the Baptist's head; the head of the Olympian Jove was held to be that of St. John, and the enthroned figure of Jove with his bird was the seated form of that evangelist with his symbolic eagle. The innumerable heads of Jupiter Serapis were received as portraits of so august a Person as Christ Himself, and gave the type to the later representations of Him;

while, however, these differed widely from the traditionary similitudes of him in old Christian frescoes in Egypt, or in the Christian glass and other relics in the catacombs of Rome.

Among the public collections of Europe it would be difficult to select one that in all respects stands before the rest. Florence would perhaps carry off the palm for its equally fine examples of cameos and intaglios. Paris, like Vienna, is rich in the former, and contains the Bigarris Collection, formed in the reign of Henri Quatre, afterwards incorporated with the purchases and acquisitions of Louis XIV., the gems of Gualdi, Lanthier, and De Morceaux, and with those bought by King Louis's uncle, Gaston of Orleans. Since the Duc de Luynes' collections have been given to the public, perhaps the French collections may rival Florence in intaglios also. Berlin is especially conspicuous for a magnificent collection of intaglios, in variety of subject the richest, as it is, thanks to the scholar-like labours of Professor Toelken, the best catalogued in Europe. This Berlin Collection consists for the most part of that formed by Baron Stosch in the last century, and purchased by Frederic the Great for 30,000 ducats. With a few gems that had previously been brought together by members of his house, and with purchases made from time to time, the number of gems and pastes have risen to as many as 5,000. At Naples there is a beautiful collection, admirably exhibited; while the Hague contains many fine gems, including the Hemstershuys Collection, famous as having been that which awakened Goethe's admiration for this form of art. It had been formed by Natter's advice and aid, and contains several works by his hand. The collection of St. Petersburg is a very extensive one, comprising the renowned Orleans gems, together with a portion of the Strozzi Collection from Florence, and other collections purchased at various times.

In our own country, we have in the British Museum the national collection, which, it is reported, will shortly be arranged and exhibited to great advantage. It comprises the private collections of Townley, Payne Knight, Hamilton, and Cracherode; and the unrivalled series of cylinders and stamps brought to light by Mr. Layard, besides many well-chosen additions which have been made to it by purchase from time to time. Quite recently a considerable number of gems have been acquired from Signor Castellani, including the St. Angelo Collection from Naples. The anxiety, perhaps extreme, to buy nothing but what was genuine and antique beyond dispute, has interfered in former times with the increase of the national cabinet of gems; but it is nevertheless a rich collection, more particularly of intaglios, and is gradually rising into a position by the side of the older and larger collections of the continent.

Among the private gem cabinets formed by the taste of the wealthy in the last century and a half in our own country, the following deserve to be particularised:—

First on the list comes that formed by George third Duke of Marlborough—the 'Magnificent' duke, to whom Blenheim also owes its gallery of pictures—the chief adorner of that splendid palace, as the present duke may fairly be called its restorer and illustrator. The Blenheim gems consist in part of the collection of Lord Arundel before alluded to; one of the few now remaining undispersed that were formed before the great age of forgeries. It came into the hands of Lord Charles Spencer, the brother of the third duke, through his wife, Lady Mary Beauclerk; having passed to her from her great-aunt, Lady Betty Germaine, the second wife of Sir John Germaine. Sir John had received them under the will of his first wife, the divorced from Henry seventh Duke of Norfolk, the great-grandson of the Lord Arundel who formed the collection. To the Arundel gems the 'Magnificent' duke added the collection of Lord Bessborough, formed when he was Lord Duncannon, which Natter had catalogued, and some of which Worlidge etched. To these were added by purchase many very valuable gems, and the whole now amounts to some eight hundred. It is a collection so choice in regard both to the intaglios and cameos forming it, that it may fairly assert a claim to rank even with the great national collections.

The Devonshire Collection is another of the great English cabinets of gems. It has acquired a deserved celebrity for the fantastic but pretty mountings in which the late duke had the choicest gems of the series set, when they were fashioned into the personal ornaments that formed the unique parure of the late Lady Granville. They were worn by her at the coronation of the Emperor Alexander II., in the Cathedral of the Assumption, on the Moscow Kremlin. Mr. King has given in his treatise a short account of some of the more remarkable gems in this parure.

No doubt, other scarcely less splendid inheritances of gems are to be found in the mansions of the English nobility. The Earl of Home possesses a portion of the collection that once belonged to a Duke of Montague; and Castle Howard must contain the

gems collected by the Lord Carlisle of that past generation in which Worlidge etched the finest gems he could procure for the exercise of his art.

The choice collection of Dr. Nott, and the vast one formed by Mr. Herz, have been dispersed; while those of Mr. Gregory Rhodes, of Mr. King, and of Mr. Bale, may be said to be still forming. These three have been made with much discrimination; Mr. Bale's, though small is extremely choice, as well for the beauty of the stones as for the Greek work embodied in them, while Mr. Rhodes' Collection has been formed with much instinctive taste for art, and contains some very fine gems.

In France, the collection of the Duc de Luynes has now become the property of the nation, by a munificent donation from that accomplished nobleman; and that of the Duc de Blacas, said to contain the best of the Strozzi and of the Schillerscheim gems, has just lost the noble owner who did so much to form it. M. Fould and Baron Roger are among other collectors who have brought taste and wealth to forming cabinets of gems in Paris; and if in our own country, the formation of such cabinets has ceased to be the pleasure of the wealthy and has become confined to a few gentlemen of refined tastes but not princely means, in France, at least, it still has the advantage of being prosecuted by men who possess both.

Mr. King's book on 'Antique Gems' is a valuable addition to our literature, as being really the only work on the subject in the English language. With the charm of a sort of art-miscellany, we may open it where we will and are sure to find pleasant reading, though it has nothing of the accuracy and nothing of the dryness of such a book as a German scholar would have written. The second section—on the styles of art and the tests of antiquity—is, so far as it goes into these two subjects, almost as good as it can be. A part of this section treats of the tools in use in antiquity—a subject of great difficulty, but on which Mr. King has not thrown much new light. Yet one would think that by means of the microscope, and by a knowledge of the manner of cutting by tools now in use, we ought to be able to say whether the work bequeathed to us by any particular age in antiquity was wrought by similar instruments.

The modern engraver uses chiefly two sorts of tools—the drill, a blunt little point or button of various forms, with which he drills holes downwards into the stone; and the wheel, a minute disc, varying also much in size and form, on the end of a fine wire, which cuts by means of its periphery as the drill does by the whole of its front surface. Both rotate rapidly, and are fed with oil and diamond or emery dust, which, bedding itself in the soft iron or copper material of which the tool is made, produces an adamantine cutting or grinding surface. The artist having drawn his design on the stone with a fine point, now brings the stone into contact with the revolving tool, and cuts into the hard substance, first sinking hollows with his drills, and then cutting the finer lines with his various sorts of wheels. He continually examines the work by taking impressions of it on soft wax, and so controls his progress. Lacking the power of correcting a too deep incision, or erasing a line that has wandered even a hair's-breadth beyond its intended course, the gem-engraver needs a marvellous skill and delicacy of hand and eye; and all the more so as he is so little aided by that instinct which in other arts—such as those of the musician and the painter—gives to the hand an unconscious sympathy with the eye and the mind of the artist.

Let us now turn to the workshop of the antique gem-cutter. Pliny tells us of the *terebrarum fervor* and the *ferrum retunsum* used for these; also of the fine splinters of adamas, *adamantis parvæ erustæ*, mounted in iron, and used actually to scrape lines into the stone. We have also a passage in that work of Fronto, so curiously recovered from the wreck of ancient books, wherein (writing in the age o fthe Antonines) he speaks of the cœlum and marculus, the engraving tool and little mallet, whereby they grave the little gems, probably here meaning cameos (*gemmulas exsculpunt*), as distinguished from the cold chisel and sledge-hammer by which large stones are broken up. These passages really seem to contain all we know from the literature of antiquity about the gem-engraver's tools, and they accord remarkably with what we see now in the mechanical treatment of the works the ancients have left to us. If we read for the splinter of adamas small sharp splinters of hard minerals like sapphire or emery, formed sometimes perhaps of the actual pin-points of diamond, sometimes of somewhat larger splinters of those other minerals, we may satisfactorily account for the fine grooving by sharp artistic lines which certainly is constantly met with in Greek work, and was held by Natter and is held by Mr. King to characterize it, even in times when we must remember the diamond would have been unknown. The drill seems to have been the one weapon of the early Etruscan workman,

though he must have known a way of using it as a traversing tool much like the wheel, if we may judge by the appearance presented more particularly by the 'Etruscan border' when seen in the microscope. Later he must have used the splinter. The great question, however, is as to the date of introduction of the wheel, and on this Mr. King quotes Pietramari, an engraver at Rome, with whom he seems to concur in placing the date in the reign of Domitian—that is to say, just at the beginning of the revival of the art under Hadrian—and no doubt in that case this revival may have been accelerated or even produced by it. Natter, however, while giving the Greek all the prerogative due to his masterly use of the splinter, denies that he was ignorant of the use of a wheel, though he seems to allow that some gems were produced by the former only. Natter's authority, however, would carry more weight had he lived in a more critical age, and were we consequently sure that his conclusions were drawn from veritably Greek gems. Still, the microscope seems to confirm his view, by showing continually that rounded form at the ends of the longitudinal section of the incised lines which characterises the work of the wheel. We may illustrate this point by reference to a gem, the pedigree as well as the Greek character of which are beyond suspicion.

In the Hermitage at St. Petersburg is to be seen a scaraboid chalcedony found in a tomb at Kertch, carrying on it a flying stork, engraved in the shallowest Greek manner, and, at first sight, one would say almost entirely by the splinter. The pinions seem thus scraped out, and the cross lines indicating the feathers are apparently formed in the same way; yet a close inspection with a moderate magnifying power, of the longer lines of the pinions, leaves it very difficult to believe that they were not worked by a wheel like the tool now in use. This gem is the more critical test as it carries a signature—

ΔΕΞΑΜΕΝΟΣ
ΕΠΟΙΕΧΙΟΣ

—symmetrically written in two lines of large Greek letters, singularly recalling a similar inscription on a very large and famous amethyst, with a bust of Minerva, the original of which is among the Blenheim gems. It runs—

ΕΥΤΥΧΗC ΔΙΟCΚΟΥΡΙΔΟΥ
ΑΙΓΙΑΙΟC ΕΠ.

Both gems are indisputably antique—the former, Greek of the utmost purity; the latter, a Roman gem. Both alike set at flagrant defiance every one of the golden rules and criteria by which the German critics and Mr. King profess to determine the genuineness or otherwise of such an oft-forged enhancement of the interest and money value of a gem as the signature of the artist who engraved it. Even in this signature, however, it is impossible to believe that the lines of the E and Ξ, for instance, were not cut by a wheel, for they subside at their extremities in a concave curve. So, too, the O seems certainly the work of a tool in the form of a little pipe still used by the gem engraver for boring a hole or cutting in a circular line. It is a hazardous thing to make these assertions in an absolute way, but, so far as comparison goes in observations of this kind, it seems to be as we have stated.

That Pliny does not mention the wheel—if, indeed, it as much as the drill be not implied in his language—would be little proof that it was not in use to any one accustomed to the manner of the author of the 'Historia Naturalis.'

That Fronto, in his marculus or little mallet, may give us a fresh glimpse into the workshop of the gem-engraver, is not improbable. If so, his allusion is perhaps to some method of bruising the surface, where the design is to be sunk, by means of a blunt iron or copper tool, acting through the agency of emery dust, and tapped continually by a little mallet; in short, abraiding the stone on a small scale, after the manner that designs are cut into granites and porphyries on a large scale—a manner certainly employed by the Egyptians in engraving on their monuments. The 'Meplat' of flat shallow manner frequent with Greek artists may have been thus produced. It is often asserted that a modern gem may be discerned by a want of polish in its hollows. This may be true of gems cut within the last twenty-five years; but, certainly, it is so far from being true generally, that the very perfection of the polish in the hollows of a gem by a Pichler or one of the great engravers of the cinque-cento period, is to the skilled eye condemnatory of the gem as an antique. The degree of polish in an ancient gem generally varies in different parts, and while penetrating every portion of the work, is never of the resplendent lustre of the modern sort.

Whether the ancient engraver availed himself of lenses has been often questioned; but this question can really have but one answer, and that answer is given by a lens now. Look into a gem with a moderate power, and you see detail in the work, and evidences of

a mode of manipulation that could not have been there but for a power of vision in the artist that the unaided eye, except in the case of very short-sighted people, is not endowed with. Mr. King remarks truly that the actual incisions made with the instruments cannot be performed under the inspection of a lens, which is only of use in observing on a wax impression the progress that the tool has made. But the modern artists owe to the use of high magnifiers in this latter process the extreme minuteness in detail which they have been able to introduce into their works. The ancients had no such convenient means of using high powers; but it is quite impossible that an age which could cut crystal globes to cool the hands of luxurious ladies, and formed continually plano-convex gem stones of transparent materials, should have avoided making the simple observation that these lens-like objects magnified whatever was seen through them. Nay, Seneca even mentions the fact as regards globes of water. Here, as in the case of the wheel, Pliny's silence is interpreted as a negative argument of far more value than it is worth.

'We are constrained, then, to conclude that, though the tools and appliances of the ancient engraver may not have been so convenient as those in modern use, they did not differ widely from these in their character; only from some cause the Greek and the late or finer Etruscan artist depended little on the wheel, perhaps using it the less on account of some comparative inconvenience in his mode of mounting it. But also the cause of the wheel superseding other tools during the middle empire may have been due to diamond dust becoming an article of commerce only towards the decline of Greek art; and though the wheel can be used with other dust, such as that of sapphire or garnet, it was the use with it of diamond dust that gave it such superiority as a tool. Sassanian and later Roman gems are almost entirely cut with it, aided occasionally by the drill.

Whatever at different times and among different nations may have been the forms into which the stones carrying intaglio may have been shaped, their purpose in all the earlier ages must have been the same. The gem was the 'signet.' It served the purposes at once of the seal and of the signature of the owner, from whose person it was inseparable, and with whose body it was often consumed or interred. Its impress was the ratification of his act and deed, as its impression was the guarantee and witness to his individuality. That a companion so important should soon become an ornament fashioned in 'costly sardonyx' or other stone precious and beautiful, and embody whatever art the particular age could impart to it, is the natural consequence of the functions the gem-signet had to perform.

Through long ages, with one branch of the human family, it was shaped as a cylinder or little roller, on which figures and legends were inscribed, and which served to impress those figures and legends on clay as the cylinder was rolled over the surface of the plastic substance. The axis was bored to receive the wire that fastened it to the arm or wrist of the wearer. With other nations, we find the form of the signet assuming such shapes as square or rectangular tablets, stones in the form of the beetle, conical stamps, spheroidal seals; while among the Greeks, and those who borrowed their arts, the stone was usually cut with flat or plano-convex faces, and mounted so as to be worn in a ring on the finger.

In reviewing these various forms of signet in the order of the nationalities that made use of them we shall be dealing with a subject that ranges over the whole period of authentic history. Indeed, in the gems that have been worn by any civilised people, we possess an epitome of that people's arts, their religion, and their civilisation, in a form at once the most portable, the most indestructible, and the most genuine.

We may begin with cylinders, the roller-like form which the inhabitants of Mesopotamia gave to their signets from before the days of Urukh (the supposed contemporary of the biblical Chedorlaomer, the Kudurmapula of Sir Henry Rawlinson) to those of Xerxes—from at least 2000 or 2050 to 480 B.C.

This large portion of human history has been conveniently broken up into the following divisions:—

First Period, or earlier section of the Primitive Chaldæan Empire in Lower Mesopotamia. We may call this the Early Chaldæan Period—from about B.C. 2234 to about B.C. 1675.

Second Period, or later section of the Primitive Chaldæan Empire. The Archaic-Babylonian Period; the seat of government being fixed at Babylon—from about 1675 B.C. to about 1500 B.C.

Between the Second and Third Periods some 600 years elapse, during which we have as yet obtained but little knowledge regarding the arts of the nations in Mesopotamia. The evidences of them revive among the ruins of Nimrod, and we commence our next period in the mid-career of the great

Assyrian empire, founded probably by Tiglath Pileser I., about 1110.

The Third Period, or Early Assyrian Period, will date from about 940 to 625 B.C.; and

The Fourth Period, extending from the fall of Nineveh to the entry of the Persians into Babylon, will be the Assyro-Babylonian, or Later Babylonian Period—from 625 to 536.

The Fifth Period will be the Perso-Babylonian, or Persian Period, dating from B.C. 536, and extending to the time of Alexander.

The cylindrical signets which are so characteristic of all these periods are usually from one to four inches in length, with a diameter of about a third or fourth of their length. The collection of them which the British Museum owes to the zeal and energy of Mr. Layard is the most complete in existence. In what follows concerning these forms of signet, reference is made exclusively to this collection,* while nearly all that is known regarding the information conveyed by the cuneiform inscriptions on these cylinders is due to the patience and sagacity of Sir Henry Rawlinson. It may be well to go into some detail on the subject, as at present little has been written upon it; but in doing so, it must be borne in mind that the precise dates assigned are subject to modification from the results of future research.

To the first period belong several cylinders, and among them one at least is said to bear a character still more archaic in form than that used in the days of Urukh. This is, therefore, far older than 2050 B.C. Like many others of the earlier dates, it seems to consist of a dark, compact, but not very hard serpentine. Others, again, of this first period, are formed of stones as hard, and indeed as beautiful, as those which the Greek and Roman sculptor delighted to engrave. Thus to the three centuries between 1700 and 2000 B.C. we may refer several beautiful dark-green jasper cylinders; a few also of a pea-green jasper, just like a variety greatly used in conjunction with lapis-lazuli in Egyptian ornamental work. One in the British Museum consists of a black jasper mottled with white; while another, apparently belonging to the earlier part of this period, is a ribboned jasper, so cut that the bands run as in a spiral of alternate stripes of a reddish-brown and white. Of these cylinders, many are composed of a stalactitic carbonate of lime, a few of quartz crystal, and about an equal number of lapis-lazuli. One of them consists of a fine translucent green chalcedony (a kind of plasma), containing a breccia of angular and rounded fragments of a similar green mineral, only just inferior in hardness to quartz crystal. The design engraved upon it represents, repeated twice, a bearded man in struggle with a wild bull, erect on his hind legs, and recognisable by his widely-spreading, knotted, curved and tapered horns, as the colossal wild buffalo, or arnee, of the Eastern world. In the field is a diminutive bull of apparently a different domestic species, that seems introduced to raise the other figures into heroic magnitude and dignity. An arrow-headed inscription completes the design, which is cut into this difficult stone by an art that had obviously triumphed over the hardness of the material. The moulding of the bull's carcass is strongly rendered, but its anatomy is admirable; even the legs are artistically finished in all their details of hoof and fetlock and muscle. One is tempted to contrast with this monument of archaic Chaldæan art, another, also with a bull for its subject, though at least six hundred years later in date, which is one of the oldest known gems of Egyptian workmanship on a stone of such hardness. It is a small rectangular slab of beautiful yellow-jasper, carrying on one side a hollow backed horse, led by a Pharaoh, with the cartouche of Amenophis II.; on the obverse is a bull standing at rest. It is remarkable for being drawn in a delicate but still archaic manner and modelled in a flat shallow method, that contrasts strongly with the deep-cut workmanship and vigorous freedom of the archaic Chaldæan artisan. The drawing is not good enough for a fine period of art, the workmanship too careful for the gnostic age when this yellow jasper was much in vogue, and the cartouche presents an accuracy of type never met with in the later times. One can hardly, therefore, doubt the genuineness of this monument of Egyptian art.* In some of the most ancient

* We desire to express our obligations to Mr. Coxe, lately of the British Museum, now Professor of Sanskrit at Calcutta, for information regarding the inscriptions and dates on many of these cylinders.

* Objections may be raised to the genuineness of this stone on the ground that the Egyptians did not work on hard stones. The answer is that several other such signets are known—one notably in sard, also in the British Museum, of the reign of the same king, and carrying a horse exactly the counterpart of that on this jasper. Egyptian monuments everywhere refute the idea that this people was unable to cut such stones. The yellow jasper may have been chosen as nearest in colour to the usual material for such signets, gold.

cylinders, the deeper grooves seem to run in long sweeping lines, and look rather as if carved out by some sharp instrument than as if scraped out by a hard tool of steel or stone; and it is difficult to inspect some of these deep, long incisions, often narrowing as they shallow, without a belief that they were the work of a wheel-like tool—for it must be borne in mind that these jaspers and chalcedonies are far harder than any steel even of modern tempering.

When we come to the second archaic period—that, namely, when Babylon became the seat of the primitive Chaldæan or archaic Babylonian empire—the chief difference to be observed in the cylinders consists in the material being for the most part hæmatite: a pure oxide of iron, somewhat softer than the jaspers, and capable of taking a fine metallic polish. It is during the later part of these sixteenth and seventeenth centuries B.C., viz. in Khammu Rabi's reign (about 1517?) that these hæmatite cylinders seem most abundant. They are probably the seals of his chief officers. To this period, precise dates in which are not as yet attainable, a beautiful little cylinder of smoky quartz, and another of amethystine quartz, would seem to belong; a pretty onyx, a cornelian, and a few jaspers may also be referred to it. The work on the hæmatites and later cylinders of the period often presents in the grooves a sharp angular section, such as might be cut by a tool (whether curved or straight) the edge of which must have been nearly square, and grooves worked by this tool may be seen running in successive ridges in ornamental parts of the design.

Leaving the history and the arts of Lower Mesopotamia, we leap the long gap in time that separates our second period from that of the great Assyrian empire. There exist, indeed, impressions on brick of a Shalmanassar and Tiglath Pileser I. (names that recur in later history); and they may serve to remind us that it is the monuments of art that are wanting, not that the art itself was in abeyance through these 600 years. We may hope that sites yet unexplored of ancient cities in Mesopotamia will one day yield up their records, and help to complete this great chapter in the history of Asia and of man.

Our third period, which succeeds to this historical gap, reaches from about 940, when Sardanapalus I. was king, and the capital was at Nimroud, down to the destruction of Nineveh, in 625. To this time belong a few pretty flesh-hued cornelians of a very wax-like texture, and in beautiful preservation; one of them is said to carry a date equivalent to 940 B.C. These are found mingled with a few of hæmatite, serpentine, jasper, and other stones; in all, some fifty or sixty cylinders that belong to this great period of the Assyrian empire. About one-half of them would seem to be confined in date to the years between 750 and 700, or rather later. Among these is one of amazon stone—a variety of felspar of a fine bluish-green colour, mottled with white, and described as the signet of Sennacherib, whose name it carries. It is remarkable that in later times the smaragdus, of which the amazon felspar may then have been considered a variety, was the material set apart for royal signets. The whole of these cylinders present purely Assyrian features, such as we see them in the larger monuments exhumed from their fossil state by Mr. Layard. The older ones are the more conventional; the later are the more free in their treatment, and are at once of a finer workmanship and generally on harder stones. The older cylinders of this group also often exhibit a style of ornamentation that recalls to our mind the different milled guilloche, and other varieties of the so-called Etruscan borders on Phœnician, Etruscan, and Early Greek gems. On the other hand, the cylinders of a date subsequent to 700 begin to show the importation of Babylonian ideas.

The Medes and the Babylonians combined to destroy Nineveh in 625 B.C., and Babylon then emerged from her long historical eclipse, to shine as the resplendent capital of a new Assyrian empire. During this our fourth period, extending from the reign of Nebuchadnezzar to the entrance of the Persian in 536, Babylonian imagery is found blended with or superposed on the emblems and art of Assyria. The drapery becomes more elaborately finished; a feathery tiara-formed crown is frequent; while the lotus, the ibex, the sacred tree, the winged Presence—the 'Feroher,' something like that on Egyptian monuments—and a four-winged figure, are among the permanent but as yet uninterpreted or unsatisfactorily interpreted emblems of Assyrian art that retain their places on the cylinders of this Assyro-Babylonian period. The stones of this time are always fine—generally chalcedonies—and often of that beautiful blue variety known by the epithet of sapphirine. Eyed agates and brecciated jaspers are also met with. It may be worth remarking, that the use of a shallow drill seems to have been not uncommon in the hands of the engravers of this Assyro-Babylonian period.

Before leaving the subject of cylinders, we must call attention to the last phase in

which they presented themselves during the fifth, or Persian period. After the conquest of Babylon by Cyrus, this form of signet became less common; but if we may trust to the famous chalcedony with the portrait of Darius Hystaspis in his chariot, it must still have been the symbol and borne the warrants of sovereign authority. In point both of material and of workmanship, these Persian cylinders are the finest, as they are the latest, of this class of gems. Slightly barrelled in form—a peculiarity observable in one or two of the Assyrian period—they are made of beautiful stones, such as rich red sard, onyx, mocha-stone, agates, and jaspers, all selected for the beauty or contrast of their colours. The subjects on these Persian cylinders teem somewhat more with monsters than those of the Assyrian or Assyro-Babylonian periods; and one never-failing characteristic of their style consists in the dresses being looped up, whereas on the cylinders of the previous periods, extending over some 1,500 years, these long garments hang nearly to the feet. A few cylinders of somewhat enigmatical character—one or two probably Median, others of Parthian origin—and again a small number that seem to have been originally Assyro-Babylonian cylinders, on which Himyaritic inscriptions were afterwards engraved in South Arabia, cut on beautiful agates, nearly exhaust this important chapter in the history of gems, and of human art.

But there is still a class of gems that must be included in a survey of the Asiatic signets—that, namely, known by the name of stamps, or stamp seals. These, for the most part (so far as they are at present known), seem to belong to the Assyrian period subsequent to the middle of the eighth pre-Christian century, and previous to the destruction of Nineveh. They do not appear—so far, at least, as examples of them are known—to have been employed in Babylon previous to the Persian conquest; after which, however, in small numbers and in rather more diversified forms, they recur. The Assyrian stamps are usually in conical or conoid forms. The cone is truncated and generally facetted by planes tangent to its conical surface, so as to present a sort of octagonal slightly pyramidal handle for the seal, which was engraved upon its base. Sards, carnelians, agates, and quartz are materials of which these stamps are fashioned, but the favourite stone appears to have been the sapphirine chalcedony. Stamps of this material, of extraordinary beauty, may be seen in the Assyrian Gallery of the British Museum, one or two with a colour and lustre and a translucence that might well delude the eye into the belief that it was looking on a veritable sapphire. Among the more common subjects on these Assyrian stamps are to be seen priests making offerings before altars dedicated to different divinities, probably the 'patron saints' or gods of the owner of the signet. An altar on one of them is surmounted by a dove—possibly an allusion to Semiramis; while on others men wrestle with animals, or men and genii hold up the 'Feroher,' or winged Presence, over the sacred tree, the sun and moon often occurring in the field.

The few Persian stamps are cut on stones fantastic and pretty, of the onyx kind, and exhibit the same class of subjects as those seen on their cylinders, a lion and a man in combat being one of the most frequent on them.

We have dwelt at some length on this important though somewhat obscure period in the history of the engraver's art, partly because it is entirely new, and partly because Mr. King has unaccountably attributed the earliest engraving on hard stone cylinders, crystal, onyx, &c., to the 'engravers of Nineveh shortly before the time of Sargon,' who reigned in 720, just previous to the date of Sennacherib. He quotes the so-called Sennacherib's signet as an illustration of this early work, and he speaks of amazon-stone, of which it is composed, as one of the hardest substances known to the lapidary—unaware, it would seem, that a hard knife will scratch it. We have seen reason for declaring that human art had learnt the mastery over materials far more stubborn than this beautiful felspar at a period in Egypt probably 700 and in Chaldæa not less than one 1,000 years earlier than the date of Sennacherib.

Of Asiatic gems during the Seleucid and the Arsacid periods, subsequent to the conquests of Alexander, we possess but little certain knowledge beyond a few portraits of the Syrian kings in a fine Greek manner; but when under Sassanidæ, the exotic Greek art fostered by the previous dynasties gave way before the encouragement of native arts and the Parthian language, seals and stamps with oriental features again appear. The portraiture that had become a fashion soon after the days of Alexander, by the use of coins carrying a likeness of the head (but rarely, by the way, of the bust) of the sovereign, and repeated, of course, in the imitative art of the gem-engraver, continued in vogue; but the treatment was Asiatic—not very refined in manipulation, though elaborate in details chiefly wrought by the wheel; and the subject, especially where it is a royal head, often carries a circumscription in

Pehlevi characters to which those of Greece had now yielded place.

The stamps of this Sassanian period—which, it is to be remembered, extended from A.D. 226 to A.D. 651—present singular rounded spheroidal forms, frequently pierced as a coarse but small ring. They differ much in shape and ornamentation; are usually cut out of chalcedony, or carnelian, or jasper; and in general the finer—or rather the less coarse—works would seem to belong to the earlier dates, down to about 300 A.D. But the finest relics of this latest phase of Persian art are the regular ring-stones, which notwithstanding their Greek form and origin, the 'Parthian' empire of the Shahpurs and the Chosroës must have consented to receive as an inheritance from the Greek taste of the days of the Arsacidæ. These ring-stones are often beautiful specimens of almandine and other kinds of garnet—of amethyst, lapis-lazuli, nicolo, and all sorts of sard and chalcedony in large and rich variety; and the seals vary in size from the minutest of carbuncles to the famous amethyst signet in the Devonshire Collection, of Bahrám Kermán Sháh, son of Shahpur (or Sapor the Great), which carries that prince's portrait, and a superscription recently read by Mr. E. Thomas.

We may now turn from the cylinders, stamps, and seals of the Asiatic world to the discussion of the beetle-stone, or scarabæus; and to trace its history we must track back against the stream of time up to the early records of another people possessed of associations and arts not less venerable than those of the primitive Chaldæan empire; for the beetle form is met with among some of the oldest of the monuments of Egypt. It is usually carved out of a very soft steatitic or talcose stone, and glazed with a beautiful blue glaze (known to the Greeks as the 'artificial' *κύανος*—a copper compound that formed an article of export to Greece, and of which, indeed, an exported cake was discovered at Camirus, and is now in the British Museum). As an ornament and as a symbol, the scarabæus existed as early and probably far earlier than the reign of Cheops, the founder of the Great Pyramid; for a steatitic beetle-stone of this kind in the British Museum has that sovereign's cartouche on its base, and another has that of a succeeding king. This would give the scarabæus a date of at least 2,300 years before our era—a date as early as that of Urukh in Chaldæa. But that this form of stone was in early times used by the Egyptians as a signet is doubtful, though long afterwards, in the age of the Ptolemies, certain seals still carry the marks of the beetle's feet round their edges, and were evidently impressed by beetle-stones.

The tablet of yellow jasper already alluded to, like a similar one of sard, belongs to the period of Amenophis II., about 1450 B.C.; and another in the British Museum, formed of a beautiful mottled maroon jasper, carries the cartouche of Rameses II., and would have an age, according to the chronology of the Egyptologers, of about 1320 B.C. These tablets would seem to have been true Egyptian signet-stones, for they are pierced by a hole to carry a fastening, in which a gold ring adapted to the size of the thumb was fitted. The Egyptian scarabæus was not, however, confined to small glazed steatitic ornaments; it was fashioned of many materials and of various sizes, from the colossal greenstone monster that now loads the floor of the British Museum, to the elegant green jasper, mounted in a plaque of gold, in the same collection; and numerous scarabæi occur in sard, in lapis-lazuli and amethyst, and, in short, in every material prized by Egyptian taste.

Nor was the scarab form confined to Egypt: it became, for some reason or other, the favourite shape of gem among races that were indebted to that nation for many, at least, of the details of their art. But with the Egyptian, the beetle or 'Kheper'—a word to which the German 'Käfer' and our 'Chafer' are probably allied—was the symbol of a worship; for this insect seems to have been looked on as a type of self-creative Power, and so of the Creator; inasmuch as to it was attributed (of course, erroneously) a faculty of self-reproduction—a sort of parthenogenesis, to use the language of modern physiology.

But for the Semitic races of Lower Egypt—branches of the same family as the Phœnician colonies of Palestine, and various islands and cities on the Mediterranean—the beetle had probably no superstitious significance, and yet both they and the perhaps kindred Etruscan race continually employed it; probably as a habit, acquired during the intercourse of the ingenious trafficking and industrious, but apparently not inventive Phœnician race with the civilisation of Egypt. The dark-green jasper scarabs found in the cemeteries at Tharros, in the island of Sardinia, are many of them undoubtedly Phœnician; and in workmanship, in material, and in subject, a little gem in the British museum, found at Gaza, harmonises with these. This gem is mounted in a gold handle, ornamented with the heads of gazelles, not unlike the mountings of some from Tharros, very Egyptian in their fashion. On the base of this jasper

beetle is a figure of Baal (?) slaying an erect lion, like the subject so frequent on the monuments and on the cylinders and conical stamps of Assyria and of the Perso-Babylonian period. On these enigmatical scarabs, as on the art-monuments of the world-wandering Phœnician race, we continually find Egyptian details mingled with art, mainly Assyrian or Babylonian, in its larger features. Artisans, but not in the highest sense, perhaps, artists, it is not improbable that their hands wrought the fictile vases and bronzes, if not the gems, in ancient use in Mesopotamia and in other parts of the world. Solomon employed a Tyrian, 'cunning to work in gold and silver, brass and iron, in purple, and in crimson, and in blue, and that could skill to engrave gravings with the cunning men that were with him in Judah and Jerusalem, whom David his father did provide.' May not many such Hurams have been known in the halls of Mesopotamian palaces, and were not the works in stone, in metal, in coloured fabrics, and in ivory, that adorned those palaces, made by Phœnician hands, and perhaps imported in Phœnician caravans? Their race had the command of the mines of Cyprus, that supplied the archaic world with copper, even as it would seem by a commerce that reached to India; and Phœnicians in that distant age reaped the golden wealth of the mines on the isle of Thasos and the adjacent Thracian coast.

Many of the copper vessels found in the North-West Palace at Nimroud present a close similarity, if not identity, in fabric and subject with those that have been found among undoubtedly Phœnician monuments in Cyprus and elsewhere, and are considered by Mr. Franks to be monuments of the handicraft and of the commerce of that people. They often, moreover, carry Egyptian symbols and hieroglyphics; but these, like the Cufic letters in some mediæval churches and monuments, are without other meaning than that of an exotic and ungenuine ornamentation. On the other hand, were the men that 'could skill to grave' in hard stones, Phœnicians too?

To this we must reply, that the cylinder form of signet is almost exclusively confined to Mesopotamia, and that the great antiquity of the art embodied in them, and the evident directness of descent of that art from the days of Urukh to those of Darius Hystaspis and Xerxes, alike preclude the idea of its being other than indigenous even on such stones as lapis-lazuli and amazon felspar, which were importations from beyond the confines of the Chaldæan, and probably also of the Assyrian empire.

Indeed, had these cylinders been wrought by Phœnicians, we should probably have found them among the tombs in Phœnician colonies. On the contrary, in the few cases where the gems belonging to this race have been met with, they are not cylindrical, but beetle-formed; while a few cylinders inscribed with Phœnician characters seem to have had these characters cut on them in times long subsequent to the date at which the cylinders themselves were engraved.

How the scarab form came to be domiciled among the Etruscans is at present a mystery as dark as the origin of that people, their religion, and their arts. Like the Phœnician scarabæi, the Etruscan sort differed slightly in shape from the sacred beetle of Egyptian tradition: the favourite materials for the scarab also varied with the national tastes of the people who used them; Phœnician gems being usually composed of a dark-green chlorite-jasper somewhat similar to the green base of the bloodstone, and (though rarely) also of a dark liver-brown jasper, while the Etruscan scarab was usually cut out of various kinds of carnelian and sard, and often also of veined and banded agates. Specimens also exist cut from amethyst, garnet, green chalcedony, and even emerald.

The 'Etruscan border,' to which allusion has just been made, was so called from the belief formerly held, that it was the characteristic mark of Etruscan work. It consists of an ornamental fringe or cordon engraved round the base of the beetle-stone, close to its edge, and forming a little frame within which the engraver usually confined his design. On one gem the border is 'granulated,' and looks like a string of beads; on another—as the 'milled' border—it consists of a sort of little ladder-like succession of cross-bars, uniting (generally at right angles; sometimes, however, obliquely) two parallel lines that girdle the face of the gem; while the 'guilloche,' again, is the most complex border of all, representing two wires loosely twisted. It is formed by a succession of *S*-shaped lines, in place of the straight cross-bars of the 'milled' border, and these are so neatly and regularly blent with the continuous lines that bound them, as to give to the whole the appearance of a delicate twist or plait. In all cases, save those of the poorest work, the finish of this little frame-work is most carefully elaborated, and the degree of elaboration is usually in some

proportion to the beauty of the stone and finish, as well of the scarab as of the design it carries.

After examining these borders under the microscope, and especially the more careless ones, in which the artist was more liable to betray something of his method, one finds it difficult to believe that they were not the work of a revolving tool of the nature of, if not actually, a wheel.

That the scarab form ever became domiciled in Greece proper, or even in the more thoroughly Greek parts of Italy, is very questionable indeed, notwithstanding that a few such gems have been found in Ægina and in Greece. Gems certainly are not rare on stones of a scaraboid form; that is to say, on stones—usually chalcedony, lapis-lazuli, or amethyst—cut so as to have the general outline but none of the details of elytra, head, or feet of the beetle; and such stones, even of considerable size, are not unfrequently met with on sites as Greek as the work upon the gems themselves. But they are rarely, if ever, archaic; on the contrary, they often carry work of the best period of art. The chalcedony with a noble Victory arranging a Trophy, recently purchased by the British Museum from Signor Castellani, said to have been found in Sicily, and realising the description by Suetonius of the signet of Galba—'Sculptura gemmæ Victoriam cum tropæo exprimens;' a fine lapis-lazuli Aphrodite 'anadyomene,' dug out at Athens, and belonging to Mr. Rhodes; the unique gem, a chalcedony with the signature of Dexamenos, found at Kertch, and now in the Hermitage, with other scaraboid gems exhumed at the same place, are among those that may be cited as grand examples of Greek engraving on stones cut into this form. Similarly formed stones are frequent with what appears to be Persian work on them; indeed, the form appears to be one fostered rather by Asiatic than by Greek tastes.

The presence of a very fine Greek work within an 'Etruscan border,' upon ring-stones, finds its explanation in the probable supposition that the Greek, if he had ever borrowed the scarab form, soon discarded the beetle for the plain signet-stone calculated for mounting in that essentially Greek kind of signet, the finger-ring, whether the stone were sawn from a scarab or specially cut for the purpose. The scarab border, however, was for some time retained—more particularly in Italian-Greece—but that, too, was discarded when Greek art threw off all the other trammels of its archaic phase.

To distinguish Etruscan from other gems, though a task not exempt from the confusion introduced by forged imitations, is usually one of the least difficult presented by a collection. But to trace the connexion of Etruscan art with the early art of the Greek colonies of Italy; to seek an explanation of the use of the scarab-stone as a national custom; or to endeavour to unravel the threads, whether of ethnological relationship or of geographical accident, that had interwoven the myths and religion of Greeks with the worship of gods and an angelology possibly Semitic, but certainly of a type Greece did not know—these are tasks which the best archæologists have approached with modesty, and allowed to belong almost wholly to the regions of conjecture. That the Etruscan was personally indolent and voluptuous—'pinguis Tyrrhenus,' as we see him in his sepulchral effigies from Vulci and Tarquinii—is certain. That he gratified luxurious tastes, more particularly in the details of personal ornament, we find confirmed by the beautiful gold and gem-studded relics left in Etruscan tombs. That Etruria had arts of her own seems also evident, whether the artists and artisans who laboured on them were of native race, or Greeks working under Etruscan influences, or were both. That these arts extended beyond the confines of the Etrurian states also, there is some evidence to prove.

The so-called Etruscan fictile vases—the vases really of the whole Greek world—are indeed Greek, not Etruscan; the true fictile work of Etruria, so far as we at present know it, was to the last degree rude. And yet passages are not wanting in ancient writings to tempt us to give to this nation something of the place in the Greek and Roman worlds which we have just been assigning to the Phœnician in regard to the metallic utensils and smaller ornaments of Mesopotamia.

The 'Tyrrhena sigilla' of Horace would seem to allude to little statuettes after the Etruscan taste, and which, therefore, must have had artistic claims sufficient to fascinate and to satisfy the fastidious Roman. But Athenæus quotes Critias as averring that 'Etruria bore off the palm for gold-wrought bowls, and for all the bronze in use for economic purposes,' even in Athens herself, that 'nurse of arts and eye of Greece.' Indeed, the mines of Campania were celebrated for their copper produce from those days of old when, according to the tradition recounted by Pliny, the mythic Numa instituted a guild of brassfounders—the early days of an era during which a native Etruscan art had flourished that was well-nigh extinct in Rome when Pliny wrote.

It would probably be easy to exaggerate this Etruscan commerce. The Etruscans, however, were rich, and wealth indicates at least an industry and a commerce of some kind. It does not, however, follow that the artisans who developed that industry were Etruscan, though the maritime character of the people in early times is eminently in favour of their commerce having been so. The Greek lived near, and was of a versatile and enterprising nature; and it is not impossible that a class of artisan Greeks may have early settled in the land and become Etruscan in all but their religion, their mythology, and their arts, and these they may have engrafted on what they found in the Tuscan cities. Still, Etrurian art and religion never became wholly Greek. The one retained its style; the other, some at least of its characteristic forms and elaborate ceremonial, together with the names of certain of its divinities.

Thus the art of Etruria never quite loses a native quaintness; for we find stiff and serio-comic attitudes as well on the wall-paintings of late tombs as on the rudest types of early gems. The roughness of outline, the exaggeration in anatomy, the disproportion and incompleteness, or rather unrefined completion of delicate details, such as in the terminations of a figure, are other characters that it never quite shook off.

So, again, while the whole system of Greek mythology and tradition became naturalised in the Tuscan's household, it failed in entirely Hellenising his religion. The winged form of divinities—so rare in Greek art—was their habitual though not universal guise with the Etruscan; so that on two scarabs at Berlin and in the British Museum, Jove, with the thunderbolt hurled from his hand, stands as a figure with vast wings over the object of his vengeance—a woman's form, called by the gem interpreters Semele. On other scarabs we see winged figures, silent monuments of a religion that is as lost to us as the language of the people who worshipped under it. And then, again, on how many gems as undoubtedly Etruscan, do we see the heroes of Hellenic myth represented on the little arena of the stone striving or acting there the oft-told deeds of Grecian story! An Italian cycle of myth collected, indeed, round Hercules; but Theseus, Œdipus, Philoctetes, the thunder-blasted Capaneus, Othryades, Perseus, Ajax, Achilles—these are chiefly heroes of the Theban and Iliad cycles; Greek of the Greek, whence should they get any hereditary claim to an Etruscan domicile? Yet are they the subjects of the majority of Etruscan gems; and the gem-engraver, as if to tell the story of his work to a half-foreign people who might else mistake it, has on many of the finest of these gems inscribed the names of the heroes he represents on them—names that are nearly always corrupted forms of the Greek, except where, in the case of divinities, native titles have been applied to such Greek deities as the Etruscan had adopted as the representations or counterparts of his own. In the famous gem at Berlin, found at Perugia, five of the seven heroes against Thebes are depicted in a carefully-finished but archaic guise, with the name of each inscribed by his side. That this feature is not confined to gems is shown by the beautiful mirrors from Etrurian tombs. In one of these, not the least valuable of the many splendid additions recently made to Mr. Newton's department at the British Museum, Menelaus and Helen are represented in an art exquisitely Greek in style but with names inscribed in Etruscan characters.

But whatever may be the true solution of the problems involved in the relations of Etruscan art and religion to the mythology and arts of Greece, and however profound the influence of Greek thought and technical method may have been on the artists who engraved the Tuscan gems and mirror-cases, it is certain that the engravers of Etruria worked in a style that retained its distinctive features, notwithstanding the near neighbourhood of the Greek artist of Southern Italy. At one time resembling the Greek art in its archaic phase, Etruscan gem-engraving seems to have retained its characteristics with but slight alteration, while the arts of Magna Græcia were being developed into noble beauty. It is as though the Etruscan had been cut off from the fountain-head of artistic nourishment, and retained in almost a stereotyped form the arts he had at some earlier time drawn from that living source.

Still it is probable that, if we could assign their dates to the Etruscan gems in our collections, we should be able to prove that the art embodied in them had not been entirely stationary. For we believe these gems may be classed into two or three broad divisions. First, there are figures, generally of animals or armed men, unparalleled in rudeness by any known to Greek art. Formed of hollows sunk by an obtuse rotatory tool into the stone, they vary in crudeness of workmanship and rudeness of design from the coarsest attempts at an animal shape, to a class of work in which the engraving begins to take the form of art. This latter sort of gem is often carefully drawn, much as if it had been done by the hand of a vase-painter; and the interior is

merely ground out by a drill, so as to represent the design somewhat with that kind of 'flat-tint' effect which characterises the vase-painter's art, and with very little attempt at rendering any of the inner markings of the anatomy. Besides animals and warriors, one sees satyrs and a few heroic and mythological subjects on such gems as these. The best of them may perhaps be compared to the rude attempts at animal representation on the most archaic bas-reliefs and fictile vases of Greece, the Archipelago, and Asia Minor. The next stage in excellence would be that wherein the inner anatomical markings are given with distinctness. This style represents the nearest approach that the Etruscan ever made to the Greek gem-engraving, as the works in it are often very similar to those archaic works which in Greece proper we should assign to an age of at least 500 B.C., while in Italian-Greece we might assume for them a somewhat later date. To this style of Etruscan gem, that probably retained its type for several generations, we should refer such scarabs as the 'Five against Thebes' at Berlin, the 'Ajax carrying Achilles' at St. Petersburg, and even the 'Perseus' at Berlin, and a similar gem in Mr. Bale's collection; indeed, a large proportion of the finest specimens of beetle-stones in the collections of Europe belong to this class. The sort of solemn grotesqueness so general in Etruscan art rises in these gems to its height. The area within the Etruscan border is usually overcrowded, by the figures labouring, as it were, to find room within it; but what distinguishes them particularly from the Greek works of the archaic style is the incompleteness of proportion and finish in the extremities, and an exaggeration in the delineament of the excellent but overwrought anatomy of the figures—a peculiarity which we have seen also to characterise the art of Mesopotamia.

But there is a class of Etruscan gems between which and the last no sharp line can indeed be drawn, though the more characteristic examples in either class are readily distinguished from those of the other. Here the area of the gem is no longer crowded; there is something like a margin between the figure—usually a single one—and the 'Etruscan border.' The grotesque element seems to be yielding place to solemnity of treatment; and if the drawing still wants the freedom and justness of proportion of the Greek, the technical process has been very carefully carried out, though with Etruscan incompleteness and the habitual rigidity of manner.

In entering on the somewhat bold endeavour of assigning some date to such gems as these, we may observe that their design is often eminently pictorial; and in this respect they have much in common with some of the Roman consular coins of finer fabric. The Aurora leading out the Horses of the Sun, with the name of the moneyer Plautius Plancus, 47 B.C., is an instance in point. In subject, these gems now and then agree with such coins. An instance of this presents itself in a fine gem formerly in the possession of the Marquis de Dree, and lately in the collection of the Rev. G. Rhodes, but now one of that gentleman's liberal gifts from his collection to his friends. It is a rich banded sard agate, with a representation of Ulysses leaning on his staff, recognised and greeted by his faithful Argus. The subject might have been taken from a bas-relief, or a fresco; hardly from a statue. But besides a smaller gem, with a similar treatment of the subject in the Etruscan manner, in the Hertz Collection, and besides a gem in the Berlin Museum, on a convex cornelian, in which the same subject occurs in an admirable Italo-Greek style, we have a consular coin of the date of 671 A.U.C., or 83 B.C., coined by the moneyer C. Manilius Limetanus, so like in its drawing, in its Etruscan style, and in the proportions of the figures, to Mr. Rhodes' Etruscan gem, that no one can doubt some well-known painting or bas-relief to have formed the original of them all. It is hard to believe that any very wide distance in time separated the period when this coin and that Etruscan gem were produced.

Among the finer examples of the highest Etruscan school must be placed the famous Theseus at St. Petersburg, once in the Orleans Collection, with the name inscribed on it in clear but rather Roman-shaped Etruscan characters: OESE (Whese). It is a sitting beardless figure, the head leaning on the hand, in such an attitude of solemn grief as might befit a mourner in Hades—

> 'Sedet æternumque sedebit
> Infelix Theseus.'

The figure spontaneously suggests the line; nay, one can hardly forbear the thought that Virgil and the gem-engraver had looked upon and had drawn their pictures from one original.

A gem in the British Museum is singularly similar in treatment to this Theseus. It is a seated bearded figure in the act of adjusting an arm to a skeleton. Behind it in clear microscopic Etruscan characters, is a name that would read as *Pigitu*; possibly Pigmalion—or, it may be, Prome-

theus forming man. The work is even finer and more delicate than the Theseus; the dress, even the ornament on it, the chair, and the position of the feet, all are the same in both. Another noble gem of this class is the Tydeus, lettered *Tute* in the Berlin Collection—a lithe and sinewy form, using the strigil—and many others might be quoted from famous collections.

Is it rash to hazard a conjecture regarding the date of these finer Etruscan gems, and to assign them to a period that ranged from some 200 B.C. down to the influx into Rome of Greek artists at the beginning of the Empire? The speculative data on which this view is founded would give the Etruscan artist a home in Rome itself; even, perhaps, side by side with Italo-Greek artists during the later period. But why should not an art, in Rome half native because Etruscan, have lived on independently of the imported arts of Greece, even as we know the Etruscan language to have lived in the heart of the Eternal City down into her most splendid imperial age?

From the discussion of the scarab form of gem, we may pass on to consider the work embodied on stones habitually set in finger-rings—the form of gem habitually adopted by Greek and Roman civilisation. In archaic times these gems, often enclosed in the 'Etruscan border,' were carefully elaborated but stiffly drawn, and worked in the very shallow manner which characterised so much of the Greek gem-engraving of after-times, especially in Greek proper and the Levant. The Italo-Greek artists, on the other hand, gradually acquired great boldness in their execution, and in their finest and latest works plunged more deeply into the stone than was habitual with the engravers of Eastern Hellas. Still, gems of deep execution and of the finest workmanship have been found from Kertch to Athens, in Grecian cities that had little or no contact with the Italo-Greeks, and certainly did not learn their arts from them. The Etruscan gem, in its bold treatment of muscular prominences, exhibits incisions, never indeed very deep, but generally abrupt in their descent, and frequently steep, even close to the outline of the figure. In this they present a contrast with the more modulated surface of true Greek work, which, even in gems of the boldest relief, seems as carefully modelled close to the outline as on the middle of the design.

Of Greek work itself we may affirm that it was characterised by an artistic supremacy by which in its higher examples it may be everywhere recognised. A fine ease and dignity in the drawing, delicate and modulated treatment of surface, a crispness of touch in the lines of the diamond point that give lightness and elasticity to the hair, and a distribution of sentiment over the whole subject, are among these characteristics. Then, again, the sort of jealousy the antique artist felt lest his work should fail to fill the space allotted to it, and yet not to crowd that space to overflowing, but to occupy it completely, in a way which could not be defined by a rule, but was fulfilled by his taste, and entirely satisfies the eye,—this was characteristic of the whole art of antiquity, but rose into a noble harmony in Greek art. It is the charm of a Greek vase, a Greek gem, a bas-relief. The highest perfection in this just apportionment of space to design belonged to an age that had succeeded to one in which figures were closely, but still with a curious flexibility of art, compressed into a small gem-stone, as if the artist wished no space to be left uncovered by his design; and it preceded by long centuries that vanity of paper margins bordering closely-filled sheets of India-proof, the influence of which is felt in the finest works of the last three centuries: an age of art, that dealt in simple stately figures or groups, to which the artist sought to give all the dignity in his power, certainly not to take away such dignity as belongs to a figure filling, so to speak, its little world, and all the more of consequence when that little world is girdled by the tiny circle of a finger-ring.

Such are some of the chief characteristics of Greek work; but would anyone see more nearly in what the Greek supremacy consisted, let him hold to the light a ring set with one of those golden sards on which the Greek engraver loved to work—then let him with a lens look through the translucent stone and trace the delicately drawn outline of the design, just sunk as a depression, more or less shallow, below the level of the surface. That design at once starts into the proportions of life-sized bas-relief. Locks of hair fall elastically and freely; there is a flesh-like texture and thoughtful modelling on the forehead and cheek; while the mouth, that seat of passion and feeling, is—like the browless eye—somewhat overcharged with its burden of pride or passion, of joyousness or melancholy; as though with the intent that the tiny actor on that little stage may speak the louder to the ear, and make his gesture the more visible to the eye of one gazing into his microcosm.

Any one who will do this may learn how fraught with meaning is the phrase 'beautiful as a Greek gem;' for it is beautiful with such beauty as makes the fragments of the

Parthenon transcend all sculpture—that gives to those little bronze heroic groups found in the bed of the Siris, a prerogative to challenge all works in bronze for all time; such beauty as only Greeks have imagined, and none but Greeks have in their works achieved.

In the Marlborough Collection is a fine pale sard, of great size for a Greek intaglio; it has been repolished by some previous owner, who thought more of the lustre of its material than of the work it carried. Hermes is crossing the field of the gem, but, arrested by the power of music, he pauses in his advance. His cloak, the chlamys—for he is the type of the athletic youth of Athens—falls from his shoulders, and the wide picturesque hat of the Ephebi, the petasus, rests upon it. His ankles bear the talaria, and his left arm carries the lyre, from which the right hand is calling out the strains, to which he bends his ear in rapture. A graceful but manly figure, 'he walks a god,'—the god of rascals it may be, but a god of music too, and, as the Greeks always represented him, in air at least, every inch a gentleman. This is just one of those gems that does not give any very definite clue to its period by the particular action or attributes of the god represented on it. The skilled archæologist may often apply the touchstone of his experience in small details, and by a sort of mechanical method bring to light some anachronism in a garment, or in the form of an attribute, that shall betray the hand of a cinque-cento or even an eighteenth-century imitator, or may shift the date of a gem from Alexander to Hadrian.

But archæological criticism will here seek in vain to plume a shaft from the wing of its prey, for the mechanical treatment of the work, the style and exquisite drawing, may safely be our guides, and these in this Marlborough Hermes are far too simple even for an artist of Magna-Græcia, much more for one of the Græco-Roman period. The features have the character of the Hermes heads on the exquisite Cyzicene electrum coins, and the whole figure, in its beautiful but living repose, breathes the free air of the early prime of Grecian art. Notwithstanding a certain depth in the technical treatment, its date can hardly be much later than the half century after Phidias. On the other hand, some one may ask why this Hermes should not with equal probability be assigned to the eighteenth century. Fortunately, an answer is at hand; for this grand gem is one of those belonging to the Arundel division of the Blenheim Collection. But, as if to show the point of such a question, there exists also in the Blenheim Collection a copy on amethyst of this noble Hermes, made during the last century, most likely by the masterly hand of Natter—a copy so perfect that, but for the stone and a certain fresh look of polish, one might have hesitated as to its date. But between the first and the eighteenth centuries one might safely affirm neither the gem nor its modern counterpart to have been cut; even in the last century such a work could have been done only as a slavish copy from so transcendent an original.

A discussion on the various schools of Greek art would be out of place in an article on gems; on the other hand, it is essential that we should try to indicate the broader features which distinguish the gem engraving of the Greek from that of the Græco-Roman and Roman artists. But in discussing this subject, we have to bear in mind that this use of these very terms Greek and Græco-Roman implies a community in source, in feeling, and in process of execution for all these works; in other words, Græco-Roman art is Greek art modified by the requirements of Roman fashion and habits—and we must be prepared to find that the line of demarcation, especially in the early imperial time, cannot be abruptly drawn. Of the Greek gem enough has been said to describe its more important features, whether in the Greece of Italy or the Greece of the Levant. As regards the influences in Rome herself that guided fashion and impressed a peculiar character on Roman gems, we may suppose that Greek artists found themselves working in an atmosphere already charged with the traditionary sentiments of a quasi native art—it may be Etruscan in source—but of which we now know almost nothing, though we may think we see the indications of its presence in the consular coins current in Rome in the century that preceded the Empire.

The characteristics of Greek and Græco-Roman gems may be divided into those of subjects, of manner, and of material.

With regard to the first—namely, the subjects depicted on these gems—we may quote from Mr. King some excellent observations bearing on the grand simplicity that characterised all Greek design:—

'All truly antique designs are marked by their extreme simplicity. Rarely does the composition include more than two figures; or, if others are introduced, they are treated as mere accessories, and only indicated by an outline. To this branch of art Horace's maxim can be strictly applied with but slight alteration—

"Nec quarta loqui persona laboret."

Except in the archaic work of the Greeks and the Græco-Italians, who preferred the representations of violent action of muscular exertions, repose is the characteristic of the productions of matured Hellenic and Italist taste.' (P. 173.)

'Gem-engraving, "Scalptura," being from the first ancillary to sculpture, and ever taking its larger productions for its models—the Etruscan his terra-cotta gods and masks, the Greek his bronze or marble statues—the gem-artist never attempted anything in miniature, the example of which had not previously been placed before his eyes on a larger scale. Another reason this for the simplicity of their compositions. Neither the one nor the other ever thought of representing events of contemporary or of actual history—an observation which applies invariably to Greek, and with the rarest exceptions to Roman works.' (P. 174.)

In fact, as Mr. King says a little further on, 'all truly antique themes are ideas hallowed by long use and reverence, or, so to speak, the "scriptural subjects of the age that embodied them as a gem."'

Hence the Greek and Italo-Greek—the former in a more severe, the latter in a more sensuous style—went for his subjects to the grand Homeric, post-Homeric, and tragic cycles of Hellenic myth. The Olympian gods are among the more ordinary subjects of the simple statuesque gems of Greece herself and the eastern Mediterranean: their retinues more often figure on the gems of Magna Græcia. The themes of love and wine—the Erotic and Dionysiac cycles, especially the latter, with its merry train of Satyrs, nymphs and Mænads, are favourite subjects on the Italo-Greek gems, as are masks, caprices, and some animals, in particular, perhaps as sacred to Proserpine, the swine. To both belong the head of Pallas, cold and severe in intellectual beauty; the Medusa head, in its earlier aspect of the horrid Gorgon, as well as in its later Lysippan phase of deathlike 'rapture of repose;' the veiled Persephone, type of maiden coyness and of Greek virginity; and spirited representations of Victory or of Aurora urging on the divine coursers. Perhaps this distribution may have been rather one of time than place; and we should attribute the more voluptuous designs to a later, the simpler ones to an earlier phase of Greek art as a whole. But having in view the coins of the whole Greek world, and the localities in which particular Greek gems have been found, and peculiarities in the stones that they consist of, we believe the former to be the more correct of two conclusions necessarily drawn from a somewhat incomplete induction.

The Romano-Greek and Roman gem, with so much in common with the Greek, especially in the earlier time of the Empire, yet shows a decided predominance of certain kinds of subject. The portraiture of imperial personages was not new to Greek art, for beautiful heads exist in fine Greek work representing Syrian and Ptolemaic sovereigns. But portraiture took a new development under the 'Cæsars.' Innumerable heads of the earlier, as well as heads with the busts of the later emperors and imperial persons, were wrought during the early and middle Empire. In the first years of the Augustan age, Brutus, Antony, and Cæsar are to be recognised on nobly-cut gems; the two former, for instance, as profiles in fine Greek portraiture in the Marlborough Collection; and Julius in that deeply-cut, gaunt head that frowns, from a sard, with the signature of Dioscourides, in the British Museum. Other subjects were drawn from the hearth and altar of the domestic Romans. Sacrifices and forms of worship; festivals; animals, chiefly as zodiacal or astrological symbols; figures sometimes of the greater gods, with their attributes carefully brought in; also of the minor and tutelary deities; Roma, Victory, Salus, Bonus Eventus, Æsculapius, &c.; the head of Jupiter Serapis, most frequently in front face, and cut in a noble manner; very rarely, too, a subject such as the Horatii, taken from Roman history; these, with caprices of various kinds, form the major part of the best contributions to our collections from the hand of Græco-Roman and Roman gem-engravers. And these contributions to our knowledge help perhaps more to place us 'at home' with the ancient Roman than any other material things he has bequeathed to us. It is from this point of view also, as much as from that of art, that we have to enumerate with actual gems the innumerable glass pastes—contemporary copies in glass of ancient gems which subserved the purposes of the gem to the citizen who was not rich enough to acquire an original.

Passing from subject to manner, it is to be observed that, whereas the Greek technical treatment changed little from the time of Alexander to that of Augustus, and presented features of great similarity at the courts of the kings and princes who divided the eastern world during those three centuries, and drew to them great artists, no sooner had the Greek engraving art become domiciled in Rome by the influx of Greek artists in the early imperial or Augustan age, than it began rapidly to undergo a change. Deeper cutting—bold rather than beautiful effect—a treatment of the hair as though the locks were laid down in solid

waves, no longer grooved out and lined into crisp curls by the so-called diamond point —drapery massed, but generally rather coarse in execution—the features sharp and marked, but lacking the softer modulations wrought by the fine hand of the purely Grecian workman; such were the peculiarities in style that overtook and transformed Græco-Roman art up to the time when it rapidly degenerated into coarse drawing and almost barbarous execution towards the end of the middle Empire. The art underwent a temporary decline in the middle of the first century of our era, but rose again in the reign of Hadrian, and for a short time during the age of the Antonines retained that character for laboured but imperfect execution and florid character in design and in manner to which we have before alluded, and which seems to have been imitated by the cinque-cento artists.

As regards the gem-engraving of Egypt when under Roman sway, it is observable that Romano-Egyptian art generally retained for some time the manner that characterised that which prevailed under the Ptolemaic rule; while the incorporation in both of an Egyptian class of subjects with Greek art of a refined type produced splendid gems of which many a fine illustration might be quoted from among the royal portraits, the numerous representations of Sphinxes, of Serapis and Isis, Harpocrates, and other Græco-Egyptian subjects that are scattered through different collections.

We have sketched the salient features of Greek and Roman gem-engraving, as seen in the subjects chosen for designs, and in the technical treatment of them. The materials that were the fashion with different schools of gem-engravers remain to be considered. Nor is this part of the subject quite independent of those we have just discussed; for the translucency or hardness may have much influence in determining the degree of depth to which the engraver shall cut his design, or the manner in which he may treat it. Thus we can hardly look through one of those pale sards, with a fine and delicate Greek work upon it, without recognising the probability that the artist did not cut his intaglio merely to form an impression on clay or wax, but also with the intent of its conveying something of the effect of a transparency—in short, of a work of art that could be appreciated of itself without the necessity of its being reversed in a cast. The more opaque stones in vogue when jaspers began to be a fashion in Rome, or where the Italo-Greek artist had to work on deep rich sards (the morio of Pliny), or on 'tricoloured' or banded agates, would naturally make the engraver rather look to the impression yielded by a gem than to the effect of the intaglio as seen in the stone itself. Perhaps the deeper relief of the gems cut in Magna Græcia and Sicily and in Rome may be traced to this cause as much as to that more sensuous development of style which makes the great decadrachms of Syracuse a landmark in numismatic art.

We have said that the ruder Etruscan works are generally to be found on cornelians and inferior sards, and on striped stones generally of the agate or jasper kind. In proportion as the work is finer, the material is generally more beautiful. The varieties of chalcedony that are met with as the materials of scarabæi would form a small mineralogical collection in themselves; indeed, almost every character this Protean mineral assumes may be illustrated in gems of this form. Garnets also, chiefly of the almandine kind, amethysts, even emerald and green turquoise, are among the rare and exotic materials that were employed occasionally by the artists who engraved them.

Those gems of the scarab class which we have assumed to be of the latest workmanship, and for which we have even suggested an Etrusco-Roman origin—rather stiff, though not archaic in their style; carefully rather than correctly finished, and that with much use of the splinter; abruptly, though never at all deeply, incised; and for the most part representing deities or the heroes of Greek tragedy, in dramatic attitudes—are generally engraved on bright sards or on splendid banded stones, which are, in fact, the sardonyx cut athwart instead of parallel with its layers of white chalcedony and deep-hued sard. It is remarkable, as bearing on the question of their contemporary date, that on stones quite similar to these, and with subjects closely resembling them, we often find Italo-Greek work; and such rich sards and 'tricoloured agates' are then usually in the form of an elongated ellipse with a flat surface.

Besides the pale sard on which we have said that the finest Greek work was generally wrought, we meet with the blood-red sard and the brown sard occasionally so adorned. The beryl is rarer, and a pale prase (*ὄμφαξ*?) is among the rarest of the materials in use with the artist of Hellas proper. No gem, we believe, of Greek type is known on the green jasper, and indeed very few such occur on any of the three coloured varieties of that mineral. The elaborately helmeted but noble head of Minerva at Vienna, signed ΑCΠΑCΙΟΥ, on

a red jasper, can hardly belong to an earlier age than the close of the Augustan time. Greek work occasionally occurs on lapis-lazuli, and on amethyst, and with Egyptian subjects also on emerald; while horny and sapphirine chalcedonies, especially of the scaraboid form, have already been cited as having been found in Kertch and in Sicily: the one with the purest Greek workmanship, the other with the rich and flowing and somewhat deeper work of the Sicilian Greek. There occur also what are usually called hyacinths, really hyacinthine garnets, and occasionally an almandine garnet may be seen charged with a message to our eyes from the veritable Greek engraver: but the work on it is seldom fine.

No doubt, most of these stones were only employed in the later years of true Greek art—at least the sard was the favourite in earlier times, and presented great recommendations, as well from its beautiful texture and softness under the engraving instruments, compared with most of the stones enumerated, as because wax does not adhere to it as it does to the garnets and several other stones. Furthermore, the sard was just sufficiently translucent to show the work on it in the greatest perfection when viewed as a transparency.

When we follow the course of the gem-engraver's art to the threshold of the Roman empire, we find the artists of the Græco-Roman school at first working on sards, amethysts, and occasionally on peridot—the topazius of Pliny—and a few other beautiful transparent stones: after a while, these begin to give place to red jaspers, and to plasmas, often of extraordinary richness and beauty. The nicolo (an onyx with a dark underlayer, and an upper bluish-white layer, ground to the thinnest film) also became fashionable early in this period, and maintained its ground by the side of the onyxes and sardonyxes that the growing taste for cameos brought more and more into fashion.

Garnets were now abundant, and the sapphire, even the ruby, were occasionally engraved down to at least the age of Caracalla, while the beryl was throughout the imperial time a favourite stone. The universal mediocrity of the workmanship where plasma and heliotrope and bloodstone are the materials of an ancient gem, may be traced to their coming about this time into vogue; while the different jaspers of other striking but often beautiful colours will be found usually to carry only the most wretched products of the engraver's wheel. At times the designs on the finer plasmas and on some jaspers are admirable in drawing, but rough and poor in execution; but more usually the design and workmanship on all these stones bespeak an art sinking fast into decrepitude.

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ART. IX.—1. *Preussen als Militärstaat; eine historische Skizze.* Vienna: 1866.
2. *Der einjährige Freiwillige im Preussischen Heere.* Berlin: 1862.
3. *Allerhöchste Verordnungen über die grösseren Truppenübungen.* Berlin: 1861.
4. *A Military Memorial*, translated from the German of Prince FREDERIC CHARLES. London: 1866.
5. *Military Correspondence of the Times during the late Campaign.* London: 1866.

'THE peace awakens universal joy. For my own part, being but a poor old man, I return to a city where I now know nothing but the walls; where I cannot find again the friends I once had; where unmeasured toil awaits me; and where I must soon lay me down to rest in that place in which there is no more unquiet, nor war, nor misery, nor man's deceit.' Thus wrote, more than a century since, a saddened philosopher-king, wearied, as he would have the world believe, of all earthly greatness and success; and if these reflections run too closely in the vein of the wise monarch of Israel, to give their author claim to originality, it must be admitted that Frederic the Great had as good reason as any one in Prussia for feeling worn out at the close of the Seven Years' War, having spared his own person as little as his suffering country. The banded powers of half Europe had not indeed sufficed to tear from him any part of his dominions, or abated a jot of his pretensions, but the realm he ruled had paid dearly for his resolution. 'The nobility,' he tells us, 'is in the last stage of exhaustion; the poor man is ruined; countless villages are burnt; many towns destroyed . . . Prussia is like a man covered with wounds, who, weakened by severe loss of blood, is on the point of succumbing to the excess of his sufferings.' Yet Prussia he had not allowed to rest until the objects of the war were fully attained. Wearied out by her lengthened and gallant resistance, the enemies who had leagued to reduce her limits to the original marquisate from which she sprang, had one by one withdrawn from the strife. Last of all, even the bold Empress-Queen, who had entered on the contest determined not only to recover the

province of Silesia, stolen by Frederic in the hour of Austria's weakness, but also to punish him for his personal share in opposing her imperial claims, had reluctantly resigned these objects to his fortitude, and left the real triumph of the war on the side of his exhausted but unyielding kingdom. Prussia was now the avowed rival and equal of Austria. Henceforth was established that extraordinary dualism in the government of Germany which has so powerfully influenced the politics of Europe for the past century, and ended only in thrusting out of the empire the house which had presided over it for six hundred years, after a struggle of such dimensions as the world never witnessed save when all Europe armed to overthrow Napoleon.

The policy of aggrandisement by force or fraud which Frederic the Great had worked out in his seizure of Silesia was nothing new or original in the history of the state he ruled. The whole growth of Prussia from the rank of a petty border state of the Empire to the strong and independent kingdom which he handed his successor, is founded on the tradition of claim followed by conquest. It would seem as though from the time when the Elector of Brandenburg, at the beginning of the seventeenth century, found his hereditary dominions strengthened by the addition of the dukedom of Prussia—an unimportant territory then in European view—the process began to which the treaty of Nicolsburg, two hundred and fifty years later, gives the crowning triumph.

There is a theory favoured by many historians that the progress of empires and their decay can be little affected by the force of individual character. It may be true that revolutions are produced by an aggregate of circumstances independently of the men who take foremost place in them; but it is surely more certain that a persistent family purpose handed down from father to son in a reigning house, through ages in which the sovereign has almost absolute sovereignty, may so tone the policy of a state as to influence its own fortunes and that of all its neighbours. Why did the people of Northern Germany long since fix on Prussia as the Power round which to hang for safety, when intrigues threatened from within or an invasion from without? This land which, when first the Hohenzollern ruled it, was far more a Sclavish country occupied by a garrison of Teuton colonists than a truly German realm; why did it gradually become the rallying point for those who believed in the coming unity of the Fatherland? Why but that in the unchangeable purpose shown by the rulers of Prussia from the time of the Great Elector to advance the bounds of their dominion, and in their earnest attention to the material welfare of their subjects, there was foreshadowed the rise of a kingdom having within it the seeds of such growth and advancement as should place those it embraced in the security which the elements of the dissolving Reich had altogether lost. The Thirty Years' War and its attendant calamities had, indeed, at the cost of terrible sacrifice, given freedom to religious opinion; but the smaller states of the Empire had been so enfeebled by it that their lands were offered a helpless prey to foreign invasion, or to the newer civil dissensions which arose in the various Wars of Succession. French armies laid the Palatinate waste by royal decree; English generals fed their mixed levies from the fertile plains of Bavaria; Austria again and again made the western circles of the Empire the battle-ground of her pretensions; whilst the petty princes who had nominal sway within their borders could save their subjects neither by neutrality, nor by bringing their tiny contingents to join one of the contending forces. In the sufferings endured through these days, and in those which weighed more heavily still upon the minor principalities in the era of Napoleon, may be found the roots of that wish for a stronger nationality, and of the respect for Prussia as its only real representative, which have long been, in one shape or another, growing up in the German mind.

The Great Elector, Frederic William, is undoubtedly to be regarded as the real founder of the present grandeur of his successors. Under his able but despotic rule (1640 to 1688) the whole force of Brandenburg and Prussia, now welded into one power, and much enlarged by the treaty of Westphalia, was directed to the enforcing the acknowledgment of the independence of the latter dukedom, originally held separately as a fief from Poland. His success in this was soon followed by claims on Juliers, Cleves, and Berg, skilfully urged, and boldly supported by the sword; and the limits of the dominions handed his son were thus extended from the Oder to the Rhine. Lower Pomerania had been among the additions gained in the great European settlement above mentioned; and Frederic William used the opening thus obtained to the Baltic to lay the foundation of the navy which Prussia's statesmen even thus early regarded as a necessity to her claim of a distinguished place among the Great European Powers. The same policy, doubtless, rather than a

love for Austria or hatred of the Turk, led to his sending a contingent to the relief of Vienna when threatened by the Sultan in 1683.

Under his successor, grandfather of the Great Frederic and first king, the land, although ruled on despotic principles where the monarch was personally concerned, enjoyed a degree of municipal freedom favourable to the growth of the sturdy German element which was already swallowing up the traces of Sclavonic rule. His troops were in constant service as allies of Austria in her Turkish and French wars; and various small principalities, obtained as reward or purchased, swelled his now extensive though scattered dominions. The resources he left to his son, in 1713, while receiving no further additions inland, were strengthened by the care with which the new king, more than any other of this military family, bestowed on the *personnel* of his regiments, and on accumulating treasure to support the war which for his day was deferred, though his chief business seemed the preparing for it. Indulging freely his singular passion for filling his regiments with the largest soldiers in the world, the administration of Frederic William I. was in all else economical to parsimony; and without straining the resources of his five millions of subjects, he left his son, the Great Frederick, the most efficient army of Europe, to be at once the temptation and the instrument for continuing the family policy. For exercising his tall battalions in petty conquests, he had not the opportunities of his father, the first Frederic; but such gain would have given the kingdom but little new importance as compared with a step which he took in her military organisation, in which we may clearly trace the origin of her present formidable system of recruiting. In 1733, seven years before his death, the whole of his territories were parcelled out by decree into cantons, to each of which was allotted a regiment whose effective strength was to be maintained from its limits; and all subjects, beneath the rank of noble, were held bound to serve if required. With this ready instrument for supplying the losses of a war, and with an army more splendidly equipped and trained than any other of the time, his son (known then as Frederic II.) stepped into the field of European politics.

Exceeding the two former kings as much in the extent of his desires as in the ability for accomplishing them, no petty lordship as that of Neufchatel or Tecklenburg lately added to the Crown would satisfy the new king, whose ambition was favoured by the stormy times in which he came to the throne. The very year in which he ascended it, saw all Germany distracted by the death of the last direct male descendant of the line of Hapsburg; and Austria herself, already weakened by long struggles against the encroachments of the Grand Monarque, and with the rights of her young queen challenged on all sides, seemed a victim ready to be spoiled. That Frederic really believed in his own pretended claims on Silesia, it would be unjust to his clear sense to admit. It is better to say simply, with his latest and grossest panegyrist, that he knew what he wanted and was determined to have it. His first success only whetted the ambition of the young king-general; and Silesia once confirmed to him by treaty, he strove next to extend Prussian rule beyond the newly-gained mountain frontier into the northern district of Bohemia, where his successor's arms have lately won such signal success. Carlyle himself does not attempt to justify the greed which upon frivolous pretext brought him in arms into the coveted land when Austria seemed fully occupied with her Rhenish campaign against France in the year 1744. On this occasion, however, his strength proved unequal to the new task of spoliation. The king was fairly worsted and forced out of Bohemia by Daun and Prince Charles of Lorraine; and although the ready tactics of Hohenfriedberg and Sohr proved his increased dexterity in handling the machine-like army he had trained, he was glad to come soon to terms, and to resign the new attempt at aggrandising Prussia upon condition of her late acquisition being left her.

The ten succeeding years were busily spent in consolidating the scattered dominions he ruled, and in constant preparation for bringing their whole resources to bear on the further struggle which he long foresaw, with its issues all-important to his dynasty. Whatever were the ostensible causes of the Seven Years' War, the real one was, beyond doubt, the resolve of Austria to check at once by arms the formidable growth of this new rival for the dominion of Germany, whose power had already so thriven at her expense. The morality of his enemies was little better, it must be confessed, at this time, than Frederic's own; but in the gallantry of his defence against the coalition which strove to destroy his young kingdom, history is apt to forget or condone the doubtful means by which its power had been built up, and which gave occasion to the deadly hostility of the Empress-Queen. Various were the changes of fortune that befell. For the next six years, as he himself wrote in 1762,

'success alternated from one side to the other.' The glories of Rosbach, Prague, and Leuthen were overshadowed by the disasters of Kollin, Hochkirch, and Kunersdorf. Frederic himself at times seemed to despair of any issue but death for himself and dissolution for his realm. Yet his boldness as a general and readiness as a tactician remained undiminished by defeat, failure, or depression. These qualities, with the excellent training of his troops, his good fortune in possessing the two finest cavalry officers a single army has ever known, and, let us add in justice to our own country, the moral and material support consistently given by our own great war-minister, sufficed to save the struggling kingdom from the ruin that so often, during this tremendous struggle, seemed inevitable. What Prussia suffered whilst it lasted, may be conjectured from the words which we have quoted in the first page of this article from the King's own correspondence. On this subject he, above all men, would be little likely to exaggerate. Yet her position was now assured; and the policy steadily pursued for three successive generations had attained its first end. The principality, raised out of obscurity by the Great Elector, and made a kingdom by his son, was henceforth to hold a solid position as one of the first powers of Europe, and the admitted rival of Austria for the leadership of Germany. Her land had indeed a long rest after the great strife for existence; but Frederic, whilst watching diligently over its internal improvement, took care to insure the independent position of his kingdom by refilling as soon as possible the gaps in his army. The standing forces which he maintained and handed over to his successor were little less than those which Prussia, with more than three times the resources, kept in pay before the late war; and the greatness of the burden thus imposed is better understood when it is known that the 3 per cent. of the population which under Frederic were actively kept in arms, supply under the present system the whole peace army, its additions for the field, the Landwehr of the first call, and most of those of the second—a class but rarely embodied.

On Frederic's share in the first partition of Poland it is unnecessary here to enlarge. The number and efficiency of his battalions, with his own well-won reputation as a general, made his co-operation necessary to the chief spoiler of the unhappy kingdom, and procured Prussia the addition of two considerable provinces; whilst their safe custody against Pole or Russian formed the best reason which could be assigned for the constant maintenance of the overgrown military establishment in which her king delighted. Yet in the eastward extension of her limits Frederic never lost sight of his older objects, the advancement of her influence in Germany, and the humbling of her rival, Austria. That neither the frontier limits of the latter, nor her authority, should be extended within the Empire, were cardinal points of his policy from the time that he had forced her before all the world to surrender Silesia to his claims; and when, in advanced years, he took arms for the fourth time against her, he found opportunity not only to assert these principles, but to appear as the champion of the rights of the lesser states, threatened by the son of Maria Theresa in the matter of the Bavarian succession.

The death of the Elector Charles Theodore in 1777, without direct heirs, produced a complication of claims upon various parts of his domains, such as even the German Empire had rarely witnessed. The Elector Palatine was at first recognised as his successor; but his pretensions were disputed by Saxony, Mecklenburg, certain minor princes, and finally by Austria herself, whose Emperor, being collaterally connected with the deceased prince, prepared (at the instigation of his mother or his famous minister Kaunitz) to enfore by arms the rights he asserted. Frederic, either unwilling from growing infirmity to enter into a new war, or seeking to preserve to his side the appearance of moderation, engaged through the summer in negotiations; but not the less diligently did he prepare for the hostilities, which in July he suddenly commenced on its becoming apparent that Austria would yield to nothing else.

The campaign which ensued deserves notice on two grounds: its marked difference of character from the somewhat reckless strategy for which Frederic had been famed; and the striking parallel which its opening affords to that of the war of this year; for its scene lay on the very ground where Benedek was called to oppose the recent invasion of Bohemia. In 1778, Frederic entered that country suddenly by the same means as his descendants eighty-eight years later. Like them he had an army too large for a single movement over roads so difficult as those of the Giant Mountains. His commissariat was, for that age, a masterpiece of organisation; yet he could not safely entrust to it, even though starting from provinces blessed with fifteen years of peace and plenty, the supply of 200,000 men from a single base. For this reason, more than

for the purpose of defence, he had distributed half his troops, previous to the rupture with Austria, on the Silesian side of Bohemia, and half in Saxony, whose Elector was now his natural ally. One army of 100,000 men, formidable for the vigour and size no less conspicuous then than now in the peasantry of Bradenburg and Pomerania; more formidable still in their perfect discipline and the reputation of their general; moved under the King from Glatz through Nachod and Skalitz. A second, of nearly the same strength, including a Saxon contingent, entered Bohemia by the line of the Elbe under Prince Henry, who had admirably seconded Frederic in the fiercest struggles of the Seven Years' War. The roads they followed were found open through the whole length of the passes, as open as when the Prussian armies trod them last June. Nachod and Skalitz were passed by the King without opposition, and the banks of the Elbe reached where the fortress of Josephstadt now commands the stream. In like manner Prince Henry moved on Münchengrätz and Turnau, his advance unchecked by a single Uhlan, and apparently unwatched. Another day of forward movement would have connected the two armies near Gitschin, important then as now for being the crossing place of the roads converging from the passes, and 200,000 Prussians under the first general of the age would have been united for battle on the gently swelling hills which lie west of Horzitz and Sadowa. Such a movement, however, was not destined to be made; and the junction of the armies was to remain a problem even to Frederic insoluble. Rated (in Prussian history) as 250,000 strong, the Austrians, under Lacy and Laudon, were between them in a defensive position well chosen to prevent it. The design of the invaders had been sufficiently foreseen to prepare a vast line of rough entrenchments against which even Frederic's battalions might dash in vain. The Elbe, near Koniggrätz, covered the right or eastern flank; the central portion followed for five and twenty miles the higher part of the stream as it runs with eastward course after quitting the mountain chain at Hohenelbe; and from the latter place a line of hills was entrenched eastward until the Iser was reached above Turnau, whence that river made a chief part of the defence for the left or west flank, which stretched southward through Münchengrätz and the scenes of those affairs of the 27th and 28th of last June, which Mr. Hozier has so graphically described. The line thus held by the Kaiser's forces was nearly sixty miles long, covering a vast semicircle, each part being protected according to the formation of the ground with all that skill in the details of fieldworks which the 'Wars of Position' of the seventeenth century had made familiar to Austrian commanders. Here was, indeed, the strong point of their school, and in this instance their training showed to special advantage. Palisades, escarpments, inundations, redoubts, covered doubly and trebly the weaker portions of the line, and everywhere bade defiance to the attack which Frederic, after long reconnaissances, found it expedient to attempt.

His conduct here was, in truth, very different from that of the Frederic of twenty years before. To account for it, we may adopt either the solution of certain plain-speakers of the time, and admit that his intellect and daring were dulled by coming infirmity, or we may follow that which his panegyrists take from the personal memoirs with which he has striven (whose pen was ever as active in his own cause as his sword) to shape the opinion of posterity, and say that he believed the objects of the campaign could be fully attained without the risk and bloodshed of a great battle. Certain it is that in this the closing military adventure of his life, he appeared as though utterly foiled by the adversaries he had so often, in earlier days, worsted in fair field. The next six weeks passed by, spent chiefly in sweeping up supplies from the hilly district which lay behind the Prussians between the works that stopped them and the passes; the only military operations being some unsuccessful attempts of Prince Henry's light troops to break the line of the Iser, and a movement of the King's army to its right on Arnau, as though to make a flank march towards the head of the Iser, and so unite his divided forces. The difficulties of moving the trains over the bad cross-roads impeded this latter design fatally; and food and forage being soon exhausted in the narrow slip of territory to which Lacy confined them, the first week of September found the Prussians in retreat. The King's army, having now got their backs on Trautenau, retired by the pass through that place on Landshut, whilst Prince Henry led his once more into Saxony by the line on which he had advanced.

The Imperial generals made no attempt to follow up their advantage by harassing the long trains which were with difficulty brought off over the steep roads that autumn rains had already laid deep in mire. In fact, though foiled for a time, Frederic and his army were too formidable to be lightly treated, whilst his position as defender of the rights of the minor states promised,

should they be compelled into a union against the ambition of Austria, to give increased political weight to his kingdom. The Kaiser was loth, therefore, to push his late success; and his mother, seeing plainly the dangers which lay before her son, urged him to come to terms whilst he could do so with advantage. The negotiations lately broken off were renewed with the consent of all, and soon brought to a successful end. Austria abandoned her general claims on Bavaria, receiving in lieu of it a slice of the border territory on the lower Inn between her hereditary states and the Electorate. The latter remained under an independent line of princes; whilst Saxony and Mecklenburg were awarded compensation in money. The small though solid acquisition which the Emperor thus gained corresponded ill with the previous largeness of his claims and the success of his generals in the field; and Frederic, if losing some of his military prestige in the bloodless campaign (known familiarly as the Potato-War) of his old age, found sufficient consolation in its political results, and the admission practically made by Austria, that her imperial power had sunk into the presidency of a confederation. Henceforth her differences with the lesser states were, like those with external monarchies, subjects for common diplomacy rather than for Reich-tribunals and high-handed assertion. Henceforth there was recognised in Prussia a Power whose consent was a first condition for any action of Austria within the Empire—a Power to whom every element hostile to the Kaiser would rally shouldt he constant rivalry for the control of Germany break out into open hostility.

The military force so ably used by Frederic for enlarging his kingdom's influence at the expense of Austria, was for some time employed with scarcely less success in other quarters by his nephew and successor. Frederic William II. had not long ascended the throne when the civil war in Holland (1787) gave opportunity for the intervention of Prussia in the affairs of a neighbouring and hitherto independent state. Her well-drilled battalions without difficulty put down the popular party and restored his shaken seat to the Stadtholder; and the King had the double satisfaction of increasing the moral weight of his influence in Europe, and of asserting that principle of divine right, to him no less dear than to the first monarch of the line, or to their present successor. A more material gain was that achieved under the guidance of his unscrupulous minister, Herzberg, on the second partition of Poland. We have not space here to dwell on this, the darkest page in Prussia's history: her pretended alliance with Turkey and Poland against Russia and Austria; her use of the Swedes against the former, and of the Belgic insurrection against the latter; and the final sudden seizure, in concert with her late opponents, of the price of her double intrigues. Dantzic and Thorn, districts long coveted, as including the mouths of the Vistula, were the price of her complicity in this last spoliation, which was carried out with even more of diplomatic fraud than that in which Frederic had shared. Necessity, 'the tyrant's plea,' is the only justification which Prussian historians can offer for this stain on the annals of their country. To this day the wounds thus inflicted on their weaker neighbour remain unhealed, and influence for evil the foreign policy of their land.

Imitating his predecessors as well in the personal administration of domestic affairs as in their foreign policy, Frederic William was the unconscious instrument of restoring to his country's service one destined long after the King's decease to add new glories to her arms. Passing through Pomerania on one of his provincial tours, his attention was excited by the fine horsemanship of a country gentleman who rode a steed such as none of the royal suite could match, and evidently sought his notice. Blucher, for it was no other, had been dismissed by the Great Frederic from his troop of cavalry fifteen years before, for hot remonstrances at a promotion made over his head; but the dashing hussar had never fairly been reconciled to his civilian life, though seeming to follow its pursuits with energy. Inquiry on the King's part led to interest in the ex-officer, and, not long after, to his restoration to the service with the rank of major; and the service was thus provided with a leader for its squadrons fully able to maintain in the long wars to come the prestige established in Frederic's days by Ziethen and Seidlitz. No other army has been so fortunate as to produce within half a century three such matchless generals of cavalry as these.

The intervention of Prussia in the affairs of Holland had not long ceased to excite the observation of Europe, and the partition of Poland was still unaccomplished, when that mighty storm arose in the West which was destined for a time to extinguish the rivalries and animosities of German powers in their general humiliation, and to school them by common sufferings, by common hatred and fear of a foreign foe, into the Union which has just been dissolved after fifty years of life. The ancient empire of the Kaisers was to be laid prostrate

by the blows of republican armies; the strong northern kingdom, got together with so much care and energy by the Hohenzollerns, to be brought lower still, and for years to bear the chain of the victor. A new general and a new system of warfare were to eclipse the achievements of Frederic, and to confound the armies he had trained. A bolder and more unscrupulous diplomacy than the Great Elector's was to change the whole map of Europe and to remove her most ancient landmarks. The Revolution came, and Napoleon; and the dial of Prussian progress was put backward until their final overthrow.

Herzberg, the able minister to whose care Frederic William left his foreign affairs, was for long unwilling to take any decided step against the new order of things in France. Prussia had as yet barely eight millions of population scattered over very divided territories. Her army, though inordinately large for defence, was yet insufficient to undertake single-handed that invasion of her dangerous neighbour in which Marlborough, wielding far greater resources, had failed; and, moreover, it would soon be needed to secure further acquisitions on the Vistula. An alliance with Austria against the Revolution promised immediate advantage only to the new emperor, whose Belgic possessions had but recently been brought out of the rebellious condition in which Joseph had left them, and were laid open, in case of hostilities with France, by the dismantling of their fortresses. Not until the sacred rights of kings were attacked in the person of Louis XVI., after his flight to Varennes did Frederic William move to the rescue. Then, indeed, he roused himself from what for a Prussian monarch was almost an indolent life; mingled personally in the diplomacy of the time; brought on the famous meeting at Pillnitz (August 1791); and prepared to join Leopold in the armed intervention which the temporary release of the French king deferred until the following summer.

How great the influence of Frederic's name was on the armies of that age we have shown in a recent article in this Review.* His instructions were held to teach the perfection of tactics. His administration was copied servilely in its details, though its spirit had fled with the author. His generals, however old, were deemed of necessity masters of their art. It is not surprising that the Germans saw their emperor's troops moving for the first time under a Prussian commander; nor that the force which entered Champagne in 1792 was deemed by friends and foes irresistible because in the main composed of Prussian battalions. The new French levies had failed disgracefully in their first attempts against Belgium; and the emigrants who crowded into the allied head-quarters seemed not too sanguine when they promised their new allies an easy march into the rebellious capital which had driven them forth.

The arrival of Frederic William in Brunswick's camp was the signal for the advance, and for the issue of the boastful proclamation against the Revolution and its abettors, which, more than any other event of these strange times, threw absolute power into the hands of the reigning faction, that embodied at Paris the terror, wrath, and energy of the threatened nation. How completely the undertaking of the allies broke down in execution it is needless here to repeat at length.

The Prussian staff, relying too much on the promised support which they nowhere met, threw aside the prudent but cumbrous arrangements of magazines by which Frederic had always prepared for his offensive movements; and their troops, plunged into an inhospitable district in unusually bad weather, perished by the thousand for lack of supplies. The sickness that ensued, and the unexplained vacillation of the King or of Brunswick at Valmy,* proved the ruin of the expedition, and the turning-point of the Revolutionary War. Thenceforth the Republican armies grew in morale as rapidly as in numbers, and a system of tactics was gradually formed by their generals, destined to replace that which Frederic had bequeathed to Europe, and to be brought to its perfection under Napoleon's master-hand in the grand camp of instruction at Boulogne. The failure of the Prussians in that campaign was as great a surprise to Europe in 1792, as the sudden collapse of the Austrian army in 1866. Goethe, who was in the camp on the morrow of the battle of Valmy at once discerned, with instinctive sagacity, the change which had occurred in the forces of the world.

Humbled bitterly by the disastrous result of Brunswick's expedition, the King of Prussia measured more truly than before the real strength of his kingdom, and re-

* Edin. Rev. Jan. 1866.

* M. Mortimer Ternaux, although he has written a very interesting volume on this portion of the Revolution, and quoted many original authorities, has done little to explain why the action of Valmy was allowed to end in the cannonade with which it began.

pented of the temporary adhesion to Austria, in seeking which he had completely turned aside from the policy of his ancestors. Personal honour was, however, too deeply pledged to admit of his at once retreating from the alliance he had sought, and which appeared strengthened by the declaration of England and Holland against the Republic. Through the long bloodshed of the following years, Prussian armies were therefore engaged on the side of the Coalition; but the latter profited little by their aid. Europe watched with surprise a Power which had been deemed the most warlike of the century, conducting its share of great campaigns in a manner so feeble, as to make even the poor strategy of Coburg and York shine by comparison. To this day Austrian writers allege, and with good show of reason, that the defeat of the invasion of Northern France by those generals in 1794, and the subsequent loss of Belgium and Holland, were owing far more to the difficulties entailed by Prussian lukewarmness than to differences between themselves or the superiority of the enemy's manœuvres. These disasters were, however, a powerful motive for Frederic William's withdrawal from a struggle in which there was now nothing for Prussia to gain, and which had brought a victorious enemy to the borders of her own western provinces. Ever since his first enthusiasm for the vindication of outraged majesty had passed away, the half-hearted nature of his alliance with Austria had produced increasing irritation in the correspondence of their diplomatists; and he seized gladly the excuse offered by the insurrection of the Poles under Kosckiusko in 1794 to withdraw his forces from the Coalition. The treaty of Basle soon followed, and Europe saw with dismay the great German power whose arms forty years before had defied France leagued with half the Continent, now admit the claim of the aggressive Republic to advance her frontier to the Rhine. Austria's cause was weakened further than by a single secession. Bearing steadfastly in mind his family policy of rivalling the Kaiser in German allegiance, the King of Prussia offered a guarantee of neutrality to any States of the Empire which would join him in retiring from the contest; and many of their petty princes were thus carried off, to be followed later by others when Austrian arms met with further reverses.

The conduct of the war that Prussia thus relinquished had dimmed her former fame no less than the peace that closed it; yet no administrator rose at this time competent to point out the causes of the ill success which had invariably attended her arms save where bold Colonel Blucher, with his cavalry (aided sometimes by a small force of infantry), harassed the enemy's outposts. This officer from the beginning of the war showed such capability for detached service as marked him for future employ in higher grades, and made his name familiar to every man who served in the armies before which he held watch. His activity was, however, exceptional; and the chief commanders illustrated every degree of military imbecility, whilst their troops retained only the form of the battalions of Frederic, the soldiery that formed them having fallen off from their model in every quality but stiffness. In spite of the severe system of conscription by districts, enforced by every penalty which the law could employ, a trade in permits for absence had long been established as a perquisite of the captains. Those who could pay well for the exemption were thus allowed to escape the allotted service; the bribes received being used in part to attract an inferior class of recruit to fill the ranks of an army which an iron discipline maintained in every detail made thoroughly distasteful in time of peace. Composed thus of indifferent material, brought together by a system of corruption, the companies were as ill commanded as formed. The captains and subalterns had served long with but little experience of war; and as a class had neither youth, hope, nor love of the profession which had become with them a mere trade. The higher posts of the staff were filled by veterans who were known merely as commonplace men who had served with Frederic, or by scions of certain princely houses among the minor States which Prussian policy strove to win. So trained, so enlisted, so officered, the army which had once been acknowledged the first in Europe was now behind others in fitness for the field. It was especially ill suited to meet the growing enthusiasm of the French soldiery, whose ardour, springing from political fanaticism, was sustained through the sternest want by the hope of professional advancement. The military prestige which had been handed down to Frederic William suffered therefore in this war against the Republic no less than the political influence of Prussia by his useless intervention and the inglorious peace which followed it.

His son, Frederic William III., succeeded in 1797 to the throne, which during his tenure was to know the greatest vicissitudes that modern history records. For nearly ten years he steadfastly maintained the policy bequeathed him; looking on with con-

tentment at the repeated humiliations of Austria, and viewing in her losses the future gain of his kingdom. At length the time had come when this fatal neutrality could no longer serve the Court of Berlin. Russia had combined with Austria to check the growing power of Napoleon; and the rival emperors from East and West sought a passage for their legions through the straggling dominions of the Hohenzollern. What was refused to the Czar was forcibly taken by his opponent; and the march of Bernadotte through Anspach on his way to Ulm and Austerlitz produced such a fever of popular indignation through Prussia as shook the royal power, and showed alike the strength of the national feeling which had been roused in the whole German race by the progress of French influence within the Empire, and the necessity which henceforth lay upon the King to follow a policy not wholly disapproved by his subjects. The visit of Alexander to Berlin was naturally followed by the withdrawal of the French agent Duroc, and Napoleon was exposed to the prospect of finding the Prussians descending on his communications in conjunction with the allied corps which English means had brought together in Hanover. The sword of Brandenburg, in this hour of trial, proved rusty in the scabbard, and the maintenance of an overgrowing standing army to have taxed the kingdom's strength without fitting it for ready defence. Before the needful preparations for taking the field were made—before the last vestige of the King's vacillation had been swept away by entreatises of queen, ministers, and people—the great adventure of Austerlitz was made and lost by those who had grown tired of waiting for Prussian aid. 'Fortune has changed the address of your letter,' said Napoleon, when receiving the congratulations of the Berlin envoy Haugwitz; but contented with sarcasm for the present, he deferred his revenge, and even feigned reconciliation and friendship. On the 15th December, the day that Frederic William had fixed for declaring against the French Emperor, his ambassador accepted at the latter's hands the gift of that coveted land of Hanover, which now, more honestly won, extends the limits of the once petty marquisate from Russia to the German Ocean. Haugwitz's master was scarcely ready to adopt the bold measure of annexing without provocation the territory of an old ally; but Napoleon's instances soon compelled him to decide to retain the spoil thus offered, and openly declare to the world his acceptance of the Electorate as French spoil of war.

Not long was the degrading acquisition destined to reward this public avowal of treachery. Scarcely had the indignant fleet of Britain swept their new enemy's flag from the ocean, when Europe saw it raised by land in a brief struggle against the victorious legions which Frederick William had vainly sacrificed his honour to propitiate. The bribes of Napoleon Prussia found to be no free gifts. Bavaria was enlarged at her expense; Cleves and Berg were surrendered to make the despot's brother-in-law a new duchy; fresh humiliations were heaped on her by French administrators from day to day. From the rank of a Great Power she found herself suddenly fallen to the condition of an appanage, and her monarch treated as a vassal. Yet she had made no struggle and suffered no defeat; had looked on unscathed whilst her neighbours bled; and now, waiting for their loss to make her gain, found herself (is there no warning here for statesmen of other lands?) isolated, exposed, humbled without pity. If the Court could endure this, the people would not. Alike the noble, the burgher, and the peasant felt the warlike thrill rush through them; and that tempest of passion swept over the nation which is to individual fury as the trampling of a multitude to the footfall of a man. Without counting the cost or measuring the odds—without waiting for the aid of Russia, still hostile to France—Frederick William was forced into the struggle he dreaded, and Prussia single-handed faced Napoleon and his vassals. Planted already by Bavarian permission within easy distance of the decisive points; armed with the might of superior numbers,* long training, and accumulated victory; led by a chief whose bold strategy had not yet degenerated into limitless waste of men's lives, the French rushed on to the flank exposed by the rash ill-guided advance of their enemy. Jena was fought and won almost within sight of the little hill of Rosbach which had given name to their defeat half a century before; and Frederic's victory was avenged tenfold by the battle which laid Prussia prostrate at the conqueror's feet.

With a rapidity of which even Napoleon's troops were scarcely thought capable, the kingdom was overrun, the remains of its army annihilated, its cities occupied. The hollowness of its military condition was manifested alike by the evil condition of the

* French historians (repeated too often by English writers who should have more care for truth) would make the Prussian forces that met Napoleon to number more than 150,000, against his admitted 190,000. In fact Prussian authorities show that less than 120,000 men were on their side collected for the actual shock upon the Saal.

fortresses and the fate of the columns. Blucher indeed fought fiercely to the last; but with this, and two other less noted exceptions to the shameful imbecility of the commanders, generals and governors seemed to vie with each other in surrendering their posts with the least effort at resistance. The servile worship of Prussian models, which had prevailed through the armies of Europe, was changed into a contempt as ill founded as the opposite extreme; and the officers whose system had so long been copied were now denied* even the common attribute of physical courage which soldiers are in general ready freely to accord even to the fallen. Yet the last struggle of the King and the remnant of his forces by the side of the Russians in the spring campaign of 1807 showed gallantry of which their ancestors might have been proud. Reduced as Frederic William was to a single city and a few square miles of his dominions, he refused to submit to the harsh terms required of him, whilst a gleam of hope was left. His troops gave valiant and timely support to their allies on the bloody field of Eylau. It needed, in fine, the fearful mistake of Benningsen at Friedland, and the disgust of Alexander at the disaster and subsequent retreat, to bring about the abandonment of the unhappy kingdom which followed on the celebrated armistice and interview of Tilsit.

Stripped of half her territory, the rest a mere field for French tax-gatherers, or exercise-ground for French troops, the policy of Prussia for the next six years to the outward world seemed to consist but in different degrees of servility to the master whose chains she had no power to shake off. Her revenues were swallowed up by foreign exactions; her army reduced to a mere corps by the decree of Napoleon; her means of rising against the oppressor seemed hopelessly gone. Yet there were those among her statesmen who never lost sight of her past greatness, and in these hours of darkness strove to fit her for a better destiny than that of a vassal province. Stein, her great minister, laboured indefatigably to prepare her recovery, by raising the legal condition of her peasantry, and to breathe in them the spirit of patriotism, by measures of domestic reform. Scharnhorst gave no less efficient aid by devising the system of short service in the regular army, with a constant supply and discharge of recruits, on which the existing organisation rests, and which gave, in 1813, to the allies four times the number of soldiers which Prussia had nominally counted. Patiently these great men bided their time, unmoved by the presence of calamity or by the dangerous ardour of such men as Blucher, fretting himself into illness in his inaction, and Schill, the gallant major, who rode forth with his squadrons to declare for freedom and meet death unflinchingly in the hope that all the chivalry of Germany would follow his devotion. They watched grimly the effect of the exactions of Daru, the brutal violence of Davoust. They saw the Tugendbund spreading its branches even through the very courts of princes who seemed true vassals of Napoleon. At last came the hour of his defeat, and Prussia's opportunity lay before her.

At first the King would fain have temporised. The conduct of York in abandoning the French side in Russia was disavowed; the general himself was spoken of as a traitor; a court-martial was promised as his reward. Then came, however, a torrent of popular feeling such as no nation in modern Europe, save the French in 1792, has ever known. By one far less the King had been urged on, in 1806, to his fatal war. By this he was fairly swept away; and, his choice once made, boldly and wisely he pressed on to head the new movement which no government could have stayed. Blucher came forth from his retirement; and all eyes turned on him as the fit representative of the leading passion of the nation. None of her soldiers had so openly cherished his hatred of the enemy, his hopes of revenge and triumph. The command of the chief army fell naturally to his hands, and a staff was formed for him skilful to guide the sharp sword he drew, and to control the heat which might have exposed his force to danger. Disaster and suffering had been no less useful in schooling Prussia's army than her people for greatness. Her infantry had been trained to a light, mobile system of tactics, modelled on Napoleon's; their weapons modernised after the fashion of his army's. The upper ranks of each department were now filled by men chosen solely for their efficiency. England supplied the material wants of her soldiers. Russia placed corps of veterans beside the raw troops which swarmed voluntarily to the standards. A long year of struggle and victory bore these once dishonoured ensigns into Paris. Another had scarcely passed away when Prussia was seen in the van of all Europe, strik-

* Expressions of contempt for the personal conduct of Prussian officers abound in the works of the time. It is sufficient here to point to those in the posthumous 'Memoirs' (vol. ii.) of Sir R. Wilson, printed from his entries made in Poland in 1807. Yet this same officer lived to witness at Bautzen and Leipsic the magnificent valour and good generalship of these once despised allies.

ing a second time from his throne the general enemy. Let those of our countrymen who think of 1806, recall with it the June afternoon of 1815, when our fainting line, weakened by the defection of half-hearted auxiliaries, looked and looked not in vain for the promised attack upon the flank of the foe, which was to give the Allies the completest victory that modern history records.

In proportion to the greatness of her sufferings and the magnitude of her efforts against the oppressor, was the reward that Prussia reaped on the new partition of Europe. Recognised once more as one of the Great Powers, and the equal in all but nominal rank of Austria within Germany, she was no longer left with boundaries so ill-defined and broken as to call for constant preparation for war to maintain her security. Saxony paid dear for her firm adhesion to Napoleon; and the half of that kingdom, with considerable additions in Westphalia and the Rhine provinces at the expense of petty princes who lost their thrones, gave Prussia well-marked limits, extending (save where divided by Hanover and Hesse-Cassel) from the borders of Russia to those of France, with a population large enough to furnish without strain a standing army proportioned to her position. Such a provision was not, however, sufficient for the designs of her rulers. The presidency ceded to Austria in the new German Confederation, in virtue of her old imperial claims, was from the first distasteful to her former rival. To restrain its authority within merely nominal limits being now, as under the Empire, a cardinal point of the Hohenzollern policy, a force was determined on as the future defence of Prussia, which, without crushing her resources, should, in case of need, give her military power beyond the natural importance of her territory. A foundation for this future system had been already laid by Scharnhorst during the years of her subjugation; and from 1806 to 1813, the actual service had been made but six months, with frequent calls of recruits succeeding each other in the ranks and thence returning to their homes to form part of the militia, so as to speed through the suffering nation a general knowledge of arms against the day of need.

For the ease of conscription, Frederic William I., father of the Great Frederic, had (as before shown) divided the country into certain recruiting districts allotted to the regiments. To this arrangement, on which the landwehr system is still based, Frederic added certain further improvements; the chief being to distribute the various arms in due proportions over the respective districts, so as to make the force of each province independent in itself; and to abolish altogether the procuring of recruits from the neighbouring States, a practice much resorted to until the close of the Seven Years' War. The latter measure gave the Prussian army the strictly national character it has ever since maintained; the former prepared the way for the raising it by separate corps, each complete in itself, and capable of being put upon a war footing by the resources of the province. The materials of the patriotic army which Stein and Scharnhorst created were therefore ready in great part to their hands, and the feeling of the people did the rest. The bands of paternal government were, however, sensibly loosened by the presence of the foreigners who held all Prussia in their grasp; and her great minister took the occasion to encourage her sons in a spirit of national self-sacrifice by vast and far-reaching political reforms. The remains of feudal servitude were abolished. The peasant might in future hold and inherit land in his own right. The towns received increased political privileges. Taxation was made alike for all classes, and civil office thrown open to every native. The country during this period of apparently hopeless prostration made a vast political advance in its inner life; and though much of this liberal policy was reversed in the days of the Holy Alliance, enough remained to cause Prussian administration to be envied in the minor States, where the government, conducted by the caprice of the prince, made its despotism personally felt by changeful and petty interference with the subject. The immediate effect of Stein's reforms was a vast increase of national spirit and strength. The military service of the country was accepted by all without reluctance in tacit preparation for the day of reckoning with France; and the struggle of 1814 once over, the minister was encouraged by all classes to bring forth a complete project for the perpetuation of the system which had restored glory and freedom to his country. The foundation of the permanent constitution of the national force was laid by the remarkable law of the 3rd September 1814, which for more than forty years was the charter adhered to by the Government as binding on both sides, and which in its introduction is declared to be the product of the wishes of the whole people of the land.

'In a lawfully administered armament of the nation lies the best security of lasting peace,' is the principle proclaimed as the

groundwork; together with the more immediate necessity of maintaining intact by the general exertions the freedom and honorable condition which Prussia had just won. All former exemptions from service in favour of the noblesse were from this time abrogated. Every native of the State, on completing his twentieth year, was to be held as bound to form part of her defensive power; and it was only with a view to the avoiding inconvenient pressure on the professional and industrial population that the armed force was to be composed of sections whose service should lessen in severity as their years advanced. The whole system comprised (1) a standing army; (2) a landwehr of the first call; (3) a landwehr of the second call; (4) and the landsturm. The constitution of these forces was laid down in detail as follows, and is still adhered to in principle, though altered in certain particulars to be hereafter noticed.

The standing army was to be composed of (1) volunteers desirous to undergo the necessary examinations for promotion with a view to adopting a regular military career; (2) of men voluntarily enlisting without being prepared for such examination; and (3) of a sufficient number of the youth of the nation called out from their twenty-first to their twenty-fifth year; the first three years to be spent by these latter actually with the colours, the other two as 'reserved' recruits, remaining at home but ready to join the ranks at the first sound of war. A further and most important provision allowed 'all young men of the educated classes, who could clothe and arm themselves, to take service in the rifle-corps and other light infantry; and after completing one year at their own expense to receive furlough to the end of their regular call, upon application.' This rule was no doubt introduced, to save the wealthy and wellborn the degradation which, in a country essentially aristocratic, the mixture in a barrack-room with recruits of the lowest classes would necessarily imply; and there has since been built upon it during the past half-century, the elaborate system of *Einjährige*, or one-year volunteers, which has solved at once two difficult problems. The universality of the conscription has been maintained without open opposition from that important middle order, the wealth and influence of which have grown in Prussia as much as in any part of Europe, and which, notwithstanding its claims, is excluded from the higher posts of the army; while a body of efficient officers, trained in all the duties of the line, has been provided for the staff of the landwehr without expense to the State. The process by which the latter object is accomplished will be traced hereafter. The regular organisation of the militia under the same fundamental law is thus described, together with its special duties.

The landwehr of the First Call is designed for the support of the standing army in case of war, and is liable to serve at home or abroad, though in peace only to be called out for such exercise as is necessary for training and practice. It is formed (1) of all the young men between the twentieth and twenty-sixth year who do not serve in the standing army; (2) of those volunteers who have been trained in the light battalions; (3) and of the rest of the male population up to the end of their thirty-second year, excepting only those who have sooner completed twelve years in this reserve and the army.

The landwehr of the Second Call is intended in case of war either to strengthen the garrisons and garrison battalions by detachments, or in special need to be used in its entirety either for corps of occupation or reinforcements to the army. It consists of all who have left the army and the First Call, and of any other able-bodied males who have not yet entered their fortieth year. Such cases include men who have begun the line service (as is permitted if the bodily strength be found sufficient) before the twentieth year, and thus being the earlier discharged their attendance on it, and their seven years in the First Call. The drill of the Second Call is in time of peace only for single days and in their own neighbourhood; and facilities are provided for their changing their residences and enrolling themselves in the nearest regiment to their new domicile.

The landsturm is only to be called out in provinces of the kingdom actually invaded, and then must be summoned by a special royal decree. It is, however, liable to be employed by the government for the support of public order in special cases. It includes (1) all the men up to the fiftieth year who are not regularly allotted to the army or landwehr; (2) of all who have completed their landwehr service; (3) of all the youth able to carry arms who have attained their seventeenth year. It consists of civic companies in the larger towns, and of local companies formed in the smaller towns, villages, and open country, according to the divisions of the districts for other governmental purposes. No provision, it should be remarked, is made for the exercise of these companies, which have in fact existed only on paper.

Further sections of the law direct the exemption (under careful restrictions) of candidates for the priesthood, and lay down

certain additional principles. The most important of these is the declaration that the normal years for entering and leaving the standing army and reserves are valid only in time of peace, and in case of war may be altered so as the better to fill the gaps in such sections of the forces as are called under arms. All volunteers for the standing army have the option of choosing their own branch of the service. Soldiers who desire to re-enlist for a second term after the completion of their first three years, are to bear a distinguishing mark; and after a second re-enlistment are to receive a higher rate of pay, and the right to pension in case of being invalided. Similarly, those who desire to prolong their service in the First or Second Call, may do so, and are entitled to bear a distinguishing mark and to have a claim to higher rank in the regiment or company of the reserve thus selected, according to their qualifications. A special committee, composed of a military officer, a civil magistrate, and a local proprietor, is created in each district in the kingdom, to watch over the details of the administration of the recruiting within its limits, and to see that it is conducted with order and justice.

Such are the principal provisions of the law which the War of Independence bequeathed to Prussia. For more than forty years the compact was fairly maintained, although other legislation of the Stein Ministry suffered terribly at the hands of the reactionary party which rioted in all the Courts of Europe after the final fall of Napoleon. The people remained contented with the military administration, which was supported by a budget moderate for the resources of the country. 130 battalions of the line, 152 squadrons of cavalry, 112 companies of artillery, and a slender proportion of engineers formed the standing army. The exercise of the landwehr was of very moderate extent, and their only permanent staff consisted of a commanding officer and adjutant for each of the 116 battalions which were enrolled in the First Call. The *einjähriger* service of the line had been taught to supply the rest of the necessary officers; and although now recognised as a special personal tax on each male of the better class, the lightness of its practical working had (as before intimated) reconciled the majority to a system which would otherwise have been unendurable in time of long peace, contrasted as it was with the commutation of the conscript's service into a fine, practised in the neighbouring territory of France. The operation of the law and its results must now be more closely looked at.

It will be seen that no specific provision had been made for filling up the commissions in the standing army. The original exemption of the order of nobility from the conscription by Frederic William I. almost implied that many of this class would enter the service as officers. Practically no one of lower rank was considered eligible, until the War of Independence; and although the legal privileges of the nobles were then abolished, the system which was established has continued to the families which during the previous century had made arms their profession a monopoly of the upper ranks of the service. Any young man of means might indeed enter himself as a volunteer and pass the necessary examinations before his year was expired. This qualification and that of a university degree (a far more general possession in Prussia than in any other country) would give him the legal right to apply for an ensign's commission. Here, however, his prospects would end. The coveted appointment, which in England is the direct gift of the Crown, and in Austria of the honorary colonel of the regiment, is here subject, though nominally conferred by the Government, to the approval of a standing committee of the corps, whom the candidate must satisfy not only as to his professional qualifications, but as to his parentage and means. This committee has in fact just that power of rejection on personal grounds which custom has accorded the colonel in our own household regiments of cavalry; and the result has naturally been to make of the service the closest corporation which any profession in the world can show. Many of the noble families of Prussia are almost without means except as they may find them in the public service; and since the civil bureaux have been thrown open to other classes, the aristocracy are all the more tenacious of the supposed hereditary right of their order to the officering of the army. It should be added that a large part of the first commissions are given by the Crown, independently of these rules, to cadets who have completed their education at the royal military schools, and that the tendency of late years has been to increase this proportion, and thus make the upper ranks of the army more directly dependent on the king; but as the late monarch and the present have habitually leant for support on the nobles as against the trading classes, it is not surprising that the officers thus appointed from institutions entered solely by royal favour, are as separated from the bulk of the people as the rest of their cloth.

From the working of this system it has

followed that not more than a twelfth part of the officers are of the middle orders. The Prussian military aristocracy have among them some men of local influence approaching that of the great families whose names from time immemorial are known in the service of Austria, men who, though loyal by descent, have other interests than those of the Crown. These, however, are the exceptions in a class composed too greatly of a needy noblesse, depending on the Crown for all hope of advancement, separate from the people by birth, habits, and profession, and apt in their self-assertion to increase, by offensive personal bearing, the distance which, in Prussia more than in any other country, divides the man of arms from the civilian. It needs no prophet to foretell the difficulties which this system will produce in revolutionary times. The endurance of such a military caste as has been described can only co-exist in modern society with the necessity of having constantly in view the use of the army against foreign enemies. Should Prussia's external horizon become clear, the first reform demanded in her domestic administration will be again, as it was not long since, the assimilation of the officering of the standing army to that of the landwehr; whilst the contempt with which the aristocratic soldiers of fortune regard all civil interference with their profession will tend greatly to precipitate a collision between crown and people.

From what has been said it will be seen that for all martial ardour in the middle classes of this great military people there has been no outlet for the last fifty years but the landwehr service. Promotion from the ranks of the line in Prussia, in the sense in which it is understood in our service and that of France, is a thing unknown. The actual performance of a private's duty by which a reformed scamp, often in the English army, an intelligent middle-class conscript much oftener in the French, wins his way to an officer's epaulettes, would never be the path selected there; nor would such temporary degradation (as Prussian opinion would regard it) be considered as a claim for advancement even in the landwehr. Here, indeed, the commissions are laid open without distinction of class, and the officers who hold them are a truly national body; but the preparation for them still requires considerable means and much pains, it being solely through the *einjährige* that its vacancies are filled up; while the system is worked so carefully that only those who have really a love for the details of the profession, and ability to master its theory, are finally selected out of the vast mass of unpaid volunteers who every year attend the colours. As a necessary consequence of the growing wealth of the trading order, the number of these has annually increased. The Government has done all in its power to encourage a feeling which has added constantly to the number of its intelligent defenders without swelling its military expenses; and it has long been a regular part of the education of the son of every manufacturer, proprietor, professional man, even of every well-to-do shopkeeper, to spend one of the three years between his seventeenth and twentieth birthdays in passing through his volunteer course. How greatly this differs from the idea of 'serving in the ranks,' as service is performed in other armies, will be best seen by following out in detail the life of the young *einjähriger* on entering his new condition.

Quitting his college, or counting-house, or home, he arrives at the head-quarters of the department to claim the right to take service as volunteer. A commission sits twice a year for a month each time to issue the necessary documents; and to this the candidate has already made his application in writing, supported by certificates of his birth, of the consent of his guardian to supply the necessary expenses, and of his conduct and attainments from his school or tutor—on which latter, be it noted, the insertion of any punishment for dishonourable conduct is fatal to the application. If these papers are all in due form, and properly attested, the certificate is granted at once, after a brief physical examination by a medical officer, to candidates from the universities, first-class royal schools (of which there are more than sixty in the kingdom), and certain second-class schools specially authorised; the commission seldom exercising the right which in theory at least it possesses of testing by written papers the candidate's knowledge. Indeed with this description of applicants a personal appearance may be dispensed with, at their own risk should the papers (including proof of physical fitness) be found in any way incomplete. With the considerable class, however, who have not been educated at the prescribed institutions, an actual examination follows. The commission (consisting normally of a staff-officer, another military officer, and two civil officials of the department) calls in two or three extraordinary members from the heads of the nearest government college, and tests the candidates in their scholastic knowledge. German, Latin, French, mathematics, geography and history, and the elements of

natural history and physics are the prescribed subjects; but the commission has very wide powers for varying them according to the future occupation of the candidate. Thus those who declare themselves designed ultimately for mercantile life escape the Latin; and the country squire's sporting son has his opening in a proviso which declares that 'youths who show special aptitude for riding and elect to serve their year with the cavalry, are to be very lightly pressed in the scientific examination.' On the whole, it may be assumed that the candidate, wherever trained, however taught, will in general find no practical difficulty in obtaining the desired permission to serve the State at his own cost for a year.

If not intended for the medical or veterinary professions, the candidate who has proceeded thus far is now considered as a combatant soldier yet untrained, and must apply for leave to defer his year of service, if not prepared to enter on it in the following autumn. In time of peace such leave is readily granted, and renewed until the twenty-third year is reached; but in most cases the service will naturally follow the procuring the necessary certificates. Quitting for a time his counting-house or other place of employment, the young volunteer prepares to join the regiment he has selected. If in the line, he may do this in the spring; but for the cavalry, artillery, and rifles, it is necessary to join on the 1st October, and on that day the vast majority of the new *einjährige* begin their twelve months of service, and report themselves to the commander of their battalion. If a citizen or university student of any garrison town, he need anticipate no rejection, provided the regimental surgeon be satisfied as to his bodily fitness for the arm he has selected, for colonels are authorised to receive any number of applicants who have this sort of local claim. Where none such exists the candidate has previously to ascertain that the battalion he would choose is not already provided with the full allowance of four volunteers per company which the regulations direct to be admitted by all commanders. This being seen to beforehand, and the candidate passed by the doctor, he becomes forthwith a member of the corps after the due verification of his papers. The fact of his enrolment as an *einjähriger* is reported to the local authorities of his district; the articles of war are read to him; and as soon as he can appear before his commanding officer in the proper uniform (prepared usually before the day of his admission to the service) he takes the oath of personal fidelity to the King, to which the reigning family of Prussia attach in these days a special importance.

Should the young cadet (for that is his real position) come from a rural district where the ways of the service are little known, and bring with him some lingering notion of hardships to be endured in his career, it will speedily disperse before the realities. From the time of his taking the oath and being posted to a company his attendance is strictly exacted at drills and parades; but in all else his life is made pleasant enough. A neat but plain mark upon the shoulder distinguishes him from the genuine recruits, whose rough clothes the tailor, military or civil, may in his case replace by better material at the cost of his friends. If belonging to the mounted service, he may bring his own charger, or purchase one from the Government supplies at a nominal rate. Instead of sharing the coarse fare of the privates, he lives, according to his family circumstances, with his own friends, or in quiet lodgings, or perhaps in some grand hotel.* Although nominally subject to the garrison discipline as a soldier, (as in the matter of returning to his quarters at evening tattoo,) he may, with his commanding officer's sanction, replace his uniform by plain clothes when off duty, and for the hour lay the military life aside with its tokens. So far from being occupied for hours, like other recruits, with the care of his accoutrements, he is not merely allowed but recommended to employ a soldier servant to save him such menial labour, and leave his time to be turned to better uses. His parades are usually entirely in the first half of the day, so that he has the afternoon for his other employments. If studious, he continues his education. If still at the university, he attends such lectures as his attendance at drill allows, and counts the year as part of the triennial course which he must complete before taking his degree. If a young man of birth and fashion, he finds admission to all the gaieties of the place as readily as any officer or civilian of his own class. On the whole the twelve months will pass easily enough without other burden being felt than the expense which his friends incur by this addition to his civil education; and many of those who begin with some

* The delusion of English travellers as to the mixing of privates and officers in the Prussian service, arises commonly from ignorance of the real condition, civil and military, of the cadets whom they meet at their table d'hôte. Familiarity with the soldier is forbidden the officer alike by custom and military regulation, as well as by the difference of birth, which in no country draws a stricter line of demarcation than in Prussia.

passion for soldiering let it cool in the stress of other occupations or amusements, and allow the time to slip away without making an effort to raise their knowledge of the selected branch above the level expected in the average cadet. In such case they take their places in the ranks, when positively called out for training in future years ; prepared, when the First Call service is performed, to lay aside the musket for ever.

Some there are every year, on the contrary, who desire to know more of the profession of arms; and to these every encouragement is given for forming themselves into the future officers of an efficient reserve. To do this is indeed, in Government phrase, the chief object of this volunteer service, grateful as its economy is no doubt to the ruler, and its ease to the well-born subject. For this end an officer is told off to every twenty cadets for the special purpose of superintending their military course, which for the first six months is confined chiefly to that prescribed for the recruit. At the end of this time the volunteer, if he is found perfect in the various drills, has performed the prescribed number of guards as sentry,* and passed a practical examination in swimming and gymnastics, will receive his grade of acting corporal, and thenceforward may direct his mind, if he so pleases, to the duties of an officer, and prepare for the required test. Three weeks before the end of the twelve months' service, a regimental Board of Examination sits, composed of a captain and two subalterns, who hold an examination of such cadets as, having already the rank of corporal, wish to proceed to proof of higher qualifications. They are tested, first orally indoors ; then upon the ground ; and finally, by written papers, in all the ordinary duties of a subaltern in field and garrison : and the result, with the report of the board, is laid before the assembled officers of the corps, whose verdict on the examination, with their general opinion as to the personal qualifications of the cadet, determines the issue or withholding of the necessary certificate. This obtained, the applicant is entitled to the first vacancy as sergeant in the landwehr battalion of his own district, and in due course to a commission in that regiment ; to which he continues attached until the period of his military service expires.

Many of the young nobility, who want either the interest or the inclination to devote their whole lives to the army, are among those who thus qualify as officers of a trained militia, superior in its composition to that of any other country. The majority of the landwehr commissions, however, fall to the sons of merchants, manufacturers, and proprietors ; men of means and local influence, but outside the charmed pale of the 'Junker' class, which officers the standing army. It has followed as matter of course, that the growth of the mercantile order, and its increased influence in the state, have given a political character to the former force which very completely divides it in sympathy from the regular service, and is at times distasteful to the Crown. This militia, officered by men of more substance than the standing army, and with its ranks filled with old soldiers from the latter, became naturally the more popular of the two, and threatened at some future day to form a power within the state. A jealousy sprang up on either side, which mattered little whilst the landwehr assembled separately for their peace training, but seemed likely to paralyse the military machine devised in 1814, whenever called on for active service.

The tactical system bequeathed by that year was, in case of threatened war, to form the First Call of the landwehr (which numbered 116 battalions) into brigades ; and to join to a brigade of the line a brigade of militia, to form each division of the army in the field. The reserve men of the standing army being at the same time summoned to fill up the numbers of the battalions and squadrons to which they belonged, the whole active force thus created would number 300,000 combatants. The ardent spirit of patriotism created by French occupation had, at the era of Leipsic, wiped away all class distinctions, and rendered this system fully practicable. Its retention long gave the landwehr regiments an importance justified by their gallantry in the War of Independence, and made their commissions worthy objects of ambition among the large class to which the *einjährige* belonged ; but the growing political differences between this and the King caused a distrust of the force on the part of royalty which ended in its being thrust out of its former position, and made totally secondary to and separate from the standing army.

This great change, which, in place of a popular system of training based on the spirit of 1814, has given Prussia once more a vast military machine such as Frederic and Frederic's father loved to rear, was not brought about in a day. Three times the Government called out the field army before the decisive hour arrived. In 1850, when his dynastic traditions caused the late king to

* In the Guards the cadet is allowed after his first three personal attendances, to pay a private for taking the sentry duties which fall to his turn.

make the breach between the Elector of Hesse-Cassel and his subjects a means of extending the popularity of Prussia among the people of the Minor States, as Austria sought for the favour of the princes: in 1854, when pressed by the Western Powers to take part in the war against Russia, he armed to preserve his own neutrality: in 1859, when the indignation of all Middle Germany at the progress of French arms in Italy extended northward and moved William (then Regent) to place his contingent on the Rhine as a threat to Napoleon; and though no hostilities followed to test the system by the stern proofs of war, the Government found it unready for action, and ill-suited to the needs of a bold policy. On each occasion it was observed that the tactical combination of elements so differently constituted worked badly in practice. The landwehr officers showed jealousy both of the assumed superiority of their comrades of the line and of the staff who controlled the whole. Educated in a thorough military course; possessed generally of more means than the regulars; and commanding soldiers as good at the least as the recruits under the latter; endowed, moreover, constitutionally with a sort of military equality; they gave plain signs of impatience under the actual demands of their call to the field, for the support of a policy which, in two of these instances, was not heartily favoured by the sympathies of the nation.

The royal government saw clearly enough that an army thus composed could not be relied on for accomplishing the scheme of German dominion bequeathed by the Great Elector and his successors as the hereditary legacy of the Hohenzollerns. To advance beyond the dual system established by Frederic—to deprive Austria of the rights formally ceded to her on the erection of the Bund—to thrust out from the Confederation that ancient rival, and leave Prussia free to draw to herself its weaker elements by the gravitating force of nationality—these projects, long mooted in Berlin councils, required not merely bold statesmanship to devise, but a strong and ready force to execute the plan. The landwehr must be replaced in the field army, before the Cabinet could take the bold aggressive, for which the humbling of Austria in the campaign of Solferino paved the way; and the alarming growth of French power, with the actual difficulties which arose from the old organisation when Prussia, in that anxious summer, mobilised her corps on the Rhenish frontier, formed opportune military reasons for the reform which had long been contemplated. That this reform was distasteful to the representatives of the people was the natural consequence of its execution in open disregard of their right of granting supplies, and of their avowed leaning to the landwehr. It is hardly less clear that it was thoroughly in unison with the wishes of the noblesse; for their particular interests were involved in the coming enlargement of the regular army, whilst their natural sympathies were with the royalty that supported, rather than the middle class which threatened, the privileges of their order. From the first, therefore, King William was sure of the support of his Upper House through the long parliamentary conflict which it needed victory in the field to close.

With this encouragement for reform, the impression produced by the palpable failure of the Prussian organisation in 1859, and its inferiority to that of France, was not suffered to grow cold. The following year saw the national force receive, by the mere will of the executive, a change as complete as any ever wrought by republican vote or imperial decree; and notwithstanding six years of firm remonstrance on the part of the House of Deputies, the new system was maintained in every detail until the long-prepared-for war came to justify its authors in the eyes of the nation. The yearly supply of recruits actually drafted into the line was raised from 40,000 to 63,000—a difference which the increase of population since 1814 prevented being specially burdensome. The standing army was augmented by 117 infantry battalions, 72 squadrons of cavalry, 31 companies of artillery, 18 of engineers, and 9 battalions of train for the hitherto insufficient transport departments. A far more serious innovation was the prolonging the two years of 'reserved' service of the discharged recruits by two more. This class of men are so liable to sudden call, and so subject to government inspection, as to be (excepting such as have qualified as landwehr officers) but one degree more free than if still in the ranks. The unpopularity of the measure was complete when it appeared that the special use of this doubling of the line reserve was to exclude the landwehr from their former position as part of the field forces, and reduce their service to one of home garrison or similar duty. In peace the standing army to be maintained was now as large as before it would have been with the addition of the whole First Call. In war, when the reserved men are all called into the ranks, it numbered 300,000; or, including depôts and garrison artillery, 380,000; to which the First Call was to

give* a second line of defence 100,000 strong. The men of the Second Call were promised exemption from duty except in the emergency of invasion, or of deficiencies in the other lists (a concession not ungrateful to citizens past their thirtieth year, and of whom five-sixths are computed to be married); and the service in it was shortened two years, in the First Call three, as some compensation for the additional time of attachment to the line reserves.

Into the history of the constitutional struggle which followed the promulgation of these ordinances it is not needful here to enter. The popular party failed to shake the position which had been taken up by the cabinet; and their efforts had little other effect than to hurry on the foreign policy of the government to that open rupture with Austria for which the change was expressly made. The Kaiser's vain attempt in 1863 to create a German parliament, prince-governed, and ready to prolong his presidency, furnished doubtless one strong motive to determine Bismarck (whose bold and successful conduct in the crisis made him thenceforward ruler in Prussian councils) to seize the first opportunity of testing the strength of the machine which existed only in open violation of the constitution. The Schleswig-Holstein question then arose; and Prussia was enabled, by the bold spring she took to the leadership in action against Denmark, to place Austria in the secondary position of a half-willing ally; and to show to the world the impotence of the Bund, apart from the Berlin cabinet, for action in Germany. Denmark once beaten into submission, it remained only to so carry on the system of joint occupation of the Duchies as to force Austria from one concession to another into hostility; and while degrading her first by policy, to feign just so much unwillingness to quarrel as might avoid giving pretext for foreign interference, or for the Kaiser to arm for war.

The present year found the military system of 1859 fairly complete in all its parts. The additions to the cavalry were not indeed wholly made; but in all other respects the active forces were complete in their cadres; the reserve lists full of trained men; and the whole could be made ready for the field at less than a month's notice. Provided thus with an army whose officers were utterly devoted to the Crown, the power of discipline was relied on for carrying its mass as boldly forward in the coming campaign as though the whole nation had urged the war. The landwehr in their second line could do but little by tacit disapproval; and in case of the field army's success, their military instincts would lead them to support their victorious brethren. The successful intrigue with Italy promised to reduce the Austrians to a numerical inferiority on the northern border. Their infantry, if better trained, was inferior in both composition and arms. One single disadvantage remained in a military view in the supposed inferiority of the Prussian officers, those of higher rank especially. Dependent as these are on a tedious and depressing system of seniority, the long peace had thrown commands into the hands of men respected for their connexion with the struggle against Napoleon, but past* the usual age at which a general leads his troops with vigour. On the other hand, the recent wars of Austria in Italy and Hungary had given her staff experience, and raised up among them officers who had the promise of fame in the prime of life. One of these especially had acquired a name beyond that of any other soldier in Europe, and with it the entire confidence of the military whom it would fall to his lot to command.

Here, however, came to the support of Prussia the instinct which had for generations led her princes to give to that profession of arms by which their house had risen, the chief place in their studies. The King himself had served successfully as a commander in the short campaign of Baden. His son and heir had been carefully educated in all the details of military knowledge. His nephew, Prince Frederic Charles, had become known beyond the limits of Prussia as an earnest devotee of the science in which his ancestor had instructed all Europe. He had been ardent in the improvement of Prussian tactics ever since the year of Solferino brought their deficiencies to light; and in his celebrated pamphlet, the Military Memorial, published in 1860, had appealed to the martial spirit of the kingdom by showing how the ancient superiority of its army over that of France might be restored. The events of the Schleswig campaign (in the latter part of which he commanded the Prussian contingent) made him known as a good practical officer, who had

* This proved in the present year to be but a paper estimate; for on the mobilisation of the forces in the spring, the numbers were found incomplete in both army and First Call, and portions of the Second Call were very early drafted to take their places.

* Of such are Herwarth, Steinmetz and Vogel. The former, with his younger brothers, left their school in 1813—the eldest being then but sixteen years old—to serve in the War of Independence.

been hitherto regarded as a theorist, and gave him a foremost place in the military councils of Berlin. To him the army naturally looked as their leader when the shock with Austria became inevitable; but the claims of the Crown Prince, no less than the vast extent of frontiers to be lined, caused the division of the forces directly opposed to the Austrians into the two great wings in which they afterwards acted; a third body being judged necessary for the seizure of Saxony from King John's contingent, so as to conduct this operation without uncovering the line of defence which guarded Berlin from the Elbe to the Oder. This service was entrusted to General Herwarth, whose vigorous performance of it, coupled with the reputation already won by his passage of the Alsen Sound in 1864, fully justified his retention in a separate command to the end of the war.

This triple division of the force directed against Benedek would, according to former theory, have borne within it the elements of failure. The traditions of warfare are nowhere more modified, however, than in this matter. The Prussian staff had diligently studied the lessons given by the American War in combining field operations, however distant, by means of the electric telegraph. To this newly developed power, in the hands of a specially organized staff, the King trusted for the general direction of the whole scheme of the campaign, and secured the necessary singleness of will by intrusting the sole charge of its strategical execution to his valued adviser, Von Moltke. This general, son of a talented Danish officer, who enjoyed the peculiar confidence of the Berlin Court * forty years since, was little known before the war beyond the royal circle, and the office in which his whole life has been spent; and his success has singularly illustrated the truth that the larger operations of strategy may be—where sufficient talent and professional knowledge exist—in great part prepared in the closet, in these days of rapid communication. To the pen of Prince Frederic rather than to his, are generally understood to be due the 'Royal Ordinances for Exercises of Troops on a large Scale,' which were issued to the Prussian army shortly before the Danish War, and combine the results of close study of the theory of tactics with those derived from practical observation.

In this work, rather than in the private 'Instructions for Needle-musket Drill,' * we may expect to discern the value placed upon the new arm by the highest military minds in Prussia before the campaigns of 1864 and 1866 had tested it in practice. The first employment of the breech-loader against the Baden insurgents impressed unfavourably the officers of the troops engaged, and left a vague belief in the army (a belief which acted powerfully on those of other nations) that its wastefulness of ammunition would render it unfit for the uses of a hard-fought campaign. There were men above these, however, more clear-sighted, as well as of more influence with the court. They were able to distinguish between the misuse of the new ally by the raw half-trained recruits which followed the standards in the brief struggle of 1849, and its power when skilfully handled; and had discernment enough to lay, during the twelve years of peace that succeeded, the foundation of the successes of Nachod and Skalitz. The Ordinances of 1861 may be held to sum up the results of their study; and as far as our present knowledge of the late war extends, there is no reason to believe that these results will be much improved on by the experience of the Bohemian War.

Taking for granted the probability of meeting an enemy armed solely with the minié in some of its varied forms, officers are reminded that the superiority of the fire of the breech-loader can only be shown on an exposed enemy, within moderate distance (shown by experiments to be not more than 500 paces), and by giving time for the rapidity of the fire to tell; and that under these conditions its effect will be threefold as severe as that of the muzzle-loader. They are therefore taught that in all contests of infantry they must keep three objects in view; (1) to receive or approach the adversary on as open ground as may be; (2) to endeavor to keep him as long as possible engaged in a musketry contest; † and (3) *to handle their own troops in deep for-*

* Major Von Moltke was intrusted with the Prussian interests in Diebitsch's camp during the remarkable campaign of 1828–9, of which he has left a thoughtful and scientific history.

* The drill-book for the Prussian breech-loader, though nominally secret, has been read all over Germany for many years past. It is commonplace enough, and gives no clue to the field value of the weapon. The only real secrecy observed has been as to the nature of the fulminating composition used in the cartridge.

† It is here that the chief difference is to be found between these instructions and the principles laid down in the Military Memorial. The latter strongly insists on the necessity of constantly taking the offensive, in order to raise the moral power of the army. It is evident that the royal writer, at that time at least, did not comprehend the enormous advantage which the breech-loader gives for the defensive against the advance of an assaulting column attempting to close.

*mation*. The value of this last recommendation is explained by the statement, that a line of 300 men firing in front will be equal at the least to 900 of the enemy; and that, when once he is disordered, the rear parts of the column, with their fresh men and full pouches, can be thrown out upon the flanks to drive in and turn those of the mass opposed to them. This practice, no doubt, is the secret of those sudden flank attacks which surprised the Austrian officers, and caused them such severe losses in prisoners.

Had the Prussian staff, it will be asked, no reliance on the weapon for skirmishing, or driving the enemy from cover? Not much, it would appear, from the theoretical views in this work: and the lesson which should have been taught the troops opposed is no less clear from this, than from the actual fact of the complete failure of Prince Frederic's attack at Sadowa on the very poorly intrenched position of the Austrians. For the defence of posts, on the contrary, it is specially noted in the 'Instructions' that the needle-gun will prove of much value—'provided,' adds the unknown author, with a touch of hesitation, 'that there be cartridges enough.' In this part only is to be traced some lingering doubt as to the wisdom of putting in the hands of the soldier the means of so quickly getting rid of the contents of his pouch. This, doubtless, it was that prompted the Prussian staff to look, before war came, for the proper remedy to this one weak point of their system, by increasing and distributing the small-arm reserves of ammunition in the manner Mr. Hozier has described. The ascertained fact that a certain fraction of the privates engaged at Koniggratz actually got rid of ninety rounds, is proof sufficient that these precautions were not misplaced. It affords also some justification for the doubts which were everywhere expressed among military men, as to the difficulty of using so quick-shooting an arm with advantage, in the excitement of a prolonged action.

Much has been said of the superior intelligence of the Prussian soldiery, as bearing on the question of the new arm; and it is quite true that, in the late campaign, the armies that invaded Bohemia brought with them a large leaven of the educated classes from their reserved lists—*einjährige* who had not passed as officers—equal in all social respects to those volunteers of whom our own nation is so justly proud. This peculiar condition once known, its advantages have been sung to the full by the mass of hasty writers who worship success in Bismarck's person, and gaze only on the bright side of the Prussian shield. History, however, should have clearer eyes in so grave a matter; and the truth, when fully apparent, if not quite new to certain of these ready penmen, will astonish those who have been guided by their teaching. It is natural, no doubt, that correspondents trusted, fêted, smiled on by the staff of an army, should adopt the views current at head-quarters, and give little heed to the gossip of the private's mess. Yet it is hardly credible that any one of observation should have watched the armies prepared for the forward rush which was to end in so great a triumph, and have been ignorant of the deep-seated disaffection which, up to the hour of the first victory, threatened to baffle the strategy of Moltke and the policy of Bismarck. We speak not here on the authority of single Prussians removed from the war, nor that of the unanimous assertion of the liberals in the Minor States; but from the testimony of careful witnesses. Murmurs and threats against the then unpopular minister were no less plainly heard in the camps around Glatz and Gërlitz, than in the democratic circles of Frankfurt or the courts of Austria's allies. Curses on the author of the 'One Man's War' were as plentiful in Herwarth's corps, even after the successful overrunning of Saxony, as when the order came which dragged the *Reservisten* unwillingly from their homes at the call of their ambitious rulers. Though 'thinking'—according to a remarkable expression in the preface of the original Frankfurt edition of the Military Memorial—'is forbidden to the soldiers of Prussia;' though 'there be,' according to the same authority, 'an impassable gulf between the noble officer and the private;' the admixture of intelligence introduced by the volunteer element, acting on the increased education of the mass of the soldiery, gave promise of fearful danger to the government which had provoked the war, had anything short of success, both speedy and great, been its result.

On such success Bismarck staked and threw. Much of the disaffection sure to be produced by the mobilising of the army in its new form he was prepared for; but with this danger the measure brought in his eyes the remedy. Austria, though successful in deceiving her own wellwishers as to the extent of her resources in Bohemia, had not blinded his keener observation. Barely 200,000 men, and those with an incomplete commissariat, were all that her favoured general could command to the north of Vienna; so sorely were her resources taxed by the attempt to maintain the hold on Italy which has cost the Hapsburgs so dear. It is true that from the lesser States a diversion

was hoped for against Prussia, which would give time for the slower power to assemble reserves existing as yet only on paper; and enable her, as in 1813, to issue forth with advantage from the great angle of Bohemia when preconcerted delay had done its work. Bismarck, however, was here more wise than Napoleon. Delay there was none on his side, save just what was needed for bringing out the new Field Army in its full strength; and in view of the doubtful spirit existing in its lower ranks, the magnitude of the stake which was to be won by striking home against Benedek, and the danger of relying for the main shock on any part of the landwehr, the bold resolve was arrived at which gave Moltke the means of success, by placing on a single frontier almost the whole of the regular forces. Almost the whole; because thus only could easy and complete success against Benedek be obtained: and yet not quite all; because the local circumstances of Western Prussia rendered it impossible to strip that district entirely of regular troops.

It must be remembered that the Westphalian and Rhenish provinces were divided from the rest of the kingdom by the interlying territories (now annexed) of Hanover, Hesse-Cassel, and Nassau. Of these Powers, all favouring Austria, the first possessed an army of 20,000 men; formidable by its training, its traditions, and even its weapons, which were Prussian. If opposed by no troops but landwehr, it seemed probable that this force might maintain itself against their attacks; might even cut off all communication between the Lower Rhine and Berlin; and form a powerful advanced guard to the levies to be raised by Bavaria and her allies upon the Main; so that the latter might be enabled by a very slight advance to unite with the Hanoverians, and threaten that capital. To avoid this special danger a full division, forming one-half of the 7th (Vogel's) corps was collected under General Goeben at Minden. Vogel himself, a fierce old soldier of the Blucher school, was to command; and to aid him in the occupation of Hanover, the troops under Manteuffel (which had just driven the Austrians out of Holstein) were to move southward to his support; and the landwehr of the adjacent districts (most of them assembling at Wetzlar under General Beyer) were added to his command. Of the successes he obtained—extraordinary in their way, but derived chiefly from the divisions of his opponents and the moral support of the Bohemian victories—we have no space to speak. It is of more importance to observe that he was left to operate partly with the distrusted landwehr (whose recent mutiny at Frankfurt, in the hour of Prussia's rejoicing, proves their sentiments far other than those of unreasoning loyalty); in order that the superiority of Moltke might be assured on the Bohemian frontier. Here the other half of Vogel's corps, added to Herwarth's, formed the third or Elbe army, which after occupying Saxony became part of the general force destined for the invasion. Deducting Goeben's division; and excluding also the garrison artillery, depôts, Holstein troops, and the necessary detachments, there were assembled, under the three commanders, eight and a half of the nine mobilised corps of the regular army, numbering, according to the lowest Prussian estimate, 260,000 fighting men.

To bring this great army over the mountains, and unite it before the enemy, was the problem to be solved. This once accomplished, the superiority of numbers, weapons, and physical condition would lie on the side of the Prussians; and the Austrian chief could hope only by some successful defensive scheme to prevent the threatened danger. It is easy to condemn defeat and criticise misfortune; and to speak briefly, Benedek's own generalship will not bear examination in detail. From the first, however, the rapid tactics with which the Austrians had of late years manœuvered their infantry, proved ineffectual (as the Prussians had plainly foreseen) in attacks made on open ground in face of the needle-gun. It would be interesting to know whether Gablenz used any better mode on the 27th, when he obtained his advantage over Bonin before Trautenau—the only success of his side during the campaign. Be this as it may, he was left unsupported; was turned next day by the advance of the guards through the unguarded pass of Eipel on his flank; and the progress continued, without further check, which united the Prussians around Horwitz. Benedek was less happy here than Lacy; although had he taught his troops to follow the lesson bequeathed by the latter, and to keep to the defensive, his success might have been the same as his predecessor's. A few days' arrest of the Prussian advance would have made a strange change in the tone of that triumphant army; as even the three hours of uncertainty at Sadowa showed by its serious effect upon their staff.

Even so late as that day of Austria's ruin, had Benedek guarded his right with the same care as his centre, who can say what would have been the result? It needed a gross tactical error, unequalled even at Austerlitz, to give the Prussians the victory, which their superior combinations as to

numbers, and their moral advantage from the recent successes of the needle-gun, seemed to ensure beforehand. If here we condemn Benedek for his ill-fought battle, let us not forget that Napoleon fell before the same disproportion* of numbers at Leipsic; and that the Austrian general at least escapes the censure which is fairly due to the French Emperor for an ill-secured retreat. That the army was brought across the Elbe the same evening, was due no less to his precautions as to bridges, than to the fine conduct of the Austrian cavalry. Had Blucher's spirit been with the pursuing horse, the war should have ended on the field without further effort. The prosperous staff of the victors, and the pens they have inspired, have done but scant justice to their opponents in this matter.

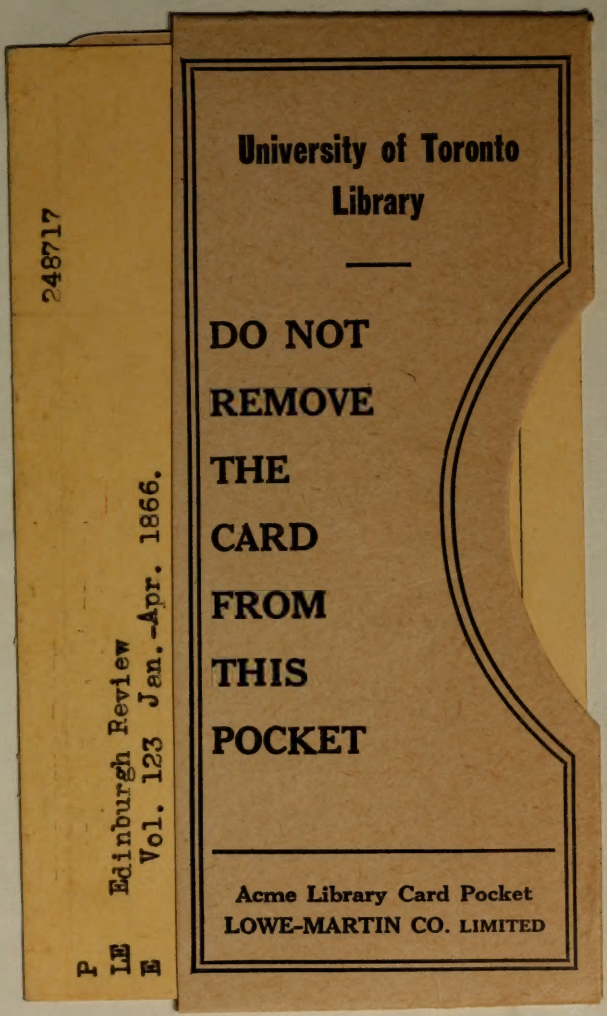
If it be asked what moral should our nation draw from the history of the recent war, the reply must needs be twofold. A military writer cannot but observe that the new Prussian system is not merely firmly established in North Germany by Bismarck's success, but that it is more than likely to become, with some modifications, that of the other chief Powers of the Continent. It behoves our statesmen to look closely to that of their country, and to see whether it may not, without increase of the paid staff, be made more elastic, in case of the sudden demands which war would inevitably bring. That our infantry must be not only armed with the breech-loader, but trained especially to its use; that our light artillery must learn to put but little faith in the practical effect of fire at long ranges; that cavalry are still essential to the service of an army in the field; are obvious lessons of detail. Not less so is it one, that whatever combatant force is maintained, the complete equipment and machinery for the service of a much larger one must be prepared and kept at all times ready for immediate use.

There are deeper and graver questions to be solved than these, since Prussia's success was won. It may be that those have truth on their side who say that Bismarck is but an instrument for working out the longed-for unity of the German race; and that his task once done, the minister, with the monarch he guides, will sink into secondary positions before the progress of constitutional government. We confess that we are not so sanguine. It is too early by far to attempt to foretell the end of this mighty drama: but there are signs, in the threat lately hurled at peaceful Belgium; in the dark allusions to the opening Eastern question; in the demand for funds in hand against some new war foreseen yet not plainly spoken of, which may well make the greatest lover of the doctrine of nationalities doubt whether the new empire—founded as it was, and built up on Sclavonic spoils—will of necessity stay its bounds where the German tongue ceases to be spoken.

We have endeavoured in the preceding pages to trace the historical growth of the military power of Prussia, and to describe the present condition of the military institutions which have suddenly conferred upon her an indisputable supremacy in Germany, and one of the foremost political positions in Europe; and we have done no injustice to the patriotism of her princes, the dexterity of her statesmen, and the valour of her armies. But the triumphant success of a great military conspiracy against the existence of her own confederates and allies, who were ill-prepared for so fierce a contest, and the political results to Northern Germany, although in themselves advantageous, cannot efface the recollection of the scandalous duplicity and falsehood, on the part of the Prussian Court, which marked every stage of the late transactions, or of the mysterious and clandestine understanding which procured the neutrality of France. The unchecked success of Prussia in this enterprise has given an irreparable blow to political morality; it has shaken all trust in those public engagements on which the peace of the world depends; it has taught mankind once more the cruel lesson that strength alone, and not law, can give them security; it has placed all the smaller states of continental Europe at the mercy of three or four colossal empires; and it has compelled even these empires to augment their immense military establishments, and to press their whole adult male population into the ranks of their armies. Great indeed must be the advantages and political results of the new system to be established by the Prussian arms, which can compensate mankind for these positive evils. But what are these results? Let us try them by a single test.

Hostilities commenced in the Elbe Duch-

* According to the fairest estimate (that of Cathcart), the numbers engaged on the great day of Leipsic were, on the side of the allies, 230,000, of the French, 160,000. At Koniggratz, the Prussians had 250,000, the Austrians, 185,000, by the most moderate accounts. It will be observed that this exceeds in dimensions the former—previously the greatest battle, as to mere numbers, recorded in any authentic history. There is a strange tactical similarity between these two gigantic conflicts; and in each the defeat, though not (as certain partisan writers allege) due to, was enhanced by, the defection of contingents fighting against their will.

ies because it was not to be endured by the German nation that two small provinces, in which the German race preponderated, should be cut off from the German Fatherland, and governed by a foreign sovereign. To win these Duchies back to Germany, the Danish Monarchy was dismembered, a solemn treaty was broken, and Prussia has now settled the question by annexing them to her own dominions. But the very same operations which accomplished this object, have produced contrary results at the opposite extremity of Germany. There, too, are German Duchies and German provinces, inhabited by eight millions of Germans, including the first of German capitals, and identified with the whole current of German history. Is it credible that the Duchies of Austria, Styria, Carinthia, the Tyrol, &c., have been ejected from the German State, by the very same policy used to bring the Duchies of Holstein and Schleswig into it? The treaty of Nikolsburg has in fact dismembered Germany, and consigned these important German provinces to form part of a monarchy, now expressly excluded from Germany and linked to those non-German elements which numerically preponderate in the Austrian dominions. They are now, in fact, the German appendages of the kingdoms of Hungary and Bohemia. At the same time the independent States of South Germany, too large to be absorbed by Prussia, but too weak to stand alone, are left to form a pretended confederacy without the possibility of its duration. In other words, all that could add to the paramount force of Prussia has been seized and incorporated by her; but the remainder of Germany has been deprived of its former constitution, without even the liberty to form new combinations. These considerations suffice to demonstrate that the terms of the recent treaty of peace are insincere and incomplete. Germany cannot be really *one*, until North and South, Protestant and Catholic, Vienna, Munich, and Stutgard, as well as Berlin, Dresden, and Hanover, have a fair and equal share of national rights; and ere that end be accomplished the House of Hohenzollern may have to make the same sacrifices to the popular cause, which it has recently exacted from the allies it has betrayed and the adversaries it has conquered.

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